Westminster
Presbyterian Church
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Ash Wednesday
February 14, 2024

Prelude **"A Lenten Prelude"** *Charles Callahan*

Susan Shaw, flute

Welcome **Rev. Dr. Enikö Ferenczy**

Opening Meditation **Rev. Dr. Enikö Ferenczy**

Tune My Heart *by Rev. Sarah Speed*

Tune my heart.
Like an old violin,
like a worn down piano,
I have been left out in all manners of weather;
I have been left alone for far too long.
So like a concertmaster
with a steady hand,
tune me up.
Listen and learn
the cracked keys,
the broken strings.
Memorize the forgotten intervals
that even I did not know.
And then, when we're ready,
When this creaky heart is tuned,
teach me a new song.

Friends, as we begin the season of Lent, let us turn inward and tune our hearts.

Before an orchestra plays together, they must all tune their instruments—the cacophony of this process may be very loud and create lots of dissonance, but it's a necessary step in the process of creating harmonies and melodies.

And so, this Lent, how can you tune the instrument of your heart so

that it aligns with God?

Silent Reflection

Opening Hymn No. 475** **"Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing"** ***Nettleton

Musical Reflection **"Lord Who Throughout These Forty Days"** ***Kenneth Kosche***
The Ash Wednesday Choir

Scripture Reading **Psalm 51:1-17** ***(The Message translation)***

51 [1-3] Generous in love—God, give grace!
Huge in mercy—wipe out my bad record.
Scrub away my guilt,
soak out my sins in your laundry.
I know how bad I've been;
my sins are staring me down.

[4-6] You're the One I've violated, and you've seen
it all, seen the full extent of my evil.
You have all the facts before you;
whatever you decide about me is fair.
I've been out of step with you for a long time,
in the wrong since before I was born.
What you're after is truth from the inside out.
Enter me, then; conceive a new, true life.

[7-15] Soak me in your laundry and I'll come out clean,
scrub me and I'll have a snow-white life.
Tune me in to foot-tapping songs,
set these once-broken bones to dancing.
Don't look too close for blemishes,
give me a clean bill of health.

God, make a fresh start in me,
shape a Genesis week from the chaos of my life.
Don't throw me out with the trash,
or fail to breathe holiness in me.
Bring me back from gray exile,
put a fresh wind in my sails!

Give me a job teaching rebels your ways
so the lost can find their way home.
Commute my death sentence, God, my salvation God,
and I'll sing anthems to your life-giving ways.

Unbutton my lips, dear God;
I'll let loose with your praise.

16-17 Going through the motions doesn't please you,
a flawless performance is nothing to you.

I learned God-worship
when my pride was shattered.
Heart-shattered lives ready for love
don't for a moment escape God's notice.

Musical Reflection "O Dearest Lord, Thy Sacred Head" *D.N. Johnson*
The Ash Wednesday Choir; Susan Shaw, flute

Meditation **Rev. David Rice**

Imposition of the Ashes **Rev. Erin Guzmán**

Lent is a time for us to return to our Creator who formed us from the dust of the earth. Our lives are finite, so we want to spend every precious moment in tune with God, living whole, abundant lives — the kind of lives we were created to lead.

And so in recognition of our origins in the earth, in acknowledgment of our finite days, we come to receive ashes and remember: dust we are, and to dust we shall return.

As you feel led, please come forward and receive the ashes on your forehead or offered hand…

Musical Reflection Chorale Prelude on *"Herzlich tut mich verlangen"* *Johannes Brahms*
Ken Shafer, piano

Prayer **Rev. Dr. Enikö Ferenczy**

Closing Hymn** **"Sing Out! We're Made of Common Dust"** ***Carolyn Winfrey Gillette
(Canonbury: "Lord, Speak to Me, That I May Speak")

Sing out! We're made of common dust;
One day, to dust we shall return!
Yet, God, you've placed your mark on us
And so for you our spirits yearn.

This gift of ashes we receive
Reminds us we belong to you.
You call us to repent, believe,
and seek your Way in all we do.

The dust and dirt of children's play,
of youthful times, of working years
Are part of life — and life's decay;
We wash the dust with sorrow's tears.

We sing, O God, of what you give:
This ash reminds us we are yours.
In life we're claimed, in death we live!
In Christ our life, your love endures.

