

Week 6- Monday 8/3 Worship Liturgy

Entrance Music

“Tell Me A Story” - Phillip Phillips

Marci’s Sung Opening Prayer

Messy Processional – “Mess is Mine”

Call to Worship

One: You call us, Lord, to share your story,

**All: to follow where you lead,
to live as you live, to love as you love
to preach the good news of God’s Kingdom
of justice and joy, of peace and hope.**

One: If we are to share your story, Lord,
then we have to invite you to share ours,
to be part of all we do and say.

All: We can’t share your story if we’re not prepared to let you into our story.

One: Come into our lives, into our stories, and worship, Lord,
broaden our minds,
strengthen our convictions,

**All: lead us the way you want us to go,
So we, too, may be disciples in the world.**

Opening Song

Awake My Soul

Prince of Peace (Fix You)

Confessional Sequence (lead by Marci – questions on screen)

Call to Confession

We hide our pain, and our brokenness, and our mistakes. We try to erase them from the stories we tell ourselves and tell each other. The God who created us, however, knows our true stories and loves us anyway. God has been dreaming a story for you since God knit you together in your mother’s womb, and invites you to live into that whole story, the good chapters and the difficult ones. We come to confession in worship because God wants us to know and tell the whole story, not just our favorite chapters.

Time of Confession

In a moment you will be invited to write down on a piece of fabric, with the provided markers, a confession.

The psalmist reminds us that the mercy of God is abundant. So abundant that it overflows. It cannot be contained, or saved for later. It is here for us right now.

In God's mercy, we are washed clean. We are forgiven, we are set free.

In the love of Jesus Christ, we are loved forever.

In the waters of baptism we are set free to let go of what is old and broken, to receive living water, to be our true selves, and to follow together a joyful way, after Jesus Christ, our loving Savior.

After you write down your confession, please hold on to it and pass the markers down to the end of the aisle.

Here are some questions to consider as you write your confession.

Confession (on screens)

1. What part of your life do you want to hide from yourself, from others, or from God? How might others offer you life giving water if you shared your story with them?
2. Are you wrestling with God right now? What is it you want to ask of God as you wrestle?

[Let's Confess video](#) (from Tuesday evening last week)

[Song of Preparation](#)

Listen

[Prayer of Illumination \(Unison\)](#)

One: Let us pray

All: God of Courage, be in our speaking.

Be also in our listening, and speak to our souls' deep understanding.

In Christ's name we pray. Amen.

[Scripture](#)

Genesis 32:22-31

The same night he got up and took his two wives, his two maids, and his eleven children, and crossed the ford of the Jabbok. He took

them and sent them across the stream, and likewise everything that he had. Jacob was left alone; and a man wrestled with him until daybreak. When the man saw that he did not prevail against Jacob, he struck him on the hip socket; and Jacob's hip was put out of joint as he wrestled with him. Then he said, 'Let me go, for the day is breaking.' But Jacob said, 'I will not let you go, unless you bless me.' So he said to him, 'What is your name?' And he said, 'Jacob.' Then the man said, 'You shall no longer be called Jacob, but Israel, for you have striven with God and with humans, and have prevailed.' Then Jacob asked him, 'Please tell me your name.' But he said, 'Why is it that you ask my name?' And there he blessed him. So Jacob called the place Peniel, saying, 'For I have seen God face to face, and yet my life is preserved.' The sun rose upon him as he passed Penuel, limping because of his hip.

Andy to tell messy story...

While I had a mostly stable and grounded childhood, a loving family and church home, it wasn't without its messes.

(Show picture of me as a kid and teen—Childhood Andy, #1-5)

I morphed from being a cute baby with chubby cheeks to becoming a dorky kid to a an awkward, skinny, zit-faced, nerdy, big-eared teen.

I wore large thick rimmed glasses for a few years, had a nice cow-lick in the back of my head and wore my pants near my armpits. I enjoyed sports but I was uncoordinated and not very good at playing them.

I also was too naïve and nice for my own good, which meant I often didn't get the locker room jokes & classroom sarcasm, and I was occasionally picked on by my classmates.

The teasing left me feeling grossly inadequate and unsure of myself.

Home was a refuge from all of this but only part of the time.

My father was prone to losing his temper and yelling at me, my younger brother and mom over the tiniest of things.

He would get mad about my lack of coordination and ability to mow

the lawn or do other chores exactly right—

accusing of me of not listening, being lazy and purposely trying to undermine him.

And if he wasn't raging, then he was critical of me about the movies I liked, the music I listened to or the pictures of cartoon characters that I would draw.

I, of course, continued to try my best to please him and stay out of trouble but usually without much success.

One evening (when I was 16-years old and in the 10th grade) I decided that I was tired of the mess. And I began wondering if it would be better for me to not exist at all.

Just to see what it might look like if I were to end it all, I took off my belt, wrapped it around my neck and looked into the mirror.

It scared the crap out of me!

And I instantly flung the belt on the other side of the room, shuddering at the image of God that I saw staring back at me.

I was so shocked to think I could destroy what God created.

