

St. John United Church of Christ

October 10, 2019 10 am

20th Sunday after Pentecost

WORLD COMMUNION SUNDAY

MUSIC PROVIDED BY THE FRIENDS OF UKULELES

Please respond with words in **bold** print.

*Please stand if comfortably able

PRE-SERVICE MUSIC:

UNCLOUDY DAY – Written by Willie Nelson/Josiah Atwood

Oh, they tell me of a home far beyond the skies

Oh, they tell me of a home far away

Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise

Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day

Oh, the land of cloudless day

Oh, the land of an unclouded sky

Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise

Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day

Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone

Oh, they tell me of that land far away

Where the tree of life in eternal bloom

Sheds its fragrance through the unclouded day

Oh, the land of cloudless day

Oh, the land of an unclouded sky

Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise

Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day

Oh, they tell me of a King in His beauty there

And they tell me that mine eyes shall behold

Where He sits on the throne that is whiter than snow

In the city that is made of gold

Oh, the land of cloudless day
Oh, the land of an unclouded sky
Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise
Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day

Oh, they tell me that He smiles on His children there
And His smile drives their sorrows all away
And they tell me that no tears ever come again
In that lovely land of unclouded day

Oh, the land of cloudless day
Oh, the land of an unclouded sky
Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise
Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT - Traditional

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see
Coming for to carry me home
A band of angels coming after me
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

If you get there before I do
Coming for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I'm coming, too
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down
Coming for to carry me home
But still my soul feels heavenly bound
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home.

The brightest day that I can say
Coming for to carry me home
When Jesus washed my sins away
Coming for to carry me home.

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home.

If I get there before you do
Coming for to carry me home
I'll cut a hole and pull you through
Coming for to carry me home.

JUST A CLOSER WALK WITH THEE – Traditional, as sung by Patsy Cline

I am weak but Thou art strong
Jesus keep me from all wrong

I'll be satisfied as long
As I walk, let me walk close to Thee.

Just a closer walk with Thee
Grant it, Jesus, is my plea
Daily walking close to Thee
Let it be, dear Lord, let it be.

When my feeble life is o'er
Time for me will be no more
Guide me gently, safely o'er
To Thy kingdom's shore, to Thy shore.

Just a closer walk with Thee
Grant it, Jesus, is my plea
Daily walking close to Thee
Let it be, dear Lord, let it be.

WORDS OF WELCOME AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE BELLS CALL US TO WORSHIP AND THE CANDLES ARE LIT TO LIGHT OUR WAY.

PRELUDE: **WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN**

I was standing by my window,
On one cold and cloudy day
When I saw that hearse come rolling
For to carry my mother away

Will the circle be unbroken
By and by, lord, by and by
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, lord, in the sky

I said to that undertaker
Undertaker please drive slow
For this lady you are carrying
Lord, I hate to see here go

Will the circle be unbroken
By and by, lord, by and by
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, lord, in the sky

Oh, I followed close behind her
Tried to hold up and be brave
But I could not hide my sorrow
When they laid her in the grave

Will the circle be unbroken
By and by, lord, by and by
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, lord, in the sky

I went back home, my home was lonesome
Missed my mother, she was gone
All of my brothers, sisters crying
What a home so sad and lone

Will the circle be unbroken
By and by, lord, by and by
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, lord, in the sky

We sang the songs of childhood
Hymns of faith that made us strong
Ones that mother Maybelle taught us
Hear the angels sing along

Will the circle be unbroken
By and by, lord, by and by
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, lord, in the sky

Will the circle be unbroken
By and by, lord, by and by
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, lord, in the sky

Lyrics licensed and provided by LyricFind

***RESPONSIVE CALL TO WORSHIP:**

One: Welcome to this place:

**MANY: where children and seasoned citizens sit side by side,
where heaven and earth embrace in peace,
where God has been, is, and always will be.**

One: Welcome to this place, as we gather with all of God's children:

**MANY: where we find God's love,
where we hear the tender voice of Jesus,
where the Spirit teaches us new songs.**

One: Welcome to this place, where all is made ready by our God:

**MANY: where we bring our hunger, and find food;
where we bring our brokenness, and find healing;
where we bring our very selves, and find acceptance.**

***OPENING HYMN: DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE**

I'm gonna lay down my burden, down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside
I'm gonna lay down my burden, down by the riverside.

