

Pleasant View Mennonite Church

June 15, 2025

Attendance Last Sunday: 150

Welcome and Announcements: Pastor Jeff

Call to Worship: Kent Switzer

"My Hope is Built on Nothing Less" MH 558

"This is My Father's World" MH 49

Children's songs

"Yes, I Will"

"Yet Not I, But Through Christ in Me"

"How Great Thou Art"

"Oh Lord, You're Beautiful"

Scripture: 1 Corinthians 3:11

Devotion: "Our Origin Story" Pastor Jeff

Opportunity for people to testify to God in their lives.

Congregational Prayer: Pastor Jeff

"Lift Your Glad Voices"

We're excited that you chose to worship with us today!

- Please sign the guest book as you go through the line at lunch.
- A bathroom is available in the cabin. Please take care to stay on the path and avoid hindering the new grass being established.

Our Origin Story: Celebrating 500 Years of Anabaptism

“For no one can lay any foundation other than the one already laid,
which is Jesus Christ.”

1 Corinthians 3:11 (NIV84)

The ABC's of being an Anabaptist

Authority of Scripture vs Authority of Man.

Believer's Baptism vs State Baptism

Church as a Caring Community vs Church as a Governing Institution.

Disciples who Desire Discipline vs Disciples who Indulge Self

Ethic of Love vs Ethic of Social Order

Upcoming Events

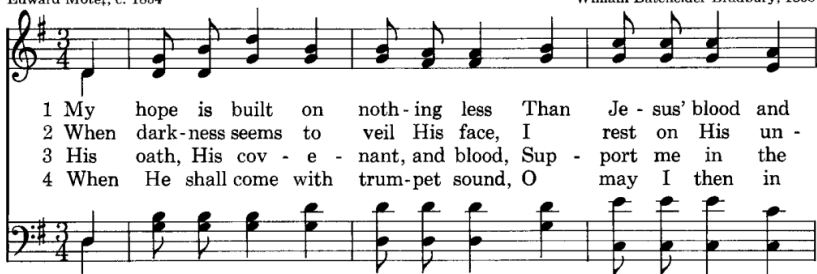
June 18th	Elders Meeting
June 25th	Missions Meeting
July 2nd - 11th	Youth Trip to Costa Rica
July 6th	Celebrating Communion
July 14th - 17th	Vacation Bible School
July 18th - 20th	South Central Summer Assembly
July 20th	Maple Lawn Manor Amani Choir
August 3rd	Singing Evening
August 17th	Communion
August 31st	Maple Lawn Manor
September 7th	Singing Evening Members Meeting

558 MY HOPE IS BUILT ON NOTHING LESS

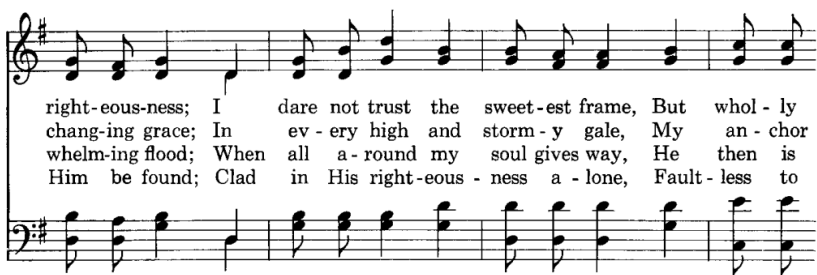
SOLID ROCK L.M. with Refrain

Edward Moteř, c. 1834

William Batchelder Bradbury, 1863

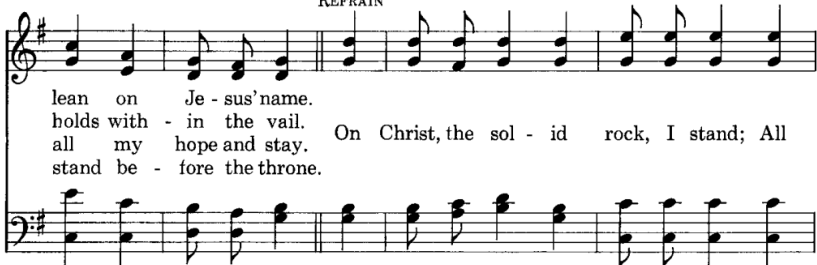


1 My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and
 2 When dark - ness seems to veil His face, I rest on His un -
 3 His oath, His cov - e - nant, and blood, Sup - port me in the
 4 When He shall come with trum - pet sound, O may I then in



