Sunday, November 15, 2020

This Sunday’s offering is collected for City Square

Prelude  Cantate Domino; Hans Leo Hassler
Motet Choir: Jacqueline Macias, Rachel Jones, Katrina Burgraff, Erin Thomas, Travis Lowery, Daniel Knight, Charlie Moore, Jonathan Greer, Alan Dyer, pianist, Don Krehbiel, director

Call to Worship

Hymn #128  For All That Is Our Life; Bruce Findlow

For all that is our life we sing our thanks and praise; for all life is a gift which we are called to use to build the common good and make our own days glad.

For needs which others serve, for services we give, for work and its rewards, for hours of rest and love; we come with praise and thanks for all that is our life.

For sorrow we must bear, for failures, pain, and loss, for each new thing we learn, for fearful hours that pass: we come with praise and thanks for all that is our life.

For all that is our life we sing our thanks and praise; for all life is a gift which we are called to use to build the common good and make our own days glad.

Affirmation  Love is the doctrine of our church:
The quest of truth is its sacrament, and service is its prayer.
To dwell together in peace,
To seek knowledge in freedom,
To serve humanity in fellowship,
To the end that all souls shall grow in harmony with the divine—
Thus do we covenant with each other.

Doxology
From all that dwell below the skies
Let songs of faith and hope arise:
Let peace, goodwill on Earth be sung
Through every land, by every tongue

Welcome

Offertory
More Love; Kevin Siegfried

Readings
David Whyte letter to children in “Velocity of Being: Letters to a Young Reader”
“Those Winter Sundays” by Robert Hayden

Interlude
1000 Beautiful Things; Annie Lennox, Arr. Johnson
Katrina Burgraff, soloist

Prayer

Sermon
“Forces of the Unseen”; Rev. Aaron White

Hymn #108
My Life Flows On In Endless Song; Quaker Song

My life flows on in endless song above earth’s lamentation.
I hear the real though far-off hymn that hails a new creation.
Through all the tumult and the strife I hear the music ringing. 
It sounds an echo in my soul. How can I keep from singing!

What though the tempest ‘round me roars, I know the truth, it 
liveth. What though the darkness ‘round me close, songs in the 
night it giveth. No storm can shake my inmost calm while to that 
rock I’m clinging. Since love prevails in heav’n and earth, how 
can I keep from singing!

When tyrants tremble as they hear the bells of freedom ringing, 
when friends rejoice both far and near, how can I keep from 
singing! To prison cell and dungeon vile our thoughts to them 
are winging; when friends by shame are undefiled, how can I 
keep from singing!

Benediction

Postlude    Prelude, Op. 11, No. 3.; Scriabin 
            Alan Dyer, piano