

Welcome to Beavertown Church!

TUNE YOUR CAR RADIO TO:

94.3 FM

January 18, 2026
10:00 AM

**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
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!

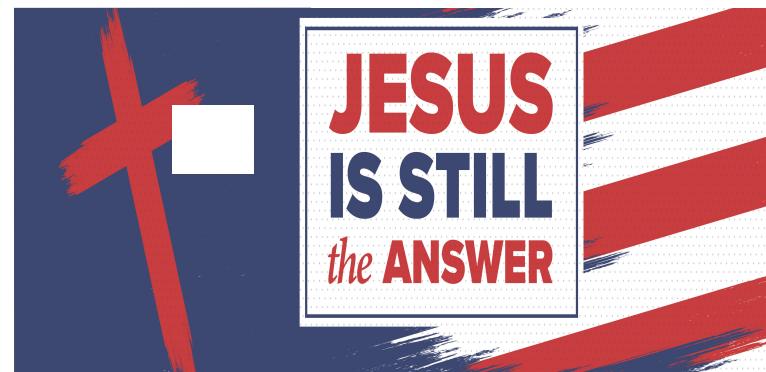
*The Comforter has come! The Comforter has come!
The Holy Ghost from heav'n, the Father's promise giv'n!
O spread the tidings 'round, wherever man is found:
The Comforter has come!*

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