

The CELEBRATION of the GOSPEL

June 28, 2020

Welcome to All

If you are a guest, we welcome you to worship and ask that you consider filling out a contact form at www.stjohnsbr.org/guest so we can be in touch with you this week.



ST. JOHN'S

United Methodist Church

Glorifying God. Feeding People. Making Disciples.

We are a Christian community called to share our gifts through worship, witness and service so that others will know God and become disciples of Jesus Christ.

Threadbare before God

Prelude

Lift Every Voice and Sing

Terry Byars

Words of Welcome

Rev. Lane Cotton Winn

Call to Worship

Caleb Doan, Alejandra Brevé

As we gather for worship, we bring all of ourselves.

We bring our joy and hope,
our dreams and prayers,
our grief and doubt,
our memories and heartache.

God meets us here.

God hears our prayers and sees our scars.

With open hearts and authenticity,
let us worship our good and gracious God.

Hymn of Praise

Christ for the World We Sing

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, sinsick 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.

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

Prayer of Confession

Rev. Deirdré Halliburton

As Paul reminds the Romans, all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God; yet we are justified by the gift of God's grace through the redemption that is ours in Christ Jesus. Trusting in God's mercy, let us confess our sins:

God of creation,

Humanity is capable of such evil.

Stories in scripture alongside stories on the news remind us of that truth all the time.

For the moments when we choose violence over peace, exclusion over inclusion, and fear over hope — forgive us.

When we choose pride over what is right, and comfort over justice — show us mercy. And when we numb our pain instead of leaning into empathy — unravel us, for we long to be changed. Gratefully we pray, Amen.

Words of Assurance and Pardon

Pastor Deirdré

Hear the good news!

Hope does not disappoint us,
for God's love has been poured into our hearts
through the Holy Spirit given to us in baptism.
Believe this good news and give thanks:

In Jesus Christ, we are forgiven,
Thanks be to God.

Prayer Response

Halle, Halle, Halleluja

Halle, Halle, Halleluja!

Halle, Halle, Halleluja!

Halle, Halle, Halleluja!

Halleluja! Halleluja!

Woven by the Word

Scripture Reading

Caleb Doan, Alejandra Brevé

2 Samuel 3:7, 21:1-14

The Word of the Lord

Thanks be to God.

Children's Moment

Pastor Deirdré

Anthem

Rizpah Was a Loving Mother

A hymn inspired by 2 Samuel 21:1-14

Rizpah was a loving mother,
forced to watch her sons' demise.
Helpless to prevent their slaughter,
filled with naught but heavy cries.

David offered them as price
to satisfy those wronged by Saul.
Soon her boys were executed,
strung up to be viewed by all.

Sleeping on naught but a sackcloth,
Rizpah watched her sons decay.
Long she held her solemn vigil,
shielding them through night and day.
Soon the birds came for the feasting,
but she chased them from her sons.
Many witnessed Rizpah's anguish,
watched her mourn her precious ones.

Through her lengthy, public vigil,
Rizpah preached, she testified.
She showed us the senseless violence,
Rizpah's grief was justified.
May we learn from her insistence,
may we cease our pointless rage.
May we witness this hard story,
usher in a kinder age.

Hear the parents all around us,
those whose children live in fear.
See their anguish at the violence,
let's make justice persevere!
Let us learn from Rizpah's mourning,
may we hear her wailing cry.
Help us, Lord, to cease our fighting.
May our mercy multiply!

Prayer for Illumination

Pastor Lane

God of unending surprises,
this life is a tapestry of moments woven together,
and we long to be weavers of love.
Today we gather and pray that you would
unravel our bias.
Unravel our assumptions.
Unravel whatever it is that keeps us from you.
And as you do, clear space in our hearts
for your Word.
We are listening. We are praying. Amen.

Sermon

Pastor Lane

"When Grief Inspires Action"

*Hemming Our Lives to God***Affirming Our Faith**

Pastor Lane

I believe in God, the Great Sewer—
who weaves us together in community,
collecting our loose ends and turning them
into belonging.
I believe in the Holy Spirit—
who hems us in before and behind,
catching us when we fall and writing us into
God's holy narrative.
And I believe in Jesus Christ—
who loved and claimed the people society
had thrown out, refusing to disregard
anyone as scrap.
I believe God has woven part of God's self into the
fiber of our being, making us inherently worthy
of love and belonging.
I believe the fabric of my life is weak,
that I am prone to error and need God's
handiwork to remind me of love.
I believe in the Church, and that like a quilt of
different fabrics, she is designed to be as diverse
and beautiful as God's creation.
And I believe that when life unravels,
God is there to stitch my wounds together,
to hold me in the palm of God's hand, to tell me
of love, and to invite me into a new journey.

Offering Our Tithes and Gifts to God*Musical Meditations*

*We appreciate your generosity.
Each gift enables us to be a blessing in our community.
You may give online here:
<http://www.stjohnsbr.org/give>*

*Bound by the Trinity for Service***Invitation to Christian Discipleship****Hymn of Discipleship***On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand*

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
and cast a wishful eye
to Canaan's fair and happy land,
where my possessions lie.
I am bound for the promised land,
I am bound for the promised land;
oh, who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the promised land.

No chilling winds or poisonous breath
can reach that healthful shore;
sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
are felt and feared no more.

I am bound for the promised land,
I am bound for the promised land;
oh, who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the promised land.

When I shall reach that happy place,
I'll be forever blest,
for I shall see my Father's face,
and in his bosom rest.

I am bound for the promised land,
I am bound for the promised land;
oh, who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the promised land.

Blessing and Sending Forth

Pastor Lane

Postlude

Terry Byars

*We Shall Overcome**Thank you for worshipping with us!**Today's worship stewards:**Carrie Poynot, Terry Byars,**Alejandra Brevé, Caleb Doan, Betty Schroeder, John Toney,**Mari Walker, and St. John's Pastors:**Rev. Lane Cotton Winn, Rev. Deirdré Halliburton*

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