

LITURGY OF THE WORD

Prelude

A Medley of Carols

Opening Hymn

O Come, All Ye Faithful

Hymnal #83

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant, O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
come, and behold him, born the King of angels;

Refrain: O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

God from God, Light from Light eternal, lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
only-begotten Son of God the Father; (Refrain)

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation, sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
glory to God, glory in the highest; (Refrain)

See how the shepherds, summoned to his cradle, leaving their flocks, draw nigh to gaze;
we too will thither bend our joyful footsteps; (Refrain)

Child, for us sinners poor and in the manger, we would embrace thee, with love and awe;
who would not love thee, loving us so dearly? (Refrain)

Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this happy morning; Jesus, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing; (Refrain)

John Francis Wade (1711-1786); tr. Frederick Oakeley (1802-1880) and others

All standing the celebrant says

The word was made flesh and dwelt among us:

*Response: **And we beheld his glory.***

Opening Prayer

Almighty and ever living God, you have given us a new revelation of your loving providence in the Coming of your Son Jesus Christ to be born of the Virgin Mary: Grant that as he shared our mortality, so we may share his eternity in the glory of your kingdom; where he lives and reigns for ever and ever. **Amen.**

Christmas Pageant

"Imagine a Journey"

Welcome, Friends, to our 2022 St. Thomas Family Christmas Eve Service and Children's Christmas Pageant. The children of St. Thomas invite you to come along with us on a journey to the town of Bethlehem over 2,000 years ago... a place where prophets foretold the coming of a chosen one who would change the whole world. Please join us in singing the familiar Christmas songs we have listed in your bulletin, as we imagine together this great journey.

"Mary Was Wondering"

Josie Tallman, soloist

"Away in a Manger" (Pageant Choir and Congregation)

*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.*

“Angels We Have Heard On High” (Pageant Choir and Congregation)

Angels we have heard on high, sweetly singing o’er the plain and the mountains in reply, echoing their joyous strain Gloria! In excelsis deo! Gloria! In excelsis deo!

“We Three Kings” (Pageant Choir and Congregation)

We three kings of Orient are. Bearing gifts we traverse afar. Field and fountain, moor and mountain following yonder star. OH! Star of wonder, star of night! Star with royal beauty bright! Westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to thy perfect light.

“Joy to the World” (Pageant Choir and Congregation)

Joy to the world! The Lord is come: let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare him room, and heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.

Children’s Message

The Peace

HOLY COMMUNION

Offertory Music

O Holy Night
Jessica Tallman, soloist

Adolfe Adam

Offertory

Celebrant All things come of thee, O Lord.
People ***And of thine own have we given thee.***

The Great Thanksgiving - Eucharistic Prayer B

Celebrant The Lord be with you.
People ***And also with you.***
Celebrant Lift up your hearts.
People ***We lift them to the Lord.***
Celebrant Let us give thanks to the Lord our God.
People ***It is right to give him thanks and praise.***
Celebrant It is right, and a good and joyful thing . . . to proclaim the glory of your Name:

Sanctus

People ***Holy, holy, holy Lord, God of power and might, heaven and earth are full of your glory. Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.***

Celebrant We give thanks to you, O God . . .
. . . Therefore, according to his command, O Father,
***We remember his death, We proclaim his resurrection,
We await his coming in glory;***
And we offer our sacrifice and thanksgiving . . .

. . . By him, and with him, and in him, in the unity of the Holy Spirit all honor and glory is yours, Almighty Father, now and for ever. **AMEN.**

The 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. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

The Breaking of the Bread

Fraction Anthem

Celebrant Alleluia. Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us.

People ***Therefore let us keep the feast. Alleluia.***

Celebrant The Gifts of God for the People of God.