But even though I decided my life was worth living, I still chose to become a master at bottling all of my feelings, all of the mess—the insecurities and fears—deep inside.

Over time, I became more anxious, more depressed and less self-confident about my gifts and capabilities.

I relied on a lot of affirmation, assurance, guidance and attention from others to get from one day to the next.

Although there were friends, mentors and pastors

who helped me discard a bit of the mess away at a time,
it wasn't until I was 25 and met Elizabeth in seminary that I began to
eliminate the mess I had collected over the years.

Elizabeth, who was experienced with counseling and depression,
encouraged and loved me into getting help from both a counselor and
psychiatrist.

I've been seeing professional therapists and taking medicine for
depression and anxiety for a decade now, and it's one of the best
things I've ever done.

The therapy and medicine is not a cure-all, of course:

I still have to make a conscious effort through prayer and meditation
to step back, take deep breaths and decide not to let the messiness
of life—

the inner voices which tell me I'm unworthy or inadequate—
consume me.

I continually eliminate and peel away the mess to become whom God
calls me to be in this life.

Jacob causes quite a mess when he steals Esau's birthright and then
manipulates his father Isaac into giving him his brother's blessing.

After fleeing home for fear that Esau will kill him, Jacob still manages
to wade even deeper into trouble in an encounter with a man named
Laban and his two daughters Leah and Rachel.

Many years later as Jacob is passing through a territory belonging to
Esau, he realizes that he no longer likes the man he has become,
and he struggles to make amends.

It took an all-night wrestling match of the soul and the cracking of a

hip for God to get Jacob unstuck.

In the phenomenal best-seller “The Fault In Our Stars”

Pain demands to be wrestled with.

Pain demands to be expressed.

Pain demands to be wrestled with in the long dark night of the soul...

In healthy, constructive ways.

Cutting, drinking, doing drugs, etc., may seem like a great idea at the time, but self-harm only masks the pain and keep the feelings inside.

They don't bring healing or wholeness. They only make things messier.

A healthier way to express pain is by

making junk out of art,

punching a gym bag,

writing in a journal,

dancing like a wild person to super loud music!

But honestly, the absolute best way to deal with your mess is to tell someone about what you are going through—

someone you trust and who loves you unconditionally, i.e.

a friend, a parent, a teacher, a youth leader, or a pastor.

Don't keep the mess bottled up.

Don't try to deal with it on your own.

Share it with someone. Get it out.

And for those of us who aren't dealing with a mess in a particular moment, it's our calling and responsibility to tell those who are in pain and in the muck that

they are worthy of a whole mess of God's love and grace.

It's up to each of us to say to the mistreated and outcasts:

“You are not a mess.”

Even when we're in the middle of chaos—

whether it's our own doing or another's or something we can't

control—the mess can never completely define us.

We are much more than our messes because we are beloved

creations of God.

We are beloved creations who have a unique story to tell, including

all the messy parts. But the messiness is not where the story ends.

There are still surprise twists to come and one of them is

God who will show up in the mess (when we least expect it), dust us

off and make us whole...

Steve to lead again in “Lord Have Mercy” (put “Lord Have Mercy” on Screen)

Scripture

John 4:5-39

So he came to a Samaritan city called Sychar, near the plot of ground that Jacob had given to his son Joseph. Jacob's well was there, and Jesus, tired out by his journey, was sitting by the well. It was about noon.

A Samaritan woman came to draw water, and Jesus said to her, 'Give me a drink'. (His disciples had gone to the city to buy food.) The Samaritan woman said to him, 'How is it that you, a Jew, ask a drink of me, a woman of Samaria?' (Jews do not share things in common with Samaritans.) Jesus answered her, 'If you knew the gift of God, and who it is that is saying to you, "Give me a drink", you would have asked him, and he would have given you living water.' The woman said to him, 'Sir, you have no bucket, and the well is deep. Where do you get that living water? Are you greater than our ancestor Jacob, who gave us the well, and with his sons and his flocks drank from it?' Jesus said to her, 'Everyone who drinks of this water will be thirsty again, but those who drink of the water that I will give them will never be thirsty. The water that I will give will become in them a spring of water gushing up to eternal life.' The woman said to him, 'Sir, give me this water, so that I may never be thirsty or have to keep coming here to draw water.'

Jesus said to her, 'Go, call your husband, and come back.' The woman answered him, 'I have no husband.' Jesus said to her, 'You are right in saying, "I have no husband"; for you have

had five husbands, and the one you have now is not your husband. What you have said is true!' The woman said to him, 'Sir, I see that you are a prophet. Our ancestors worshipped on this mountain, but you say that the place where people must worship is in Jerusalem.' Jesus said to her, 'Woman, believe me, the hour is coming when you will worship the Father neither on this mountain nor in Jerusalem. You worship what you do not know; we worship what we know, for salvation is from the Jews. But the hour is coming, and is now here, when the true worshippers will worship the Father in spirit and truth, for the Father seeks such as these to worship him. God is spirit, and those who worship him must worship in spirit and truth.' The woman said to him, 'I know that Messiah is coming' (who is called Christ). 'When he comes, he will proclaim all things to us.' Jesus said to her, 'I am he, the one who is speaking to you.'

