

# May 15, 2011 Service of Worship

4<sup>th</sup> Sunday of Easter

## *Hymns of Our Heritage*

11:00 AM

Liturgical Color: White

Preparation for Worship and Announcements and Passing of the Peace

Dr. Mary Lynn Polk, Lay Leader

*Lift high the cross, the love of Christ proclaim, till all the world adore His sacred name.*

Chiming of the Trinity

MaryAshlynn Perkey

Prelude

*Lord, I Want to Be a Christian*  
Wesley Ringers

arr. Francis Callahan

**\* Call to Worship**

Kim Clark

Leader: To sing is to open the heart

**People: To sing is to lay aside pretense**

Leader: To sing is to marry spirit and body and so honor both

**People: To sing is to send vibrations of beauty out into the universe**

Leader: To sing is to weep openly

**People: To sing is to lose oneself in wonder, to dance before God**

Leader: To sing is to offer up fragrant smoke of incense, the sacrifice of thanksgiving, the heart of gratitude

**People: To sing is to open the heart to see God**

**\*Hymn No. 57**

*O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing*  
(verses 1 - 4, 7)

Azmon

**\*Call to Confession**

The Reverend Terry C. Martin

When we, like sheep, go astray, our Shepherd calls us and we know his voice. Let us confess our sin and return to the Shepherd and guardian of our souls.

**\*Prayer of Confession**

Merciful God, when we stray from your ways and listen to other voices, you find us and bring us back: forgive us when we cling to possessions and neglect those in need; forgive us when we fail to act for the good of all; forgive us when we hesitate to welcome those from another fold. Help us to stand before you as one flock, healed by Jesus' wounds, and trusting in his name alone. Amen.

**\*Silent Prayer**

**\*Words of Assurance**

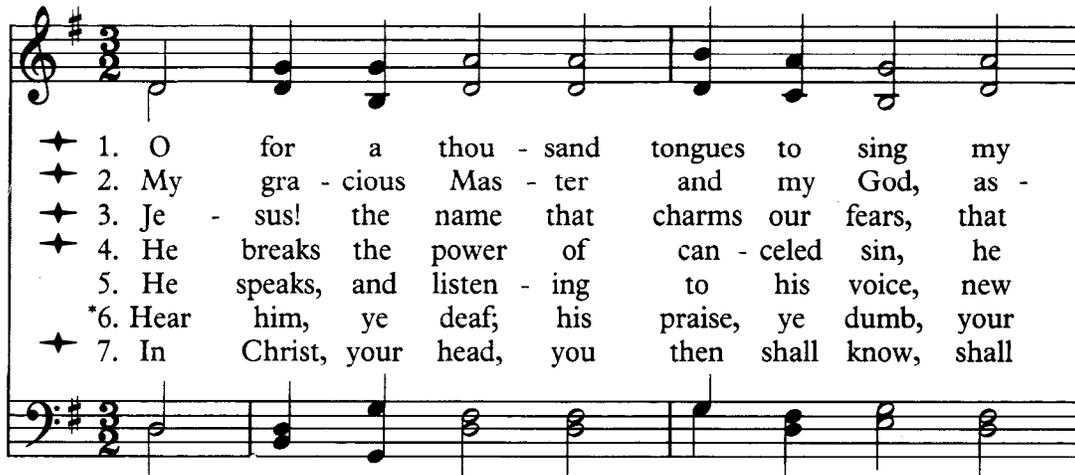
God, who is greater than our own conscience, does not condemn us. Jesus himself carried our sins in his body to the tree, so that free from sins, we might live together in love for one another. **Thanks be to God.**

