



Thanksgiving Eve 2024



Grace Lutheran Church

3830 Gomer Street Yorktown Heights NY 10598

Christopher Chantelau Pastor, 914.223.0995

Greeting

P: The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all.

C: And also with you.

Prayer of the Day

P: The Lord be with you **C: And also with you.**

P: Let us pray:

C: Almighty God our Father, your generous blessings come to us anew every day. By the work of your Spirit lead us to acknowledge your goodness, give thanks for your benefits, and serve you in willing obedience; through your Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Isaiah 25

O Lord, you are my God;

**I will exalt you, I will praise your name;
for you have done wonderful things,
plans formed of old, faithful and sure.**

*Therefore, strong peoples will glorify you;
cities of ruthless nations will fear you.*

**For you have been a refuge to the poor,
a refuge to the needy in their distress,
a shelter from the rainstorm and a shade from the heat.**

*When the blast of the ruthless was like a winter rainstorm,
the noise of aliens like heat in a dry place,*

**you subdued the heat with the shade of clouds;
the song of the ruthless was stilled.**

*On this mountain the Lord of hosts will make for all peoples
a feast of rich food, a feast of well-aged wines,*

of rich food filled with marrow, of well-aged wines strained clear.

*And he will destroy on this mountain
the shroud that is cast over all peoples,*

**the sheet that is spread over all nations;
he will swallow up death forever.**



Then the Lord God will wipe away the tears from all faces,

**and the disgrace of his people he will take away from all the earth,
for the Lord has spoken.**

It will be said on that day,

Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, so that he might save us.

This is the Lord for whom we have waited;

let us be glad and rejoice in his salvation.

A Dark & Divisive History of America's Thanksgiving Hymn

Neil Young



Neil Young is an historian and the author of "We Gather Together: The Religious Right and the Problem of Interfaith Politics." His work has appeared in "Politico," "Slate," and "The New York Times." He hosts the history podcast, "Past Present." The following appeared in the "Atlantic" magazine in November 2017.

Though many now see it as a quintessentially American creation, "We Gather Together" actually originated from the religious strife of 16th-century Europe. Following the 1597 Battle of Turnhout, where a Dutch army led by Prince Maurice of Orange defeated the Spanish occupying forces in an area now part of Belgium, the poet Adrianus Valerius wrote *Wilt Heden nu Treden* to commemorate the victory, setting the words to an old Dutch folk melody. During the occupation, Dutch Protestants had been barred by the Catholic King Philip II of Spain from meeting with one another for worship. So, the "gathering together" that the song celebrated represented not only the end of religious persecution for the Dutch, but also the reestablishment of (Protestant) sectarian uniformity through the removal of heretical (Roman Catholic) outsiders.

The Pilgrims, who would arrive in Holland shortly after, probably heard the song during their brief time there. But they were unlikely to have brought it with them to Plymouth, as their strict religious practice meant they sang only psalms directly from the Bible. Instead, the song made its way to this continent with the Dutch who settled in New Amsterdam in the early 1600s, becoming a cherished hymn that generations of Dutch Americans in the Midwest passed down through the centuries and still sang in their native tongue.

The song's English version – and its connection to Thanksgiving – came from Theodore Baker, an American music scholar who encountered its German translation while studying at the University of Leipzig in the 1870s. In 1894, shortly after his return to the United States, Baker translated the hymn into English, naming it "Prayer of Thanksgiving." Starting in the early 1900s, Christian denominations began to include it in their hymnbooks.



That song's new title established its association with the holiday, but World War I and, especially, World War II secured its popularity. Where the hymn's mention of "the wicked oppressing" referred to the Spanish Catholics in the original Dutch version, Americans began to sing it with the threat of German Nazis in mind, as the music scholar Michael Hawn has argued. The song's request, "O Lord, make us free," voiced the plea of a country at war. And once victory had been won, the song offered an expression of gratitude while also evoking America's strongest sense of itself as God's chosen nation: "Sing praises to His name, He forgets not his own."

