

The Holy Eucharist

RITE II

The Nativity of Christ
December 24, 2021 • 4:30 pm



CHRIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
UNIVERSITY DISTRICT + SEATTLE, WA

WE GATHER IN GOD'S NAME

Prelude Prelude on Adeste Fideles

Francis Florentine Hagen (1815-1907)

Please stand as you are able.

Opening Hymn O come, all ye faithful

ADESTE FIDELES



1 O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O come ye, O
2 See how the shep - herds, sum - moned to his cra - dle, leav - ing their
3 Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, sing, all ye
4 Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this hap - py morn - ing, Je - sus, to



come ye, to Beth - le - hem. Come and be - hold him, born the King of an - gels;
flocks, draw nigh to gaze; we too will thith - er bend our joy - ful foot - steps;
ci - ti - zens of heaven a - bove; glo - ry to God, glo ry in the high - est;
thee be all glo - ry given. Word of the Fath - er, now in flesh ap - pear - ing:

Refrain



O come, let us a - dore him, O come, let us a - dore him,



O come, let us a - dore him, Christ the Lord.

Words: John F. Wade, ca. 1743; trans. by Frederick Oakeley, 1841, and others

Music: *Adeste Fideles*, John F. Wade, ca. 1743.

The Lighting of the Christ Candle

Presider Blessed are you, O God, Ruler of the Universe, Sovereign of Peace: to you be praise and glory for ever. The new light of your Incarnate Word gives gladness in our sorrow, and a presence in our isolation. Fill our lives with the radiance of your love, until they overflow with gladness and praise.

People **Blessed be God for ever.**

The light is passed throughout the church.

Bidding Prayer and Collect

Presider We have come together as one family, in God's presence, to celebrate the great festival of Christmas. Through scripture and silence, poems, prayers, and song may we hear and receive the good news of the birth of Christ and offer to God our thanksgiving in the joyful singing of carols.

But first, let us pray for the needs of the whole world, for peace and justice on earth, for the unity and mission of the Church for which Christ died, and especially for the church in our country and in this city.

And because Jesus particularly loves them, let us remember in his name the poor and helpless, the cold, the hungry and oppressed, the sick, those have died and those who mourn, the lonely and unloved, the aged and little children, and all who need the love of Jesus Christ.

Finally, let us remember before Jesus his Holy Mother, and that whole multitude which no one can number, whose hope was in the Word made flesh, and with whom, in Jesus, we are one for evermore.

All pause for silent prayer.

Presider Eternal God, in the stillness of this night you sent your only-begotten One to take on our nature, and to be born this day of Blessed Mary. Give to the earth the peace that we long for and fill our hearts with the joy of heaven through our Savior, Jesus Christ. **Amen.**

Please be seated.

THE LITURGY OF THE WORD

The First Lesson

Isaiah 9:2-7

Reader The people who walked in darkness
have seen a great light;
those who lived in a land of deep darkness -
on them light has shined.
You have multiplied the nation,
you have increased its joy;
they rejoice before you
as with joy at the harvest,
as people exult them when dividing plunder.
For the yoke of their burden,
and the bar across their shoulders,
the rod of their oppressor,
you have broken them as on the day of Midian.
For all the boots of the tramping warriors
and all the garments rolled in blood
shall be burned as fuel for the fire.
For a child has been born for us,
a son given to us;
authority rests upon his shoulders;
and he is named
Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God,
Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.
His authority shall grow continually,
and there shall be endless peace
for the throne of David and his kingdom.
He will establish and uphold it
with justice and with righteousness
from this time onward and forevermore.
The zeal of the Lord of hosts will do this.

1 Once in roy - al Da - vid's___ ci - ty stood a
 2 He came down to earth___ from___ hea - ven, who is
 3 And our eyes at last___ shall___ see him, through his
 4 Not in that poor low - ly___ sta - ble, with the

low - ly cat - tle___ shed, where a mo - ther laid___ her___
 God and Lord___ of___ all, and his shel - ter was___ a___
 own re - deem - ing___ love; for that child who seemed so___
 ox - en stand - ing___ round, we shall see him; but___ in___

ba - by in a man - ger for___ his___ bed. Ma - ry
 sta - ble, and his cra - dle was___ a___ stall; with the
 help - less is our Lord in heaven___ a - bove; and he
 heav - en, where his saints his throne___ sur - round: Christ, re -

was that mo - ther mild,___ Je - sus Christ her lit - tle___ child. ___
 poor, the scorned, the low - ly, lived on earth our Sa - vior___ ho - ly.
 leads his child - ren on___ to that place where he___ is___ gone. ___
 vealed to faith - ful eye,___ set at God's right hand on___ high. ___

Words: Cecil Francis Alexander (1818-1895), alt.

