

(choral music and preaching overlapping) (organ prelude music)

- Welcome to Duke Chapel. We're glad that you're with us for this Sunday celebration. We are pleased to announce that we have a new endowment for the general support of the Duke Chapel choir, given in honor of Millie Clusman Phillips Larkins, class of 1942, who's worshipping with us today and with her class. The endowment is established by her son, Russell Phillips, Duke class of 1971. We welcome the 50th reunion class and hope that your presence with us today brings back good memories. Our lector today is David Stedman, also of the class of 1942. We also welcome members of the Duke and Carr families who are in reunion here with us this weekend as the university celebrates the move of Trinity College to Durham 100 years ago, made possible by the beneficence of the forbearers of these families and we're glad to have you with us. So now let us worship. (soft organ introduction music) (a cappella four-part harmony) Please stand for the greeting. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you.

Congregation: And also with you.

- The risen Christ is with us.

Congregation: Praise the Lord. (joyful organ music) ♪ Christ for the world we sing ♪ ♪ The world to Christ we bring ♪ ♪ With loving zeal ♪ ♪ The poor and them that mourn ♪ ♪ The faint and overborne ♪ ♪ Sin-sick and sorrow worn ♪ ♪ Whom Christ doth heal ♪ ♪ Christ for the world we sing ♪ ♪ The world to Christ we bring ♪ ♪ With fervent prayer ♪ ♪ The wayward and the lost ♪ ♪ By restless passions tossed ♪ ♪ Redeemed at countless cost ♪ ♪ From dark despair ♪ ♪ Christ for the world we sing ♪ ♪ The world to Christ we bring ♪ ♪ With one accord ♪ ♪ With us the work to share ♪ ♪ With us reproach to dare ♪ ♪ With us the cross to bear ♪ ♪ For Christ our Lord ♪ (organ interlude) ♪ Christ for the world we sing ♪ ♪ The world to Christ we bring ♪ ♪ With joyful song ♪ ♪ The newborn souls whose days ♪ ♪ Reclaimed from error's ways ♪ ♪ Inspired with hope and praise ♪ ♪ To Christ belong ♪

- Let us pray. Oh God, source of all goodness, we know that we have been blessed with abundant opportunities. Everything necessary for life in all its fullness has been made available to us. You have dealt wondrously with us. Pour out on us now an extra measure of your spirit to expand our vision, enlarge our dreams, and help us to speak and live your truth. Amen. You may be seated.

- Let us pray together the prayer for illumination.

All: Open our hearts and minds, oh God, by the power of your holy spirit, so that as the Word is read and proclaimed, we might hear with joy what you say to us this day. Amen.

- The first reading is taken from the second chapter of the Book of Joel, starting with the 23rd verse. Oh

children of Zion, be glad and rejoice in the Lord your God, for he has given the early rain for your vindication. He has poured down for you abundant rain, the early and the later rain, as before. The threshing floors shall be full of grain and the vats shall overflow with wine and oil. I will repay you for the years that the swarming locusts have eaten. The hopper, the destroyer, and the cutter, my great army which I sent against you. You shall eat in plenty and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God, who has dealt wondrously with you. And my people shall never again be put to shame. You shall know that I am in the midst of Israel, and that I, the Lord, am your God, and there is no other. And my people shall never again be put to shame. Then afterward, I will pour out my spirit on all flesh. Your sons and daughters shall prophesy. Your old men shall dream dreams. And your young men shall see visions. Even on the male and female slaves in those days, I will pour out my spirit. I will show portents in the heavens and on the Earth, blood and fire and columns of smoke. This is the Word of the Lord.

Congregation: Thanks be to God.

