

Sacrament Meeting

American Fork 30th Ward

Presiding & Conducting

Bishop Jeff Crow

He is Risen!

Hymn #199

Invocation

Sister Leisa Hatch

Ward & Stake Business

That Easter Morn

Hymn #198

Administration of the Sacrament

Easter Choir Program

Sing Praise to Him

Lord of the Small

His Hands

Christina Allred, Trent Swain,
Bryan Elkins

Love is Come Again

This is the Christ

I Know that My Redeemer Lives

Choir and Congregation, Hymn #136

He Sent His Son

Joy to the World

Hymn #201

Benediction

Sister Pam Miller

Ward Announcements

Online Program

Our sacrament meeting program is now available digitally each week. Please use the QR code below to see this week's program with additional details, such as images of the Savior and gospel quotes based on the theme. This week, we're providing the words to the Easter program's songs for you to ponder as you listen.

2024-2025 Seminary Registration

Registration at American Fork High School and Junior High School begins on the following dates:

9th Grade: February 8

12th Grade: March 14

11th Grade: March 27

10th Grade: April 24

We are excited to register students for Seminary! Registration has 2 components:

Church: Log into myseminary.churchofjesuschrist.org to give permission and update parent contact info.

School: Each student needs to place Released-time Seminary in their school schedule during school registration. Inquire at the seminary to find out what early morning options are available. Please call the seminary to sign up any students that are home-schooled or not attending the local school.

We encourage the youth to invite their friends to attend with them.

Please contact American Fork Seminary with any questions: 801-763-4530.

Additional Announcements

Please email Jeff Hilton (jeffhilton.ctr@gmail.com) to add any new announcements to the program. Be prepared to provide date, time, and location regarding any events, as well as any necessary communication/sign up info for those interested in following up on your announcement.

Sing Praise to Him

Sing praise to him who reigns above,
The Lord of all creation,
The source of pow'r, the fount of love,
The rock of our salvation.
With healing balm my soul be fills
And ev'ry faithless murmur stills.
To him all praise and glory!

What his almighty pow'r hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth.
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth.
Within the kingdom of his might,
Lo! all is just and all is right.
To him all praise and glory!

Thus, all my toilsome way along
I sing aloud thy praises,
That men may bear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises.
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart!
Both soul and body bear your part.
To him all praise and glory!

Lord of the Small

Praise to the Lord of the small broken things,
who sees the poor sparrow that cannot take wing,
who loves the lame child and the wretch in the street
who comforts their sorrows and washes their feet.

Praise to the Lord of the faint and afraid
who girds them with courage and lends them His aid,
He pours out his spirit on vessels so weak,
that the timid can serve and the silent can speak.

Praise to the Lord of the frail and the ill
who heals their afflictions or carries them till,
they leave this tired frame and to paradise fly,
to never be sick and never to die.

Praise him, O praise Him all ye who live
who've been given so much and can so little give
our frail lisping praise God will never despise-
He sees His dear children through mercy-filled eyes.

His Hands

His hands
Tools of creation
Stronger than nations
Power without end
And yet through them
We find our truest friend

His hands
Sermons of kindness
Healing men's blindness
Halting years of pain
Children waiting
To be held again

[chorus]
His hands would serve His whole life through
Showing man what hands might do
Giving, ever giving endlessly
Each day was filled with selflessness
And I'll not rest
Till I make my of hands what they could be
Till these hands become like those from Galilee

His hands
Warming a beggar
Lifting a leper
Calling back the dead
Breaking bread
Five thousand fed

His hands
Hushing contention
Pointing to heaven
Ever free of sin
Then bidding man
To follow Him

[chorus]
His hands
Clasp in agony
As he lay pleading
Bleeding in the garden
While just moments away
Other hands betray Him out of greed
Shameful greed

And then His hands
Are trembling
Straining to carry
The beam that they'd be nailed to
As He stumbles through the streets
Heading for the hill
On which He'd died
He would die

They take His hands
His mighty hands
Those gentle hands
And then they pierce them
They pierce them
He lets them
Because of love

From birth to death was selflessness
And clearly now I see Him with His hands calling to me
And though I'm not yet as I would be
He has shown me how I could be
I will make my hands like those from Galilee

Love is Come Again

Now the green blade rises from the buried grain,
Wheat that in the dark earth many years has lain;
Love lives again, that with the dead has been:
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

In the grave they laid Him, Love Whom men had slain,
Thinking that He never fain would wake again,
Laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,
He that for three days in the grave had lain;
Quick from the dead my risen Lord is seen:
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

When our hearts are wintry, grieving or in pain,
Still thy touch can call us back to life again;
Fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

This is the Christ

They heard His voice, a voice so mild
It pierced them through and made their souls to quake
They saw Him come, a man in white
The Savior who had suffered for their sake
They felt the wounds in hands and side
And each could testify: This is the Christ

This is the Christ, the holy Son of God
Our Savior, Lord, Redeemer of mankind
This is the Christ, the healer of our souls
Who ransomed us with love divine

I read His words, the words He prayed
While bearing sorrow in Gethsemane
I feel His love, the price He paid
How many drops of blood were spilled for me?
With saints of old in joyful cry
I too can testify: This is the Christ

This is the Christ, the holy Son of God
Our Savior, Lord, Redeemer of mankind
This is the Christ, the healer of our souls
Who ransomed us with purest love divine!
Who ransomed us with purest love divine

He Sent His Son

How could the Father tell the world
Of love and tenderness?
He sent his Son, a newborn babe
With peace and holiness

How could the Father show the world
The pathway we should go?
He sent his Son to walk with men
On earth, that we may know

How could the Father tell the World
Of sacrifice, of death?
His sent his Son to die for us
And rise with living breath

What does the Father ask of us?
What do the scriptures say?
Have faith, have hope, live like his Son
Help others on their way.
What does he ask?
Live like his Son