



Worship Service for September 25, 2022

Prelude Marshall Davies

Chiming of the Hour Sarah Bowman

Praise & Worship Celebration Congregation

Sing! # 78 "Gloria a Dios" / "Glory to God"

LEADER: ¡Gloria a Dios, gloria a Dios,
Gloria en los cielos!

**ALL: ¡Gloria a Dios, gloria a Dios,
Gloria en los cielos!**

LEADER: ¡A Dios la gloria por siempre!

ALL: ¡A Dios la gloria por siempre!

¡Alleluya, amén! **Alleluya, amén!**

¡Alleluya, amén! **Alleluya, amén!**

¡Alleluya, amén! **Alleluya, amén!**

¡Alleluya, amén! **Alleluya, amén!**

Glory to God, glory to God

Glory in the highest!

Glory to God, glory to God

Glory in the highest!

To God be glory for ever!
To God be glory for ever!

Alleluia, amen! **Alleluia, amen!**
Alleluia, amen! **Alleluia, amen!**

Alleluia, amen! **Alleluia, amen!**
Alleluia, amen! **Alleluia, amen!**

Welcome Pastor Mak

Centering Moment Pastor Mak

Call to Worship Sarah

LEADER: From ancient times to this present day, people
have gathered in sacred spaces like this one.

**ALL: Moments of time fold together when we
immerse ourselves in love and connection.**

LEADER: We ask for Divine Love to be revealed to us in this
gathering.

**ALL: We open our spirits to the depth and breadth of
Divine Presence.**

LEADER: We listen for sacred whisperings and await holy
joy to be written on our hearts.

**ALL: Being truly ourselves, we come together in this
eternal moment.**

***Hymn**

Congregation

Everflowing Streams # 13 "Dakota Hymn"

Many and great,
O God, are thy things,
Maker of earth and sky.
Thy hands have set the heavens with stars,
Thy fingers spread the mountains and plains.
Lo, at thy word the waters were formed;
Deep seas obey thy voice

Great unto us communion with thee,
Thou star abiding One;
Come unto us and dwell with us,
With thee are found the gifts of life.
Bless us with life that has no end,
Eternal life with thee.

Biblical Witness

Sarah

1 Samuel 16:1, 4, 5b-13

God said to Samuel, "How long will you grieve over Saul? I have rejected him from being king over Israel. Fill your horn with oil and set out; I will send you to Jesse the Bethlehemite, for I have provided for myself a king among his sons." Samuel did what God commanded, and came to Bethlehem. He sanctified Jesse and his sons and invited them to the sacrifice. When they came, he looked on Eliab, Jesse's oldest son, and thought, "Surely the Lord's anointed

is now before the Lord.” But God said to Samuel, “Do not look on his appearance or on the height of his stature, because I have rejected him; for I do not see as mortals see; they look on the outward appearance, but I look on the heart.” Then Jesse called Abinadab, and made him pass before Samuel. God said, “Neither have I chosen this one.” Then Jesse made Shammah pass by. And God said, “Neither have I chosen this one.” Jesse made seven of his sons pass before Samuel, and Samuel said to Jesse, “God has not chosen any of these.” Samuel said to Jesse, “Are all your sons here?” And he said, “There remains yet the youngest, but he is keeping the sheep.” And Samuel said to Jesse, “Send and bring him; for we will not sit down until he comes here.” Jesse sent and brought him in. Now David was ruddy, and had beautiful eyes, and was handsome. God said, “Rise and anoint him; for this is the one.” Then Samuel took the horn of oil and anointed him in the presence of his brothers; and the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon David from that day forward. Samuel then set out and went to Ramah.

Contemporary Witness

Pastor Mak

“Birth Witness” by Ofelia Zepeda

My mother gave birth to me
 in an old wooden row house
 in the cotton fields.
 She remembers it was windy.
 Around one in the afternoon.
 The tin roof rattled, a piece uplifted

from the wooden frame, quivered and flapped
as she gave birth.

She knew it was March.

A windy afternoon in the cotton fields of Arizona.

She also used to say I was baptized standing up.

“It doesn’t count,” the woman behind the glass window tells
me,

“if you were not baptized the same year you were born
the baptismal certificate cannot be used to verify your birth.”

“You need affidavits,” she said.

“Your older siblings, you have some don’t you?

They have to be old enough to have a memory of your birth.

Can they vouch for you?”

Who was there to witness my birth?

Who was there with my mother?

Was it my big sister?

Would my mother have let a teenager watch her giving birth?

Was it my father?

I can imagine my father assisting her with her babies.

My aunts?

Who was there when I breathed my first breath?

Took in those dry particles from the cotton fields.

Who knew then that I would need witnesses of my birth?

The stars were there in the sky.

The wind was there.

The sun was there.

The pollen of spring was floating and sensed me being born.

They are silent witnesses.

They do not know of affidavits, they simply know.

“You need records,” she said.

“Are there doctor’s receipts from when you were a baby?

Didn’t your parents have a family Bible, you know,
where births were recorded?

Were there letters?

Announcements of your birth?”

I don’t bother to explain my parents are illiterate in the
English language.

What I really want to tell her is they speak a language much
too civil for writing.

It is a language useful for pulling memory from the depths of
the earth.

It is useful for praying with the earth and sky.

It is useful for singing songs that pull down the clouds.

It is useful for calling rain.

It is useful for speeches and incantations

that pull sickness from the minds and bodies of believers.

It is a language too civil for writing.

It is too civil for writing minor things like my birth.

This is what I really want to tell her.

But I don’t.

Instead I take the forms she hands me.

Amen.

Offertory Prayer

Sarah

LEADER: It is a gift to be able to give something away.

ALL: We are called to be a part of something bigger than ourselves.

LEADER: Spirit of Love, look upon us now.

ALL: Bless these gifts; those we can see and those we cannot.

LEADER: May our hopes come true for the better world we dream of

ALL: As we work together in love.

*Hymn

Congregation

Sing! # 201 "Deep Peace"

Peace, peace, deep peace,

My peace I give to you.

Peace, peace, deep peace,

My peace I give to you.

Not as the world gives, I give to you,

Not as the world gives, I give to you.

Peace, peace, deep peace,

My peace I give to you.

Love, love, strong love,
My love I give to you.
Love, love, strong love,
My love I give to you.

Not as the world gives, I give to you,
Not as the world gives, I give to you.
Love, love, strong love,
My love I give to you.

Joy, joy, great joy,
My joy I give to you.
Joy, joy, great joy,
My joy I give to you.

Not as the world gives, I give to you,
Not as the world gives, I give to you.
Joy, joy, great joy,
My joy I give to you.

Benediction

Pastor Mak

by the Archbishop of San Salvador, Óscar Romero

Peace is not the product of terror or fear.
Peace is not the silence of cemeteries.
Peace is not the silent result of violent repression.
Peace is the generous,
tranquil contribution of all

to the good of all.
Peace is dynamism.
Peace is generosity.
It is right and it is duty.

Song Of Parting

Marshall Davies

Sing! 197 “La Paz Sea Contigo” (Peace Be With You)

La paz sea contigo
La paz sea contigo
May God’s peace be with you,
Now and forever
La paz sea contigo

El amor sea contigo
El amor sea contigo
May God’s love be with you,
Now and forever
El amor sea contigo

El espíritu sea contigo
El espíritu sea contigo
May God’s Spirit be with you
Now and forever
El espíritu sea contigo

Postlude

Marshall Davies