- Today's Psalm is number 107, verses one and 33 through 43, found on pages 830 and 831 in the hymnal. Please stand and sing together the Psalm and Gloria responsively. ♪ Oh give thanks to the Lord who is good ♪ ♪ Whose steadfast love endures forever ♪ ♪ The Lord turns rivers into a desert ♪ ♪ Springs of water into thirsty ground ♪ ♪ Oh fruitful and exalting grace ♪ ♪ We praise God with reverence ♪ ♪ The Lord turns a desert into pools of water ♪ ♪ A parched land into springs of water ♪ ♪ The Lord blessed the hungry children ♪ ♪ And they established a city ♪ ♪ In which to live ♪ ♪ They sow fields and plant vineyards ♪ ♪ And get a fruitful yield ♪ ♪ They multiplied greatly by blessing of our Lord ♪ ♪ Who has not let their food decrease ♪ ♪ When they are diminished and brought low ♪ ♪ Through oppression, trouble, and sorrow ♪ ♪ The Lord pours contempt upon princes ♪ ♪ And makes them wander in trackless wastes ♪ ♪ The Lord raises up the needy out of affliction ♪ ♪ And makes their families like flocks ♪ ♪ The upright see it and are glad ♪ ♪ And all wickedness stops its mouth ♪ ♪ Whoever is wise, may he do these things ♪ ♪ Consider the steadfast love of the Lord ♪ ♪ All glory be to you, Creator ♪ ♪ And to Jesus Christ our Savior ♪ ♪ And to the Holy Spirit as trinity ♪ ♪ As it was 'er time began ♪ ♪ Praise God forever more ♪

- Today's Gospel is taken from the 16th chapter of the Gospel of Luke, beginning at the 19th verse. There was a rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and who feasted sumptuously every day. And at his gate lay a poor man named Lazarus, full of sores, who desired to be fed with what fell from the rich man's table. Moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores. The poor man died and was carried by the angels to Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died and was buried. And in Hades, being in torment, he lifted up his eyes and saw Abraham far off and Lazarus in his bosom. He called out, "Father Abraham, have mercy on me. "Send Lazarus to dip the end of his finger "in water and cool my tongue, "for I'm in anguish in this flame." But Abraham said, "Son, remember that you "in your lifetime received good things "and Lazarus, in like manner, evil things. "But now he is comforted here "and you are in anguish. "And besides all this, between us and you "a great chasm has been fixed "in order that that those who would pass "from here to you may not be able, "and none may cross from there to us." And he said, "Then I beg you, Father, "to send him to my father's house "for I have five brothers "so that he may warn them, "lest they also come to this place of torment." But Abraham said, "They have Moses and the prophets. "Let them listen to them." And he said, "No, Father Abraham, "but if someone goes to them from the dead, "they will repent." He said

to him, "If they did not hear Moses "and the prophets, neither will they be "convinced if someone should rise from the dead." This is the Word of the Lord.

Congregation: Thanks be to God. (organ hymnal music) ♪ All who love and serve your city ♪ ♪ All who bear its daily stress ♪ ♪ All who cry for peace and justice ♪ ♪ All who curse and all who bless ♪ ♪ In your day of loss and sorrow ♪ ♪ In your day of helpless strife ♪ ♪ Honor, peace and wealth retreating ♪ ♪ Seek the Lord who is your life ♪ ♪ In your day of wealth and plenty ♪ ♪ Wasted work and wasted play ♪ ♪ Call to mind the word of Jesus ♪ ♪ You must work while it is day ♪ ♪ For all days are days of judgment ♪ ♪ And the Lord is waiting still ♪ ♪ Drawing near to a world who spurn him ♪ ♪ Offering peace from Calvary's hill ♪ ♪ Risen Lord, shall yet the city ♪ ♪ Be the city of despair? ♪ ♪ Come today, our judge, our glory ♪ ♪ Be its name, the Lord is there ♪

- There is usually a great gap between the Bible and The Wall Street Journal, but occasionally, stories even there coalesce. We want to tell you two stories. There was a rich man, clothed in purple, who feasted sumptuously every day, and at his gate lay a poor man named Lazarus, covered with sores, who longed to satisfy his hunger with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. Even the dogs would come and lick his sores.