Benediction **Rev. David Rice**

Postlude **"Lament"** ***Rhonda Larson***

Susan Shaw, flute
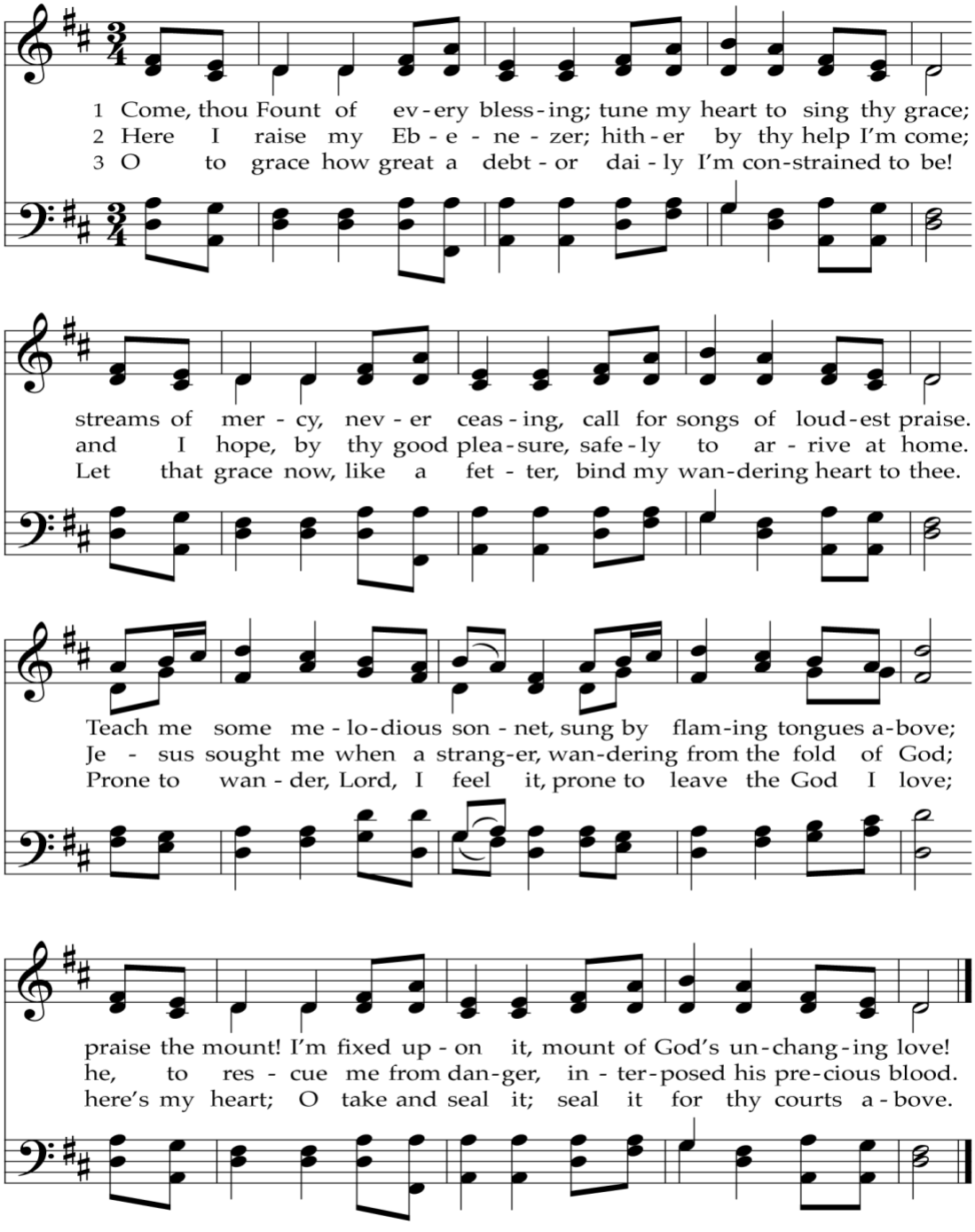
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*Poem and prayers by *Rev. Sarah A. Speed | A Sanctified Art LLC | sanctifiedart.*

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Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 475



Written for Pentecost by a British Baptist pastor, this text is full of biblical terms like "Ebenezer" (1 Samuel 7:12), Hebrew for "a stone of help" set up to give thanks for God's assistance. The tune name honors hymnal compiler Asahel Nettleton, who probably did not compose it.

TEXT: Robert Robinson, 1758, alt.
MUSIC: Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second,* 1813

NETTLETON
8.7.8.7.D