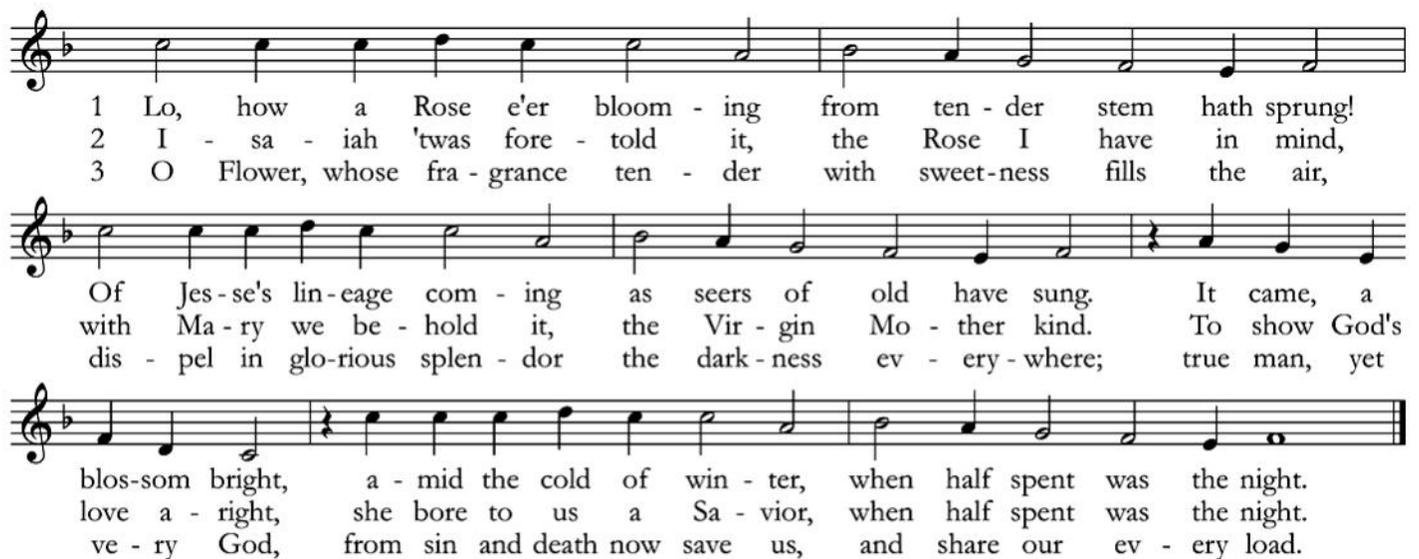
Music: *Irby*, melody Henry John Gauntlett (1805-1876); harm. Arthur H. Mann (1850-1929)



Reader Blue homespun and the bend of my breast
 keep warm this small hot naked star
 fallen to my arms (Rest...
 you who have had so far
 to come.) Now nearness satisfied
 the body of God sweetly. Quiet he lies
 whose vigor hurled
 a universe. He sleeps
 whose eyelids have not closed before.
 His breath (so slight it seems
 no breath at all) once ruffled the dark deeps
 to sprout a world.
 Charmed by dove's voices, the whisper of straw,
 he dreams,
 hearing no music from his other spheres.
 Breath, mouth, ears, eyes
 he is curtailed
 who overflowed all skies,
 all years.
 Older than eternity, now he
 is new. Now native to earth as I am, nailed
 to my poor planet, caught that I might be free,
 blind in my womb to know my darkness ended,
 brought to this birth
 for me to be new-born,
 and for him to see me mended
 I must see him torn.