If war gave Thanksgiving and its unofficial hymn their meaning, it was in the seeming domestic tranquility and relative peacetime abundance of the 1950s that "We Gather Together" reached its cultural apex. Newspapers from the time reveal countless stories of the song being performed to commemorate Thanksgiving at church services, school assemblies, and community pageants across the country. "Nothing is more widely loved," *The New York Times* remarked in 1956, than the tradition of singing "We Gather Together" to begin Thanksgiving festivities. At a time when many Protestants and Catholics were caught up in the ecumenical movement to promote Christian unity, the song appeared to represent a spirit of interfaith communion, despite its anti-Catholic origins. And with another war, albeit a "cold" one, shaping the American imagination, singing the hymn as an interreligious anthem of national harmony could be seen as offering a rebuke to the godless Soviets.

Of course, whatever postwar consensus that may have existed at mid-century could not contain the coming reckoning with one of the nation's deepest sins. In that context, singing "We Gather Together" represented a cruel fantasy in a nation where law and custom segregated white and black Americans. But the song, much like its associated holiday, has often served more for mythmaking than for truth-telling. Indeed, the American celebration of national cohesion at Thanksgiving has always required overlooking how much of the country's history of "gathering together" has also depended on equal measures of exclusion and expulsion. . .

Although the nation's divisions today don't match those of 1863, nor do its traumas compare with those of 1963 (after Kennedy's assassination), the ties that bind in this Thanksgiving season may feel particularly fragile. Many Americans continue to sing "We Gather Together" each November, but they do so in a nation increasingly riven by hardened political polarization and social stratification. "He chastens and hastens His will to make known," reads the second line of the Thanksgiving hymn. Reflecting more on those words, Americans might hear the song not as an encouragement for self-satisfied celebration, but rather as a much-needed call to self-correction.



C Dm G C

1 We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's bless - ing;
 2 Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing,
 3 We all do ex - tol thee, our lead - er tri - um - phant,

G Am7 D7 G

he chas - tens and has - tens his will to make known;
 or - dain - ing, main - tain - ing his king - dom di - vine;
 and pray that thou still our de - fend - er wilt be;

G7 C Dm G7 C

the wick - ed op - press - ing now cease from dis - tress - ing,
 so from the be - gin - ning the fight we were win - ning:
 let thy con - gre - ga - tion es - cape trib - u - la - tion:

F G C Dm G7 C

sing prais - es to his name: he for - gets not his own.
 thou, Lord, wast at our side, all glo - ry be thine!
 thy name be ev - er praised! O Lord, make us free!

Prelude to the Presidential Proclamation

Garrison Keillor



Garrison Keillor is a writer, poet, storyteller, entertainer, and humorist. He is famous for his Lutheran satire about the fictional town of Lake Wobegon and his long running PBS radio show, "A Prairie Home Companion."

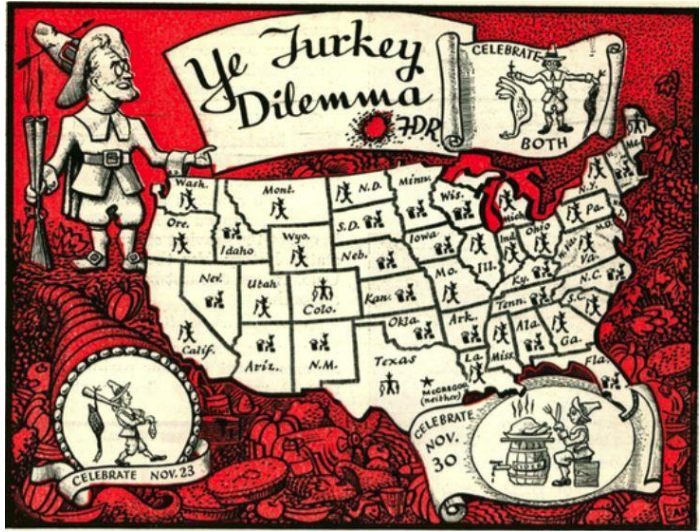
Today is Thanksgiving. Millions of people will sit down to turkey, cranberry sauce, and stuffing, to commemorate the celebratory dinner that took place in 1621 between the Pilgrims and the Wampanoag at what is now Plymouth, Massachusetts. The Pilgrims had fled religious persecution in England and endured a harsh ocean voyage on a ship called *The Mayflower* to land at Plymouth Rock; they were ill-prepared for winter and most of them perished or became severely ill during their first winter. The tales of turkey and sauce and stuffing are mostly untrue, however; most likely, the autumn feast was one of seal, swan, or goose. They didn't have pie, either, because they hadn't yet grown wheat; the same goes for mashed potatoes.

