

# Welcome to Beavertown Church!

**TUNE YOUR CAR RADIO TO:**

January 18, 2026  
10:00 AM

# 94.3 FM

**CALL A FRIEND, INVITE SOMEONE FOR NEXT SUNDAY  
SONGS TO BE SUNG**

*(Swipe Right Online/Select to magnify/print)*

**NEED PRAYER?:**

**Contact us at 570-658-2422 or at [www.beavertownchurch.com](http://www.beavertownchurch.com)  
or drive to the main carport entrance following this service.**

**RESTROOMS:**

**•Located in Bates Center (Building behind you)**

**WATCH ALL INSIDE SERVICES ON WEBSITE, FACEBOOK, or  
YOUTUBE**

**Thank you for Driving in :)**

# THE COMFORTER HAS COME

291 Sing to the Lord Hymnal

**O spread the tidings 'round, wherever man is found,  
Wherever human hearts and human woes abound.  
Let ev'ry Christian tongue proclaim the joyful sound:  
The Comforter has come!**

***The Comforter has come! The Comforter has come!  
The Holy Ghost from heav'n, the Father's promise giv'n!  
O spread the tidings 'round, wherever man is found:  
The Comforter has come!***

**The long, long night is past; the morning breaks at last;  
And hushed the dreadful wail and fury of the blast,  
As o'er the golden hills the day advances fast!  
The Comforter has come!**

**Lo, the great King of Kings, with healing in His wings,  
To ev'ry captive soul a full deliv'rance brings;  
And thro' the vacant cells the song of triumph rings:  
The Comforter has come!**

**O boundless love divine! How shall this tongue of mine  
To wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine-  
That I- a child of hell, should in His image shine!  
The Comforter has come!**

*By Frank Bottome*

# THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER

159 Praise and Worship Hymnal

597 Sing to the Lord Hymnal

**The cross that He gave may be heavy,  
But it ne'er out-weighs His grace.  
The storm that I feared may surround me,  
But it ne'er excludes His face.**

***The cross is not greater than His grace  
The storm cannot hide His blessed face.  
I am satisfied to know  
That, with Jesus here below  
I can conquer ev'ry foe.***

**The thorns in my path are not sharper  
Than composed His crown for me.  
The cup that I drink not more bitter  
Than He drank in Gethsemane.**

**The light of His love shineth brighter  
As it falls on paths of woe.  
The toil of my work groweth lighter  
As I stoop to raise the low.**

**His will I have joy in fulfilling,  
As I'm walking in His sight;  
My all to the Blood I am bringing,  
It alone can keep me right.**

*By Ballington Booth*