Just then his disciples came. They were astonished that he was speaking with a woman, but no one said, 'What do you want?' or, 'Why are you speaking with her?' Then the woman left her water-jar and went back to the city. She said to the people, 'Come and see a man who told me everything I have ever done! He cannot be the Messiah, can he?' They left the city and were on their way to him.

Meanwhile the disciples were urging him, 'Rabbi, eat something.' But he said to them, 'I have food to eat that you do not know about.' So the disciples said to one another, 'Surely no one has brought him something to eat?' Jesus said to them, 'My food is to do the will of him who sent me and to complete his work. Do you not say, "Four months more, then comes the harvest"? But I tell you, look around you, and see how the fields are ripe for harvesting. The reaper is already receiving wages and is gathering fruit for eternal life, so that sower and reaper may rejoice together. For here the saying holds true, "One sows and another reaps." I sent you to reap that for which you did not labour. Others have laboured, and you have entered into their labour.'

Many Samaritans from that city believed in him because of the woman's testimony, 'He told me everything I have ever done.'

After scripture read

One: This is God's story. This is the Word of the Lord.

All: Thanks be to God.

Sermon – Marci to tell story

I am the woman at the well.

To look at my life today, it might not be so easy for you to connect me with her.

I have not had five husbands. And I can gather my water in the cool of the morning with the other women. Socially and politically, I know I am not a Samaritan.

I am probably more of a Pharisee or something, or at least the wife of a Pharisee, someone on the inside of society's gifts.

I haven't always been defined by being a pastor, or by being a wife to my caring and liberated husband, or by being a mom my two wonderful sons. (photo me with family at Boise State Game)

When I was in college, I was defined instead by my sin.

That's how I saw it then.

To make a really long story short, I got pregnant my sophomore year of college at Trinity University in San Antonio, TX.

(photo can come down)

I didn't wear a scarlet letter on my clothing, but I didn't need to. I was the "pregnant girl" that year, swelling belly leading me wherever I went.

Luckily for me, I encountered Jesus that year. Not the Jesus of my Sunday school and conventional American moralism. I did not

encounter that Jesus, who was lurking in the back of my head, disappointed that I had sinned, ready to judge or shame me.

Instead, thankfully, I encountered the Jesus who knew everything I had ever done, and loved me anyway.

Where did I meet this Jesus?

I met this Jesus at church, of all places. ***I know. What are the odds?*** I had been preparing to join University Presbyterian Church when all of this went down. I went to the pastor and told him that perhaps this wasn't the best time, after all, for me to join.

And he just sat there like a ninja pastor, waiting for me to tell him why. And so I did.

After I wept in his office and told him almost everything I had ever done, the pastor said to me, **"when could be a better time to join a church? Marci, when could you possibly need a church family more than now?"**

This church—which I am sure was scandalized, on some level, by this unwed pregnant teenager in their midst—this church was like the disciples in our Bible text. **They might have been surprised that Jesus would have been talking to me, but they didn't say anything about it.** They fed me.

They gave me maternity clothes.

They visited me in the hospital.

They had me stand up on Mother's Day in worship.

They gave me living water. (photo me with baby in hospital)

I also met this Jesus at my university.

While there were people who would have liked me to take my water jar and go to a different well altogether, most people made room for me. Boys offered to type my papers, carried my books, took me out for dinner to make sure I was eating enough.

My sorority sisters expected me to remain an active member of the club, even though I was worried that my presence would ruin the reputation of the club.

My professors made allowances for me and had the grace to encourage my intellect at a time when most all else was out of my control.

And because I met this Jesus, I see my story differently. I now call "blessing" what I used to call "sin". (photo me and adult Eric)

I placed my son for adoption.

Eric is now 26 years old. It was an open adoption, so I have known him his whole life. My boys have gotten to meet their brother and it is a gift for me to see them all together. I am blessed to be a part of his life and would love to tell you more about him. Adoption has touched our lives in a beautiful way, allowing blessing to come from pain.

And, because I received the gift of living water from Jesus at the well—the gift that came to me in the form of grace, acceptance, love and support from my family, my community of faith, and my college community—I was able to leave my jar there by the side of the well and have been able to go and tell everyone about the man who knew everything I have ever done. And who loves me anyway. (photo can come down)

+++++

That is my story. **And claiming my story has been the work of my life.**

Because there are people who would just as soon I didn't talk about it. Because talking about **S E X** makes people uncomfortable. And because we want to pretend that good Christians have it all together and that life is a storybook of perfection.

And maybe your story will be.

But my story has not been. It has been messy. And even painful at times.

And here's the thing. My story is also beautiful. And full of grace and blessing.

And it is my story to claim and to explore and to seek meaning from. And to tell. Just as Andy's story is his to tell and to share.

One thing I'm sure Andy would agree with me about is that the courage we needed to live our difficult moments, or even to tell our stories was something we didn't have before we needed it.