The first Thanksgiving probably wasn't the first celebration of mingled cultures, either. The Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans often paid tribute to their gods after the fall harvest. In 1565, Spanish explorer Pedro Menéndez de Avilés invited members of the local Timucua tribe to a dinner in St. Augustine, Florida. In the winter of 1619, when 38 British settlers reached a site called "Berkeley Hundred" on the banks of Virginia's James River, they gleefully read a proclamation designating the date as "a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God." And Native Americans, themselves, had a long tradition of feasting in celebration of the Fall harvest long before the Pilgrims ever set foot on shore.

It wasn't until 1863, during the Civil War, that President Abraham Lincoln proclaimed a national Thanksgiving Day to be held each November. He only did that after being pestered for years by Sarah Hale, author of the nursery rhyme "Mary Had a Little Lamb." For 36 years, she'd been sending letters to governors, senators, presidents, and other politicians, pleading for the establishment of a national holiday. Lincoln asked all Americans to ask God to "commend to his tender care all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners, or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife and to heal the wounds of the nation." He declared Thanksgiving to be on the last Thursday of every November, but President Franklin D. Roosevelt moved it up a week in 1939 to spur retail sales during the Great Depression. Not many people liked that date. They called it "*Franksgiving*," and it was later moved to the fourth Thursday in November.



About that pesky turkey: Alexander Hamilton once remarked that, "No citizen of the U.S. shall refrain from turkey on Thanksgiving Day," but the true origin of that bird's holiday popularity is up for grabs. Some say it's popular because the big bird can feed many people; some say turkey became popular because it was featured in Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol* in 1843, when Scrooge sends the Cratchit family a turkey. Regardless, Americans eat about 240 million turkeys a year during the holidays. The White House is now famous for pardoning its two Thanksgiving turkeys every year and giving them cute names like "Mac and Cheese," "Tater and Tot," "Flyer and Fryer," and "Honest and Abe."




Presidential Proclamation 2024

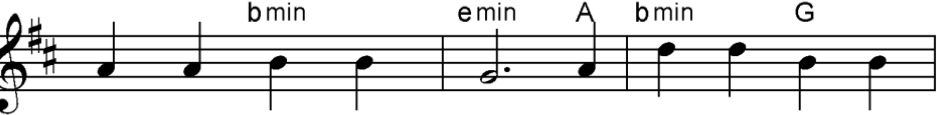
Joseph Biden



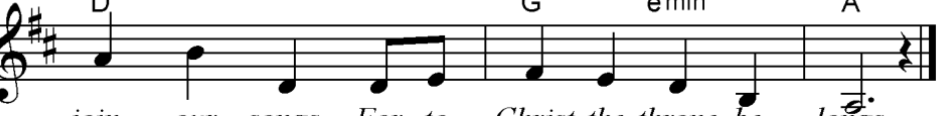
CANTOR:



O sing of God's great vic-to - ry! Je - sus'
This is the feast of vic-to - ry Of the
O is it not a mys-ter - y That our
All hon - or, bless - ing, glo-ry, might Sing his




blood has set us free! Let all his crea-tures
glo - rious Lamb a - bove. Now all God's peo - ple
Lord a Lamb should be, Who on the cru - el
hosts to Christ on high, All pow - er, rich - es,




join our songs, For to Christ the throne be - longs.
gath - er 'round For the ban-quet of his love.
cross was slain, But a - rose in heav'n to reign.
wis - dom strength. Now all his folk re - ply:

CONGREGATION:



 Sing we al - le - lu - ia, prais-es to the Lo - rd.



 Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu - ia!



First Reading

Deuteronomy 26:1-11

After being liberated from Egypt and wandering in the wilderness for 40 years, God's people were finally preparing to enter the Promised Land. As they were making their preparations God spoke through Moses saying; "When you have come into the land that the Lord your God is giving you as an inheritance to possess, and you possess it, and settle in it, you must take some of the first of all the fruit of the ground, which you harvest from the land that the Lord your God is giving you, and you must put it in a basket and go to the place that the Lord your God will choose as a dwelling for his name. You must go to the priest who is in office at that time, and say to him, 'Today I declare to the Lord your God that I have come into the land that the Lord swore to our ancestors to give us.' When the priest takes the basket from your hand and sets it down before the altar of the Lord your God . . . you must set it down before the Lord your God and bow down before the Lord your God. Then you, together with the Levites and the aliens who reside among you, must celebrate with all the bounty that the Lord your God has given to you and to your house.

Gospel

Luke 17:11-19

And it came about that while on the way to Jerusalem *Jesus* was going through the region between Samaria and Galilee. And entering a certain village, he was met by ten leprous men who stood at a distance.

And they called out, saying, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!"

And having seen *them*, he said to them, "Having gone, show yourselves to the priests."

And it came about that in their going away, they were made clean.

But one of them, having seen that he had been healed, turned back, praising God with a loud voice. And he fell on his face at Jesus' feet thanking him. And he was a Samaritan.

But Jesus responded saying, "Were not ten made clean? But the other nine, where are they? Was none of them found to return and give praise to God except this one not of our race?"

And Jesus said to him, "Having arisen, go! Your faith saves you."





1. On ward, ye pil grims that jour ney to Zi on, Sing and be joy ful, what
2. On ward, ye work ers that toil in the vine yard, Bear ing the bur den and
3. Ye that are thirst y and faint in the de sert, Come to the wells of sal
4. You who are near ing the val ley of sha dow, Look ing by faith to the



ev er be tide; Trust in Je ho vah, your Lord and your Shep herd,
heat of the day; Ne ver grow wear y, but la bor with pa tience,
va tion so free; Drink of their wa ters, their life giv ing wa ters;
bright gold en shore, They shall draw wa ter from wells of sal va tion,



All that is need ed His love will pro vide. Think of the pro mise, the
Heed not the thorns that are strewn in your way.
Come, there's a wel come for you and for me.
Beau ti ful prom ise, more pre cious than gold.



soul cheer ing pro mise, Left to en cour age the young and the old,

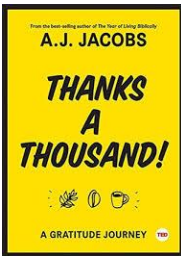


Trust in Je ho vah, you Lord and your Shep herd,
Ne ver grow wear y, but la bor with pa tience,
Drink of thier wa ters, their life giv ing wa ters;
They shall draw wa ter from wells of sal va tion,



All that is need ed His love will pro vide.
Heed not the thorns that are strewn in your way.
Come, there's a wel come for you and for me.
Beau ti ful pro mise, more pre cious than gold.





The idea was deceptively simple: New York Times bestselling author A.J. Jacobs decided to thank every single person involved in producing his morning cup of coffee. The resulting journey took him across the globe, transformed his life, and revealed secrets about how gratitude can make us all happier, more generous, and more connected.

It's a week later, and I'm back in New York, 6000 miles from the giant chickens and the cliffside roads of Colombia. I'm in line for my daily coffee from Joe. I'll soon taste beans whose hometown I visited. I know the beans won't be impressed, lacking consciousness and all, but it still makes me feel more connected to my drink.

I pick up my cup of coffee and tell the barista, "I'm very grateful for my coffee today." "As well you should be!" he says.

It's become our routine. I also thank the women restocking the lids and Java jackets, as I haven't seen her before. That makes 964 people I've thanked. Or thereabouts. . .

