

Prelude

Welcome

Opening Words Christine Rohloff

There is joy in community when we worship together: work for justice, are the church.

Shout for joy.

There is joy in the ordinary times: the smiles of children, a good cup of coffee, tea, the smell of fresh baked bread, sunrises, sunsets.

Shout for joy.

There is joy in doing justice: when we march, gather petitions, dance and chant with a scholar, live as good stewards of the earth.

Shout for joy.

There is joy in the unexpected: notes from a friend, flowers for no reason, sun when rain is predicted.

Shout for joy.

There is joy in the struggle: the touch of a friend, a kind word, a hand held.

Shout for joy.

There is joy in who you are: the finishing of a project, doing a task well, learning a new thing, in being who we are.

Shout for joy.

Opening Hymn Hymnal # 17 “To You, O God, All Creatures Sing”

Prayer of Invocation Terence Elwyn Johnson

Love Divine, whose mercies are fresh with the morning and whose grace amazes us into joy: Grant that, in our worship and in our daily living, we may be deeply aware of the strength of your mercy. Move us to share that strength in the world. Amen.

Musical Response: Binder #34 “Be Still and Know”

Children’s Time

Word in Song: Nancy McDonald

Sacred Readings:

Extraordinary Lives

Lyrics by Steve Givens

It’s an ordinary time on an ordinary day.
It’s the simple things we do that take our breath away.
And, the more we pay attention to every day that fills our eyes,
The more we live extraordinary lives.

One day I stood out by the road,
And beyond my fields the river flowed.
Gold stalks shimmered in the light.
My soul on fire, my mind in flight.
It was just one moment in the sun,
A reckoning when the day was done.
A time to stand and be amazed.

For we spend our lives as we spend our days.
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The Summer Day by Mary Oliver

Who made the world?
Who made the swan, and the black bear?
Who made the grasshopper?
This grasshopper, I mean-
the one who has flung herself out of the grass,
the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,
who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down-
who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.
Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.
Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.
I don't know exactly what a prayer is.
I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down
into the grass, how to kneel in the grass,
how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,
which is what I have been doing all day.
Tell me, what else should I have done?
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?
Tell me, what is it you plan to do
With your one wild and precious life?

For the wisdom contained in these holy words we give thanks. Amen.

Sermon Jill Stratton

Hymn Binder #35 "For the Beauty of the Earth"

Prayers of the People (Lord's Prayer in front of binder)

How Shall We Do God's Work in the World

Binder #30 "Halle, Halle"

Prayer of Dedication

Gracious God, we give thanks.
We ask your blessings on these gifts of time,
talent, and treasure as we use them to do
Your work in the world. Amen

Hymn Hymnal #31 “All Things Bright and Beautiful”

Benediction

Postlude