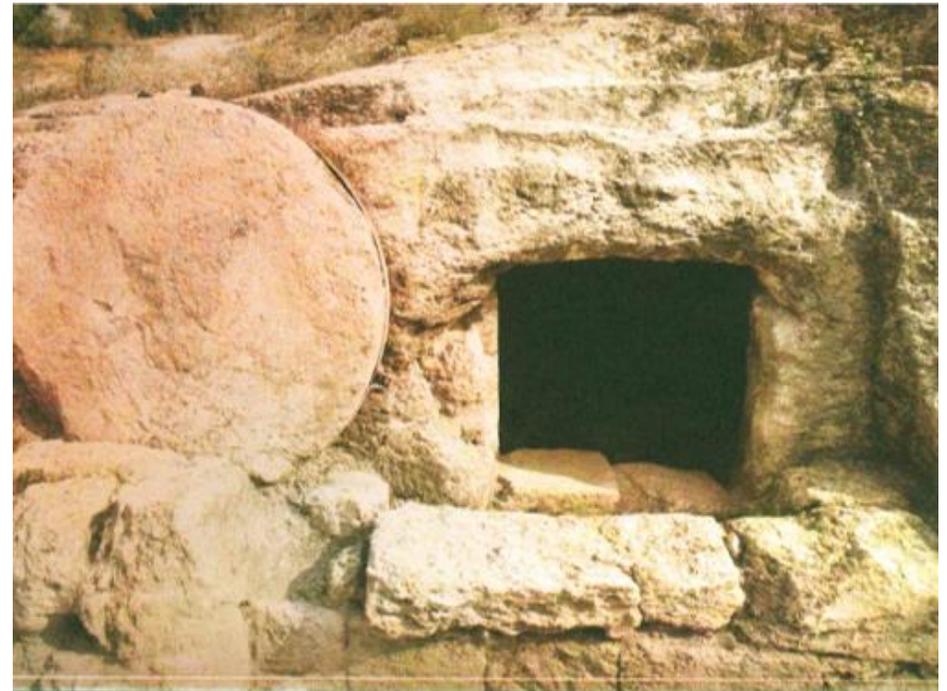


SERMON NOTES:

“You Will Rejoice”
John 16:20-22

Pastor Jon Patton



COME SEE

He is not here: for he is risen, as he said.
Come, see the place where the LORD lay.

Matthew 28:6



CORNERSTONE
CHURCH

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Jim Adams and Jonathan Patton, Pastors
Charles Hart, Pastoral Intern
Jeff Larkin, Elder
Hear sermons at sermonaudio.com/cstonemesa

Resurrection Morning Worship

April 4, 2021



Welcome to this celebration
of our Lord Jesus Christ's triumph
over sin and death!



OPENING OF WORSHIP: “Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! According to His great mercy, He has caused us to be born again to a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance that is imperishable, undefiled, and unfading, kept in heaven for you, who by God's power are being guarded through faith for a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time. In this you rejoice, though now for a little while, if necessary, you have been grieved by various trials, so that the tested genuineness of your faith ... may be found to result in praise and glory and honor at the revelation of Jesus Christ. Though you have not seen Him, you love Him. Though you do not now see Him, you believe in Him and rejoice with joy that is inexpressible and filled with glory, obtaining the outcome of your faith, the salvation of your souls.”
1 Peter 1:3-9

CALL TO CELEBRATION: “Up from the Grave” Brass

WELCOME AND PRAYER

HISTORIC CHRISTIAN GREETING: Minister: “He is risen!”
Congregation: “He is risen indeed!”

HYMN: “Christ the Lord is Risen Today” 277

SCRIPTURE READING: Matthew 27:57 – 28:10

HYMNS: “O Praise the Name” and “In Christ Alone”

PRAYER OF PRAISE

HYMN: “Come, Behold the Wondrous Mystery”

RESURRECTION MESSAGE: “You Will Rejoice” Pastor Jon Patton
John 16:20-22

HYMN: “The Sands of Time Are Sinking” 546

ANNOUNCEMENTS & BENEDICTION

- IF YOU'RE A VISITOR TODAY, please fill out a Visitor Card from under a seat and leave it on the chair.
- IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN BAPTISM OR CHURCH MEMBERSHIP, please speak with an elder.
- Request CDs of sermons in narthex (\$2).

