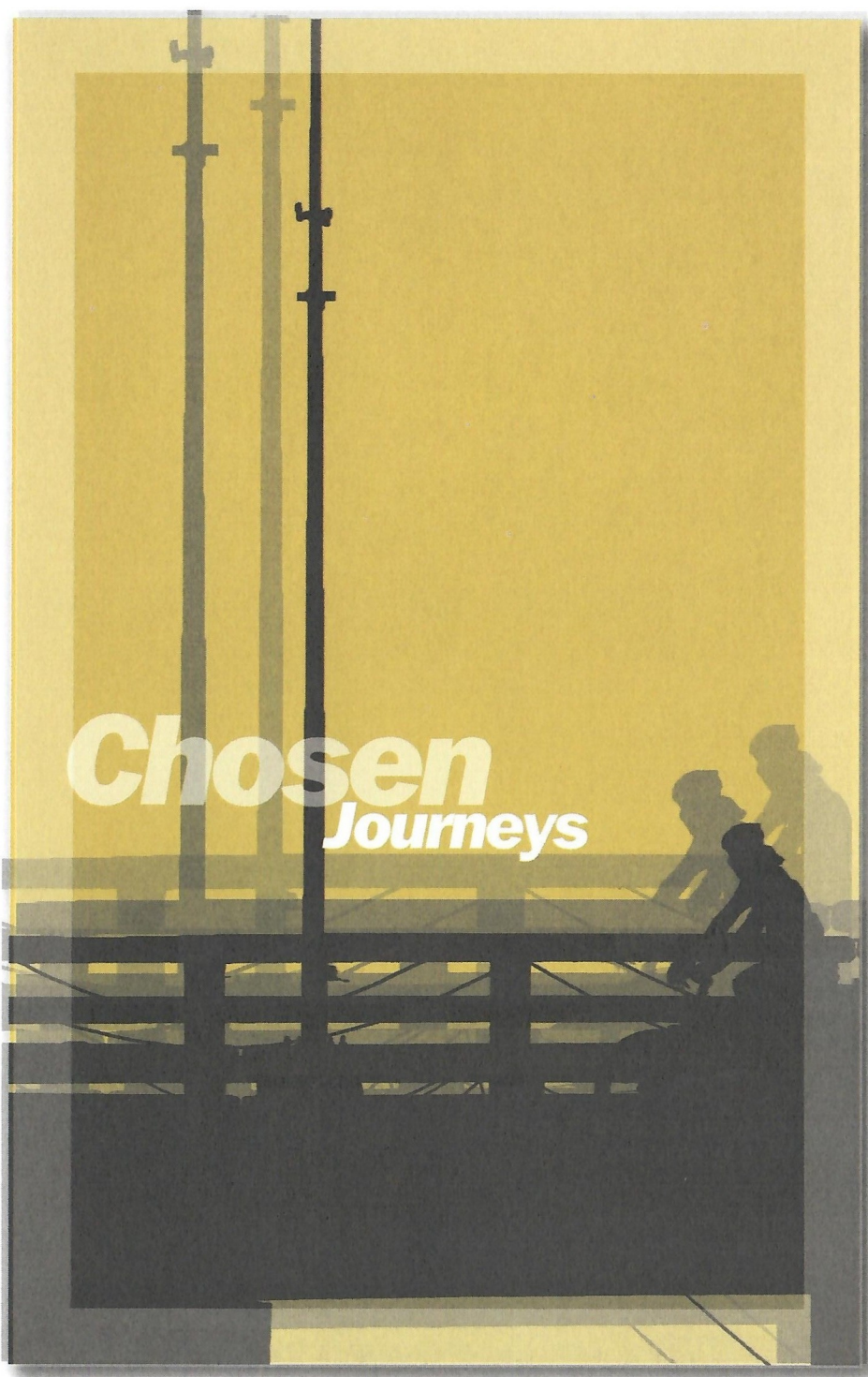




# Chosen

*Journeys*

# Trinity United Church of Christ

Deerfield, Illinois

250<sup>th</sup> Independence Weekend

July 5, 2026

A wholeheartedly inclusive Christian community  
called by a challenging and progressive faith  
to live lives of love and justice

## Virtual Worship

To Dial In by Phone Only 1 (312) 626-6799 - MTG ID 874 9506 6741

## Zoom Link

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/87495066741?pwd=NjdvYnNycy80SWpldVJQZmQ4UDd0QT09>

**Participant ID** (Not required. None provided) **“Otherwise just press #”**

Meeting Password: **760760**

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## PREPARING FOR WORSHIP

### SUMMER WORSHIP SERIES

### GOSPEL TAPAS

With Music

*This is My Song*

FINLANDIA

By Jean Sibelius

Arr Joel Raney

With Meditation

*Practicing Future Memory*

Cameron Trimble

Imagine that it is the year 2035.