- The Wall Street Journal, May 15, 1992. Pelham Manor, New York. Timothy Fisher, a 44-year-old tax attorney, is sitting in his English Tudor home on a quiet, pristine street in this suburb, talking to himself. Actually, the conversation is with his earlier self, a fondly remembered 20-year-old who worked for Eugene McCarthy in 1968, worried about the poor and thought he would change the world. The young Tim asks me, "What have you done to help anyone today?" I have to say, "Not much. "Well, not anything." Pelham Manor, a quiet enclave of 5400 residents just north of New York City, is an island of prosperity in a volatile urban sea. To its south lie the mean streets of the Bronx. To the west lies working class Mount Vernon where hundreds regularly visit four local soup kitchens. Like a number of residents in well-to-do enclaves across America, many people here in Pelham Manor have retreated, not only into a geographical but a psychological suburbia. They pulled up the drawbridge and perhaps reluctantly and unconsciously recoiled from growing societal problems.

- Jesus' story, like the one in the Wall Street Journal is also about contrast. A rich man in purple, feasting every day. A poor man, lying, starving, covered in sores, lying outside the rich man's gate. A poor man named Lazarus. Scene one in Jesus' story takes place at a gate, and the gate becomes a kind of symbol for the great dividing line between us and them. So Jesus' parable is about boundaries, great gaps between us and our neighbors, between people who've got education or money or power to move freely in and out of gates, and about people who are utterly helpless, lying outside the gate, dying. Purple is a sign of royalty. It confirms that the man on the inside of the gate is among the elite, an aristocrat, rich. He not only feast every day, but Jesus says he feasts sumptuously. His clothing and his lifestyle distance him, distance him from Lazarus. Whereas the rich man is clothed in purple, Lazarus is clothed in sores. Far from the rich man's daily sumptuous feasting, Lazarus is outside the gate. Lazarus, who would gladly have fed upon the garbage that fell from the rich man's table. And as if to drive home the distance, the contrast, Jesus says, "Even dogs came and licked Lazarus's sores." These dogs are not household pets. They are these fierce scavengers that roam the alleyways of near eastern towns, feeding off of carcasses and refuse. Lazarus is refuse.

- The divisions between white and black, rich and poor, urban and suburban, were thrown into stark relief recently in Los Angeles. There've always been haves and have-nots, but growing up in the 1960s and '70s, liberal children of conservative parents vowed they would be different. But in fact, many of them have become so detached that the cognoscenti have a phrase to describe them. People like us, or PLUs, a term used in Metropolitan, a 1990 movie in which young Manhattan socialites refer to themselves as PLUs. It means people like us, as opposed to people like them who we find threatening. It's a term of distinction, exclusion. To some extent, PLUs are the product of demographic change in commuter towns like Pelham Manor, most of whose professionals and executives trek to New York City. Both husbands and wives often work to support their lifestyles, and with their lives consumed by their careers and their families, they find little time or energy for anything else. Many also suffer from compassion fatigue. Frustrated by the lack of progress, despite enormous resources devoted to society's problems, they have turned inward. Nancy Corkery, 33, a housewife in the Boston suburb of Needham, Massachusetts, uses the term PLU to describe herself and her friends. It's not that PLUs don't care about other people. It's just that they're more focused on people who are like them. By and large, they give their time and their effort, and their money to things that return a benefit to them. Is that wrong?

- And at the rich man's gate lay Lazarus, helpless, refuse, left to die with the dogs. The gap between the two men is symbolized by that gate. The rich man, you will note, is inside the gate, protected behind his security systems and his burglar alarms, public safety offices, well-housed, well-fed, well-clothed, and outside the gate lies Lazarus. Lazarus is refuse. It's a story about social extremes, about the great distances, the great gap between the very rich and the very poor. Now at this point, because this is a bible story, Jesus' audience probably expects Jesus to say how this rich man fulfilled his God-ordained duty and used some of his wealth to care for the poor man. After all, that's what Torah, that's what the Bible expected. Micah 6:8, what does the Lord require? What does the Lord respect? To do justice, to show kindness, to walk humbly with your God. That's what God expected of well-heeled, well-fed people clothed in purple. But what God expects, as is often the case in this life with our stories, is not what God gets. The rich man feasts comfortably each day without even a twitch of conscience for the one who lies outside the gate.