right - eous - ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol - ly
 chang - ing grace; In ev - ery high and storm - y gale, My an - chor
 whelm - ing flood; When all a - round my soul gives way, He then is
 Him be found; Clad in His right - eous - ness a - lone, Fault - less to

REFRAIN



lean on Je - sus' name.
 holds with - in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All
 all my hope and stay.
 stand be - fore the throne.



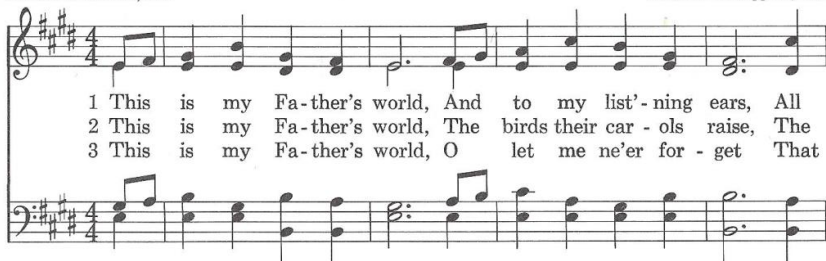
oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

49 THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD

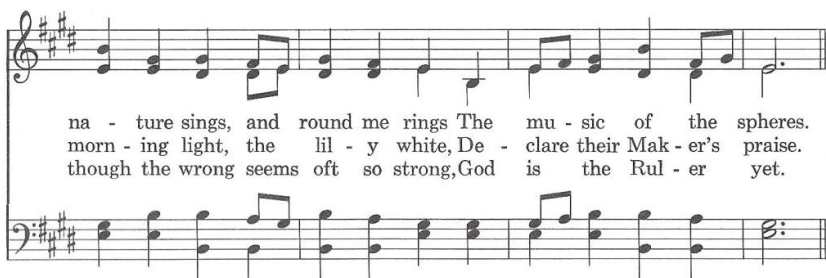
TERRA BEATA S.M.D.

Maltbie D. Babcock, 1901

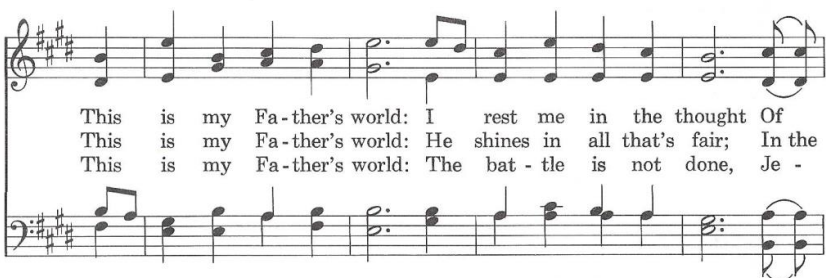
Franklin L. Sheppard, 1915



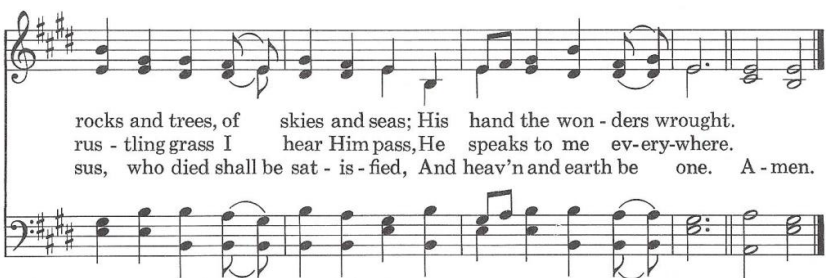
1 This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my list'-ning ears, All
 2 This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car - ols raise, The
 3 This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for - get That



na - ture sings, and round me rings The mu - sic of the spheres.
 morn - ing light, the lil - y white, De - clare their Mak - er's praise.
 though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Rul - er yet.



