

Celebration of Worship
Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost

August 20, 2017

9:30 A.M.

We welcome you to worship. We are glad that you are here! Nursery and Preschool care is available if you need it. The Young and Young at Heart are welcomed to the front early on for a special time in the service. Please sign the Friendship Pads so that we can get to know you better, and join us for lemonade in the Narthex after the service.

God Invites Us to Worship

WELCOME

PRELUDE *Praise His Greatness* Hayes

We Offer Praise

* Please stand, if you are able.

* SONG OF PRAISE *Come, Now Is the Time to Worship* Screen
 Praise Team

WORDS OF PRAISE (responsively) from *Psalms 47*

Leader: Clap your hands, all you people! Shout joyfully to God with joyous shouts!

People: The Lord Most High is awesome. God is the great King of the whole world. God subdues nations and peoples. God chooses our inheritance for us!

Leader: Sing praises to God! Sing praises! Sing praises to our King! Sing praises! Because God is the ruler of the whole world!

People: God is King over the whole world! We praise God above all and every thing!

* SONG OF PRAISE *10,000 Reasons* Screen

* PRAYER OF ADORATION

* GOD'S BLESSING ON OUR WORSHIP

ANNOUNCEMENTS

**God Speaks with a Heart of Love
 through Poetry and Scripture**

WORDS FOR THE YOUNG AND THE YOUNG AT HEART

Message *Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day!*

Prayer

Children in Kindergarten and older remain in worship with their families.

PRAYER FOR GOD'S SPIRIT TO MOVE AMONG US

REFLECTION *Journeying by Faith*

Rev. Dr. Eileen Borduin Vanderzwan

POEM *The Journey* Mary Oliver

SCRIPTURE *Psalms 40:1-8, 16-17* p. 446

POEM *Hurricane* Mary Oliver

SCRIPTURE *Psalms 30* p. 439

Romans 8:24-28 p. 919

POEM *Poem* Mary Oliver

SCRIPTURE *I Corinthians 3:16-17* p. 928

I Corinthians 12:4-11, 27 p. 933

Philippians 2:12-16a p. 954

* HYMN *Come Down, O Love Divine* # 313

We Respond in Re-Dedication

PRAYER OF CONFESSION

GOD'S GRACE AND FORGIVENESS GRANTED

PRAYER OF REDEDICATION

THE MORNING OFFERING

OFFERTORY *How Majestic Is Your Name* Bock

Jim Hoffman and Pat Korenkiewicz

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE

God Sends Us Out to Serve

* SONG *Shout to the Lord* Screen

* CHARGE

* GOD'S BLESSING AS WE GO OUT TO SERVE

* POSTLUDE *Joysong* Hayes

POEM

The Journey

Mary Oliver

*One day you finally knew
what you had to do, and began,
though voices around you
kept shouting
their bad advice-
though the whole house
began to tremble
and you felt the old rug
at your ankles.
"Mend my life!"
each voice cried.
But you didn't stop.
You knew what you had to do,
though wind pried
with its stiff fingers
at the very foundations-
though their melancholy
was terrible.
It was already late
enough, and a wild night,
and the road full of fallen
branches and stones.
But little by little,
as you felt their voices behind,
the stars began to burn
through the sheets of clouds,
and there was a new voice,
which you slowly
recognized as your own,
that kept you company
as you strode deeper and deeper
into the world,
determined to do
the only thing you could do-
determined to save
the only life you could save.*

POEM

Hurricane

Mary Oliver

*It didn't behave
like anything you had
ever imagined. The wind
tore at the trees, the rain
fell for days slant and hard.
The back of the hand
to everything. I watched
the trees bow and their leaves fall
and crawl back into the earth.
As though, that was that.
This was one hurricane
I lived through, the other one
was of a different sort, and
lasted longer. Then
I felt my leaves giving up and
falling. The back of the hand to
everything. But listen now to what happened
to the actual trees;
toward the end of that summer they
pushed new leaves from their stubbed limbs.
It was the wrong season, yes,
but they couldn't stop. They
looked like telephone poles and didn't
care. And after the leaves came
blossoms. For some things
there are no wrong seasons.
Which is what I dream for me.*

POEM

Poem

Mary Oliver

*The spirit
likes to dress up like this:
ten fingers,
ten toes,
shoulders, and all the rest
at night
in the black branches,
in the morning
in the blue branches,
of the world.
It could float, of course,
but would rather
plumb through matter.
Airy and shapeless thing,
it needs
the metaphor of the body,
lime and appetite,
the oceanic fluids;
it needs the body's world,
instinct
and imagination
and the dark hug of time,
sweetness
and tangibility,
to be understood,
to be more than pure light
that burns
where no one is-
so it enters us-
in the morning
shines from brute comfort
like a stitch of lightning;
and at night
lights up the deep and wondrous
drowning of the body
like a star.*