- The gap that separates PLUs from others has widened. Recent Congressional budget office studies show that the after-tax family income of the top 22% has risen 32%, while middle-income America has had very slight increases, and the bottom 40% has actually lost ground. The result, an increasingly privatized America, where well-to-do suburbanites can afford to fund safe streets, good schools, and well-stocked libraries, but many others can't. For Pelham Manor, 1.3 square miles, and with the black population of 1%, growing gaps are apparent in every direction. Income here increased faster in the 1980s than in any of the surrounding communities. The average income is about \$120,000, and the median home price at the end of 1990 was \$407,000.

- Now the poor man died and is carried away by angels to be protected by Father Abraham. The rich man also died and was buried with an impressive funeral, and now he is in Hades where he is in torment. And he looked up and he saw Abraham far away, and there is Lazarus by Abraham's side. And he called out, "Father Abraham, "have mercy on me! "Send Lazarus down to dip the tip "of his finger in the water "and put it on

my tongue. "I am in agony in these flames." But Abraham said, "Son, "remember that during your lifetime, "you received good things and Lazarus "in like manner received evil things. "But now he is comforted here, "whereas you are in agony. "Besides all this, between you and us, "there's been a great chasm fixed, "this great chasm."

- Like many young affluent families in Pelham Manor, Kay Klippel increasingly sticks with people who are very much like her. I don't think our generation is any freer than others from economic discrimination with race as a sub-category, maybe we're even worse on that score. We're just more artful at justifying and rationalizing what we do. The discrete boundaries of this town I think provide borders for our conscience.

- Scene two in Jesus' parable. Both rich man and poor cross the boundary through the gate to death, but surprise, now their situations have been radically reversed. Lazarus, helpless, poor, passive, dies, and he is carried away by angels to the bosom of Father Abraham. There he enjoys the protection and the care of God. The rich man also died, which, you will note, is the first time in the story that the lives of the rich man and the poor meet. You will note in Jesus' story, there is no mention of Lazarus's burial. Perhaps he had none. Perhaps he starved to death, and his body was eaten by those wild, waiting dogs who had licked his wounds. But now Lazarus, who had nothing in life, is safe. He has everything in the bosom of Father Abraham. And here at the very end of the story, we at last learn the significance of Lazarus's name. Lazarus, one whom God helps. No one ever helped Lazarus in life. Lazarus was so low, he was just so helpless and poor and miserable. He couldn't help himself, so God helped. You will note also that the great gap, which separated the rich man from Lazarus in life, continues, deepens in death. The rich man had a fine funeral, and Lazarus had not. He is now far away from Lazarus, but surprise, he is in Hades. He is in utter torment, so great a torment that he would give anything he had just for Lazarus to come down and dip his finger into the water and place it upon his tongue. "I'm in agony in these flames," he said. And you will note, that here, for the first time in the whole story, the rich man reaches out. He attempts to bridge the gap between him and Lazarus. But alas, the gate that separated them in life is now forever locked in death. There now exists this great, wide, gaping chasm. Even Father Abraham cannot bridge that chasm. There was a gap between rich and poor in life. Child, remember that during your lifetime, you received good things, and Lazarus, in like manner, received evil things. But now that gap between rich and poor in life is fixed forever in death. He is comforted here, while you are in agony. The irony of the story. The gate, which the rich man closed between himself and Lazarus has now become the gap, which separates him from God.

- Over dinner, in his six-bedroom house, Mr. Chestnut talks about how people like us would get involved if we had any confidence at all that it would make a difference. A few moments later, he adds, the track record of people who've given of themselves the past 25 to 30 years is that they've been shown to be suckers.

