

First Presbyterian Church of Bethlehem

Pentecost Sunday

Online Traditional Service

May 31, 2020



The Service for the Lord's Day

WE GATHER

PRELUDE "Aria" from Goldberg Variations, BWV 988

Johann S. Bach

CALL TO WORSHIP AND PASSING THE PEACE

OPENING HYMN

#478

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

LAUDA ANIMA

1 Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To His people in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Fatherlike He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels, help us to adore Him:
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

WE CONFESS

CALL TO CONFESSION

PRAYER OF CONFESSION

Gracious and Loving God, you send your Spirit rushing through us, filling us with light and warmth, strength and purpose. Yet we often seek to control your Spirit rather than be moved by it. You send us your Spirit of love, but we give in to suspicion and fear. You send us your Spirit of joy, but we take your gifts for granted and worry that we do not have more. You send us your Spirit of hope, but we fear what the future holds and where you are in it. Forgive us, God; breathe new life and faith into us, that we may share the fruits of your Spirit in everything we say and do.

ASSURANCE OF PARDON

WE LISTEN

SPECIAL MUSIC "Le Cloches" (The Bells) from Deux Romances, L.65

Madison Zahorsky, soprano

Claude Debussy

The leaves opened upon the edge of the branches,
Delicately.

The bells rang, light and free,
In the clear sky.

Rhythmically and fervently, like an antiphon,
This distant call
Reminded me of the Christian whiteness
Of altar flowers.

These bells told of happy years,
And, in the great forest,
Seemed to revive the withered leaves
Of days gone by.

PRAYER FOR ILLUMINATION

SCRIPTURE Acts 2:1-21, 37-38

Leader: The word of the Lord

People: Thanks be to God

SERMON

The Rev. J.C. Austin

“What Do We Do Now?”

WE RESPOND

HYMN

#128

On Pentecost They Gathered

MUNICH

1 On Pentecost they gathered quite early in the day,
A band of Christ's disciples, to worship, sing, and pray.
A mighty wind came blowing, filled all the swirling air,
And tongues of fire a-glowing inspired each person there.

2 The people all around them were startled and amazed
To understand their language, as Christ the Lord they praised.
What universal message, what great good news was here?
That Christ, once dead, is risen to vanquish all our fear.

3 God pours the Holy Spirit on all who would believe,
On women, men, and children, who would God's grace receive.
That Spirit knows no limit, bestowing life and power.
The church, formed and reforming, responds in every hour.

4 O Spirit, sent from heaven on that day long ago,
Rekindle faith among us in all life's ebb and flow.
O give us ears to listen and tongues a-flame with praise,
So folk of every nation glad songs of joy shall raise.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE AND LORD'S PRAYER

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.

CALL FOR OFFERING

Call to Give

Offertory We Are Your People

John W. Wilson

Rebecca Ripley, Soprano

*Response - #592

OLD HUNDREDTH

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;

Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him, above ye heav'nly host;

Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost

*Prayer of Dedication

CLOSING HYMN

#131

Wind Who Makes All Winds That Blow

ABERYSTWYTH

1 Wind who makes all winds that blow—
gusts that bend the saplings low,
gales that heave the sea in waves,
stirrings in the mind's deep caves—
aim your breath with steady power
on your church, this day, this hour.
Raise, renew the life we've lost,
Spirit God of Pentecost.

2 Fire who fuels all fires that burn—
suns around which planets turn,
beacons marking reefs and shoals,
shining truth to guide our souls—
come to us as once you came;
burst in tongues of sacred flame!
Light and Power, Might and Strength,
fill your church, its breadth and length

3 Holy Spirit, Wind and Flame,
move within our mortal frame.
Make our hearts an altar pyre.
Kindle them with your own fire.
Breathe and blow upon that blaze
till our lives, our deeds, and ways
speak that tongue which every land
by your grace shall understand.

BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE Postlude from "Music for a Sunday Morning"

Harold Rohling