Communion Hymns

Go Tell it on the Mountain

Hymnal #99

Go tell it on the mountain, over the hills and everywhere; go tell it on the mountain, that Jesus Christ is born!
While shepherds kept their watching o'er silent flocks by night, behold, throughout the heavens there shone a holy light.
The shepherds feared and trembled when lo! above the earth rang out the angel chorus that hailed our Savior's birth.
Down in a lowly manger the humble Christ was born, and God sent us salvation that blessed Christmas morn.

African-American spiritual 19th cent.; adapt. John W. Work (1901-1967)

What Child is This?

Hymnal #115

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?
Refrain: This, this is Christ the King, whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
haste, haste to bring him laud, the babe, the son of Mary.
Why lies he in such mean estate Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear: for sinners here The silent Word is pleading. *Refrain*
So bring him incense, gold and myrrh, Come, peasant, king, to own him:
The King of kings salvation brings, Let loving hearts enthrone him. *Refrain*
William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898)

Once in Royal David's City

Once in royal David's city stood a lowly cattle shed, where a mother laid her baby in a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild, Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven, who is God and Lord of all, and his shelter was a stable, and his cradle
was a stall; with the poor, the scorned, the lowly, lived on earth our Savior holy.

We, like Mary, rest confounded that a stable should display heaven's Word, the world's creator, cradled there
on Christmas Day, yet this child, our Lord and brother, brought us love for one another.

For he is our lifelong pattern; daily, when on earth he grew, he was tempted, scorned, rejected, tears and smiled like us he knew. Thus he feels for all our sadness, and he shares in all our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see him, through his own redeeming love; for that child who seemed so helpless is our Lord in heaven above; and he leads his children on – to the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable, with the oxen standing round, we shall see him; but in helpless is our Lord in heaven above; and revealed to faithful eye, set at God's right hand on high.

The First Nowell

Hymnal #109

The first Nowell the angel did say was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
in fields as they lay, keeping their sheep, on a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Refrain: Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star shining in the east beyond them far,
and to the earth it gave great light, and so it continued both day and night. *Refrain*

And by the light of that same star three wise men came from country far;
to seek for a king was their intent, and to follow the star wherever it went. *Refrain*

This star drew nigh to the northwest, o'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
and there it did both stop and stay right over the place where Jesus lay.

Then entered in those wise men three full reverently upon their knee,
and offered there in his presence their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Then let us all with one accord sing praises to our heavenly Lord;
that hath made heaven and earth of nought, and with his blood our life hath bought.

In the Bleak Midwinter

Hymnal #112

In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,
earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;
snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
in the bleak midwinter, long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold him, nor earth sustain;
heaven and earth shall flee away when he comes to reign:
in the bleak midwinter a stable-place sufficed
the Lord God incarnate, Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
but his mother only, in her maiden bliss,
worshiped the beloved with a kiss.

What can I give him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;
if I were a wise man, I would do my part;
yet what I can I give him— give my heart.

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

Postcommunion Prayer

Eternal God, heavenly Father, you have graciously accepted us as living members of your Son our Savior Jesus Christ, and you have fed us with spiritual food in the Sacrament of his Body and Blood. Send us now into the world in peace, and grant us strength and courage to love and serve you with gladness and singleness of heart; through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Silent Night

Hymnal #111

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.

Silent night, holy night, shepherds quake at the sight,
glories stream from heaven afar, heavenly hosts sing alleluia; Christ, the Savior, is born!

Silent night, holy night, Son of God, love's pure light
radiant beams from thy holy face, with the dawn of redeeming grace, Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

Joseph Mohr (1792-1848); tr. John Freeman Young (1820-1885)

Blessing

Closing Hymn

Joy to the World

Hymnal #100

Joy to the world! the Lord is come: let earth receive her King;
let every heart prepare him room, and heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Savior reigns; let us our songs employ,
while fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow, nor thorns infest the ground;
he comes to make his blessings flow far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace, and makes the nations prove
the glories of his righteousness, and wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748), alt.

Dismissal

Postlude

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