Service of Worship  June 27, 2021 10:00am  
5th Sunday after Pentecost

Gathering

PRELUDE 
“I Surrender All” by Mark Hayes  
Geri Allcorn, piano  
All to Jesus I surrender, all to him I freely give; I will ever love and trust him,  
in his presence daily live. I surrender all, all to thee my blessed Savior, I surrender all.

WELCOME & ANNOUNCEMENTS

INTROIT  
“Canonic Sonata in D, Allegro” by Georg Philipp Telemann  
Donna Heer & Caroline McDonald, for two violins

CALL TO WORSHIP

As we gather here in the harbor of your safety  
We thank you for fellowship and family.  
We ask that you will strengthen us, restore us and inspire us with your love.  
Lord, that you would fill us with your peace so that as we journey onwards,  
We would pour out your love and grace to others.  
We ask that our souls would catch the wind of your spirit  
so that we would take your promises to all the earth.  Amen.

HYMNAL 797  
“We Cannot Measure How You Heal” Ye Banks and Braes (stanzas 1 and 3)
LAMENT AND LONGING FOR HEALING

797 We Cannot Measure How You Heal

1. We cannot measure how you heal or
   answer every sufferer’s prayer, yet
   we believe your grace responds where
   faith and doubt unite to care. Your

2. The pain that will not go away, the
   guilt that clings from things long past, the
   fear of what the future holds, are
   present as if meant to last. But

3. So some have come who need your help and
   some have come to make amends, as
   hands which shaped and saved the world are
   present in the touch of friends. Lord,

This 20th-century text from the Iona Community grapples with the realities of illness and pain, not only as they afflict the body but even more as they lay waste to mind and soul. The traditional folk melody helps to convey the sort of communal experience assumed in the last stanza.

TEXT: John L. Bell and Graham Maule, 1989
MUSIC: Scottish melody; arr. John L. Bell, 1989

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LAMENT AND LONGING FOR HEALING

hands, though bloodied on the cross, suffer present too is love which tends the
let your Spirit meet us here to

vive to hold and heal and warn, to hurt we never hoped to find, the
mend the body, mind, and soul, to

carry all through death to life and private agonies inside, the
distress tangle peace from pain, and

cradle children yet unborn. memories that haunt the mind.
make your broken people whole.
O God of compassion,
if you kept a record of our sins,
who could stand?
We come before you with our brokenness
and our wounds for all to see.
We bring our anger, our bitterness,
our unwholesome talk,
and our deceitfulness.
We try to do good,
but sometimes fail.
We choose to do evil,
and sometimes succeed.
Keep your promise to forgive us
when we confess to you completely.
Without you, we have no hope.

ASSURANCE OF GOD’S LOVE & SHARING THE PEACE OF CHRIST
(Please remain at your place and share the peace from where you are.)
One: May the peace of Christ be with you.
All: And also with you and all others!

ANTHEM (video) *“Holy, Holy, Holy” arr. Dan Forrest
Chancel Singers III – Linda Dover, piano
Lauren Bond, Karen Kesler, Susan Sutherland,
David Sutherland, Linda Bruns, Paul Bruns, & Bob Dover

Equipping

SCRIPTURE LESSON 2 Samuel 1:1, 17–27 (NRSV) Kevin Johnson
After Saul’s death, when David had returned from defeating the Amalekites, he stayed in Ziklag two
days. Then David sang this funeral song for Saul and his son Jonathan. David ordered everyone in Judah
to learn the Song of the Bow. (In fact, it is written in the scroll from Jashar.) Oh, no, Israel! Your prince
lies dead on your heights. Look how the mighty warriors have fallen! Don’t talk about it in Gath; don’t
bring news of it to Ashkelon’s streets, or else the Philistines’ daughters will rejoice; the daughters of
the uncircumcised will celebrate. You hills of Gilboa! Let there be no dew or rain on you, and no fields yielding grain offerings. Because it was there that the mighty warrior’s shield was defiled — the shield of Saul! — never again anointed with oil. Jonathan’s bow never wavered from the blood of the slain, from the gore of the warriors. Never did Saul’s sword return empty. Saul and Jonathan! So well loved, so dearly cherished! In their lives and in their deaths they were never separated. They were faster than eagles, stronger than lions! Daughters of Israel, weep over Saul! He dressed you in crimson with jewels; he decorated your clothes with gold jewelry. Look how the mighty warriors have fallen in the midst of battle! Jonathan lies dead on your heights. I grieve for you, my brother Jonathan! You were so dear to me! Your love was more amazing to me than the love of women. Look how the mighty warriors have fallen! Look how the weapons of war have been destroyed!

SERMON  “Don’t Ask Why”  Rev. Sue Trigger

Sending

A CALL TO STEWARDSHIP

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE

HYMNAL 39  “Great Is Thy Faithfulness”  FAITHFULNESS

(stanzas 1 and 3)
Great Is Thy Faithfulness

1. Great is thy faithfulness, O God my Father;
   There is no shadow of turning with thee.

2. Summer and winter, and spring-time and harvest,
   Sun, moon, and stars in their courses above

3. Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,
   Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide,

Thou changest not; thy compassions they fail not.
Join with all nature in manifold witness

As thou hast been thou forever wilt be.
To thy great faithfulness, mercy, and love.

*Bor “Great is thy faithfulness, O God, Creator.”

Written as a meditation on Lamentations 3:22-23, this text is one of the few hymns among the 1200 poems by this Methodist writer and pastor that has gained much currency. The tune that appears here was composed especially for these words, and the pairing has proved enduring.

TEXT: Thomas O. Chisholm, 1923
MUSIC: William Marion Runyan, 1923
Text and Music © 1923, rev. 1951 Hope Publishing Company

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE

39
Refrain

Great is thy faithfulness! Great is thy faithfulness!

Morn-ing by morn-ing, new mer-cies I see.

All I have need-ed thy hand hath pro-vid-ed.

Great is thy faithfulness, Lord un-to me!

오 신 실 하 신 주 오 신 실 하 신 주

날 마 다 자 비 를 베풀 시 며

일 용 할 모 든 것 내 러 주 시 니

오 신 실 하 신 주 나 의 구 주
POSTLUDE

“Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken”
arr. Donald Hustad
Geri Allcorn, organ

*Today’s anthem, “Holy, Holy, Holy” arr. Dan Forrest was donated by Marilyn Roderick, MD in honor of her mother, Juanita Roderick Latham, PhD (Elem Edu), b. 12/29/24, 96 y.o. and still loving music, storytelling, and children.

GOD’S PEACE TO YOU

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