



GRACE COVENANT
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

from
Lament^{to} Hope

Service of Worship June 27, 2021 4:00pm

Gathering

GATHERING MUSIC

Carie DeVries

WELCOME & REFLECTION

*(Victor Hugo, the famous French author of **Les Misérables**, and **The Hunchback of Notre-Dame**, described death this way):*

I am standing upon that foreshore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails in the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side says, "There! She's gone!"

"Gone where?"

"Gone from my sight, that's all."

She is just as large in mast and spar and hull as she ever was when she left my side; just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of her destination. Her diminished size is in me, not in her.

And just at that moment when someone at my side says, "There! She's gone!", there are other eyes watching her coming and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "Here she comes!"

And that is dying.

MUSIC

“Into the West”

WALSH, SHORE, & LENNOX

Lay down your sweet and weary head
Night is falling, you have come to journey's end
Sleep now and dream of the ones who came before
They are calling from across the distant shore

Why do you weep? What are these tears upon your face?
Soon you will see, all of your fears will pass away
Safe in my arms, you're only sleeping
What can you see on the horizon?
Why do the white gulls call?
Across the sea a pale moon rises
The ships have come to carry you home.

And all will turn to silver glass
A light on the water, all souls pass.

Hope fades into the world of night
Through shadows falling out of memory and time
Don't say we have come now to the end
White shores are calling, you and I will meet again
And you'll be here in my arms just sleeping

And all will turn to silver glass
A light on the water
Grey ships pass into the West

PRAYER

Equipping

LAMENTATIONS 3:22-33

Certainly the faithful love of the Lord hasn't ended;
certainly God's compassion isn't through!
They are renewed every morning. Great is your faithfulness.
I think: The Lord is my portion! Therefore, I'll wait for him.
The Lord is good to those who hope in him, to the person who seeks him.
It's good to wait in silence for the Lord's deliverance.

It's good for a man to carry a yoke in his youth.
He should sit alone and be silent when God lays it on him.
He should put his mouth in the dirt—perhaps there is hope.
He should offer his cheek for a blow; he should be filled with shame.

My Lord definitely won't reject forever.
Although he has caused grief, he will show compassion
in measure with his covenant loyalty.
He definitely doesn't enjoy affliction, making humans suffer.

REMEMBERING & CELEBRATING FAMILY, FRIENDS

Sadie Ball	David Lee Ludwig
Carl Blomgren	Melvin Middendorf
Richard Bumgarner	LouEtta Parr
Margaret Davidson	Glenna Podlaha
Noel E. Duffy	C.J. Poirier
Don Frankland	Marie Riley
Carol Frye	Shirley Sampson
Sally Hinchman	Carolyn Simmons
Beverly Hull	Wendell Sisk
Jack Hull	Robert Spellman
Betsy Jensen	Calvin Spence
Betty Jensen	Iona Thrailkill
Mary Johnson	Jane Weaver
Vern Johnson	Alfred Welsch
Barbara Killion	Jack Weyforth
Patricia Krueger	Linda Williams

MUSIC

"It Is Well With My Soul"

arr. Don Chapman

MEDITATION

Sending

PRAYER

MUSIC

"The Gathering of Spirits"

by Carrie Newcomer

Let it go my love, my truest
Let it sail on silver wings
Life's a twinkling and that's for certain
But it's such a fine thing
There's a gathering of spirits
There's a festival of friends
And we'll take up where we left off
When we all meet again
I can't explain it
I couldn't if I tried
How the only things we carry
Are the things we hold inside
Like a day in the open
Like the love we won't forget
Like the laughter that we started
And it hasn't died down yet
Let it go my love, my truest
Let it sail on silver wings
Life's a twinkling and that's for certain
But it's such a fine thing
There's a gathering of spirits
There's a festival of friends
And we'll take up where we left off
When we all meet again
Oh yeah, now didn't we
And don't we make it shine
Aren't we standing in the center of
Something rare and fine
Some glow like embers

Like a light through colored glass
Some give it all in one great flame
Throwing kisses as they pass
So let it go my love, my truest
Let it sail on silver wings
Life's a twinkling and that's for certain
But it's such a fine thing
There's a gathering of spirits
There's a festival of friends
And we'll take up where we left off
When we all meet again
East of Eden
But there's Heaven in our midst
And we're never really all that far
From those we loved and miss
Wade out in the water
There's a glory all around
And the wisest say there's a 1000 ways
To kneel and kiss the ground
Let it go my love, my truest
Let it sail on silver wings
Life's a twinkling and that's for certain
But it's such a fine thing
There's a gathering of spirits
There's a festival of friends
And we'll take up where we left off
When we all meet again
And we'll take up where we left off
When we all meet again

CHARGE & BENEDICTION

DEPARTING MUSIC