- The rich man, who had heaven in life, gets hell in death. And poor Lazarus, for whom life had been hell, gets heaven. And the rich man, who had a very big name in his life, has no name in Jesus' parable. And Lazarus, who was a nothing and a nobody in life, in our world, is the only character in all of Jesus' parables to get a name. Only Lazarus is called by name. Lazarus, meaning, "the one with whom God helps." I think all of which underscores that unlike our way, unlike the American way, in the Bible way, those whom we honor as insiders often end up as outsiders, and those whom we treat as outsiders become insiders by the time

you get to the end of Jesus' story. And the first are last and the last are first. And the gates, the gates that we lock and electrify and justify, and the walls that we build between the rich and the poor, between them and us, are bridged by the love of God, a God who helps. And though there is much injustice now, and though you and I have been schooled to walk quite thoughtlessly through our gates without even a glance at those ones lying helplessly outside our gates, our paths to success. This story says that the righteousness of God will not be forever mocked. And maybe our bad news is good news for the Lazarus's of the world, the helpless Lazarus's of the world. Bad news for the insensitive, well-fed, well-housed, well-futured, clothed in purple, where the last words spoken over our lives be those of Father Abraham: "Child, remember that during your lifetime, "you received good things. "Now it's Lazarus's turn."

- Consider Lucy Luke, 34, who lives in a spectacular house just across the border in Pelham Heights. She recalls going on one of her church's midnight runs, recently, to New York City. It was a particularly bitter cold winter night, and the van full of bagged lunches, soup and hot chocolate, donated clothes, sleeping bags and blankets, had only four volunteers: three women and an elderly man. At the first stop, Central Park at about 1 a.m., 50 homeless men and women descended on the van. Miss Luke was terrified. All I could think was what my friends had said, that I was crazy to do this, that they were crazy and drunks and drug addicts, and Miss Luke, who was once a clothes buyer for department stores, said she passed clothes through the window and wouldn't dare get out of the van. But then I watched them, holding the clothes up to themselves, saying, "This is too small," or "This is too big, give it to someone else." All of them so gracious and appreciative, and I thought, my God, these are just people. It was like I was at Macy's. At the next stop, Miss Luke worked the hot chocolate cart. And by 4 a.m., she was delivering bags to men huddled under overpasses. She spent the rest of the day crying and laughing, mostly. It was so emotional, until she and her husband attended a dinner party that night. While some at the dinner party were moved by her experience, others said what I had done was flat-out stupid, that I was feeding the people who were burglarizing our homes, that now they would never get jobs. Miss Luke says through pursed lips, "They look at me like I'm different now. "I guess I've lost my sense of boundaries." The past few months have been very busy for her, working with food drives and a shelter for battered wives, and she's planning another visit to New York City for a midnight run. "You can think you have it all, "if you have a nice house and money in the bank, "and you live in a safe place," she says, as she begins to cry, "but that's a lie. "Those homeless, hungry, destitute people "that we spend so much energy trying not to think about, "you know, they're just people, "people like us." (soft organ music) ♪ When I needed a neighbor ♪ ♪ Were you there, were you there? ♪ ♪ When I needed a neighbor, were you there? ♪ ♪ And the creed and the color ♪ ♪ And the name won't matter ♪ ♪ Were you there? ♪ ♪ I was hungry and thirsty ♪ ♪ Were you there, were you there? ♪ ♪ I was hungry and thirsty, were you there? ♪ ♪ And the creed and the color ♪ ♪ And the name won't matter ♪ ♪ Were you there? ♪ ♪ I was cold, I was naked ♪ ♪ Were you there, were you there? ♪ ♪ I was cold, I was naked, were you there? ♪ ♪ And the creed and the color ♪ ♪ And the name won't matter ♪ ♪ Were you there? ♪ ♪ When I needed a shelter ♪ ♪ Were you there, were you there? ♪ ♪ When I needed a shelter were you there? ♪ ♪ And the creed and the color ♪ ♪ And the name won't matter ♪ ♪ Were you there? ♪ ♪ When I needed a healer ♪ ♪ Were you there, were you there? ♪ ♪ When I needed a healer, were you there? ♪ ♪ And the creed and the color ♪ ♪ And the name won't matter ♪ ♪ Were you there? ♪ ♪ Wherever you wander ♪ (choir sings in counterpoint) ♪ I'll be there, I'll be there ♪ ♪ I'll be there, I'll be there ♪ (choir sings in counterpoint) ♪ Were you there, were you there? ♪ (choir sings in counterpoint) ♪ Wherever you travel, I'll be there ♪ ♪ And the creed and the color ♪ ♪ And the name