I'm gonna study war no more
I ain't a gonna study war no more, I ain't a gonna study war no more
I ain't a gonna study war no more, I ain't a gonna study war no more
I ain't a gonna study war no more, I ain't a gonna study war no more.

Well, I'm gonna put on my long white robe, (Where?) down by the riverside (Oh)
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside
I'm gonna put on my long white robe, (Where?) down by the riverside.

I'm gonna study war no more.

I ain't a gonna study war no more, I ain't a gonna study war no more

I ain't a gonna study war no more, I ain't a gonna study war no more

I ain't a gonna study war no more, I ain't a gonna study war no more.

Well, I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield, (Where?) down by the riverside

Down by the riverside, down by the riverside

I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield, (A-ha) down by the riverside.

I'm gonna study war no more

I ain't a gonna study war no more, I ain't a gonna study war no more

I ain't a gonna study war no more, I ain't a gonna study war no more

I ain't a gonna study war no more, I ain't a gonna study war no more.

Songwriters: AMOS SWEETS, REVEREND HORATIO DUNCAN, TRADITIONAL

© Universal Music Publishing Group, Peermusic Publishing

For non-commercial use only.

*INVITATION TO CONFESSION: A word of anger breaks another's heart, a church's silence damages a family, a nation's anger can bring war and destruction. As individuals, as communities, as a world, we do not live as God's people, so let us bring our lives to our God, so forgiven, we might continue to seek to become one in Christ.

*UNISON PRAYER OF CONFESSION:

We confess, God of every person, how easy it is to think that our way of being your church is the one, true way. And so, we believe we have no reason to hear your name spoken in another language. We are sure we don't need to learn songs that have tunes which sound dissonant to us. We believe that our baptism, our communion, our beliefs are the ones closest to your heart, and so we close our hearts, eyes, and hands to those around us.

Forgive us, Gracious God, and have mercy. Remind us that while there may be many types of bread, there is that one Love which has been broken for us. Remind us that while there might be wine or juice offered, there is one Life which has been poured out for us. Remind us that while some remain seated,

some come forward, and others dance, there is one Table, offered to us by your grace, through Jesus Christ, our Brother, our Savior. Amen.

Silence for personal confession

***ASSURANCE OF PARDON:**

In little churches with wide open windows, in ancient buildings echoing with the songs and prayers of generations, in buildings that do not look like sanctuaries, the same good news is proclaimed: God is love. And that love forgives us, redeems us, restores us.

In whatever language, in every tongue and dialect, we rejoice and give thanks. We are forgiven by our God of grace and wonder. Amen.

***GLORIA PATRI: NCH 759**

**Glory to the Creator, the Christ, the Holy Spirit, Three- in-One;
as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.
Amen. Amen.**

ANTHEM: WAYFARING STRANGER

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
A-traveling through this world below
But there's no sickness, toil, or danger
In that bright land to which I go
I'm going there to see my father
I'm going there no more to roam
I'm just a-going over Jordan
I'm just a-going over home.

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
A-traveling through this world below
But there's no sickness, toil, or danger
In that bright land to which I go
I'm going there to see my mother
She said she'd meet me when I come.

I'm just a-going over Jordan

I'm just a-going over home

I'm just a-going over home

I'm just a-going over home

Songwriters: Traditional

© Public Domain

READING FROM THE EPISTLES: **2 Timothy 1:1-14** Lay Liturgist

*GOSPEL: **Luke 17:5-10**

SERMON: **IS MORE BETTER?**

HYMN: **AMAZING GRACE** – Traditional

Amazing Grace! How sweet the sound

That saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found

Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas Grace that taught my heart to fear,

And Grace my fears relieved.

