

**WEST SUFFOLK BAPTIST CHURCH  
RESURRECTION SUNDAY**

17 April 2022

Welcome & Announcements

Invocation

Hymn #69 "O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing!"

OT Scripture Job 19:1-27

Hymn #159 "Christ Arose"

NT Scripture 2 Corinthians 5:1-10

Reverse "They Came Alone"

Message: "The Ultimate Good News, Resurrection"  
1 Corinthians 15

Hymn #156 "Christ, the Lord, Is Risen Today"

Benediction

This Evening: No Services

Next Wednesday: The Mystery of Providence  
"Practical Problems in Connection with Providence"

Next Lord's Day: "Right Worship Divinely Interpreted"  
Psalm 81

**A note for parents of small children:** Our church encourages its members and our visitors to include their children in our worship services. We understand that this practice will result in some distractions from time to time, and that forbearance and patience are required by all. Our foyer and all classrooms are equipped with speakers in order to serve as worship service behavior training areas or as cry rooms, as necessary. Please be mindful of others who may be being distracted from worship and avail yourselves of them.

**"They Come Alone"**

by D. A. Carson

They came alone: some women who remembered him,  
Bowed down with spices to anoint his corpse.  
Through darkened streets, they wept their way to honor him—  
The one whose death had shattered all their hopes.  
"Why do you look for life among the sepulchers?  
He is not here. He's risen, as he said.  
Remember how he told you while in Galilee:  
The Son of Man will die—and rise up from the dead."

The two walked home, a study in defeat and loss,  
Explaining to a stranger why the gloom—  
How Jesus seemed to be the King before his cross,  
How all their hopes lay buried in his tomb.  
"How slow you are to see Christ's glorious pilgrimage  
Ran through the cross—and then he broke the bread.  
Their eyes were opened, and they grasped the Scripture's truth:  
The man who taught them had arisen from the dead.

He was a skeptic: not for him that easy faith  
That swaps the truth for sentimental sigh.  
Unless he saw the nail marks in his hands himself,  
And touched his side, he'd not believe the lie.  
Then Jesus came, although the doors were shut and locked.  
"Repent of doubt, and reach into my side;  
Trace out the wounds that nails left in my broken hands.  
And understand that I who speaks to you once died."

Long years have passed, and still we face the fear of death,  
Which steals our loved ones, leaving us undone,  
And still confronts us, beckoning with icy breath,  
The final terror when life's course is run.  
But this I know: the Savior passed this way before,  
His body clothed in immortality.  
The sting's been drawn: the power of sin has been destroyed.  
We sing: Death has been swallowed up in victory.

tune: Londonderry Air ("O Danny Boy")