I discovered long ago that the strength you need to get through a difficult time is something God gives you only in the moment you need it.

So don't think that we got through it because we are stronger than you, or better Christians, or whatever. We got through it because it was what needed to be done. And getting through a difficult moment is much better than staying in the middle of it but pretending it isn't happening.

File this away for when you face those difficult moments in your own life—

YOU ARE NOT ALONE. And if you look around in your life, you will find people who will help you through it. They may not be the people you expect. Some of the people who offered me living water were my good friends. But some of the people were acquaintances or even strangers who reached out to offer support.

We are never alone in the midst of our mess. **God is in our mess too.**

And when we are willing to live our story honestly, God will help us transform it into something new and beautiful.

Jesus has this way of calling us back to our own stories, no matter how much we might wish they were other stories. When he quietly makes his statement to the woman at the well, it becomes apparent that he isn't fooled.

When he tells the woman to go and bring back her husband, she realizes he knows her story. And not just the story she tells to the world.

And her reply is the simple truth. "I have no husband."

Because when you encounter someone who sees you as you really are and then engages your best self, the truth is the only answer to give.

We can fool each other, and we do.

We can put on our best face when we come to church, and we do.

But God is not fooled.

God knows our stories, and God loves us anyway. (on screen)

Jesus gives the Samaritan woman the gift of living water, and frees her from the daily task of coming to a well that will not satisfy. When I was in college, in the midst of my pain, I encountered him as well. Leaving my jar is what freed me to embark on the path to ministry.

Because, like the other woman at the well, I encountered someone who gave me such grace, I have had no other option but to keep running back to the city, telling everyone I meet all about him.

“Come and see a man who told me everything I have ever done! He cannot be the Messiah, can he?”

Yes. He is. A messiah of Grace, and Truth, and Life.

Amen

Confessional Sequence – washing of muslin in the fonts (lead by Marci)

You are invited to come forward to one of the fonts and rinse clean the confession you made earlier in the waters of our baptism.

As it is washed clean, it might leave a shadow.

Our lives are like that too.

God's grace cleans us for new living, and God's grace remains, but it does not erase the consequences of what we have done or who we were.

Afterwards, please take your washed clean fabric with you, tying it around your wrist as a reminder that you have been offered the gift of living water.

Friends, come to the water. Be cleansed. Be forgiven. Be renewed.

Song

Beautiful Things

Confession Sequence to End

Song

Light the Fire
10,000 Reasons

Benediction

Week 6- Tuesday Evening, 8/4 Worship Liturgy

Entrance Music

“Breathe In, Breathe Out” by Matt Kearny
“Come Thou Fount” by Chelsea aMoon & Uncle
“The Story” by Brandi Carlisle

Marci's Opening Sung Prayer (on screen)

Book Processional

“Storyteller” – Morgan Nichols

** Marci to direct all forward with books. PT members to stack books appropriately in corners of stage.

Call to Worship

One: Blessed be the name of the Lord!

**All: From the rising of the sun to its setting,
the name of the Lord is to be praised.**

One: The Lord is high above all nations;

God’s glory is above the heavens.

All: Yet God lifts up the lowly and humble in heart.

One: Then let us look to the Lord and be glad!

All: We will rejoice and give thanks for God’s mighty works.

One: Let us worship God!

Opening Song

Joyful Joyful We Adore Thee

God Be the Love

Call to Confession

One: Since we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses,
let us also lay aside every weight and the sin that clings so closely
by confessing our sins before God and one another.

Let us pray.

Prayer of Confession

One: For all the hard things we have said to one another

All: Forgive us, God.

One: For all the things we should have said, but didn’t

All: Forgive us, God.

One: For ignoring the lonely

All: Forgive us, God.

One: For changing ourselves just to be popular

All: Forgive us, God.

One: For going along with the crowd

All: Forgive us, God.

One: For listening to those who didn’t have our best interest at heart

All: Forgive us, God.

One: For asking you for worthless things

All: Forgive us, God.

One: For wanting what we don’t need

All: Forgive us, God.

One: For taking what we don’t want

All: Forgive us, God.

One: For taking for granted all the good gifts you give us

All: Forgive us, God.

One: For believing we are alone

All: Forgive us, God.

One: We believe in a God of second chances. We rely on the forgiveness and grace promised us

by Jesus. May we come to the table of Christ as new creations May we sit at the table as forgiven people. Amen.

Assurance of Pardon

God we often fall short of the mark. Then again, you never said this journey was an easy one. We carry such heavy baggage with us. We ask that you help us leave behind the things that we don't need. We also ask that you help us carry the things we can't give up yet. We know that someday you'll free us of all the things that hold us back or drag us down. Until then, we rest assured that you travel with us throughout the story of our lives. Thanks be to God! Amen.

Passing of the Peace

One: The peace of God's grace is meant to be shared with all of God's creation.

Let us share this peace with our neighbors that we might rejoice in the new life in Christ our Sheperd.

“The peace of Christ be with you.”

