
Worship Participants

Rev. Dr. Elizabeth E. Broschart, Heather Perryman, David Parris, Kent Shelton,
Bernadine Hayes, Barry Cutright and Brenna Takata

Tithes and Offerings

Prayer of Dedication/Offering

You lift us to our feet so we can walk with you, Loving God, and you fill us with your gifts so we may pour them out for those around us. Take what we offer and use them in that kingdom work which strengthens the weary, feeds the hungry, and gives hope to the despairing. Amen.

Please place your tithes and offerings in the offering plates at the front of the Sanctuary as you enter or leave.

The flowers that enhance our worship are given in honor of the many healthcare workers by Fae Smith and family.



God, How Can We Forgive

God, how can we forgive when bonds of love are torn?
How can we rise and start anew, our trust reborn?
When human loving fails and every hope is gone,
your love give strength beyond our own to face the dawn.

When we have missed the mark, and tears of anguish flow,
how can you still release our guilt, the debt we owe?
The ocean depth of grace surpasses all our needs.
A priest who shares our human pain, Christ intercedes.

Who dares to throw the stone to damn another's sin,
when you, while knowing all our past, forgive again?
No more we play the judge, for by your grace we live.
As you, O God, forgive our sin, may we forgive.

Look Who Gathers at Christ's Table!

Look who gathers at Christ's table! Hear the stories that they bring.
Some are weeping; some are laughing;
some have songs that want to sing. Others ask why they're invited,
burdened by the wrong they've done. Christ insists they all are welcome.
There is room for everyone.

Clouds of light surround the table; ancient followers appear,
saints confessing how they wrestled with their guilt, their doubt and fear.
Peter tells of his denying Christ was ever in his sight;
Paul relates his fruitless efforts to obliterate the light.

Their sad stories are repeated in a thousand different ways,
but they share one thing in common: they all end in thanks and praise
for the host who has invited north and south and east and west
to converge around this table, where all life is fed and blest.

Bring your joy and bring your sadness, and prepare to be surprised
by the host whose hands are wounded, who will open wide your eyes
when he blesses bread and breaks it— truth and manna from above! —
and then passes wine that wakens in your heart the taste of love.