**Hymn of Assurance No. 138**

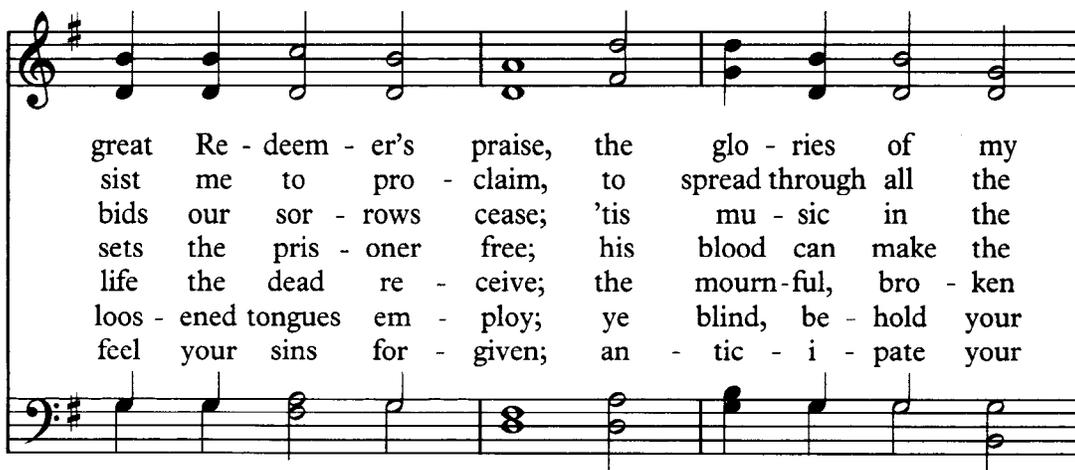
*The King of Love My Shepherd Is*

St. Columba

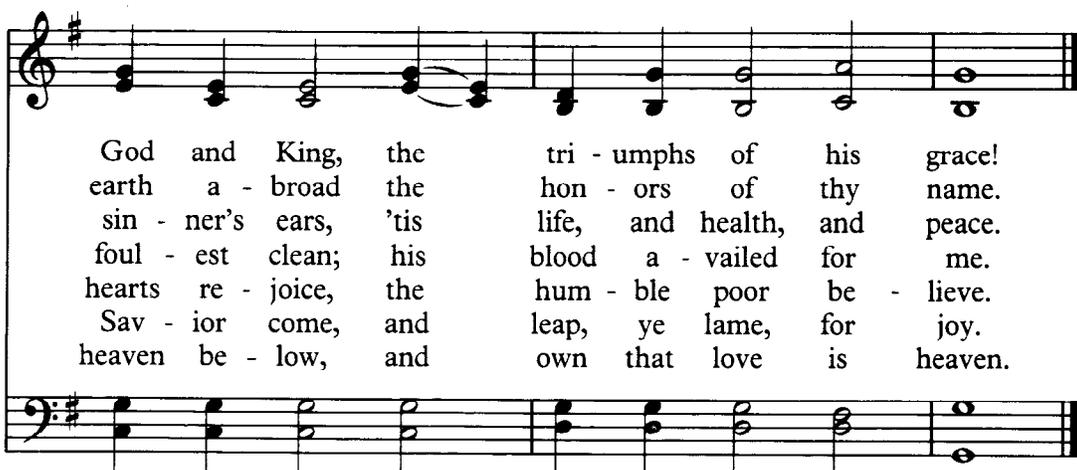
## O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing 57



✦ 1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing my  
 ✦ 2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, as -  
 ✦ 3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, that  
 ✦ 4. He breaks the power of can - celed sin, he  
 5. He speaks, and listen - ing to his voice, new  
 ✦ 6. Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb, your  
 ✦ 7. In Christ, your head, you then shall know, shall



great Re - deem - er's praise, the glo - ries of my  
 sist me to pro - claim, to spread through all the  
 bids our sor - rows cease; 'tis mu - sic in the  
 sets the pris - oner free; his blood can make the  
 life the dead re - ceive; the mourn - ful, bro - ken  
 loos - ened tongues em - ploy; ye blind, be - hold your  
 feel your sins for - given; an - tic - i - pate your



God and King, the tri - umphs of his grace!  
 earth a - broad the hon - ors of thy name.  
 sin - ner's ears, 'tis life, and health, and peace.  
 foul - est clean; his blood a - vailed for me.  
 hearts re - joice, the hum - ble poor be - lieve.  
 Sav - ior come, and leap, ye lame, for joy.  
 heaven be - low, and own that love is heaven.