All: And also with you.

SONG

Listen

Prayer of Illumination (Unison)

One: Let us pray

All: Living God, help us so to hear your Word that we may truly understand; that, understanding, we may believe; and believing, we may follow your way in all faithfulness, seeking your honor and glory in all that we do. Amen.

Scripture

Gen 16:1-16

Now Sarai, Abram's wife, bore him no children. She had an Egyptian slave-girl whose name was Hagar, and Sarai said to Abram, 'You see that the Lord has prevented me from bearing children; go in to my slave-girl; it may be that I shall obtain children by her.' And Abram listened to the voice of Sarai. So, after Abram had lived for ten years in the land of Canaan, Sarai, Abram's wife, took Hagar the Egyptian, her slave-girl, and gave her to her husband Abram as a wife. He went in to Hagar, and she conceived; and when she saw that she had conceived, she looked with contempt on her mistress. Then Sarai said to Abram, 'May the wrong done to me be on you! I gave my slave-girl to your embrace, and when she saw that she had conceived, she looked on me with contempt. May the Lord judge between you and me!' But Abram said to Sarai, 'Your slave-girl is in your power; do to her as you please.' Then Sarai dealt harshly with her, and she ran away from her.

The angel of the Lord found her by a spring of water in the wilderness, the spring on the way to Shur. And he said, 'Hagar, slave-girl of Sarai, where have you come from and where are you going?' She said, 'I am running away from my mistress Sarai.' The angel of the Lord said to her, 'Return to your mistress, and submit to her.' The angel of the Lord also said to her, 'I will so greatly multiply your offspring that they cannot be counted for multitude.' And the angel of the Lord said to her,

'Now you have conceived and shall bear a son;
you shall call him Ishmael,
for the Lord has given heed to your affliction.

He shall be a wild ass of a man,
with his hand against everyone,
and everyone's hand against him;
and he shall live at odds with all his kin.'

So she named the Lord who spoke to her, 'You are El-roi'; for she said, 'Have I really seen God and remained alive after seeing him?' Therefore the well was called Beer-lahai-roi; it lies between Kadesh and Bered.

Hagar bore Abram a son; and Abram named his son, whom Hagar bore, Ishmael. Abram was eighty-six years old when Hagar bore him Ishmael.

Gen 21: 1-21

The LORD dealt with Sarah as he had said, and the LORD did for Sarah as he had promised. Sarah conceived and bore Abraham a son in his old age, at the time of which God had spoken to him. Abraham gave the name Isaac to his son whom Sarah bore him. And Abraham circumcised his son Isaac when he was eight days old, as God had commanded him. Abraham was a hundred years old when his son Isaac was born to him. Now Sarah said, 'God has brought laughter for me; everyone who hears will laugh with me.' And she said, 'Who would ever have said to Abraham that Sarah would nurse children? Yet I have borne him a son in his old age.'

The child grew, and was weaned; and Abraham made a great feast on the day that Isaac was weaned. But Sarah saw the son of Hagar the Egyptian, whom she had borne to Abraham, playing with her son Isaac. So she said to Abraham, 'Cast out this slave woman with her son; for the son of this slave woman shall not inherit along with my son Isaac.' The matter was very distressing to Abraham on account of his son. But God said to Abraham, 'Do not be distressed because of the boy and because of your slave woman; whatever Sarah says to you, do as she tells you, for it is through Isaac that offspring shall be named after you. As for the son of the slave woman, I will make a nation of him also, because he is your offspring.' So Abraham rose early in the morning, and took bread and a skin of water, and gave it to Hagar, putting it on her shoulder, along with the child, and sent her away. And she departed, and wandered about in the wilderness of Beer-sheba.

When the water in the skin was gone, she cast the child under one of the bushes. Then she went and sat down opposite him a good way off, about the distance of a bowshot; for she said, 'Do not let me look on the death of the child.' And as she sat opposite him, she lifted up her voice and wept. And God heard the voice of the boy; and the angel of God called to Hagar from heaven, and said to her, 'What troubles you, Hagar? Do not be afraid; for God has heard the voice of the boy where he is. Come, lift up the boy and hold him fast with your hand, for I will make a great nation of him.' Then God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water. She went, and filled the skin with water, and gave the boy a drink.

God was with the boy, and he grew up; he lived in the wilderness, and became an expert with the bow. He lived in the wilderness of Paran; and his mother got a wife for him from the land of Egypt.

After scripture read

One: This is God's story. This is the Word of the Lord.

All: Thanks be to God.

Sermon

Cue – Roderick Greer, and Episcopalian priest on Twitter said..”

Twitter quote below.

<blockquote class="twitter-tweet" lang="en"><p lang="en" dir="ltr">There are no voiceless people; only people who won't listen.</p>— Broderick Greer (@BroderickGreer) July 11, 2015</blockquote>

<script async src="//platform.twitter.com/widgets.js" charset="utf-8"></script>

Cue – “We used to live on the Navajo Reservation”

Picture.

Cue – “my privilege almost got in the way...”

Take down.

