

"Sunday Evening of Music"

May 1, 2011 — 4:00 P.M.

"Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly...as you sing PSALMS, HYMNS, and SPIRITUAL SONGS with gratitude in your hearts to God..."

Colossians 3:16 (NIV)

**Arlington Hills Presbyterian Church
1275 East Magnolia Avenue, St. Paul, MN**

**Visit our web site for more musical events:
www.arlingtonhillspresbyterian.org.**

Sanctuary Choir with Clay Passick, Saxophone

*So much to sing about – so much to praise you for,
So much I cannot live without and so much more:
At which display of majesty – the very stones are moved to shout.
So much to sing about, once orphaned and alone,
How could I dare believe the news that you would come...
to live and die, for me, for me! And so make sure my welcome home.
So much to sing about: your wisdom, might, and love,
That even three-score years and ten are not enough...
to count your gifts and search beneath the surface of your treasure trove.
So much to sing about: all I have seen and heard,
Your glory in my talents use, my best reward:
that others see what I have seen and sing with me, "It is...the Lord!"*

WELCOME

Paul Oppelt

As We Gather (see insert)

I Worship You, Almighty God (see insert)

Jesus, Draw Me Close (see insert)

Congregation – led by Worship Team

At the Foot of the Cross Susan Dengler/Lee Dengler

Sanctuary Choir

*At the foot of the cross there is sorrow. At the foot of the cross, there is love,
flowing down together in a river of salvation, covering all the world with grace.
At the foot of the cross, there is sadness. At the foot of the cross, there is hope,
flowing down together in a river of forgiveness, covering all the world with grace.
Jesus, Man of Sorrows, Jesus, Prince of Peace,
On the cross He suffered for our sins release; bearing all our burdens, sharing all our pain,
Covering all the world with grace.
At the foot of the cross, there is sorrow, at the foot of the cross, there is Love.*

Lamb of God Twila Paris

Paul Oppelt, Vocal Solo with Guitar

*Your only Son, no sin to hide, But You have sent Him from Your side
to walk upon this guilty sod and to become the Lamb of God.
Your gift of love they crucified. They laughed and scorned Him as He died,
The humble King they named a fraud and sacrificed the Lamb of God.
Oh, Lamb of God, sweet Lamb of God, I love the holy Lamb of God.
Oh, wash me in His precious blood, My Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God.
I was so lost I should have died,
But You have brought me to Your side to be led by Your staff and rod,
and to be called a lamb of God.
Oh, Lamb of God, sweet Lamb of God, I love the holy Lamb of God;
Oh, wash me in His precious blood, 'til I am just a lamb of God.
Oh, wash me in His precious blood, My Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God.*

My Faith Looks Up to Thee Palmer/Lowell Mason/Arr. Linda McKechnie
(with Pavane by Ravel)

Ken Latham and Donna Hampton-Maki, Organ & Piano Duet

*My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day be wholly Thine!*

Ten Thousand Angels Cried David Patillo

Betty Winter, Vocal Solo

Stillness filled the Heavens, on crucifixion day.
Some say it rained, I don't know if it's true.
Well, I can just imagine ten thousand angels cried
That would seem like rain to me and you.
The angels all stood ready to take Him from the tree
They waited for the words from His voice.
And when he asked the Father why has thou forsaken me.
They watched the Saviour die of his own choice.
I've never seen ten thousand angels cry
But I'm sure they did
As they stood by
And watched the Saviour die.
God turned his head away
He couldn't bear the sight
It must have looked like rain
When ten thousand angels cried.
As the sun slipped away
The skies turned to grey
And when Jesus gave his all
That's when the tears began to fall
I've never seen ten thousand angels cry
But I'm sure they did
As they stood by
And watched the Saviour die.
God turned his head away
He couldn't bear the sight
It must have looked like rain
When ten thousand angels cried.
It must have looked like rain
When ten thousand angels cried.