Hymn Lo, how a rose e'er blooming

ES IST EIN ROS'



1 Lo, how a Rose e'er bloom - ing from ten - der stem hath sprung!
 2 I - sa - iah 'twas fore - told it, the Rose I have in mind,
 3 O Flower, whose fra - grance ten - der with sweet-ness fills the air,
 Of Jes - se's lin - eage com - ing as seers of old have sung. It came, a
 with Ma - ry we be - hold it, the Vir - gin Mo - ther kind. To show God's
 dis - pel in glo - rious splen - dor the dark - ness ev - ery - where; true man, yet
 blos - som bright, a - mid the cold of win - ter, when half spent was the night.
 love a - right, she bore to us a Sa - vior, when half spent was the night.
 ve - ry God, from sin and death now save us, and share our ev - ery load.

Words: St. 1-2, German, 15th cent., tr. Theodore Baker (1851-1934), st. 3, Friedrich Layritz (1808-1859);
 tr. Harriet R. K. Spaeth (1845-1925); ver. *Hymnal* 1940

Music: *Es ist ein Ros*, melody from *Alte Catholische Geistliche Kirchengesang*, 1599; harm Michael Praetorius (1571-1621)

Reader He was a Wal*Mart child.
 Grubby little brown-skinned boy
 Who lived in the shabby house on the corner.
 His mother cleaned houses. She was young. Pretty.
 Dad drove a limo. Did odd jobs on the side.
 He could fix anything.

He was a Wal*Mart child.
 Born on the way north,
 His parents doing seasonal work
 before they settled down.
 Oldest of six kids, all dressed in hand-me-downs.

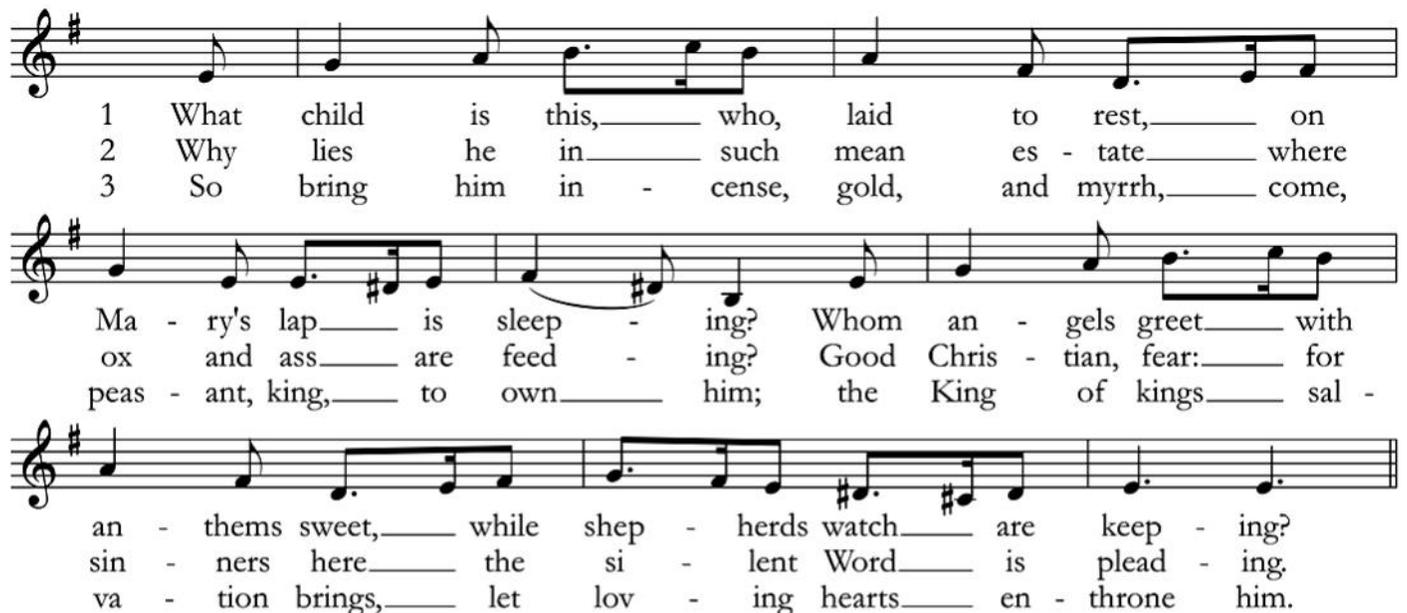
He was a Wal*Mart child.
 One of *those* people.
 The ones you don't want your kids to hang out with.
 Grubby little brown-skinned boy
 whose father never told him about that dream.