Then put back up twitter quote.

SONG

Let Justice Flow Down

Affirmation of Faith

**In a broken and fearful world
the Spirit gives us courage
to pray without ceasing,
to witness among all peoples to Christ as Lord and Savior,
to unmask idolatries in Church and culture,
to hear the voices of peoples long silenced,
and to work with others for justice, freedom, and peace.
In gratitude to God, empowered by the Spirit,
we strive to serve Christ in our daily tasks
and to live holy and joyful lives,
even as we watch for God's new heaven and new earth,
praying, “Come, Lord Jesus!”**

**With believers in every time and place,
we rejoice that nothing in life or in death
can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.**

Prayers of the People

All the pieces
Broken and scattered
In mercy gathered
Mended and whole
Empty handed
But not forsaken

O Lord you lift up the broken and grant healing to them
You know those who suffer,
Those who are sick,
And those who the ultimate healing is joining you in heaven.

You are in the story
You are our rock,
Our help in ages past

Give the silent, a voice,
Give the still, action
The blind, sight
The lost, faith

We pray for those who are punished for worshiping you
We pray for your grace to guide
Those ravaged by sin or natural disaster

We pray for our story

The pages where it hurts to look
And our new story in you

May love and forgiveness illustrate
The pages of our lives
and may the words of your lives be written into your story.
We pray in the name of the greatest story teller,
Jesus the Christ who taught us to pray saying...
Our Father who art in Heaven
Hallowed by 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.
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from evil
For thine is the power and the glory forever
Amen

Offering

“Thrive”
“Soul on Fire”

Prayer of Dedication

Song

You are Holy (Spanish Song)
Greatest of These

Benediction

Week 6- Wednesday Night, 8/5 Liturgy

Entrance Music

Marci Sung Opening Prayer (Words on screen)

Processional – candles process and dancers
“Washed by the Water” - Needtobreathe (acoustic)

Call to Worship

One: Who are you?

All: I am a child of God.

One: Who are we?

All: We are children of God, the family of faith

One: What does it mean to be children of God?

All: We belong to God who loves us and call us God’s own. In life and death, we are a part of God’s story.

One: Let us worship God together.

Opening Song

Sanctuary

Call to Confession

One: The Lord is good and forgiving.

All: God is love and is gracious to all who call upon him.

One: Let us trust in God as we make the confessions of our hearts

Prayer of Confession

Holy God, we come before you this week to learn our stories and to add onto the pages we've already lived out. Give us the strength to remember that you are the Almighty Author of our life. Good and bad may come into our life when we least expect it, but we know it is not without reason. You have written all the events in your Holy Book of Life. You know when we will grieve and shout with joy in our life. Things come and go in our life, but you are the one that knows our weaknesses, but gives us strength when we are lacking it. Help us to be tried and true for You. Lead us on our way to avoid temptation and purify us to carry out your word. Fill our hearts Lord with your Holy Spirit and take away all of our sins. All the glory and honor be to you the One who cares for us all. Amen.

Assurance of Pardon

One: Hear what the Lord proclaims:

“I shall give you a new heart; a new spirit I will put within you.

All: I will cause you to walk according to my ways so you shall be my people and I will be your God.”

One: Friends, believe the gospel.

All: In Jesus Christ we are forgiven.

Passing of the Peace

One: Since God has forgiven us in Christ, let us forgive one another.

The Peace of Christ be with you.

All: And also with you.

Prayer of Illumination

One: Let us pray.

All: God of mercy, you promised never to break your covenant with us.

In the midst of the multitude of words in our daily lives,

speak your eternal Word to us

that we may respond to your gracious promises

with faithfulness, service and love. Amen.

Scripture

Jeremiah 32:1-3a, 6-15

The word that came to Jeremiah from the LORD in the tenth year of King Zedekiah of Judah, which was the eighteenth year of Nebuchadnezzar. At that time the army of the king of Babylon was besieging Jerusalem, and the prophet Jeremiah was confined in the court of the guard that was in the palace of the king of Judah, where King Zedekiah of Judah had confined him. Jeremiah said, The word of the LORD came to me: Hanamel son of your uncle Shallum is going to come to you and say, ‘Buy my field that is at Anathoth, for the right of redemption by purchase is yours.’ Then my cousin Hanamel came to me in the court of the guard, in accordance with the word of the LORD, and said to me, ‘Buy my field that is at Anathoth in the land of Benjamin, for the right of possession and redemption is yours; buy it for yourself.’ Then I knew that this was the word of the LORD.

And I bought the field at Anathoth from my cousin Hanamel, and weighed out the money to him, seventeen shekels of silver. I signed the deed, sealed it, got witnesses, and weighed the money on scales. Then I took the sealed deed of purchase, containing the terms and conditions, and the open copy; and I gave the deed of purchase to Baruch son of Neriah son of Mahseiah, in the presence of my cousin Hanamel, in the presence of the witnesses who signed the deed of purchase, and in the presence of all the Judeans who were sitting in the court of the guard. In their presence I charged Baruch, saying, Thus says the LORD of hosts, the God of Israel: Take these deeds, both this sealed deed of purchase and

this open deed, and put them in an earthenware jar, in order that they may last for a long time. For thus says the LORD of hosts, the God of Israel: Houses and fields and vineyards shall again be bought in this land.