Jesus Paid It All Elvina Hall/John T.Grape/Arr. Ovid Young

Clay Passick & Jerry Loomis

*I hear the Saviour say: "Thy strength indeed is small.
Child of weakness watch and pray; Find in me thine all in all."
Jesus paid it all, All to Him I owe. Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.
For nothing good have I whereby Thy grace to claim.
I'll wash my garments white in the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
And when before the Throne I stand in Him complete,
"Jesus died my soul to save," my lips shall still repeat.
Jesus paid it all, All to Him I owe. Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.*

Ballade in C Minor Mary G. McCleary

Handbells

Barbara Lutter, Vocal Solo

*The feathers on the Robin's breast have not always been red,
Until he plucked the thorn from out Our dying Saviour's head.
The blood from out our Saviour's brow was splashed upon his feathers,
And now the Robin's red resists all waters and all weathers.
Would ye not have plucked that thorn as that little bird did flying?
Would ye not have healed the head of Jesus who was dying?
None, none, none there was but Robin who left his babes and nest to make the
forehead easy of our Lord Jesus blest. The feathers on the Robin's breast have
not always been red, Until he plucked the thorn from out Our dying Saviour's head.
The blood from out our Saviour's brow was splashed upon his feathers,
And now the Robin's red resists all waters and all weathers.*

This World is Not My Home Arr. By Albert E. Brumley

Glory To His Name Elisha Hoffman/John Stockton/Arr. Russell Mauldin

Sing Fourth

*This world is not my home, I'm just a passing thru,
My treasures are laid up somewhere beyond the blue;
The angels beckon me from Heaven's open door,
and I can't feel at home in this world anymore.*

*They're all expecting me, and that's one thing I know,
My Savior pardoned me and now I onward go;
I know He'll take me thru tho I am weak and poor,
and I can't feel at home in this world anymore.*

*I have a loving mother up in gloryland,
I don't expect to stop until I shake her hand;
She's waiting now for me in Heaven's open door,
and I can't feel at home in this world anymore.*

*Just up in gloryland we'll live eternally.
The saints on every hand are shouting victory.
Their songs of sweetest praise drift back from Heaven's shore,
and I can't feel at home in this world anymore.*

*O Lord, you know I have no friend like you.
If Heaven's not my home, then Lord what will I do?
The angels beckon me from Heaven's open door,
and I can't feel at home in this world anymore.*

*Down at the cross where the Savior died,
down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name!*

*Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in today and be made complete; Glory to His name!
There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to His name!*

Poor Sinner, Dejected with Fear William Gadsby/Katy Bowser
and Matthew Perryman Jones

Linsie Hampton & Paul Oppelt, Vocal Duet

*Poor sinner, dejected with fear, unbosom thy mind to the Lamb;
No wrath on His brow He does wear, nor will He poor mourners condemn,
His arm of omnipotent grace is able and willing to save;
A sweet and a permanent peace He'll freely and faithfully give.
Come just as thou art, with thy woe, fall down at the feet of the Lamb;
He will not, He cannot say, "Go", but surely will take out thy stain.
A fountain is opened for sin, and thousands its virtues have proved
He'll take thee, and plunge thee therein, and wash thee from filth in His blood.
The soul that on Jesus relies, He'll never, no never deceive;
He freely and faithfully gives more blessings than we can conceive;
Yea, down to old age He will keep, nor will He forsake us at last;
He knows and is known by His sheep; They're His, and He will hold them fast.*

Inscription of Hope Z. Randall Stroope

Based on fragments of Jewish text found on a cellar wall in Cologne, Germany, during the Holocaust in World War II, it is believed to have been scrawled by a child hiding from the Nazis. The year was 1943.

Mixed Quartet

*I believe in the sun even when it is not shining,
And I believe in love even when there's no one there.
And I believe in God even when he is silent,
I believe through any trial there is always a way.
But sometimes in this suffering and hopeless despair,
My heart cries for shelter, to know someone's there.
But a voice rises within me saying hold on my child.
I'll give you strength, I'll give you hope, just stay a little while.
I believe in the sun even when it is not shining.
And I believe in love even when there's no one there.
But I believe in God even when he is silent,
I believe through any trial there is always a way.
May there someday be sunshine, May there someday be happiness,
May there someday be love, May there someday be peace.*

— INTERMISSION —

Hymn to Peace Robert Noland

Handbells

Make Me A Channel of Your Peace Words by Francis of Assisi (1182-1226)
Music by Sebastian Temple (1928-1997)
Arr. by Mark Hayes

Betty Passick, Vocal Solo

*Make me a channel of Your peace. Where there is hatred, let me bring Your love,
Where there is injury, Your pardon, Lord, And where there's doubt, true faith in You.
Make me a channel of Your peace. Where there's despair in life, Let me bring hope,
Where there is darkness, only light, And where there's sadness, every joy.
Oh, Master, grant that I may never seek, so much to be consoled as to console,
To be understood as to understand, To be loved as to love, with all my soul.
Make me a channel of Your peace. It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
In giving of ourselves that we receive, And in dying that we're born to eternal life,
And in dying that we're born to eternal life.*