\*May be omitted

WORDS: Charles Wesley, 1739

MUSIC: Carl G. Gläser; arr. by Lowell Mason, 1839

AZMON

CM

Alt. tune: RICHMOND

# 138 The King of Love My Shepherd Is

1. The King of love my shep - herd is, whose good - ness  
 2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow, my ran - somed  
 3. Per - verse and fool - ish, oft I strayed, but yet in  
 4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill, with thee, dear  
 5. Thou spreadst a ta - ble in my sight; thy unc - tion  
 6. And so through all the length of days, thy good - ness

fail - eth nev - er. I noth - ing lack if  
 soul he lead - eth; and where the ver - dant  
 love he sought me; and on his shoul - der  
 Lord, be - side me; thy rod and staff my  
 grace be - stow - eth; and oh, what trans - port  
 fail - eth nev - er; Good Shep - herd, may I

I am his, and he is mine for - ev - er.  
 pas - tures grow, with food ce - les - tial feed - eth.  
 gent - ly laid, and home, re - joic - ing, brought me.  
 com - fort still, thy cross be - fore to guide me.  
 of de - light from thy pure chal - ice flow - eth!  
 sing thy praise with - in thy house for - ev - er.

Touch us, O God, through the ministry of melody, through the sounds and senses of song, through the wordless wonder which fills our souls with heaven, through the spirit which teases our feet to dance and causes our hearts to overflow, that we might be absorbed in the mystery and magic of music, and that in this moment of oneness, our lives will be bonded to each other and to you. Amen.

Scripture Reading

Revelation 5:11-14

Kim Clark

Then I looked, and I heard the voice of many angels surrounding the throne and the living creatures and the elders; they numbered myriads of myriads and thousands of thousands, singing with full voice,

“Worthy is the Lamb that was slaughtered to receive power and wealth and wisdom and might and honor and glory and blessing!”

Then I heard every creature in heaven and on earth and under the earth and in the sea, and all that is in them, singing, “To the one seated on the throne and to the Lamb be blessing and honor and glory and might for ever and ever!”

And the four living creatures said, ‘Amen!’ And the elders fell down and worshipped.

**Leader:** This is the Word of the Lord.

**People:** Thanks be to God.

Remembering

Kim Clark

When we sing holy songs  
we take the Word into ourselves  
and once again give it body  
once again give it breath  
We breathe together  
we become con-spirators  
*con-spirare*  
Together-breathers.  
When we sing holy songs  
God’s Word breathes in us  
and again has flesh  
and presence in the world  
And we,  
shaped by word  
formed by music  
are joined to the ancient story  
of God’s loving acts in this world.  
Henry Miller wrote that  
Humans’ work in the world  
is *to remember to remember*.

To re-member  
To give limbs and body again  
to this ancient and new story  
Of God’s being among us –  
and the sheer holiness of life.  
Artist John August Swanson’s  
long vertical serigraph  
titled “The Visit”  
portrays  
in rich jeweled tones  
the tents  
of nomadic Israel  
each tent each robe  
painted with the story –  
remembering covenant  
remembering relationship –  
all weaving down to an encounter  
at the foot of the painting:  
an angel speaking to a young woman.  
Humans are to remember to remember.  
The time is drawing nigh.

## I Love to Tell the Story

1. I love to tell the sto - ry of un - seen things a -  
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; more won - der - ful it  
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'tis pleas - ant to re -  
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry, for those who know it

bove, of Je - sus and his glo - ry, of Je - sus and his  
 seems than all the gold - en fan - cies of all our gold - en  
 peat what seems, each time I tell it, more won - der - ful - ly  
 best seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing to hear it like the

love. I love to tell the sto - ry, be - cause I know 'tis  
 dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, it did so much for  
 sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, for some have nev - er  
 rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new

true; it sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else can do.  
 me; and that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.  
 heard the mes - sage of sal - va - tion from God's own ho - ly  
 song, 'twill be the old, old sto - ry that I have loved so long.

*Refrain*  
 I love to tell the sto - ry, 'twill be my theme in glo - ry,

to tell the old, old sto - ry of Je - sus and his love.

## The Song of Innocence

Kim Clark

It seems as we grow  
into adulthood  
we grow more opaque  
for we have gradually  
surrounded ourselves  
with fortress walls  
walls to fend off  
the bullies  
the disappointments  
the loneliness  
the unloving  
And we walk about  
All walled in  
separated from the world  
bumping about  
and frightening animals  
by our lumbering presence.

But once we knew  
how to be transparent  
once we knew how to be vulnerable  
we knew how to sit in the dandelions  
with the butterflies  
and not frighten.  
Once we knew the song of innocence.  
And so Christ comes  
with his transparent face  
Christ comes  
with his wounded palms  
and takes us by the hand  
to show us again  
the wonder of being transparent –  
the wonder of being  
like a child.