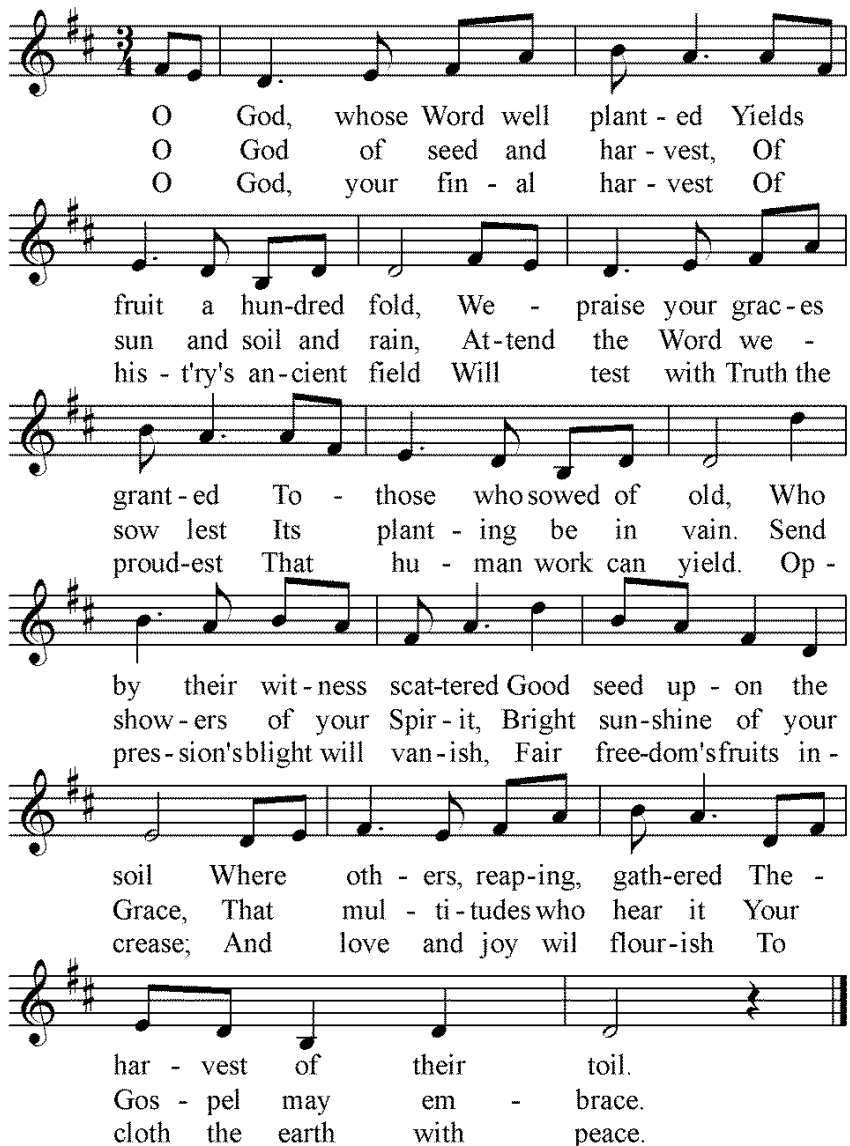
A couple of weeks later my phone chimes. It's a text from Chung, the friendliest barista in the world. She's moved to California, but she still texts the occasional "hello." I write back: "my son Zane pointed out that I should thank the parents of those who got the coffee, since they wouldn't be there without their parents. So can you please thank your parents for me?" . . .