The one with the old woman.
Abuelita.
 Her brown face etched with deep lines,
 Kind eyes in a face he had never before seen
 Yet knew all his life.
 And those words, those words, etched in his mind
 Like a song sung to him a thousand times
 When he was a child:

*José, hijo de David, no temas recibir a María to mujer,
 porque lo que ha sido engendrado en ella es del Espíritu Santo.
 Ella dará a luz un hijo;
 y Llamará su nombre
 Jesús.*

Hymn What child is this, who, laid to rest

GREENSLEEVES



1 What child is this, who, laid to rest, on
 2 Why lies he in such mean es - tate where
 3 So bring him in - cense, gold, and myrrh, come,

Ma - ry's lap is sleep - ing? Whom an - gels greet with
 ox and ass are feed - ing? Good Chris - tian, fear: for
 peas - ant, king, to own him; the King of kings sal -

an - thems sweet, while shep - herds watch are keep - ing?
 sin - ners here the si - lent Word is plead - ing.
 va - tion brings, let lov - ing hearts en - throne him.

Refrain

This, this— is Christ the King,— whom shep - herds guard— and an - gels sing;

haste, haste— to bring him laud,— the babe,— the son— of Ma - ry.

Words: William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898)
 Music: *Greensleeves*, English melody

The Fourth Lesson

Titus 2:11-14

Reader For the grace of God has appeared, bringing salvation to all, training us to renounce impiety and worldly passions, and in the present age to live lives that are self-controlled, upright, and godly, while we wait for the blessed hope and the manifestation of the glory of our great God and Savior, Jesus Christ. He it is who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purify for himself a people of his own who are zealous for good deeds.

Hymn **Go tell it on the mountain** GO TELL IT

Refrain

Go tell it on the moun - tain, o - ver the hills and ev - ery where;—

go tell it on the moun - tain, that Je - sus Christ is born!

1 While shep - herds kept their watch - ing o'er si - lent flocks by night,—

2 The shep - herds feared and trem - bled when lo! a - bove the earth—

3 Down in a low - ly man - ger the hum - ble Christ was born,—

Repeat Refrain

be - hold, through - out the heav - ens there shone a ho - ly light.—
 rang out the an - gel cho - rus that hailed our Sa - vior's birth.—
 and God sent us sal - va - tion that bless - ed Christ - mas morn.—

Words: Spiritual, 19th cent.; adapt. John W. Work III (1901-1967)
 Music: *Go Tell It*, Spiritual, 19th cent.; arr. Horace Clarence Boyer (1935-2009)

Reader He did not wait till the world was ready,
till men and nations were at peace.
He came when the Heavens were unsteady,
and prisoners cried out for release.

He did not wait for the perfect time.
He came when the need was deep and great.
He dined with sinners in all their grime,
turned water into wine. He did not wait

till hearts were pure. In joy he came
to a tarnished world of sin and doubt.
To a world like ours, of anguished shame
he came, and his Light would not go out.

He came to a world which did not mesh,
to heal its tangles, shield its scorn.
In the mystery of the Word made Flesh
the Maker of the stars was born.

We cannot wait till the world is sane
to raise our songs with joyful voice,
for to share our grief, to touch our pain,
He came with Love: Rejoice! Rejoice!

Carol

In the bleak midwinter

GO TELL IT

1 In the bleak mid-winter, frost-y wind made moan,
2 Our God, heaven can-not hold him, nor earth sus-tain;
3 An-gels and arch-an-gels may have gath-ered there,
4 What can I give him, poor as I am?

earth stood hard as i-ron, wa-ter like a stone;
heaven and earth shall flee a-way when he comes to reign:
cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim throng-ed the air;
If I were a shep-herd, I would bring a lamb;

snow had fal-len, snow on snow, snow on snow,
in the bleak mid-winter a sta-ble-place suf-ficed
but his mo-ther on-ly, in her maid-en bliss,
if I were a wise man, I would do my part;

in the bleak mid-winter, long a-go.
the Lord God in-car-nate, Je-sus Christ.
wor-shipped the be-lov-ed with a kiss.
yet what I can, give him: give my heart.

