

Welcome to Christmas Eve Service

Trinity Lutheran Church

Herkimer, NY



Prelude: 'Twas in the Moon of Wintertime

Jerry Manning, soloist

Greeting

Prayer of The Day

God of all glories, your splendor dawns from a manger in Bethlehem where the Light of the world is humbly born into the darkness of human night. Open our eyes to Christ's presence in the shadows of our world, so that we, like him, may become beacons of your justice, and defenders of all for whom there is no room. **Amen**

Luke 2. 1-5

“In those days a decree went out from Emperor Augustus that all the world should be registered. This was the first registration and was taken while Quirinius was governor of Syria. All went to their own towns to be registered. Joseph also went from the town of Nazareth in Galilee to Judea, to the city of David called Bethlehem, because he was descended from the house and family of David. He went to be registered with Mary, to whom he was engaged and who was expecting a child.”

O Little Town of Bethlehem

(Full Hymns can be found at the end)

1 O little town of Bethlehem,
how still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless
sleep
the silent stars go by;
yet in thy dark streets shineth
the everlasting light.
The hopes and fears of all the
years
are met in thee tonight.



3 How silently, how silently
the wondrous gift is giv'n!
So God imparts to human
hearts
the blessings of his heav'n.
No ear may hear his coming;
but, in this world of sin,
where meek souls will receive
him, still
the dear Christ enters in.

Luke 2. 6-7

“While they were there, the time came for her to deliver her child. And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in bands of cloth, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn.”

Away in a Manger

1 Away in a manger, no crib for
his bed,
the little Lord Jesus laid down
his sweet head;
the stars in the bright sky
looked down where he lay,
the little Lord Jesus asleep on
the hay.



2 The cattle are lowing; the baby
awakes,
but little Lord Jesus, no crying
he makes.
I love you, Lord Jesus; look
down from the sky
and stay by my cradle till
morning is nigh.

Luke 2. 8-14

“In that region there were shepherds living in the fields, keeping watch over their flock by night. Then an angel of the Lord stood before them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were terrified. But the angel said to them, “Do not be afraid; for see—I am bringing you good news of great joy for all the people: to you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is the Messiah, the Lord. This will be a sign for you: you will find a child wrapped in bands of cloth and lying in a manger.” And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, “Glory to God in the highest heaven, and on earth peace among those whom he favors!”

Angels We Have Heard on High

1 Angels we have heard on high,
sweetly singing o'er the plains,
and the mountains in reply,
echoing their joyous strains.

3 Come to Bethlehem and see
him whose birth the angels
sing;
come, adore on bended knee
Christ the Lord, the newborn
king. *Refrain*

Refrain

Gloria in excelsis Deo;
gloria in excelsis Deo.



Luke 2. 15-18

“When the angels had left them and gone into heaven, the shepherds said to one another, “Let us go now to Bethlehem and see this thing that has taken place, which the Lord has made known to us.” So they went with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the child lying in the manger. When they saw this, they made known what had been told them about this child; and all who heard it were amazed at what the shepherds told them.”

What Child is This?

1 What child is this, who, laid to rest,
on Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet
while shepherds watch are keeping?
This, this is Christ the king,
whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
haste, haste to bring him laud,
the babe, the son of Mary!



3 So bring him incense, gold, and myrrh;
come, peasant, king, to own him.
The King of kings salvation brings;
let loving hearts enthrone him.
Raise, raise the song on high,
the virgin sings her lullaby;
joy, joy, for Christ is born,
the babe, the son of Mary!

Luke 2. 19-20

“But Mary treasured all these words and pondered them in her heart. The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all they had heard and seen, as it had been told them.”

Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

1 Infant holy, infant lowly,
for his bed a cattle stall;
oxen lowing, little knowing
Christ the child is Lord of all.
Swiftly winging, angels singing,
bells are ringing, tidings
bringing:
Christ the child is Lord of all!
Christ the child is Lord of all!

2 Flocks were sleeping,
shepherds keeping



vigil till the morning new
saw the glory, heard the story,
tidings of a gospel true.
Thus rejoicing, free from
sorrow,
praises voicing, greet the
morrow:
Christ the child was born for
you!
Christ the child was born for
you!

Reflection

Pr. Gail Wolling

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

1 Lo, how a rose e'er blooming
from tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming
as seers of old have sung,
it came, a flow'r so bright,
amid the cold of winter,
when half-spent was the night.

4 O Savior, child of Mary,
who felt our human woe;
O Savior, king of glory,
who dost our weakness know:
bring us at length, we pray,
to the bright courts of heaven
and into endless day.

