

5<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Pentecost – July 5, 2020, 9:15 am

## Prelude & Welcome

## Opening Hymn

America

UMH 697

### **Opening Prayer (Unison, Presbyterian Church U.S.A.)**

God of all the ages, in your sight nations rise and fall, and pass through times of trouble. Now when our land is troubled, be near to judge and save. May our leaders be led by your wisdom; may they search your will and see it clearly. Where we have turned from your ways, convict us, and help us to repent. Give us your light and your truth; let them guide us, through Jesus Christ, who is Lord of this world, and our Savior. Amen.

## Hymn

## *Lift Every Voice and Sing*

UMH 519

## **Hometown Heroes – Honoring Medical Workers (Video)**

## Centering Prayer from the Iona Community

LORD God, early in the morning when the world was young  
You made life in all its beauty and terror  
You gave birth to all that we know

Early in the morning, when the world least expected it,  
A new-born child crying in a cradle announced  
That you had come among us, that you were one of us

Early in the morning, surrounded by self-righteous leaders,  
Powerful figures and silent friends  
You accepted the penalty for doing good  
For speaking truth, for being God:  
You shouldered and suffered the cross

Early in the morning  
A voice in a guarded graveyard and footsteps in the dew  
Proved that you had risen, that you came back to those and for those  
Who had forgotten, denied and destroyed you

Early in the morning  
In the multi-colored company of your Church on earth and in heaven  
We celebrate your creation  
Your life, your death and resurrection  
Your love for us, and so, to you we pray  
LORD, bring new life where we are worn,  
New love where we have turned hard-hearted,  
Forgiveness, where we have been hurt and where we have hurt others,  
And where we are prisoners of ourselves,  
Give to us the joy and the freedom of your Holy Spirit. Amen.

**Scripture Reading** Matthew 5: 17-20  
Matthew 9: 9-13

Bob Sherman

**Special Music (Video)** *I Will Trust in You* (Daigle)  
Fish and Loaves

**Sermon** Rev. Byron E. Brought

### **Offering Reflection with Special Music**

### **Communion & The Lord's Prayer**

### **Closing Prayer**

**Closing Hymn** *There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood* UMH 622

### **Closing Benediction & Affirmation of Faith (Isaiah 35: 1-4)**

The glory of the LORD is on display, the majesty of our God.  
Even the wilderness and the desert will be glad  
The wasteland will rejoice and blossom with crocuses  
There will be an abundance of flowers and singing and joy  
The deserts will be as green as the hills  
With this news, strengthen those who have tired hands  
And encourage those who have weak knees  
Say to those with fearful hearts, be strong and do not fear  
The LORD is coming to save you. **Amen!**



## **HYMN LYRICS**

### ***America***

My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountainside let freedom ring!

My native country, thee, land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills, like that above.

Let music swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake; let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break, the sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee, author of liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might, great God, our King.

### ***Lift Every Voice and Sing***

Lift every voice and sing, till earth and heaven ring,  
Ring with the harmonies of liberty;  
Let our rejoicing rise high as the listening skies,  
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.  
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us;  
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;  
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,  
Let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod, bitter the chastening rod,  
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;  
Yet with a steady beat, have not our weary feet  
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?  
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered;  
We have come, treading our path thru the blood of the slaughtered,  
Out from the gloomy past, till now we stand at last  
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,  
Thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;  
Thou who hast by thy might led us into the light,  
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.  
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met thee;  
Lest our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we forget thee;  
Shadowed beneath thy hand, may we forever stand,  
True to our God, true to our native land.

### ***There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood***

There is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains.  
Lose all their guilty stains, lose all their guilty stains;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he, wash all my sins away.  
Wash all my sins away, wash all my sins away;  
And there may I, though vile as he, wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood shall never lose its power  
Till all the ransomed church of God be saved, to sin no more.  
Be saved, to sin no more, be saved, to sin no more;  
Till all the ransomed church of God be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die.  
And shall be till I die, and shall be till I die;  
Redeeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue lies silent in the grave.  
Lies silent in the grave, lies silent in the grave;  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue lies silent in the grave.