Words: Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

Music: *Cranham*, Gustav Theodore Holst (1874-1934)

Reader Christ climbed down
 from His bare Tree
 this year
 and ran away to where
 there were no rootless Christmas trees
 hung with candycanes and breakable stars
 Christ climbed down
 from his bare Tree
 this year
 and ran away to where
 there were no gilded Christmas trees
 and no tinsel Christmas trees
 and no tinfoil Christmas trees
 and no pink plastic Christmas trees
 and no gold Christmas trees
 and no powderblue Christmas trees
 hung with electric candles
 and encircled by tin electric trains
 and clever cornball relatives
 Christ climbed down
 from his bare Tree
 this year
 and ran away to where
 no intrepid Bible salesmen
 covered the territory
 in two-tone cadillacs
 and where no Sears Roebuck creches
 complete with plastic babe in manger
 arrived by parcel post
 the babe by special delivery
 and where no televised Wise Men
 praised the Lord Calvert Whiskey
 Christ climbed down
 from His bare tree
 this year
 and ran away to where
 no fat handshaking stranger
 in a red flannel suit
 and a fake white beard
 when around passing himself off
 as some sort of North Pole saint
 crossing the desert to Bethlehem
 Pennsylvania
 in a Volkswagen sled
 drawn by rollicking Adirondack reindeer
 and German names
 and bearing sacks of Humble Gifts
 from Saks Fifth Avenue
 for everybody's imagined Christ child

Christ climbed down
 from his bare Tree
 this year
 and ran away to where
 no Bing Crosby carollers
 groaned of a tight Christmas
 and where no Radio City angles
 iceskated wingless
 thru a winter wonderland
 into a jinglebell heaven
 daily at 8:30
 with Midnight Mass matinees
 Christ climbed down
 from His bare Tree
 this year
 and softly stole away into
 some anonymous Mary's womb again
 where in the darkest night
 of everybody's anonymous soul
 He awaits again
 an unimaginable
 and impossibly
 Immaculate Reconciliation
 the very craziest of
 Second Comings

1 Si - lent night, ho - ly night, all is calm, all is bright
 2 Si - lent night, ho - ly night, shep - herds quake at the sight,
 3 Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light

round yon vir - gin mo - ther and child. Ho - ly in - fant, so ten - der and mild,
 glo - ries stream from hea - ven a - far, heaven - ly hosts sing al - le - lu - ia;
 ra - diant beams from thy ho - ly face, with the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,

sleep in hea - ven - ly peace. Sleep in hea - ven - ly peace.
 Christ, the Sa - vior, is born! Christ, the Sa - vior is born!
 Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth. Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth.

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

Music: *Stille Nacht*, melody Franz Xaver Gruber (1787-1863); harm. Carl H. Reineke (1824-1910)

The Seventh Lesson

Luke 2:1-20

Reader

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. 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 at the inn.

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!”

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. 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.

Hymn Angels we have heard on high

GLORIA



1 An - gels we have heard on high, sing - ing sweet - ly through the night,
2 Shep - herds why this ju - bi - lee? Why these songs of hap - py cheer?
3 Come to Beth - le - hem and see him whose birth the an - gels sing;
4 See him in a man - ger laid whom the an - gels praise a - bove;



and the moun - tains in re - ply ech - o - ing their brave de - light.
What great bright - ness did you see? What glad tid - ings did you hear?
come, a - dore on bend - ed knee Christ, the Lord, the new - born King.
Ma - ry, Jo - seph, lend your aid, while we raise our hearts in love.



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



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

Words: French carol; tr. James Chadwick (1813-1882), alt.
Music: *Gloria*, French carol; arr. Edward Shippen Barnes (1887-1958)

All extinguish their candles.

The Peace

Presider The peace of God be always with you.
All **And also with you.**

At this time you are encouraged to pass God's peace with each other in a way that keeps yourself and others safe; a wave, a slight bow, and warm eye contact are alternative methods that are no less meaningful.

LITURGY OF THE TABLE

Anyone joining us for worship at any time is invited to make an offering to help continue the vision and mission of this church and as a way to express gratitude for God's generosity. Your one time, weekly, or annual gift to Christ Church will support all of our street ministries, allow our staff to grow, and enrich our lives together and continue normal operations. Donate online at the Christ Church homepage, www.christchurchseattle.org, and click on the donate button. You can also mail your gift to Christ Church at 4548 Brooklyn Ave NE, Seattle, WA, 98105. Thank you for your generosity.

Offertory Silent Night

Libby Croad

Presider God be with you.

People **And also with you.**

Presider Lift up your hearts.

People **We lift them to the Lord.**

Presider Let us give thanks to the Lord our God.