After scripture read

One: This is God's story. This is the Word of the Lord.

All: Thanks be to God.

Sermon

Cue – “Leviticus 25:23 says..”

Leviticus 25:23 **“The land shall not be sold in perpetuity, for the land is mine (says the Lord)”**.

Cue – “Didn't George Straight write a song about It”

Slide text (George straight lyrics) –

I've got some ocean front property in the land of Benjamin.

From my front porch you can see the siege.

I've got some ocean front property in the city of Jerusalem.

If you buy that, I'll throw in the Sea of Galilee.

Done singing, come off.

Cue - **Houses and fields and vineyards shall again be bought in this land.**

Slide text - Houses and fields and vineyards shall again be bought in this land.

Song

Christ Be Our Light

Affirmation of Faith

I believe in God the Father Almighty who began the story when the pages were blank.

I believe in Jesus Christ who lived and died for our messy stories in a time of guilt, forgiveness, and love.

I believe in the Holy Ghost who lives out our messy stories with us and continues to show God's love in our lives.

I believe that our story is not finished, that our pages are filled with faith and illustrated with mercy, and that we will continue to live on until Christ comes again.

Amen.

Prayers for Hope

Candlelight

Marci: Please be seated.

As we prepare to continue worship around Lake Susan we will be ushered from the auditorium and led to the lake.

LISTEN TO INSTRUCTIONS FROM MARCI

In just one moment, the ushers will come forward. Until that time, please remain seated until they guide you out of your pew, and to the proper door for dismissal. Be sure to stay with your line, so we can circle the lake completely and quickly.

Please continue in worship as Steve leads in SONG as Jerry leaves to Lake

Ushers, will you please come forward.

[LEADERSHIP AND PT, MOVE TO LAKE SUSAN with scripts!]

Out around Lake Susan

Jerry to lead in SONG: Down to the River (Jerry, give "sisters", "brothers" cues as people come out.

Sanctuary – LIGHT CANDLES IF THEY HAVENOT ALREADY BEEN DONE!

Andy: This chapter of our story ends here – illumined by candles, reflected love and light that has carried us through this piece of our story together. It is a beautiful ending before the start of our next chapter – a chapter that begins as soon as we turn away from this moment.

Marci: Soon you will go. But first let us pause to be grateful, for the people who have entered our stories and lives because of this week. Let us thank God for their mark in our stories as we whisper their names into the quiet of the night.

[PAUSE FOR WHISPERS!]

Clay: Think back to the stories that have shaped us – stories from scripture, heartaches, victories, memories etched into our beings that have made us who we are.

Joan: Your story continues from here. As you travel and learn, adventure and grow, know that all we are becoming is a gift from God – our Author, Redeemer, Protector, and Love.

Song – “BEAUTIFUL THINGS” – Chorus only!

YOU MAKE BEAUTIFUL THINGS

YOU MAKE BEAUTIFUL THINGS OUT OF THE DUST

YOU MAKE BEAUTIFUL THINGS

YOU MAKE BEAUTIFUL THINGS OUT OF US

Steve: Now, let’s take a moment to recognize the other stories you have going on outside this place.

Jerry: You have new challenges ahead of you when you return home, or when you embark on a college adventure in a few short weeks.

Anna: So, we want to pray for you now. Graduating seniors and those of you who are at Montreat for the last time as a conferee please raise your candles.

Nick: If your candles are not raised, take a moment to be grateful for this year, and the years to come – and people like these amongst you that will be part of your story. May God Bless you and keep you on your journey.

Drew: If your candles are not raised, please blow them out at this time and move to touch the shoulder of a person with a raised candle around you.

Katelyn: You with your candles raised, please hold them in front of you again. We are so grateful to have you bless this conference this year and in any years before. In small ways and big ways you have imprinted your story in the vast story of God's movement at Montreat.

Katie: Your stories have and will continue to make an impact for those around you.

Rob: So we around you are supporting you now and promise to pray for you as you leave this place.

Mary Helen: Let us pray. [PAUSE] Holy One, breathe into these stories still being created. Empower them with your strength. Enlighten them with your love.

Lindsay: Even as you are inscribing your story on all our hearts, give these conferees pens and paintbrushes, guitars and graphics to write along with you something incredible.

Aaron: Protect them, surround them with saints, enliven their stories with laughter and tears, love and prayers.

Ben: And remind them every step they are never alone. Through the powerful name of Jesus who walked in our shoes and shows us the way. Amen.

Please extinguish your candles at this time, but know the story is not over.

Song – “Story of Our Lives” (slow)

*THIS IS THE STORY OF OUR LIFE
STORY OF OUR LIFE SO FAR
WRITING PAGE AFTER PAGE
TRYING TO FIND OUT WHO WE ARE*

[**everyone** move around mics together. Omayra needs to be in the front!]