Prayers:

Remembering the constancy of God's love in Jesus and the healing that comes to us through the Holy Spirit, let us pray for

The children of all Bethlehems: especially wherever they suffer from conflict, violence, or hunger,

R: Come, Lord Jesus

The Mothers of the world: who are the bearers of new life and keepers of hope in dark times

R: Come Lord Jesus

The Fathers of all nations: especially those who are weary from providing and protecting

R: Come Lord Jesus

The shepherds of the 21st century; those folks who do the essential if inglorious work on which we rely and for which we too rarely give thanks

R: Come Lord Jesus

The powerful Kings of today: who are tempted by their own desires and vices, and overwhelmed by the world's needs

R: Come Lord Jesus

Our Star studded creation: an unending source of beauty and life which we too often abuse

R: Come Lord Jesus

Those who are wounded and dying: grant them courage, and peace.

R: Come Lord Jesus

Peacemakers near and far: that your peace may be known throughout our land.

R: Come Lord Jesus

Those who are known only to you: may they be touched by love this day.

R: Come Lord Jesus

In praise of the one who gave us life, in thanksgiving for the one who offered himself in love for our sake and in honor of the one who is always present we pray in the name of the Father, the Son + and the Holy Spirit. **Amen.**

Lord's Prayer:

**Our Father, who art in heaven
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
On earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those
Who trespass against us.
Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory,
Forever and ever. Amen.**

Blessing:

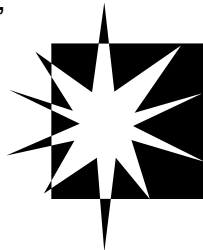
Out of a heart of love, God gave us creation.
Willing to empty himself, Jesus came to dwell among us
and, moving with power, the Spirit holds the light high for us.
May you be agents of God's love, each day and among all peoples, holding high the
light of peace and mercy for the sake of all God's beloved. In the name of the
Father, the Son, + and the Holy Spirit.

You may wish to light your own candle at this time.

Go my friends and carry God's light into the darkness.

Silent Night

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Silent night, holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
round yon virgin mother and
child.
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
sleep in heavenly peace,
sleep in heavenly peace.</p> | <p>heav'nly hosts sing, alleluia!
Christ, the Savior, is born!
Christ, the Savior, is born!</p> |
| <p>2 Silent night, holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight;
glories stream from heaven
afar,</p> | <p>3 Silent night, holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
radiant beams from your holy
face,
with the dawn of redeeming
grace,
Jesus, Lord, at your birth,
Jesus, Lord, at your birth.</p> |



Postlude: Joy to the World

We are grateful for the support we received in decorating the Church this year!

The candles placed in the church windows are in Memory of Paul & Anna Kucerak by Paul Kucerak.

The door wreaths are in memory of my mother and father Arnold and Crystal Shrader and sister and brother Linda and Butch Shrader by Eleanor Clements.

The altar arrangement is in loving memory of my husband William Clements by Eleanor Clements.

This poinsettia is given in loving memory of Lester and Barbara Lewis, and all members of our family. - B. Ann Maher

This poinsettia is in memory of loved ones. -Dan and Cathy Collins

O Little Town of Bethlehem

1 O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie!
 2 For Christ is born of Mar - y, and, gath - ered all a - bove
 3 How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly the won - drous gift is giv'n!
 4 O ho - ly child of Beth - le - hem, de - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep the si - lent stars go by;
 while mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their watch of won - d'ring love.
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bless - ings of his heav'n.
 cast out our sin, and en - ter in, be born in us to - day.

yet in thy dark streets shin - eth the ev - er - last - ing light.
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er pro - claim the ho - ly birth,
 No ear may hear his com - ing; but, in this world of sin,
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels the great glad tid - ings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night.
 and prais - es sing to God the king, and peace to all the earth!
 where meek souls will re - ceive him, still the dear Christ en - ters in.
 oh, come to us, a - bide with us, our Lord Im - man - u - el!

Text: Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893
 Music: ST. LOUIS, Lewis H. Redner, 1831-1908

Away in a Manger

1 A - way in a man - ger, no crib for his bed, the lit - tle Lord
 2 The cat - tle are low - ing; the ba - by a - wakes, but lit - tle Lord
 3 Be near me, Lord Je - sus; I ask you to stay close by me for -

Je - sus laid down his sweet head; the stars in the bright sky looked
 Je - sus, no cry - ing he makes. I love you, Lord Je - sus; look
 ev - er and love me, I pray. Bless all the dear chil - dren in

down where he lay, the lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.
 down from the sky and stay by my cra - dle till morn - ing is nigh.
 your ten - der care and fit us for heav - en, to live with you there.

Text: North American, 19th cent.
 Music: AWAY IN A MANGER, James R. Murray, 1841-1905

Angels We Have Heard on High

1 An - gels we have heard on high, sweet - ly sing - ing o'er the plains,
 2 Shep - herds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why your joy - ous strains pro - long?
 3 Come to Beth - le - hem and see him whose birth the an - gels sing;

and the moun - tains in re - ply, ech - o - ing their joy - ous strains.
 What the glad - some tid - ings be which in - spire your heav' - n - ly song?
 come, a - dore on bend - ed knee Christ the Lord, the new - born king.