People **It is right to give our thanks and praise.**

Presider It is right, and a good and joyful thing, always and everywhere to give thanks to you, Almighty God, Creator of heaven and earth. Because you gave Jesus Christ, your only Son, to be born for us; who, by the mighty power of the Holy Spirit, was made perfectly human of the flesh of Most Holy Mary his mother; so that we might be delivered from the bondage of sin, and receive power to become your children. Therefore we praise you, joining our voices with Angels and Archangels and with all the company of heaven, who for ever sing this hymn to proclaim the glory of your Name:

Sanctus

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God of pow-er and might, heaven— and
earth— are full— of your glo - ry. Ho - san - na in the high-est. Ho -
san - na in the high-est. Bless-ed is the one who comes in the name— of the
Lord. Ho - san - na in the high-est. Ho - san - na in the high - est.

Setting: *From A Community Mass*; Richard Proulx (b. 1937). Reprinted under OneLicense.net #A-726093

Presider We give thanks to you, O God, for the goodness and love which you have made known to us in creation; in the calling of Israel to be your people; in your Word spoken through the prophets; and above all in Jesus Christ, the Word made flesh. For in these last days you sent Jesus to be incarnate from Blessed Mary, to be the Savior and Redeemer of the world. In Christ, you have delivered us from evil, and made us worthy to stand before you. In Christ, you have brought us out of error into truth, out of sin into righteousness, out of death into life.

On the night before he died for us, our Savior Jesus Christ took bread; and when he had given thanks to you, he broke it, and gave it to his disciples, and said,

“Take, eat: This is my Body, which is given for you. Do this for the remembrance of me.”

After supper Jesus took the cup of wine; and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them, and said,

“Drink this, all of you: This is my Blood of the new Covenant, which is shed for you and for all for the forgiveness of sins. Whenever you drink it, do this for the remembrance of me.”

Therefore, according to his command, O God,

All **We remember Christ’s death, We proclaim Christ’s resurrection, We await Christ’s coming in glory;**

Presider And we offer our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving to you, O Savior of all; presenting to you, from your creation, this bread and this wine.

We pray you, gracious God, to send your Holy Spirit upon these gifts that they may be the Sacrament of the Body of Christ and his Blood of the new Covenant. Unite us in the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, through whom we are acceptable to you, being sanctified by the Holy Spirit. In the fullness of time, put all things in subjection under your Christ, and bring us to that heavenly country where, with Mary, the Mother of God; Joseph, and all your saints, we may enter the everlasting heritage of your children; through Jesus Christ our Savior, the firstborn of all creation, the head of the Church, and the author of our salvation.

Through Christ, and with Christ, and in Christ, in the unity of the Holy Spirit all honor and glory is yours, Almighty God, now and for ever.

All **Amen.**

Presider As our Savior Christ has taught us, we now pray,

People **Our Father, in heaven,
hallowed be your name,
your kingdom come,
your will be done,
on earth as in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins,
as we forgive those
who sin against us.
Save us from the time of trial,
and deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power,
and the glory are yours,
now and for ever. Amen.**

The Breaking of the Bread

Presider Alleluia. Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us.

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

Invitation to Communion

Presider The Gifts of God for the people of God. Holy things for Holy People.

All are invited to come forward for Communion. Please file down the center aisle, leaving space for social distancing between families or individuals. The presider will place bread in your hand. Please take your bread and return to your pew before reverently consuming it.

Those who are worshipping with us from home are invited to pray:

Prayer at the Time of Communion

O Christ, I believe that you are truly present in the Holy Sacrament,
and, since I cannot at this time receive communion,

I pray you to come into my heart.

I unite myself with you and embrace you
with all my heart, my soul, and my mind.

Let nothing separate me from you;

let me serve you in this life
until, by your grace, I come to your glorious kingdom
and unending peace. Amen.

1 O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie!
 2 For Christ is born of Ma - ry; and gath - ered all a - bove,
 3 How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, the won - drous gift is given!

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 - dering love.
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bless - ings of high heaven.

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,

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 on earth.
 where meek souls will re - ceive him, still, the dear Christ en - ters in.

Words: Phillips Brooks (1835-1893)

Music: *St. Louis*, Lewis H. Redner (1831-1908)

Please stand or kneel as you are able.

Post Communion Prayer

Presider Let us pray.

All **Eternal God,**
 you have graciously accepted us
 as living members of 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 Savior. Amen.