Come Thou Fount Robert Robinson/John Wyeth/Arr Bob Krogstad

Men's Choral Ensemble

*Come, thou Fount of every blessing, tune my heart to sing thy grace.
Streams of mercy, never ceasing, call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet, sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount I'm fixed upon it; mount of thy redeeming love.
Here I raise my Ebenezer; hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure, safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger, wand'ring from the fold of God.
He to rescue me from danger, interposed his precious blood.
O, to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter, bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it! Prone to leave the God I love!
Here's my heart, O, take and seal it; seal it for thy courts above. Amen.*

Above All Else John W. Peterson

Connie Oppelt, Vocal Solo

*We need the sunshine to warm a summer breeze,
We need the showers for thirsty flowers and trees,
We need a little rest and labor, The love of friend and neighbor,
But there's one thing we need far more than these.
Above all else—the world needs Jesus,
while shadows fall and hopes grow dim.
He is the best of earth's possessions—above all else the world needs Him;
For He can lift a soul from dark despair, Save from sin and answer prayer,
There is not another friend like Jesus;
Above all else-- the world needs Jesus, Above all else--
the world needs Him.*

My Song John W. Peterson

Jerry Loomis, Vocal Solo

*Why should I sing of lesser things and things that pass away,
When I've a friend like Jesus now to sing about each day.
I have no song to sing but that of Christ my King.
To Him my praise I'll bring forevermore!
His love beyond degree, His death that ransomed me, Now and eternally I'll
sing it o'er.
I find no more delight in other songs. My melody of love to Christ belongs;
I have no song to sing but that of Christ my King.
To Him my praise I'll bring forevermore!
He is the theme of angel song that fills the heavens above,
Should I not join their chorus sweet and praise the Lord I love!*

His Eye Is On The Sparrow Civilla D. Martin/Charles H. Gabriel/Arr. Jack Schrader

Vocal Ensemble - Abbie Stone, Soloist

*Why should I feel discouraged? Why should the shadows come?
Why should my heart be lonely, and long for heaven and home,
When Jesus is my portion? My constant Friend is He:
For His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.
I sing because I'm happy, I sing because I'm free!
For His eye is on the sparrow and I know He watches me.
"Let not your heart be troubled," His tender words I hear.
And resting on His promise, I lose my doubt and fear,
Though on the path He leads me, O, just one step I see:
For His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.*

He Knows My Ways, My Thoughts, My Deeds

Comfort Ndiappi and Julliet Anwi Tah, Vocal Duet

Lead Me, Lord Text adapted from The Bible/G. F. Handel

Barbara Lutter and Jerry Loomis, Vocal Duet

*Lead me, Lord, lead me evermore;
Lead me in Thy righteousness now and evermore.
Let thy love, Thy tender mercies be upon me, for Thy law is my delight;
Quicken me in Thy loving kindness – Lead me, Lord, lead me evermore;
Lead me in Thy righteousness now...and evermore.
Teach me, Lord, the way of Thy statutes; Teach me,
Lord all Thy commandments,
For Thy law is my delight;
Lead me, Lord, lead me evermore;
Lead me in Thy righteousness now and evermore.
I shall praise Thee now and evermore.*

How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings Samuel Liddle/Arr. by Tom Fettke

Women's Choral Ensemble, Beth Jutila, Soloist

*How Lovely are Thy dwellings, O Lord of Hosts!
My soul longeth, yea, fainteth, for the courts of the Lord;
My heart and my flesh cry out for the living God. Yea, the sparrow hath found her a house,
And the swallow a nest, where she may lay her young,
Even Thine altars, even Thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God.
O Lord God of Hosts, hear my prayer. I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God,
Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand.*

He Leadeth Me, O Blessed Thought Joseph Gilmore/William Bradbury/Arr. Kirkland

Sanctuary Choir

*He leadeth me: O blessed thought,
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
What e'er I do, where'er I be, still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
(Refrain) He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
by His own hand He leadeth me.
His faithful follower I would be, for by His hand He leadeth me.
Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see, since 'tis Thy hand that leadeth me.
And when my task on earth is done, when,
by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
since God through Jordan leadeth me.*

I Saw the Light Hank Williams

Sing Fourth

*I wandered so aimless, life filled with sin, I wouldn't let my dear Savior in.
Then Jesus came like a stranger in the night, Praise the Lord, I saw the light!
I saw the light, I saw the light! No more darkness, no more night.
Now I'm so happy, no sorrow in sight. Praise the Lord, I saw the light.
Just like a blind man I wandered along,
Worries and fears I claimed for my own.
Then like the blind man that God gave back His sight,
Praise the Lord, I saw the light!*

Sanctuary Choir

*Praise the Lord, all creation proclaim it. Alleluia, praise the Lord.
Let the people of God lift their song singing Alleluia,
Let all creation sing His praise.
Every tribe, every nation, let the kings of earth bow down.
Sun and moon, stars in the heaven, let them all in praise resound.
Praise ye the Lord, praise His holy name,
let all creation lift praises and voices to God. Praise the Lord!
Praise the Lord!*

BENEDICTION

Rev. Rick MacArthur

* * *

All are invited to join us on the lower level in Fellowship Hall for a light supper provided by Sharon Beyer.