You are sitting with a child, grandchild, student, or young person whom you love. They ask you a simple question: *“When the world seemed to be changing so quickly, what did you decide to do?”*

\*Please stand in body or spirit

# INVOKING THE SPIRIT

## CALL TO WORSHIP

Rev. Dale Susan Edmonds

### A Prayer for the Courage to Co-Create

(adapted) Cameron Trimble

Creator of all that has been  
and all that has yet to be,  
You have entrusted this beautiful,  
broken world  
to human hands.

**When we are tempted toward despair,  
give us imagination.  
When we are tempted toward certainty,  
give us curiosity.**

When we are tempted to wait  
for someone else to save us,  
give us courage.

**Teach us to become worthy ancestors.**

**Help us build communities  
that nurture life,  
protect what is fragile,  
and create futures  
that our children will bless.**

And remind us,  
again and again,  
that hope is not prediction.

**It is participation. Amen.**

\*HYMN

*This is My Song #591*

(see insert)

\*SHARING GOD’S PEACE

The Peace of the Lord be with you.

*And also with you.*

WELCOME, ANNOUNCEMENTS & PRAYER REQUESTS

We share “happenings” in the community, and lift up concerns for prayer.

CHILDREN’S MOMENT

**PROCLAIMING THE WORD FOR OUR LIVES**

Reading from the Letters

Romans 7:15-25a

Reading from the Gospel

Matthew 11:16-19, 25-30

Sermon

*True Confessions*

Rev. Edmonds

CALL TO COMMUNION

*Lead Us from Death to Life #581*

(see insert)

INVITATION

*Come*

(adapted) Steve Garnaas-Holmes

What if in the end there is no law-giver  
demanding obedience  
but a life-giver offering life?

**What if there is no seer  
dispensing secret wisdom  
but a friend, offering companionship?**

What if there is no messiah  
leading a crusade  
but a presence who delights in you?

**What if there is no journey, no trial,  
no mountain, no door, no key, but only  
the Beloved, right here, offering themselves?**

*“Come to me, all you who are weary  
and are carrying heavy burdens,  
and I will give you rest.  
Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me,  
for I am gentle and humble in heart,  
and you will find rest for your souls.  
For my yoke is easy,  
and my burden is light.”* (Matthew 11.28-30)

## CONSECRATION

## MUSICAL REFLECTION AS WE PARTAKE

(an offering plate is available by the door in the Narthex or you may mail your gift)

*Lord, I Need You*

Words and Music by J. Reeves, K Stanfill,  
M Maher, C Nockels, and D Carson  
Arr Mark Hayes

## PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE AND LORD’S PRAYER

Lord's Prayer (using “debts” and “debtors”)

*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 debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever. Amen.*

\*HYMN

*We Shall Overcome* #570

(see insert)

\*BENEDICTION

*The New Colossus*

Emma Lazarus

Poem on Plaque inside the Statue of Liberty

*Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,  
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;  
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand  
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame  
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name  
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand  
Glowes world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command  
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.*

*"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she  
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"*

POSTLUDE

*We Shall Overcome*

Trad Spiritual  
Arr Joel Raney

*Practicing Future Memory (cont ')* Set aside fifteen minutes today.  
Write your answer. Do not write what you wish someone else had done.  
Do not write what governments or institutions should have done. Write what  
you hope you will be able to say honestly.  
Then ask yourself: *What small action could I take this week that would make  
that future memory true?* The future is not in heaven.  
It is being created now.

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## FLOWERS

Today's flowers are given by the Holtz Family in honor of Hannah's 16<sup>th</sup> Birthday

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## WELCOME...

We're glad you've chosen to worship with Trinity today! If you're new, please introduce yourself, we'd love to get acquainted. If you have any questions, don't hesitate to ask Pastor Dale!

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## TODAY'S WORSHIP LEADERS

### Pastor

Rev. Dale Susan Edmonds, M.Div.