Omayra: As you leave this place, we invite you to share with one another a special kind of peace. In Puerto Rico, a popular saying is “Somos Uno” - much like Ubuntu, I am because you are. We are more whole when we are helping our stories unfold together – knowing we are one working into the kingdom of God. So give your hugs and say your goodbyes with the words “Somos Uno.” We cannot wait to see how your stories unfold. God be with you. Somos Uno, Montreat.

ALL: Somos uno

Week 6- Thursday Morning, 8/4 Script

Andy in middle of conferees crying about leaving

SCRIPT*****

Energizer Megamix

Songs

Uya Imose

Greatest of These

Song

Listen to the Word that God Has Spoken

Prayer of Illumination (Unison)

One: Let us pray

All: Come Holy Spirit! Come with the power of a great wind,

to clear out the cobwebs of our hearts,

or come stealthily, as close as our own breathing,

to whisper your truth into the silence of our lives.

However you come, come with the power to change us

that we might truly become the body of Christ in the world. Amen.

Scripture

Mark 16: 1-8

When the sabbath was over, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome bought spices, so that they might go and anoint him. And very early on the first day of the week, when the sun had risen, they went to the tomb. They had been saying to one another, 'Who will roll away the stone for us from the entrance to the tomb?' When they looked up, they saw that the stone, which was very large, had already been rolled back. As they entered the tomb, they saw a young man, dressed in a white robe, sitting on the right side; and they were alarmed. But he said to them, 'Do not be alarmed; you are looking for Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He has been raised; he is not here. Look, there is the place they laid him. But go, tell his disciples and Peter that he is going ahead of you to Galilee; there you will see him, just as he told you.' So they went out and fled from the tomb, for terror and amazement had seized them; and they said nothing to anyone, for they were afraid.

After scripture read

One: This is God's story. This is the Word of the Lord.

All: Thanks be to God.

Sermon

Here's the sketch. Let's show from 2:18 to 2:50

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4vuW6tQ0218>

Song Before Communion

Just Come. – on screen

Communion

Invitation to the Table

Jesus met his disciples—women and men, young and old—
and invited them to share his story.

Jesus still meets his disciples—women and men, young and old—
and invites us to be a part of the story.

That story gathers us around this table, to celebrate communion.

At this table, we receive the bread of new life.

At this table, we are called together from many stories into one story.

At this table, we are strengthened to go answer Christ's call.

Christ welcomes all and bids us to come and celebrate the feast.

Let us pray.

Great Prayer of Thanksgiving

The Lord be with you.

And also with you.

Lift up your hearts.

We lift them up to the Lord.

Let us give thanks to the Lord our God.

It is right to give our thanks and praise.

Eternal God,

it is right to give our thanks and praise.

We rejoice in your perfect story.

We give you thanks for your presence in the world and in our lives,
for the ways in which you are in each of our stories.

Loving God,

Tonight we come to this table looking to be fed.

We remember the stories of miraculous feeding,

of manna in the wilderness,

and the abundance of loaves and fishes,

and the miracle of the wine at the wedding in Cana.

We are reminded that all our stories are welcome at this table.

You welcome those who feel that they have answers and those who are still asking questions.

You welcome those who are strong and those who are broken.

You welcome those whom this table has great meaning and those who are still finding meaning
for the first time.

Gracious God,

pour out your Holy Spirit upon us

and upon these gifts of bread and cup,

that the bread we break

and the cup we bless

may be the communion of the body and blood of Christ.

By your Spirit make us one with Christ

that we may be one with all who share this feast,

united in ministry in every place.

As this bread is Christ's body for us,

send us out to be the body of Christ in the world.

Guide us as we embody your love and joy

through our own stories.

Help us to walk with one another in mercy and peace,

in justice and joy,

each and every day,

that your abundant grace and faith might flow in us wherever we go.

Through Christ, with Christ, in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
all glory and honor are yours, almighty God, Author of our stories,
now and forever.

We pray all of these things in the name of Jesus who taught us to pray, saying:

***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.
Lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil,
For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.***

Words of Institution

The story tells us that

On the night that Jesus was betrayed, he had supper with his friends in an upper room.
After giving thanks to God, he broke bread and gave it to his friends saying: "This is my
body broken for you. Do this in remembrance of me."

In the same way he took the cup, saying: "This cup is the new covenant sealed in my blood, shed
for your for the forgiveness of sins. Whenever you drink it, do this in
remembrance of me."

Each time we eat this bread and drink from this cup we together proclaim the saving
death of our risen Lord until he comes again."

These are the gifts of God for the people of God. Let us gather around the table together.

(directions for communion)

Prayer after communion (can do as unison prayer)

Let us pray.

*We thank you, O God, that by these ordinary gifts of bread and wine, we are reminded of your
extraordinary gifts of grace and steadfast love. Unite our stories as one, encourage us with
hope, and inspire us to love, that we may serve as your faithful disciples until we feast at your
table in glory. Amen.*

Songs

Story of Our Life
Awake My Soul

Benediction

