

## Give Thanks

Don Moen

Give thanks with a grateful heart  
Give thanks to the Holy One  
Give thanks because he's given Jesus Christ, his son.  
    And now, let the weak say, "I am strong"  
    Let the poor say, "I am rich"  
    because of what the Lord has done for us.  
Give thanks.

Mil gracias yo te doy Senor  
Mil gracias de mi corazon  
Mil gracias porque has enviado a Jesus por mi  
    Y hoy el debil diga fuerte soy  
    El pobre diga rico soy  
    Por lo que Dios ha hecho por mi y en mi  
Mil gracias.

## Shout to the North

M. Smith

Men of faith rise up and sing  
Of the great and glorious King.  
You are strong when you feel weak.  
In your brokenness complete.  
    Shout to the North and the South,  
    Sing to the East and the West,  
    Jesus is Savior to all,  
    Lord of Heaven and Earth  
Rise up women of the truth.  
Stand and sing to broken hearts.  
Who can know the healing power  
Of our awesome King of love?  
    (refrain)  
    We've been through fire we've been through rain,  
    We've been refined by the power of his name.  
    We've fallen deeper in love with you  
    You've burned the truth on our lips.  
    (refrain)  
Rise up church with broken wings.  
Fill this place with songs again  
Of our God who reigns on high.  
By His grace again we'll fly.  
    We will shout to the North and the South  
    Sing to the East and the West  
    Jesus is Savior to all  
    Lord of Heaven and Earth  
    Lord of Heaven and Earth  
    Lord of Heaven and Earth  
    Lord of Heaven and Earth

## “1,000 Pieces”

Break me, shake me, remake me, mold me, hold me, glory to you only, make bold the life of my story. Memories, future.

You're my author, producer, king, ruler, teacher, tutor, preacher, keeper, seeker, making believers. Yet I'm hopeless, broken, boneless, homeless, open, stolen. Please motion, an ocean, of grace.

My focus on your face. I'll chase, and trace, straight to your dwelling place. Then I'll rest, be blessed. No stress, no mess, no arrest, I'll invest, as a guest, in your nest, all refreshed. With nothing to worry about.

But for now, I'll have my doubts. Wondering why I chose this route. Why for you do I yell and shout. They call Jesus's story a fictional account. Yet I can't help but preach it aloud. Whether from a valley or a mountain. I'll tell one, heck, I'll tell a thousand.

You made earth rounded. Every star you counted. Every wave you attracted. All your grace you've abounded, mounted, and put on us. We're crushed, surrounded, by your love through your cuts, and scars. From dust, to stars, you've shown us who you are.

You are past comprehending, no beginning no ending, creator of everything. Your words now are your memory, no such thing as supplementary. You invented the centuries. Decades, weeks, seconds. Earth, hell, and heaven.

You are not a legend, came to save the peasant. Sick, weak, infected. Past, future, and present. Offering us a present, bigger than any check it, involved our repentance and humility, to let God's ability to restore a reality in the lives of you, and me.

Praise be to our King. Praise be to our King. Praise be to our King.