

Sheboygan eFree Church

April 1, 2021

As you enter the room, please **turn your cell phone off** or use vibrate.

Welcome and Call to Worship

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.
'Til 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,
'Til He returns, or calls me home, here in the power of Christ I'll stand.
Words & Music Keith Getty, Stuart Townend, 2001 Thankyou Music CCLI#449536

Man Of Sorrows

Man of sorrows, Lamb of God, by His own betrayed.
The sin of man and wrath of God Has been on Jesus laid.

Silent as He stood accused, beaten, mocked, and scorned,
Bowing to the Father's will, He took a crown of thorns.

*Oh that rugged cross, my salvation, where Your love poured out over me.
Now my soul cries out, hallelujah, praise and honor unto Thee.*

Sent of heaven, God's own Son, to purchase and redeem
And reconcile the very ones who nailed Him to that tree.

Now my debt is paid, it is paid in full by the precious blood that my Jesus spilled.
Now the curse of sin has no hold on me, whom the Son sets free, oh, is free indeed,

See the stone is rolled away, behold the empty tomb.
Hallelujah, God be praised, He's risen from the grave.
Words and Music Brooke Ligertwood | Matt Crocker © 2012 Hillsong Music Publishing CCLI License # 449536

Nothing But the Blood

What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

*Oh! Precious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.*

For my pardon this I see, Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing, this my plea, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Nothing can for sin atone, Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

This is all my hope and peace, Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Words and Music, Robert Lowry, CCLI#449536

Lead Me To The Cross

Savior, I come, quiet my soul. Remember redemption's hill
Where Your blood was spilled for my ransom.

Ev'rything I once held dear I count it all as loss.

Lead me to the cross where Your love poured out,
Bring me to my knees, Lord, I lay me down.
Rid me of myself, I belong to You, Oh lead me, lead me to the cross.

You were as I, tempted and tried, human. The word became flesh,
Bore my sin and death, now You're risen.

To Your heart, to Your heart, lead me to Your heart, lead me to Your heart.
Words and music by Brooke Ligertwood © 2006 Hillsong Music Publishing (Admin. by EMI Christian Music Publishing) CCLI License # 449536

The Power Of The Cross

Oh to see the dawn of the darkest day, Christ on the road to Calvary.
Tried by sinful men, torn and beaten then nailed to a cross of wood.

*This the pow'r of the cross, Christ became sin for us,
Took the blame, bore the wrath, we stand forgiven at the cross.*

Oh, to see the pain written on Your face, bearing the awesome weight of sin.
Ev'ry bitter thought, ev'ry evil deed, crowning Your bloodstained brow.

Now the daylight flees, now the ground beneath quakes as its maker bows His head.
Curtain torn in two, dead are raised to life, finished the vict'ry cry.

Oh, to see my name written in the wounds, for through Your suffering I am free.
Death is crushed to death, life is mine to live, won through Your selfless love.

*This the pow'r of the cross, Son of God slain for us.
What a love, what a cost, we stand forgiven at the cross.*
Words & Music Keith Getty | Stuart Townend © 2005 Thankyou Music (Admin. by EMI Christian Music Publishing)

Message

Dr. Gary Hylander

Closing Prayer

Postlude

Messages can be watched/listened to on our website at www.e-free-family.com.