Refrain

Glo - ri - a

in ex - cel - sis De - o; glo - ri - a

ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o.

What Child Is This

1 What child is this, who, laid to rest, on Mar - y's lap is sleep - ing?
 2 Why lies he in such mean es - tate where ox and ass are feed - ing?
 3 So bring him in - cense, gold, and myrrh; come, peas - ant, king, to own him.

Whom an - gels greet with an - thems sweet while shep - herds watch are keep - ing?
 Good Chris - tian, fear; for sin - ners here the si - lent Word is plead - ing.
 The King of kings sal - va - tion brings; let lov - ing hearts en - throne him.

This, this is Christ the king, whom shep - herds guard and an - gels sing;
 Nails, spear shall pierce him through, the cross be - borne for me, for you;
 Raise, raise the song on high, the vir - gin sings her lul - la - by;

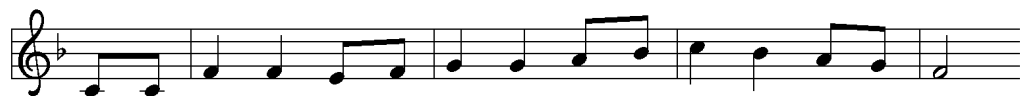
haste, haste to bring him laud, the babe, the son of Mar - y!
 hail, hail the Word made flesh, the babe, the son of Mar - y!
 joy, joy, for Christ is born, the babe, the son of Mar - y!

Text: William C. Dix, 1837-1898
 Music: GREENSLEEVES, English ballad, 16th cent.

Infant Holy, Infant Lowly



1 In - fant ho - ly, in - fant low - ly, for his bed a cat - tle stall;
2 Flocks were sleep - ing, shep - herds keep - ing vig - il till the morn - ing new



ox - en low - ing, lit - tle know - ing Christ the child is Lord of all.
saw the glo - ry, heard the sto - ry, tid - ings of a gos - pel true.



Swift - ly wing - ing, an - gels sing - ing, bells are ring - ing, tid - ings bring - ing:
Thus re - joic - ing, free from sor - row, prais - es voic - ing, greet the mor - row:



Christ the child is Lord of all! Christ the child is Lord of all!
Christ the child was born for you! Christ the child was born for you!

Text: Polish carol; tr. Edith M. G. Reed, 1885–1933, alt.
Music: W ZŁOBIE LEŻY, Polish carol

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming



1 Lo, how a rose e'er bloom - ing from ten - der stem hath
2 I - sai - ah had fore - told it, the rose I have in
3 This flow'r, whose fra - grance ten - der with sweet - ness fills the
4 O Sav - ior, child of Mar - y, who felt our hu - man



sprung! Of Jes - se's lin - eage com - ing as
mind; with Mar - y we be - hold it, the
air, dis - pels with glo - rious splen - dor the
woe; O Sav - ior, king of glo - ry, who



seers of old have sung, it came, a flow'r so bright, a -
vir - gin moth - er kind. To show God's love a - right, she
dark - ness ev - 'ry - where. True man, yet ver - y God, from
dost our weak - ness know: bring us at length, we pray, to



mid the cold of win - ter, when half - spent was the night.
bore to us a Sav - ior, when half - spent was the night.
sin and death he saves us and light - ens ev - 'ry load.
the bright courts of heav - en and in - to end - less day.



Text: German carol, 15th cent.; tr. Theodore Baker, 1851–1934, sts. 1-2; Harriet R. Krauth,
1845–1925, st. 3; John C. Mattes, 1876–1948, st. 4
Music: ES IST EIN ROS, *Alte catholische geistliche Kirchengesänge*, Köln, 1599; arr. Michael Praetorius, 1571–1621

Silent Night, Holy Night!

Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!

Stil - le Nacht, hei - li - ge Nacht! Al - les schläft,
 1 Si - lent night, ho - ly night! All is calm,
 2 Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Shep - herds quake
 3 Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Son of God,

ein - sam wacht nur das trau - te, hoch - hei - li - ge Paar.
 all is bright round yon vir - gin moth - er and child.
 at the sight; glo - ries stream from heav - en a - far,
 love's pure light ra - diant beams from your ho - ly face,

Hol - der Kna - be im lok - ki - gen Haar, schlaf in himm - li - scher
 Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild, sleep in heav - en - ly
 heav'n - ly hosts . . . sing, al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Sav - ior, is
 with the dawn of re - deem - ing grace, Je - sus, Lord, at your

Ruh, schlaf in himm - li - scher Ruh.
 peace, sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
 born! Christ, the Sav - ior, is born!
 birth, Je - sus, Lord, at your birth.

Text: Joseph Mohr, 1792-1849; tr. John F. Young, 1820-1885
 Music: STILLE NACHT, Franz Gruber, 1787-1863

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 Music: Alte catholische geistliche Kirchengesänge, Köln, 1599; arr. Michael Praetorius, 1571-1621

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