847-722-6756

PastorDale@trinitydeerfield.org

### Minister of Music

Rev. Dr. Pamela J. Keckler

### Office Manager

Heather Hughes

### Lay Officers

Council President

Vice President

Treasurer

Financial Secretary

Church Email

Church Office Telephone

Church Office Hours

Church Website

Steve Jahraus

Jean Harris

Scott Peterson

Dixie Inman

tuccdf@gmail.com

847-945-5050

Tue.–Wed. 9-12

trinitydeerfield.org

July 5, 2026

Matthew 11:16-19, 25-30

## Chosen Journeys

My husband wonders why I make life hard for myself. He especially wonders this when, under the scorching sun, he watches me walk by the hose he bought — the one with the extra-long extension — choosing instead to lug sloshing buckets of water from the house to my out-of-the-way garden.

It is a bit odd. I sometimes question my own sanity, too. But I have chosen this garden journey as a spiritual discipline. For in the arduous act of carrying water buckets, I'm reminded of those who still walk miles for their water. It is a small, prayerful act that keeps my coddled heart conscious of the urgent need for clean, accessible water for all.

Last summer, though, I finally admitted that watering the garden this way was becoming too much for me. My husband smiled, thinking the prized hose he bought would finally be used. He was wrong. Rather, what arrived a few days later in the mail was a 19th-century wooden yoke from a farmer in Lithuania. Its well-worn patina featured ornate notches carved into the wood that kept the buckets from sliding.

I placed the arch of the yoke behind my neck and masterfully balanced the buckets. The yoke did help to distribute the weight of the water, lightening the load a bit, and making my task a bit easier. And it also deepened my spiritual gardening discipline, as feeling the buckets sway with my steps, I heard my Savior's invitation once again: Come to me, all you who are weary and are carrying heavy burdens, and I will give you rest.

I thought about the heavy burdens I carried that no one knew of — the worries that sloshed around in my spiritual buckets. I had grown weary by their weight. I had a tiredness in my bones that no sleep could cure. It was a tiredness that came from the constant buzz of stress keeping my nerves on high alert.

How many times would I ignore Jesus' help? Why did I insist on carrying all of life's burdens alone?

It is no wonder Jesus told the people of his time to take his yoke, for his was an easy one. Before modern machinery, farmers would use a wooden yoke on their animals. The frame that joined two beasts of burdens would mean they would share the weight of a load, making it easier to keep moving forward.

What a beautiful invitation we have as well. This is our opportunity, this day, to finally give our burdens to the one who will make them lighter. Will you embrace Jesus' yoke? I have. The garden hose, though? That I still ignore.

*Patient God, how tiresome it must be to watch us struggling with the burdens and stresses and worries that we insist on carrying by ourselves. Help us to finally accept Jesus' invitation to take his yoke. May we stop being crushed by the weight of this world. May we know that all we struggle with is now in Jesus' capable and loving hands. In Jesus' name, we pray. Amen.*

(Rev. Donna Frischknecht Jackson is a communications specialist for the United Church of Christ and author of today's Sunday Bulletin.)



## **Prayer Concerns**

Salvatore Raciti, Janet's Raciti's brother, who was recently diagnosed with pancreatic cancer.

Kaye Dufern and Jim McGrain, each of whom are in home hospice care

Stephany Pond, Jean Harris' daughter

Long-time Deerfield resident Barry Clark

Andrew Hargitt as he recovers from surgery

The Kerschkes as they settle into their new community

Walter Eduardo Jimenez and all those now living in fear...

Joyce Black, friend of Marge Magnani

Sarah Hughes as she recovers

Levi Chisholm, continuing slow & steady recovery from drowning accident

Don Inman

Mary Ferrante

Nancy Rose, Barbara Struthers' sister

Irene Santos and Family on the sudden passing of her brother

Carmen Ruiz & Fernando Rodriguez, Barbara Struthers' daughter-in-law's parents  
in Puerto Rico

The People of Ukraine and Leaders of all nations

For youth who feel alienated or without hope

For all whose lives are torn by disasters of human making

For those suffering devastation in the Middle East

**\*Please let Heather know when there should be changes to the prayer list. We don't want to remove anyone prematurely or omit anyone that should be held in all of our hearts.**

## This Is My Song

Ps. 82:8

Lloyd Stone, 1934

1 This is my song, O God of all the na - tions, a song of  
 2 My coun-try's skies are blu - er than the o - cean, and sun-light

peace for lands a - far and mine. This is my home, the  
 beams on clo - ver - leaf and pine; But oth - er lands have

coun - try where my heart is; here are my hopes, my  
 sun - light, too, and clo - ver, and skies are ev - ery -

dreams, my ho - ly shrine; But oth - er hearts in oth - er lands are  
 where as blue as mine. O hear my song, O God of all the

beat - ing with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.  
 na - tions, a song of peace for their land and for mine.