won't matter ♪ ♪ I'll be there ♪ ♪ And the creed and the color ♪ ♪ And the name won't matter ♪ ♪ I'll be there ♪

Debra: The Lord be with you.

Congregation: And also with you.

- Let us pray. Oh God, Lord of all, we come into your presence bowed before the glory of your creation, for truly you have dealt wondrously with us, attending to every need, to provide all that is necessary for abundant life. We are grateful for your tender care and rejoice in all that you have created. Lord, in your mercy.

All: Hear our prayer.

- Oh Lord of justice, as you have attended to our needs, so you have called us to attend to the needs of one another, though we fail to live up to our calling. As we worship, renew our passion for justice, consecrate us to your purpose, that we might learn anew to share your gifts. Lord, in your mercy.

All: Hear our prayer.

- Oh Lord of the hopeless, who helps those whom no one else will help, come to us when we, like Lazarus, are lying in defeat, despairing about life. Remind us that when it seems no one cares what happens to us, you are the God who binds up our wounds and carries our burdens. Give us the comfort of your love, and the assurance that life is worth living because we are eternally valuable in your eyes. Lord, in your mercy.

All: Hear our prayer.

- Lord of transforming power, sometimes we are as the rich man absorbed in our lives, indifferent to the needs around us, poor in spirit. Stir us from our apathy, move us to open ourselves to you and to one another. Change us, by the power of your holy spirit, that we might reflect the light and love of Christ. Lord, in your mercy.

All: Hear our prayer.

- Oh Lord of all, whose love reaches across the chasm that separates us from you, we pray that you will bridge the gaps that divide people like us from people like them. We've become distinct groups who stand looking at one another through iron gates, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, black and white, American and un-American, gay and straight, healthy and sick, old and young, Republican and Democrat, haves and have-nots. Because of our discomfort with people who are not like us, we diminish our lives and theirs. Teach us to regard all people as your children, worthy of our love, as they are of your love. Lord, in your mercy.

All: Hear our prayer.

- Lord of mercy, we pray that your deep compassion will also stir us to bear the needs and burdens of one another. The poor languish outside the gate. Your children wander hopeless. The hungry cry for bread. The sick are dying. The uneducated are trapped in poverty. War-torn lament comes up from many places in the Earth, and captives long for freedom. Move us to share your abundant life with all people, regardless of their circumstances. Lord, in your mercy.

All: Hear our prayer.

- Lord, remind us of our common humanity, that though we try to separate ourselves, our futures are inescapably tied together. What diminishes one of us diminishes us all, for all of us must finally give an accounting of our lives, whether we've developed our potential as human beings, whether we've used the gifts we've been given for good, whether we've been neighbors to one another. Remind us that we are called as your disciples to make known your love through our love to one another. Send us out to show in living deeds that you are the God of all, in whose life we live and move and have our being. In the name of Jesus Christ, who bridges all chasms, Amen.

- Amen.

