

Communion:

Before the Throne of God Above (cont'd)
Behold Him there, the risen Lamb!
My perfect, spotless righteousness;
The great unchangeable I AM,
The King of glory and of grace!
One with Himself I cannot die;
My soul is purchased by His blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ my Saviour and my God!

I bow before the cross of Christ,
And marvel at this love divine;
God’s perfect Son was sacrificed
To make me righteous in God’s eyes.
This river’s depths I cannot know,
But I can glory in its flood;
The Lord Most High has bowed down low,
And poured on me His glorious love.

Bancroft (1866) | Public Domain

Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul

Dear refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee when sorrows rise,
On Thee when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal.
Thy Word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine,
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline;
Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust.
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face.
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?
No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner’s prayer.
Oh may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

Thy mercy seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat,

With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.
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Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

Steele (1760), Twit (©1999) | CCLI #3112430

Recessional:

In Christ Alone
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!

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Tithes and offerings

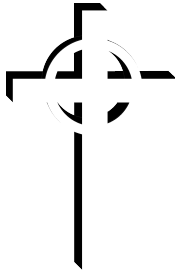
eTransfers may be sent to: finance@christtheking-edmonton.ca
Cheques may be mailed to: 9920 – 67 Street NW, Edmonton, Alberta, T6A 2R2

Prayer Chain

prayer@christtheking-edmonton.ca

Church Office/Pastors

587-854-3900
admin@christtheking-edmonton.ca



CHRIST THE KING
EDMONTON

<https://www.christtheking-edmonton.ca>

Trinity 20 – October 18, 2026 – 10:00 am
Holy Communion (1662 Rite): Page 1
Sermons Series ~ Living Together in Christ (Colossians 3:18–4:1)

Opening:

House of the Lord

We worship the God who was.
We worship the God who is.
We worship the God who evermore will be.
He opened the prison doors.
He parted the raging sea.
Our God, He holds the victory.

*There’s joy in the house of the Lord.
There’s joy in the house of the Lord today.
And we won’t be quiet.
We shout out Your praise.
There’s joy in the house of the Lord.
Our God is surely in this place.
And we won’t be quiet.
We shout out Your praise.*

Collect for Luke the evangelist:

Almighty God, who called Luke the physician to be an evangelist and physician of the soul, praised by all the churches for his service to the gospel, grant that through the wholesome medicine of your word written by him all the diseases of our souls may be healed, through the merits of your Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

We sing to the God who heals.
We sing to the God who saves.
We sing to the God who always makes a way.
’Cause He hung up on that cross
Then He rose up from that grave.
My God’s still rolling stones away.

[Bridge]
(’Cause) We were the beggars.
Now we’re royalty.
We were the prisoners.
Now we’re running free.
We are forgiven, accepted,
Redeemed by His grace.
Let the house of the Lord sing praise.

Smith, Wickham ©2020 | CCLI #7168995

Collect for Trinity 20:

Almighty and merciful God, keep us by your bountiful goodness from everything that may hurt us so that we may be ready both in body and soul cheerfully to accomplish whatever you want us to do, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Proverbs 9:1–6 (Pew Bible p. 533)

Wisdom has built her house; she has hewn her seven pillars. 2 She has slaughtered her beasts; she has mixed her wine; she has also set her table.

3 She has sent out her young women to call from the highest places in the town, 4 “Whoever is simple, let him turn in here!”

To him who lacks sense she says, 5 “Come, eat of my bread and drink of the wine I have mixed. 6 Leave your simple ways, and live, and walk in the way of insight.”

Colossians 3:18–4:1 (Pew Bible p. 984)

Wives, submit to your husbands, as is fitting in the Lord. 19 Husbands, love your wives, and do not be harsh with them. 20 Children, obey your parents in everything, for this pleases the Lord. 21 Fathers, do not provoke your children, lest they become discouraged. 22 Bondservants, obey in everything those who are your earthly masters, not by way of eye-service, as people-pleasers, but with sincerity of heart, fearing the Lord. 23 Whatever you do, work heartily, as for the Lord and not for men, 24 knowing that from the Lord you will receive the inheritance as your reward. You are serving the Lord Christ. 25 For the wrongdoer will be paid back for the wrong he has done, and there is no partiality.

4:1 Masters, treat your bondservants justly and fairly, knowing that you also have a Master in heaven.