Chung texts back a series of emojis and exclamation points. "Please tell Zane 'thank you.' And 'thank you' to you both for making me think more about all that I should be grateful for in my life." She said she's thankful for the sacrifices her parents made as immigrants. She says that after our talk, she realized gratitude is a discipline that needs to be practiced. It doesn't always come naturally, even to the glass-half-full types like her. Chung's text makes me smile like one of the emojis she just sent. Today, I have been happy, or at least non-grumpy, for more than half the day - which makes me grateful. Not long after, my own parents invite us to dinner at their apartment in honor of my approaching birthday. After we finished the pizza, the boys bring out the cupcakes and sing "Happy Birthday" to me. This is lovely, of course. But I've been thinking about Zane's advice. He's right. I should really be thanking my own mom, especially on this day. It seems odd that birthday celebrations are all about the kid, when they should really be about honoring the mom. The emphasis is askew. I mean, what did I do on that day several decades ago? I came out, I cried, I demanded food, I got a mediocre score on my Apgar. The real hero is my mom. She's the one who had her body dangerously distorted by my infant skull.

"Hey, guys, can you sing to grandma?" I asked. "I think we should be thanking her.



She did all the hard work.”
 My mom smiles and nods.
 “That’s sweet. And you’re right. You weren’t easy.”



O God, whose Word well plant - ed Yields
 O God of seed and har - vest, Of
 O God, your fin - al har - vest Of
 fruit a hun - dred fold, We - praise your grac - es
 sun and soil and rain, At - tend the Word we -
 his - try's an - cient field Will test with Truth the
 grant - ed To - those who sowed of old, Who
 sow lest Its plant - ing be in vain. Send
 proud - est That hu - man work can yield. Op -
 by their wit - ness scat - tered Good seed up - on the
 show - ers of your Spir - it, Bright sun - shine of your
 pres - sion's blight will van - ish, Fair free - dom's fruits in -
 soil Where oth - ers, reap - ing, gath - ered The -
 Grace, That mul - ti - tudes who hear it Your
 crease; And love and joy wil flour - ish To
 har - vest of their toil.
 Gos - pel may em - brace.
 cloth the earth with peace.

Affordable Housing in Yorktown

Sarah Wilson

Sarah Wilson is a member of the Yorktown Community, serving on the “Climate Smart Communities Task Force,” and a member of Grace Lutheran Church where she is the convener of



the Social Ministry and Green Team committees.

When I think about the holidays, I usually imagine us gathering with our friends and family. Although our homes may feel a bit crowded with extra visitors during the season, we are thankful that we can accommodate them, setting up a few extra folding chairs or an extra table in the dining room. However, some of our brothers and sisters live in substandard housing, with crowding and unhealthy environmental conditions all year round. Others allocate burdensome portions of their income to cover their housing costs, leaving little to cover their other costs. Some may have no permanent home at all, traveling from house to house to stay with friends or relatives for a while as they tried to make housing arrangements, or being housed in shelters. As we approach Thanksgiving . . . I pray for those who face homelessness. I pray harder for those who deny them shelter, period. Here in Yorktown, we have few affordable housing options, and there is no requirement that developers designate any portion of their proposed new units as affordable, meaning below market rates. We can, and should, do better than this. People languish on waiting lists for five years or more, hoping that a suitable unit will become available. I pray that all God's people may find adequate and affordable housing and I pray harder that our public officials take action to enable that equity and availability. Thanks be to God. Amen.

Blessing of the Stew Pot

Alla Renée Bozarth



Dr. Alla Renée Bozarth is an award-winning poet, Gestalt therapist, and Episcopal priest. She is the author of twenty-eight titles of prose books, poetry collections and audiotapes. Currently she lives near Mt. Hood in western Oregon, where she is the director of Wisdom House, a center for healing and spirituality.

Blessed be the creator
and all creative hands
which plant and harvest,
pack and haul and hand
over sustenance -
Blessed be carrot and cow,
potato and mushroom,
tomato and bean,
parsley and peas,
onion and thyme,
garlic and bay leaf,
pepper and water,

marjoram and oil,
and blessed be fire
and blessed be the enjoyment,
of nose and eye,
and blessed be color
and blessed be the creator
for the miracle of red potato,
for the miracle of green bean
for the miracle of fawn mushrooms,
and blessed be God
for the miracle of earth:
ancestors, grass, bird,



deer and all game,
 wild creatures
 whose bodies become
 carrots, peas, and wildflowers,
 whose bodies give sustenance
 to human hands,
 who's agile dance of music
 nourishes the ear

and the soul of the dog
 resting under the stove
 and the woman working over the stove
 and the geese out the open window
 strolling in the backyard.
 And blessed be God for
 All, all, all.