### Hymn No. 191

*Jesus Loves Me*

Jesus Loves Me

### God's Goodness

Kim Clark

In a thousand voices  
in a thousand faces  
God's goodness is proclaimed  
In mapled hillsides  
in dappled shadow  
God's goodness is proclaimed  
Forest leaves dance  
Cirrus clouds soar –  
A thousand voices  
of wonder.  
Can we do less?

Full moon lumines  
Autumn leaves crackle underfoot  
A thousand voices  
Breathing with us  
Marveling with us  
Singing with us  
Wonder! we sing  
Goodness! we gasp  
And so in-spired,  
So breathed into,  
We breathe out praise

# Jesus Loves Me

1. Je - sus loves me! This I know, for the Bi - ble tells me so.  
2. Je - sus loves me! This I know, as he loved so long a - go,  
3. Je - sus loves me still to - day, walk - ing with me on my way,

Lit - tle ones to him be - long; they are weak, but he is strong.  
tak - ing chil - dren on his knee, say - ing, "Let them come to me."  
want - ing as a friend to give light and love to all who live.

*Refrain*

Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me!

Yes, Je - sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so.

**Hymn Anthem**

*For the Beauty of the Earth*

Angel Choir

Instrumentalists: Caroline Dorn, Cecelia McGinnis, MaryAshlynn Perkey, Marisa Rogers

(The congregation is invited to sing along with the Angel Choir)

For the beauty of the earth, for the glory of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth over and around us lies;  
Lord of all to thee we raise this our hymn of grateful praise

For the joy of human love, brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth and friends above, for all gentle thoughts and mild.  
Lord of all to thee we raise this our hymn of grateful praise

For the beauty of each hour of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale and tree and flower, sun and moon and stars of light;  
Lord of all to thee we raise this our hymn of grateful praise

For thy self, best Gift Divine, to the world so freely given,  
For that great, great love of thine, peace on earth and joy in heaven,  
Lord of all to thee we raise this our hymn of grateful praise

**Children's Message**

John DeLoach

*All children are invited to the front of the Sanctuary for a special message. Following Children's Time, 3-year-olds through Kindergarteners may leave the Sanctuary for Extended Session.*

**The Eyes of the Heart**

Kim Clark

A Reading from Paul's letter to the church at Ephesus:

*I pray that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory,  
may give you a spirit of wisdom and revelation as you come to know him,  
so that with the eyes of the heart enlightened, you may know what is the hope  
to which he has called you...(1:17-18)*

With the eyes of the heart enlightened...  
Saul was blinded by the light  
The artist Caravaggio aptly imagines him  
thrown from his horse  
although the animal isn't present  
in the scriptural telling.  
Thrown off his high horse  
Blinded  
And for three days in darkness  
neither eating nor drinking  
undergoing a change of heart.  
With the eyes of the heart enlightened...  
Paul travelled through Syria,  
Asia Minor, Greece, Malta, and Rome  
bringing freedom instead of bondage  
a single, loving God instead of capricious emperors  
a hope of mercy instead of terror

a God of justice instead of war.  
Some legends say he died martyred in Rome.  
Some say Paul journeyed as far as Spain  
and died there.  
Scripture and contemporary accounts are silent.  
But Paul's good news for the Gentiles  
the gospel of a single loving and forgiving God  
made known in Jesus the Christ journeyed across  
Italy  
over Gaul- into the land of the Celts  
eventually to the new world  
Turning  
Transforming  
Opening eyes  
Enlightening hearts.

**Hymn No. 451**

*Be Thou My Vision*

Slane

## Be Thou My Vision

451

*Unison*

1. Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;  
 2. Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true word;  
 3. Great God of heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,

naught be all else to me, save that thou art.  
 I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord;  
 may I reach heav - en's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!

Thou my best thought, by day or by night,  
 thou and thou on - ly, first in my heart,  
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.  
 great God of heav - en, my trea - sure thou art.  
 still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

## God Is Praised in Hope

Kim Clark

God is praised in hope.  
God is praised in those who do not succumb  
to sarcasm and despair.  
Those who find a song in the cold night  
and the beauty in each day  
survive  
are not cast down  
are not crushed.