This is my Fa-ther's world: I rest me in the thought Of
 This is my Fa-ther's world: He shines in all that's fair; In the
 This is my Fa-ther's world: The bat - tle is not done, Je -



rocks and trees, of skies and seas; His hand the won - ders wrought.
 rus - tling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev - ery - where.
 sus, who died shall be sat - is - fied, And heav'n and earth be one. A - men.

Yes I Will

I count on one thing: the same God who never fails,
Will not fail me now; You won't fail me now.
In the waiting, the same God who's never late
Is working all things out; You're working all things out.

CHORUS

Yes, I will lift You high in the lowest valley.
Yes, I will bless Your name.
Yes, I will sing for joy when my heart is heavy;
All my days, yes, I will.

I count on one thing: the same God who never fails,
Will not fail me now; You won't fail me now.
In the waiting, the same God who's never late
Is working all things out; You're working all things out.

CHORUS

And I choose to praise, to glorify, glorify
The Name of all names, that nothing can stand against.
And I choose to praise, to glorify, glorify
The Name of all names, that nothing can stand against.

Yes, I will lift You high in the lowest valley.
Yes, I will bless Your name.
Yes, I will sing for joy when my heart is heavy;
All my days, yes, I will.
For all my days, yes, I will.
For all my days, yes, I will.

Yet Not I, But Through Christ in Me

What gift of grace is Jesus my redeemer
There is no more for heaven now to give
He is my joy, my righteousness, and freedom
My steadfast love, my deep and boundless peace

To this I hold, my hope is only Jesus
For my life is wholly bound to His
Oh how strange and divine, I can sing all is mine
Yet not I, but through Christ in me

The night is dark but I am not forsaken
For by my side, the Savior He will stay
I labor on in weakness and rejoicing
For in my need, His power is displayed

To this I hold, my Shepherd will defend me
Through the deepest valley He will lead
Oh the night has been won, and I shall overcome
Yet not I, but through Christ in me

No fate I dread, I know I am forgiven
The future sure, the price it has been paid
For Jesus bled and suffered for my pardon
And He was raised to overthrow the grave

To this I hold, my sin has been defeated
Jesus now and ever is my plea
Oh the chains are released, I can sing, I am free
Yet not I, but through Christ in me

With every breath I long to follow Jesus
For He has said that He will bring me home
And day by day I know He will renew me
Until I stand with joy before the throne

To this I hold, my hope is only Jesus
All the glory evermore to Him
When the race is complete, still my lips shall repeat
Yet not I, but through Christ in me (x2)

When the race is complete, still my lips shall repeat
Yet not I, but through Christ in me
Yet not I, but through Christ in me
Yet not I, but through Christ in me

How Great Thou Art

Oh Lord, my God, When I, in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder
Thy power throughout the universe displayed
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art

When through the woods and forest glades I wander,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees.
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art

And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in;
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin;
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration
And then proclaim, my God, how great Thou art
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art

Oh Lord, You're Beautiful

Oh Lord, You're beautiful,
Your face is all I seek,
For when Your eyes are on this child,
Your grace abounds to me.

Oh Lord, please light the fire,
That once burned bright and clear.
Replace the lamp of my first love,
That burns with Holy fear.

175 LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES

RESURRECTION Irregular

Henry Waret, 1817

John Edgar Gould, c. 1879

1 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath
2 He burst from the fet - ters of dark-ness that bound Him, Re - splend-ent in
3 Glo - ry to God, in full an-thems of joy; The be - ing He
4 But Je - sus hath cheered the dark val - ley of sor - row, And bade us, im -

ris - en, and man shall not die; Vain were the ter - rors that gath - ered a -
glo - ry, to live and to save: Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on
gave us death can - not de - stroy: Sad were the life we may part with to -
mor - tal, to heav - en as - cend: Lift then your voices in tri - umph on

round Him, And short the do - min - ion of death and the grave.
high, The Sav - ior hath ris - en, and man shall not die.
mor - row, If tears were our birth - right, and death were our end.
high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die.