HYMN LYRICS

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY

Charles Wesley, 1739; CCLI #3044672

“Christ the Lord is ris'n today,” *Alleluia!* Sons of men and angels say: *Alleluia!*
Raise your joys and triumphs high: *Alleluia!* Sing ye heavens, and earth, reply: *Alleluia!*

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; *Alleluia!* Christ has burst the gates of hell: *Alleluia!*
Death in vain forbids His rise; *Alleluia!* Christ has opened paradise. *Alleluia!*

Lives again our glorious King; *Alleluia!* Where, O death, is now thy sting? *Alleluia!*
Once He died, our souls to save; *Alleluia!* Where thy victory, O grave? *Alleluia!*

Soar we now where Christ has led, *Alleluia!* Foll'wing our exalted Head; *Alleluia!*
Made like Him, like Him we rise; *Alleluia!* Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, *Alleluia!*

Hail, the Lord of earth and heav'n! *Alleluia!* Praise to Thee by both be giv'n; *Alleluia!*
Thee we greet triumphant now: *Alleluia!* Hail, the Resurrection, Thou! *Alleluia!*

COME, BEHOLD THE WONDROUS MYSTERY

Words and Music by Matt Papa, Matt Boswell, Michael Bleeker; 2013 Love Your Enemies Publishing; CCLI #3044672
(repeat underlined phrases)

Come, behold the wondrous mystery in the dawning of the King—
He, the theme of heaven's praises, robed in frail humanity.
In our longing, in our darkness, now the Light of life has come.
Look to Christ Who condescended, took on flesh to ransom us.

Come, behold the wondrous mystery—He, the perfect Son of Man,
In His living, in His suffering, never trace nor stain of sin.
See the true and better Adam, come to save the hell-bound man—
Christ, the great and sure fulfillment of the law; in Him, we stand.

Come, behold the wondrous mystery—Christ the Lord upon the tree;
In the stead of ruined sinners hangs the Lamb in victory.
See the price of our redemption, see the Father's plan unfold,
Bringing many sons to glory, grace unmeasured, love untold.

Come, behold the wondrous mystery—slain by death, the God of life,
But no grave could e'er restrain Him. Praise the Lord, He is alive!
What a foretaste of deliverance; how unwavering our hope—
Christ in power resurrected, as we will be when He comes.

O PRAISE THE NAME

Words/music by Marty Sampson, Benjamin Hastings, Dean Ussher; © 2015 Hillsong Music; CCLI #3044672

I cast my mind to Calvary where Jesus bled and died for me.
I see His wounds, His hands, His feet, my Savior on that curséd tree.

His body bound and drenched in tears, they laid Him down in Joseph's tomb,
The entrance sealed by heavy stone, Messiah still and all alone.

***REFRAIN: O praise the Name of the Lord our God,
O praise His Name forevermore.
For endless days, we will sing Your praise,
Oh Lord, oh Lord our God!***

Then on the third at break of dawn, the Son of heaven rose again.
O trampled death, where is your sting? The angels roar for Christ the King.

(Refrain)

He shall return in robes of white, the blazing sun shall pierce the night,
And I will rise among the saints, my gaze transfixed on Jesus' face.

(Refrain)

IN CHRIST ALONE

Keith Getty & Stuart Townend; 2001; CCLI #3044672

In Christ alone, my hope is found—He is my light, my strength, my song.
This Cornerstone, this solid Ground, firm through the fiercest drought and storm.
What heights of love, what depths of peace when fears are stilled, when strivings cease!
My Comforter, my All in All; here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone, Who took on flesh, fullness of God in helpless babe!
This Gift of love and righteousness, scorned by the ones He came to save
Till on that cross as Jesus died, the wrath of God was satisfied—
For every sin on Him was laid; here in the death of Christ I live!

There in the ground His body lay, Light of the world by darkness slain.
Then bursting forth in glorious day, up from the grave He rose again!
And as He stands in victory, sin's curse has lost its grip on me.
For I am His, and He is mine—bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death—this is the power of Christ in me.
From life's first cry to final breath, Jesus commands my destiny.
No power of hell, no scheme of man can ever pluck me from His hand;
Till He returns or calls me home, here in the power of Christ I'll stand!

THE SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING

Anne Ross Cundell Cousin; Connie Dever, 2014; CCLI #3044672

The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

The King there in His beauty,
Without a veil, is seen:
It were a well-spent journey,
Though sev'n deaths lay between:
The Lamb with His fair army
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land

O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

O I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His house of wine.
I stand upon His merit—
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where Glory dwelleth—in Immanuel's land!

The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory
But on my King of grace,
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His piercé hand;
The Lamb is all the glory of Immanuel's land.