1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest tossed, When you are dis -
 2. Are you ev - er bur - dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
 3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
 4. So a - mid the con - flict, wheth - er great or small, Do not be dis -

U
 cour - aged, think - ing all is lost, Count your man - y bless - ings, name them
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man - y bless - ings, ev - 'ry
 prom - ised you His wealth un - told. Count your man - y bless - ings, mon - ey
 cour - aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man - y bless - ings, an - gels

one by one, And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done.
 doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
 can - not buy Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
 will at - tend, Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.



Chorus

Count your blessings, name them one by one; Count your man-y
 Count your man-y blessings, name them one by one; Count your man-y
 blessings, see what God hath done; Count your blessings,
 blessings, see what God hath done; Count your man-y blessings,
 name them one by one; Count your man-y blessings, see what God hath done.

Abundance

Eckhart Tolle



Eckhart Tolle is a spiritual teacher and self-help author whose first book, "The Power of Now," became a 2000 New York Times best seller after being recommended by Oprah Winfrey. The same happened to his 2005 book, "A New Earth."

Who you think you are is also intimately connected with how you see yourself treated by others. Many people complain that others do not treat them well enough. "I don't get any respect, attention, recognition, acknowledgement," they say. "I'm being taken for granted." When people are kind, they suspect hidden motives. "Others want to manipulate me, take advantage of me. Nobody loves me."



Who they think they are is this: "I am a needy little me whose needs are not being met." This basic misperception of who they are creates dysfunction in all their relationships. They believe they have nothing to give and that the world or other people are withholding from them what they need. Their entire reality is based on an illusionary sense of who they are. It sabotages situations, mars all relationships. If the thought of lack - whether it be money, recognition, or love - has become part of who you think you are, you will always experience lack. Rather than acknowledge the good that is already in your life, all you see is lack. Acknowledging the good that is already in your life is the foundation for all abundance. The fact is: whatever you think the world is withholding from you, you are withholding from the world. You withhold it because deep down you think you are small and that you have nothing to give.

Try this for a couple of weeks and see how it changes your reality: whatever you think people are withholding from you - praise, appreciation, assistance, loving care, and so on - give it to them. You don't have it? Just act as if you had it and it will come. Then, soon after you start giving, you will start receiving. You cannot receive what you don't give. Outflow determines inflow. Whatever you think the world is withholding from you, you already have, but unless you allow it to flow out, you won't even know that you have it, period. This includes abundance. The law that outflow determines inflow is expressed by Jesus in this powerful image: "give and it will be given to you - a good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, will be put into your lap."

The source of all abundance is not outside you, it is part of who you are. However, start by acknowledging and recognizing abundance without. See the fullness of life all around you. The warmth of the sun on your skin, the display of magnificent flowers outside of florist shop, biting into a succulent fruit, or getting soaked in an abundance of water falling from the sky. The fullness of life is there at every step. But let the acknowledgment of that abundance that is all around you awaken the dormant abundance within. Then let it flow out. When you smile at a stranger, there is already a minute outflow of energy. You become a giver. Ask yourself often: "what can I give here; how can I be of service to this person, this situation?" You don't need to own anything to feel abundant, although if you feel abundant consistently things will almost certainly come to you. Abundance comes only to those who already have it. It sounds almost unfair, but of course it isn't. It is a universal law. Both abundance and scarcity are inner states that manifest your reality. Jesus put it like this: "for to the one who has, more will be given, and from the one who has not, even what he has will be taken away."



The Prayers of the Church

P: Dear people of faith, gathered in this sacred space, let us give thanks

C: that we can come together, and that we have reasons to give thanks.

P: Let us ask God to renew our hearts, minds and spirits as we share this sacred time together.

C: I am thankful that I can be thankful.