Sanctuary Choir

<u>Soprano</u>	<u>Alto</u>	<u>Tenor</u>	<u>Bass</u>
Linsie Hampton	Denise Anderson	Pat Gehrke	Rick Link
Jacky Jones	Jeanne Anderegg	Gary Hanson	Jerry Loomis
Beth Jutila	Deanna Dick	Paul Oppelt	Clay Passick
Janet Moe	Lori Johnson		David Peterson
Connie Oppelt	Joan Laine		
Betty Brandt Passick	Barbara Lutter		
Abbie Stone			

Accompanist

Ken Latham

Director

Donna R. Hampton-Maki

Audio Engineer

Russell Maki

Program & Website

Donna Hampton-Maki, Betty Brandt Passick

HANDBELLS

Denise Anderson Pat Gehrke Beth Jutila Ken Latham Joan Laine
Jerry Loomis Paul Oppelt Betty Brandt Passick Clay Passick
Glenn Roelofs Abbie Stone

WORSHIP TEAM

Donna Hampton-Maki Connie Oppelt Paul Oppelt

SING FOURTH

Jerry Loomis Tom Mathisen Clay Passick Glenn Roelofs

VOCAL ENSEMBLE

Jeanne Anderegg Linsie Hampton Beth Jutila Joan Laine
Barbara Lutter Connie Oppelt Betty Brandt Passick Abbie Stone
Gary Hanson Paul Oppelt Clay Passick Jerry Loomis

MIXED QUARTET

Jerry Loomis Donna Hampton-Maki Betty Brandt Passick Clay Passick

MEET THE DIRECTOR...

Donna R. Hampton-Maki has been the beloved Music Director at Arlington Hills Presbyterian Church since January 14, 2002 — though prior to that time she filled in from time to time for previous directors. She has been a member of AHP since 1981. When the position vacated at the end of 2001, her musical abilities and background made her a natural fit—plus, when she was growing up, her father was the choral director at her hometown church in Indiana, and Donna was delighted to follow in his footsteps.



Donna was encouraged from an early age to develop and use her musical talents. Born in a small Indiana town and raised in a Wesleyan church, she began piano lessons at age 5. She played for her cousin's wedding at age 13, and from that day to now, she has played piano (and organ) for weddings, funerals, civic clubs, high school and college choirs, vocal and instrumental soloists, and much more.

From 1961-1963, while attending Marion College (now Indiana Wesleyan University), she accompanied and traveled with the college choir. After marriage and leaving college, she continued to work as secretary to the head of the music department, which allowed her to remain as the accompanist for the college choir, which included joint college-community presentations of Handel's *Messiah*.

Beginning in 1970—and continuing for several years—she was invited to accompany the “Halo Dollies,” a local group that sprang up from Transfiguration Church in Oakdale. From 1997-2009, Donna accompanied the Woodbury Chorus & Orchestra, a group of 85 musicians performing classical, gospel, and pop music at venues throughout Minnesota, as well as a 10-day international tour every two years. Since 2008, Donna has added her alto voice to a ministry choir, “Glad Tidings,” a St. Paul semi-professional group of 30 singers.

While enjoying all kinds of music, Donna most enjoys sacred music. In 2008, Donna and her sister Noritta Carter produced “A Legacy of Faith,” a flute and piano instrumental CD of sacred music for distribution to family and friends.

WE APPRECIATE YOUR FEEDBACK ABOUT TODAY'S CONCERT!

(PLEASE COMPLETE AND DEPOSIT THIS FORM IN THE DESIGNATED “BOX” IN THE CHURCH NARTHEX.)

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> This was my first time attending a concert at AHP. | <input type="checkbox"/> I learned about this concert on the AHP website. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> I've attended previous concerts / events at AHP, which include: | <input type="checkbox"/> I learned about this concert from an AHP member. |

Comments about today's concert: _____

_____ (WRITE ADD'L COMMENTS ON THE BACK)

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