Blessing

Presider May God, who has loved the eternal Christ from before the foundation of the world, shed that love upon you, God's children.

People **Amen.**

Presider May Christ, who by his incarnation gathered into one things earthly and heavenly, fill you with joy and peace.

People **Amen.**

Presider May the Holy Spirit, by whose overshadowing Mary became the God-bearer, give you grace to carry the good news of Christ.

People **Amen.**

Presider And the blessing of God: the most holy, glorious, and undivided Trinity be among you and remain with you forever.

People **Amen**



1 Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing glo - ry to the new - born King!
 2 Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord;
 3 Mild he lays his glo - ry by, born that we no more may die,

Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!
 late in time be - hold him come, off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb.
 born to raise us from the earth, born to give us sec - ond birth.

Joy - ful all ye na - tions, rise, join the tri - umph of the skies;
 Veiled in flesh the God - head see; hail the in - car - nate De - i - ty.
 Risen with heal - ing in his wings, light and life to all he brings,

with the an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
 Pleased as man with us to dwell; Je - sus, our Em - man - u - el!
 hail the Sun of Right - eous - ness! Hail the heaven - born Prince of Peace!

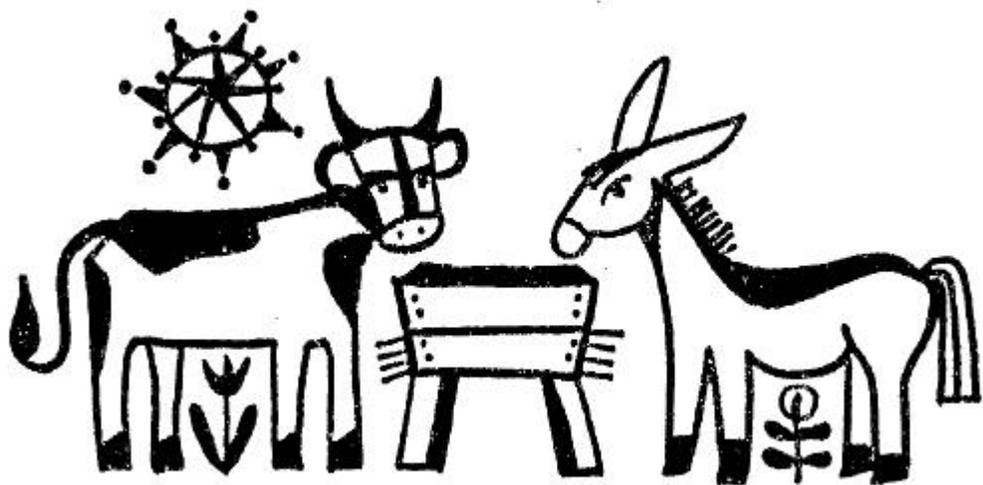
Refrain
 Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing glo - ry to the new - born King!

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788), alt.

Music: Mendelssohn, Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847); adapt. William H. Cummings (1831-1915)

Presider Go in peace. Proclaim the Word made flesh. Alleluia! Alleluia!
People **Glory, thanks, and praise to God. Alleluia! Alleluia!**

Postlude Fugue on *From Heaven So High* Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)





CHRISTMAS FLOWERS ARE GIVEN TO THE GLORY OF GOD

And in loving memory of:

George Dillon, by Jun Xu
Barry Hector, by Linda Donaldson
Judy Clogston, by Pat Hyland
Jessie Nugent, by Tom and Pat Johnson and Ken and Lana Nugent
Joya and Jon Massuco, and Bea Jackson, by Heidi Massuco
In memory of Bea Jackson, by Mike and Shelly Reiss

And in Thanksgiving:

Julie Coryell and Seelye Martin
In thanksgiving for Christ Church, by Joslin Harris-Gane
Susan Folk
Frank and Judy Pollard
Gail and Michael Shurgot
Don and Gail Willis
Anonymous (2)





MINISTERS OF THE LITURGY

Presider

The Rev. Chris McPeak

Musicians

Henry Lebedinsky
The Chancel Choir

Readers

Susan Folk, Chrissy Ewald, Henry Lebedinsky,
Carlotta Han, Kathleen Ward, Owen Ewald

Ushers

Joslin Harris-Gane, Kathleen Ward

Altar Guild

Heidi Massuco



CHRIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

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