- Let us share what we can of the abundance we have been given. (organ music) ♪ Fear not, oh land, be glad and rejoice ♪ ♪ Fear not, oh land, be glad and rejoice ♪ ♪ For the Lord will do great things ♪ ♪ Fear not, oh land, be glad and rejoice ♪ ♪ Be not afraid, ye beast of the field ♪ ♪ For the pastures of the wilderness do spring ♪ ♪ For the pastures of the wilderness do spring ♪ ♪ Of the wilderness do spring ♪ ♪ For the tree beareth her fruit ♪ ♪ For the pastures of the wilderness do spring ♪ ♪ For the tree beareth her fruit ♪ (choir sings in counterpoint) ♪ The fig tree and the vine do yield their strength ♪ ♪ The fig tree and the vine do yield their strength ♪ ♪ Do yield their strength ♪ ♪ Yield their strength ♪ ♪ Be glad then, ye children of Zion ♪ ♪ And rejoice in the Lord your God ♪ ♪ The floors shall be full of wheat ♪ ♪ And ye shall eat in plenty ♪ ♪ Ye shall eat in plenty ♪ ♪ And praise the name ♪ ♪ And praise the name of your Lord God ♪ ♪ And praise the name of your Lord God ♪ ♪ That has dealt wondrously with you ♪ ♪ Amen ♪ ♪ Amen ♪ (organ music) ♪ Praise God from whom all blessings flow ♪ ♪ Praise God, all creatures here below ♪ ♪ Alleluia, alleluia ♪ ♪ Praise God above, ye heavenly hosts ♪ ♪ Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ♪ ♪ Alleluia, Alleluia ♪ ♪ Alleluia, Alleluia ♪ ♪ Alleluia ♪

Debra: Let us pray. Oh God, we give thanks for the abundance with which you have blessed us. You have made us rich indeed, and we are grateful for your trust. We offer these gifts, recognizing the responsibility you place on us to be generous in our giving and in our care of one another. Use these offerings in our lives to bridge the gaps that separate your children in this world. Build us into a community of faith, truly dedicated to your purposes, and send us forth to work for justice, that all might share in your abundant gifts. In the name of Jesus Christ, amen. Let us pray together now as God's children.

All: 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. (organ processional music) ♪ ♪ Lord, whose love through humble service ♪ ♪ Bore the weight of human need ♪ ♪ Who upon the cross, forsaken ♪ ♪ Offered mercy's perfect deed ♪ ♪ We, your servants, bring the worship ♪ ♪ Not of voice alone, but heart ♪ ♪ Consecrating to your purpose ♪ ♪ Every gift that you impart ♪ ♪ Still your children wander homeless ♪ ♪ Still the hungry cry for bread ♪ ♪ Still the captives long for freedom ♪ ♪ Still in grief we mourn our dead ♪ ♪ As, O Lord, your deep compassion ♪ ♪ Healed the sick and freed the soul ♪ ♪ Use the love your spirit kindles ♪ ♪ Still to save and make us whole ♪ ♪ As we worship, grant us vision ♪ ♪ Till your love's revealing light ♪ ♪ In its height and depth and greatness ♪ ♪ Dawns upon our quickened sight ♪ ♪ Making known the needs and burdens ♪ ♪ Your compassion bids us bear ♪ ♪ Stirring us to tireless striving ♪ ♪ Your abundant life to share ♪ ♪ Called from worship to your service ♪ ♪ Forth in your dear name we go ♪ ♪ To the child, the youth, the aged ♪ ♪ Love in living deeds to show ♪ ♪ Hope and health, goodwill and comfort ♪ ♪ Counsel, aid, and peace we give ♪ ♪ That your servants, Lord, in freedom ♪ ♪ May your mercy know and live ♪

- May the peace of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ go with you and remain with you now and always. Amen.
♪ Lord, in my head ♪ ♪ And in my heart descending ♪ ♪ Lord, be in my heart ♪ ♪ And in my thinking ♪ ♪ Lord, be in my mind ♪ ♪ And in my thinking ♪ ♪ Lord, be in my heart ♪ ♪ And in my thinking ♪ ♪ Lord, be at my end ♪ ♪ And in my heart, peace ♪ (organ plays triumphant postlude)