How precious did that Grace appear

The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares

I have already come.

'Tis Grace hath brought me safe thus far

And Grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me.

His Word my hope secures.

He will my shield and portion be

As long as life endures.

When we've been there ten thousand years

Bright shining as the sun,

We've no less days to sing God's praise

Than when we'd first begun.

PASTORAL PRAYER FOLLOWED BY THE LORD'S PRAYER: Beginning with silent personal prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed it be your 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 debts as we forgive our debtors. 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 OF GIFTS, TITHES, AND SELVES:

OFFERTORY: **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.

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.

Just like a blind man I wandered along worries and fears I claimed for my own
Then like a blind man God gave back his sight praise the Lord I saw the light
I saw the light.

I was a fool to wander and stray straight is the gate and narrow the way
Now I have traded the wrong for all the right praise the Lord I saw the light
I saw the light.

Well I saw the light
Well I said praise the Lord I saw the light.

Songwriters: Hank Williams

© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner Chappell Music, Inc.

For non-commercial use only.

OFFERTORY RESPONSE: **NCH 780 Doxology (Alternative Words)**

**Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise God, all creatures here below;
Praise God for all that love has done.**

Creator, Christ, and Spirit, One. Amen.

***UNISON PRAYER OF DEDICATION:**

As we offer our gifts here, a family is placing its tithe in another church. As we write our checks, a little child

dumps coins from piggy bank into the basket passing down the row. As we, and they, and our sisters and brothers everywhere respond to your blessings in our lives, may you gather them all up and use them in acts of kindness, of goodness, of justice, and of grace. This we ask in the name of Jesus. Amen.

***HOLY COMMUNION:**

INVITATION

As part of the world-wide community of Christians,
we remember Jesus' meal with his disciples.

Jesus sets the table where we dine today.

Jesus' welcome extends to all of humanity.

People of all ages, of all genders, of all cultures and cultures,
of all economic conditions are welcome here.

No one can earn a place at this meal.

Come of your own choice.

You need only desire a deeper relationship with the risen Christ.

Bring your hopes and your history.

Bring your deliberations and your doubts.

Come as your whole self.

GREAT THANKSGIVING

May the God of all be with you!

May that God be with you, as well!

We will join our hearts with all of God's people,
offering them to the God who loves us.

God fills our hearts, our lives, with overflowing grace.

With voices in every tongue, of every faith, we will sing our praises to God.

We offer glory and thanksgiving to our God.

When there was nothing but your imagination,
God of Wonder, you thought,
and the Spirit began to twinkle chaos
 with stars, moons, and planets.
You spoke, and the Word began to call to life
 centipedes to march across the ground,
 sparrows to dart across skies,
 and little kittens to lap milk.
You laughed, and shaped us in your image,
to offer all these things and more to us.
But we were convinced we did not need you,
 and so chose to stay wrapped in our little cocoons
 spun by sin and death.
Over and over, in dusty streets and urban centers,
your prophets call us back to you,
 but we were set in our ways,
 not wanting to walk by your rivers of life.
So that we might finally have life with you,
you sent your Child to us,
so that all the world might be redeemed.

With those whose hearts are filled with joy,
with those whose lips tremble with questions,
we lift our praises to you:

**Holy, holy, holy are you, God of all, God of each.
All creation everywhere joins in praising you.
Hosanna in the highest!**

**Blessed is the One who calls us to the Table of life.
Hosanna in the highest!**

In your holiness, God of creation,
you could have stayed aloof,
letting the world drift back into chaos.
But you became one of us,
in a little child born in a place no one imagined,
and to a family none would have picked.