*These stanzas, published during the period between the two world wars, express a hope for lasting peace among all nations, races, and cultures. Finlandia is derived from a "tone poem" of the same name by Finnish composer Jean Sibelius.*

Tune: FINLANDIA 10.10.10.10.10.  
 Jean Sibelius, 1899  
 Arr. for The Hymnal, 1933

## Lead Us from Death to Life

2 John 1:3; Isa. 2:2-4

Refrain, Satish Kumar

Stanzas, Marty Haugen, 1985

*Refrain* C C7 F G C G/B Am

Lead us from death to life, from false-hood to truth, from de -

Dm7 G C Dm7 C7/E C7 Dm7

spair to hope, from fear to trust. Lead us from hate to

G C/E E7 Am Dm7 G

love, from war to peace; let peace fill our hearts, let

Em Am Dm7 C/E Dm/F C/G G7 C

peace fill our world, let peace fill our u - ni - verse.

*to Stanzas*

*Last time, end*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The refrain consists of two lines of music. The first line of the refrain has chords C, C7, F, G, C, G/B, and Am. The second line has chords Dm7, G, C, Dm7, C7/E, C7, and Dm7. The stanzas follow, with chords G, C/E, E7, Am, Dm7, and G for the first line, and Em, Am, Dm7, C/E, Dm/F, C/G, G7, and C for the second line. The score ends with a double bar line and the instruction 'Last time, end'.

# JUSTICE AND PEACE

1 Still all the an-gry cries, still all the an-gry guns, still now your  
 2 So man - y lone-ly hearts, so man - y bro-ken lives, long-ing for  
 3 Let jus - tice ev - er roll, let mer - cy fill the earth, let us be -

peo-ple die, earth's sons and daugh-ters. Let jus - tice roll, let  
 love to break in - to their an - guish. Come, teach us love,  
 gin to grow in - to your peo - ple. We can be love,

mer - cy pour down, come and teach us your way of com - pas-sion.  
 come, teach us peace, come and teach us your way of com - pas-sion.  
 we can bring peace, we can still be your way of com - pas-sion.

Chords: Dm7, G, Em7, Am, Dm7, G7, C, Am, Dm7, E7, Am, F, D7/F#, C/G, G7, C to Refrain

The text for the refrain of this hymn is known as the "World Peace Prayer." It is a paraphrase of a verse from the Upanishads, the most ancient scriptures of Hinduism. Since its introduction at a service in Westminster Abbey on Hiroshima Day, 1981, the prayer has been translated into numerous languages and circulated around the world. The musical setting and additional stanzas were composed by Marty Haugen, composer-in-residence at Mayflower United Church of Christ, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Tune: WORLD PEACE PRAYER  
 12.11.9.10. with refrain  
 Marty Haugen, 1985

## We Shall Overcome

570

United States traditional

John 8:31-32; Rom. 12:21; 2 Cor. 13:11

1 We shall o - ver - come, we shall o - ver -  
 2 We'll go hand in hand, we'll go hand in  
 3 We are not a - fraid, we are not a -  
 4 Our God will see us through, our God will see us

come, we shall o - ver - come some day;  
 hand, we'll go hand in hand some day;  
 fraid, we are not a - fraid to - day;  
 through, our God will see us through some day;

(1-6) Oh, deep in my heart, I do be - lieve,

we shall o - ver - come some day.  
 we'll go hand in hand some day.  
 we are not a - fraid to - day.  
 our God will see us through some day.

5 The truth shall make us free . . . some day.

6 We shall live in peace . . . some day.

*This anthem of the 1960s civil rights movement was frequently sung at mass meetings and marches. Several sources have been cited as its origins, including the spiritual "No more auction block for me" based on the tune known as Sicilian Mariners; an old Baptist hymn "I'll Be All Right"; and part of the text from C. A. Tindley's gospel hymn "I'll Overcome Someday."*

Tune: WE SHALL OVERCOME Irr.  
 United States traditional  
 Harm. J. Jefferson Cleveland, 1981