Suffering is a pregnant night and hope brings us to the dawn.  
Hope shines our way through wilderness  
To the new, the unexpected  
the longed for.  
In hope we find the beauty of each moment  
The song in the night  
The possible behind the pain  
The dance behind the darkness  
The surprise behind the numbing cold  
The beloved behind the empty embrace  
The coming behind the absence.

### **Anthem**

*How Can I Keep From Singing?*  
Chancel Choir with John DeLoach, clarinet

arr. Bradley Ellingboe

My life flows on in endless song, above earth's lamentations.  
I hear the real, though far-off, hymn that hails a new creation.

No storm can shake my inmost calm  
while to that rock I'm clinging.  
Since love is lord of heaven and earth,  
how can I keep from singing?

Through all the tumult and the strife, I hear the music ringing!  
It sounds and echoes in my soul. How can I keep from singing?

No storm can shake my inmost calm  
while to that rock I'm clinging.  
Since love is lord of heaven and earth,  
how can I keep from singing?

What though the tempest 'round me roar, I hear the truth. It liveth.  
What though the darkness 'round me close, songs in the night it giveth.

No storm can shake my inmost calm  
while to that rock I'm clinging.  
Since love is lord of heaven and earth,  
how can I keep from singing?

How many voices have sung  
in this place?  
How many hymns have rung out  
in this place?  
How many tears have fallen  
in this place?  
How many feet have stepped  
in this place?  
How many Lord's Prayers have echoed  
in this place?  
These walls resonate  
these walls vibrate with the wonder  
of generations.  
These walls echo with the heartbeats

of ancestors and friends  
nothing disappears without a trace  
in this creation.  
Love and high aspiration  
grief and adoration  
live in these walls  
The heartbeats of generations  
live in these walls.  
Their yearning toward God  
lives in these walls.  
Whispering to us  
Encouraging us  
Echoing in us.  
Singing with us.

Hymn No. 711

*For All the Saints*

Sine Nomine

Pastoral Prayer

Lord's Prayer

Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

Offering

Offertory

*Grazioso*  
Chancel Bells

Arnold Sherman

\* Doxology No. 94

*Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow*

Lasst Uns Erfreuen

*Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; praise God, all creatures here below: Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise God, the source of all our gifts! Praise Jesus Christ, whose power uplifts! Praise the Spirit, Holy Spirit! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!*

\*Prayer of Thanksgiving

The Reverend Terry C. Martin

*Singing the Story*

Kim Clark

We who sing these words together  
are people of story  
When we sing together  
we are bards  
the story singers  
the wisdom keepers  
chanting the story  
as around the sparking fire  
singing the story  
that has made us a people  
singing the wisdom  
so that the next seven generations  
can find their way  
and not be lost

so that the generations yet to come  
not forget the ancestral foraging grounds  
not forget where to shelter from the storm  
not forget the way to water.  
We who sing this story  
God's story –  
Together  
God's story in Christ together –  
we are transformed  
into a community  
of memory  
of future  
of a transformed  
and holy now.

*Unison*

1. For all the saints, who from their labors rest, who  
 2. Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might; thou,  
 3. O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
 \*4. O blest communion, fellowship divine!  
 5. And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
 6. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast, through

thee by faith before the world confessed, thy  
 Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;  
 fight as the saints who nobly fought of old, and  
 We feeblely struggle, they in glory shine; yet  
 steals on the ear the distant triumph song, and  
 gates of pearl streams in the countless host,

name, O Jesus, be forever blest.  
 thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.  
 win with them the victor's crown of gold.  
 all are one in thee, for all are thine.  
 hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.  
 singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:

*Refrain*

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!

\* Hymn No. 369

*Blessed Assurance*  
(verse 1 and refrain, then repeat refrain)

Assurance

\* Benediction

The Reverend Terry C. Martin

Leader: Great is the Lord and worthy of all praise:

People: Amen! Praise and glory and wisdom, thanksgiving and honor, power and might, be to our God forever and ever! Amen!

\* Benediction Response

*This is my story, this is my song, praising my savior all the day long. This is my story, this is my song, praising my savior all the day long.*

\* Postlude

## Blessed Assurance

Fanny J. Crosby

Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je sus is mine! O what a  
fore - taste of glo ry di vine! Heir of sal va tion, purchase of  
*Refrain*  
God, born of his Spi - rit, washed in his blood. This is my  
sto - ry, this is my song, prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day  
long: this is my sto - ry, this is my song, prais-ing my  
Sav - - - ior all the day long.