A little child,
Jesus knew the hunger and fears of poverty and despair.
A young boy,
Jesus knew the doubts and questions
of wondering about the future.
A worker,
Jesus knew the struggles to put food on the table.
A storyteller,
Jesus knew how to reach the deepest
depths of the human heart.
A servant,
Jesus was willing to take on our death for us,
so that in the power of the resurrection,
sin and death lost their power over us.

As we gather in grand churches and in open fields,
as we feast on the finest bread, and drink from crystal cups,
we join our sisters and brothers in every place, proclaiming the mystery:

**Jesus died, so we might know the depths of love;
Jesus was raised, so we might know the strength of love;
Jesus will come, so we might know God's steadfast love for us.**

WORDS OF INSTITUTION

At altars carved from marble and tables shoved together,
with people who are at the feast every time it is served,
as well as those just stopping in,
we pray that you would pour out your Spirit
upon your children and on the gifts gathered
from the simple goodness of creation and set aside for holy use.

In the bread which is broken,
may we be reminded of those places
like Palestine and Israel torn apart
by ancient and modern fears;
may we be strengthened to bring hope and help

to flooded communities;
may we become willing to listen to those
who tell stories of unspeakable horrors from decades ago.

In that cup which is filled with grace,
may we be called to welcome those
who have been forced to flee from the neighborhoods
they loved, but now fear;
may we gather up children who have been forgotten,
to be blessed by their resilience;
may we commit ourselves to ending injustice
in every place, in every person.

And when all time has ended and the world
as we know it is made complete,
we will gather around that One Table
of grace, hope, peace, and love with
sisters and brothers of every time and place,
forever praising your name,
God in Community, Holy in One. Amen.

SHARING THE ELEMENTS: COMMUNION MUSIC: SHARON BANJAVCIC - ORGANIST

***UNISON PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING:**

**For what you have given us, God, thank you. For what you call us to, God, thank you.
For filling us again, thank you! Help us to be, all that you know we can be.
In Christ's name, in your love, we ask it. Amen.**

***SENDING HYMN: I'LL FLY AWAY**

Some bright morning when this life is over, I'll fly away
To that home on God's celestial shore, I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory, I'll fly away in the morning
When I die, Hallelujah by and by, I'll fly away

When the shadows of this life have gone, I'll fly away
Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly, I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory, I'll fly away in the morning
When I die, Hallelujah by and by, I'll fly away

Oh, how glad and happy when we meet, I'll fly away
No more cold iron shackles on my feet, I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory, I'll fly away in the morning
When I die, Hallelujah by and by, I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory, I'll fly away in the morning
When I die, Hallelujah by and by, I'll fly away

Just a few more weary days and then, I'll fly away
To a land where joys will never end, I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory, I'll fly away in the morning
When I die, Hallelujah by and by, I'll fly away, I'll fly away
Songwriters: CARL SUMPTER

© CARLIN AMERICA INC For non-commercial use only.

*BENEDICTION: We will go now to share God's love with all.
Whether in our neighborhoods or in other places,
we will care for others in God's name.
We will go now to join in offering the grace of Jesus to all.
We will join the Servant of all in seeking
justice and hope for everyone.
We will go now, knowing we are one people in the gift of the Spirit.
We will bring peace to places torn apart by violence;
we will help to rebuild lives damaged by fear and hate.

*POSTLUDE: **WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN – Traditional**
Oh, when the saints go marching in. Oh, when the saints go marching in.
Lord, how I want to be in that number, when the saints go marching in.

And when the sun refuses to shine, and when the sun refuses to shine,
Lord, how I want to be in that number, when the sun refuses to shine.

KAZOO INSTRUMENTAL

Oh, when the trumpet sounds its call, Oh, when the trumpet sounds its call.
Lord, I want to be in that number, when the trumpets sounds its call.

Oh, when the new world is revealed. Oh, when the new world is revealed.
Lord, how I want to be in that number when the new world is revealed.

TAG: Lord, how I want to be in that number, when the saints go marching in.

GO IN PEACE TO LOVE AND SERVE YOUR GOD!