Matthew 22:1–14 (Pew Bible p. 827)

And again Jesus spoke to them in parables, saying, 2 “The kingdom of heaven may be compared to a king who gave a wedding feast for his son, 3 and sent his servants to call those who were invited to the wedding feast, but they would not come. 4 Again he sent other servants, saying, ‘Tell those who are invited, “See, I have prepared my dinner, my oxen and my fat calves have been slaughtered, and everything is ready.

Come to the wedding feast.” 5 But they paid no attention and went off, one to his farm, another to his business, 6 while the rest seized his servants, treated them shamefully, and killed them. 7 The king was angry, and he sent his troops and destroyed those murderers and burned their city. 8 Then he said to his servants, ‘The wedding feast is ready, but those invited were not worthy. 9 Go therefore to the main roads and invite to the wedding feast as many as you find.’ 10 And those servants went out into the roads and gathered all whom they found, both bad and good. So the wedding hall was filled with guests.

11 “But when the king came in to look at the guests, he saw there a man who had no wedding garment. 12 And he said to him, ‘Friend, how did you get in here without a wedding garment?’ And he was speechless. 13 Then the king said to the attendants, ‘Bind him hand and foot and cast him into the outer darkness. In that place there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.’ 14 For many are called, but few are chosen.”

Praise:

His Glory and My Good
I have seen my Father’s glory
Revealed in Jesus Christ
And the more that I behold Him,
The more He satisfies.
When I gaze upon His beauty,
When I see Him as I should,
Then my eyes are lifted upward
For His glory and my good.

There is hope in every trial,
For I can trust the Lord.
He will turn my heart towards Him
And help me bear the thorn.
So, in faith, I follow Jesus
On the road not understood,
For I know that He is working
For His glory and my good.

Praise: (cont’d)

His Glory and My Good (cont’d)
To our God be the glory,
To our God be praise.
He alone, the name above all names.
I will boast ever only in the Lord, my God.
For I know His glory is my good.

See the open arms of Jesus
Upon the cross that day.
What they understood as weakness
Deserves my every praise.
For the charge that was against me,
It was nailed into the wood.
Yes, I know that He has saved me
For His glory and my good.

Would I gladly be made nothing
That Christ would be made more.
Would I seek the only kingdom
That far outweighs them all.
I will stand before my Father,
Where the faithful saints have stood.
And with joy, my heart shall praise Him
For His glory and my good.

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Build My Life
Worthy of ev’ry song we could ever sing.
Worthy of all the praise we could ever bring.
Worthy of ev’ry breath we could ever breathe.
We live for You.

Jesus the name above ev’ry other name.
Jesus the only one who could ever save.
Worthy of ev’ry breath we could ever breathe.
We live for You.
We live for You.

Holy, there is no one like You,
There is none beside You.
Open up my eyes in wonder and show me who You are,
And fill me with Your heart,
And lead me in Your love to those around me.

[Bridge]
I will build my life upon Your love;
It is a firm foundation.
I will put my trust in You alone,
And I will not be shaken.

Younker, Martin, Kaple, et al. ©2016 | CCLI #7070345

Praises (Be Lifted Up)
I sing praises to Your name,
Praises to Your name,
The name that’s so much higher than all names.

All honour to Your name,
Honour to Your name,
The name that’s so much greater than all names.

Be lifted up,
Be lifted higher.
Be lifted up,
Be lifted higher.

Baldwin ©2014 | CCLI #7009808

Offertory:

The Church’s One Foundation
The church’s one foundation
is Jesus Christ our Lord:
she is His new creation
by water and the word;
from heaven He came and sought her
to be His holy bride;
with His own blood He bought her,
and for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
yet one o’er all the earth,
her charter of salvation
one Lord, one faith, one birth,
one holy name she blesses,
partakes one holy food,
and to one hope she presses
with every grace endured.

Though with a scornful wonder
men see her sore oppressed,
by schisms rent asunder,
by heresies distressed;
yet saints their watch are keeping,
their cry goes up “How long?”
and soon the night of weeping
shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil and tribulation
and tumult of her war,
she waits the consummation
of peace for evermore,
till with the vision glorious
her longing eyes are blest,
and the great Church victorious
shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
with God the Three-in-One,
and mystic sweet communion
with those whose rest is won.
O happy years and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
like them, the meek and lowly,
on high may reign with Thee.

Stone (1868) | Public Domain

Communion:

Before the Throne of God Above
Before the throne of God above
I have a strong and perfect plea;
A great High Priest whose name
is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.
My name is graven on His hands;
My name is written on His heart;
I know that while in heaven He stands,
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look and see Him there
Who made an end to all my sin.
Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God the Just is satisfied
To look on Him and pardon me.
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