P: We give thanks for the splendor and bounty of creation,

C: for the abundant harvest of farms, orchards, fields, forests, vineyards, streams, lakes and sea.

P: We give thanks for the places where we find shelter and safety.

C: For being dry and warm. For being welcomed and welcoming.

P: For storing and sharing. For living and dying in peace.

C: I am thankful that I can be thankful.

P: We give thanks for the freedom to worship, to work, to rest,

C: to speak out and speak up, to follow our curiosities and to pursue solutions to problems.

P: We give thanks that we have the will, the resources and the power to help.

C: For the agencies, organizations, communities and individuals here in Yorktown committed to reaching out and lifting up. For those who have been there for us when we were the ones in need. I am thankful that I can be thankful.

P: For the safe travels and warm homecomings

C: We give our heartfelt thanks.

P: For all that life brings that we may live it fully

C: We give our heartfelt thanks.

Passing the Peace

Offering





As saints of old their fir-st fru-its brought of or - cha-rd, flock, and
A world in need now sum - mons us to la - bor, love, and
In gra - ti-tude and hum - ble trust we bring our best to -



field to God the gi - ver of all good, the
give; to make our life an off - er - ing that
day, to serve your cause and sha-re your love with



source of boun-teous yield; so we to - day our
oth - ers too may live. The Church of Christ is
all hu - man - i - ty. O God, who gave your -



fir - st fru-its bring: the wealth of this good land, of
call - ing us to make the dream come true: a
self to us in Je - sus Christ your Son, teach



farm and mar - ket, shop and home, of mind, and heart, and hand.
world re-deemed, your king - dom come, all life in Christ made new.
us to give our - selves each day un - til life's work is done.



Offertory Prayer

P: Let us pray. Gracious God,

C: Acknowledging the many blessings received by your design and your grace, we offer these gifts back to the mission and ministry of your Church. May our response of thanks be pleasing in your sight and may you direct our offering to the sustenance and growth of your purposes; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Great Thanksgiving

P: The Lord be with you.

C: And also with you.

P: Lift up your hearts.

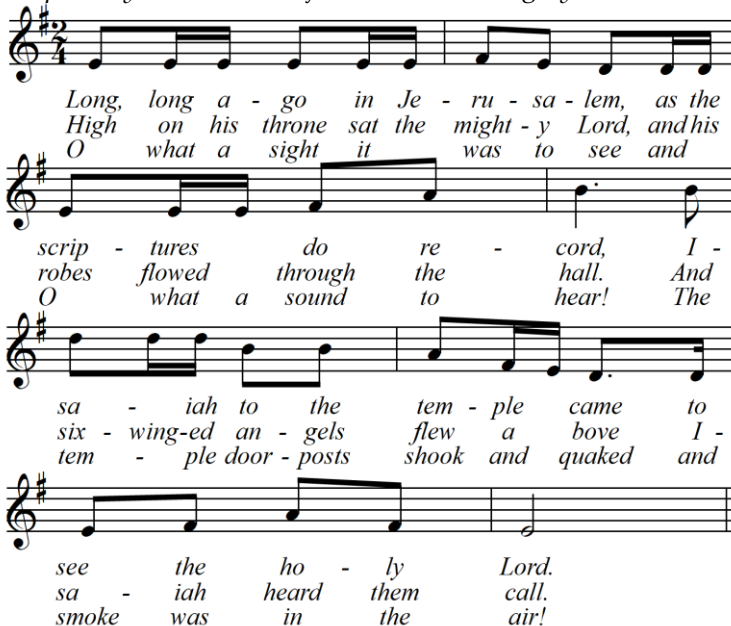
C: We lift them to the Lord.

P: Let us give thanks to the Lord our God.

C: It is right to give him thanks and praise.

P: It is indeed right and responsible that we should at all times and in all places offer thanks and praise to you almighty and merciful God, through our Savior Jesus Christ; who overcame death and the grave, and by his glorious resurrection opened to us the way of everlasting life. And so, with all the heavenly choirs and all the saints of every time and every place, we praise your name and join their unending hymn:

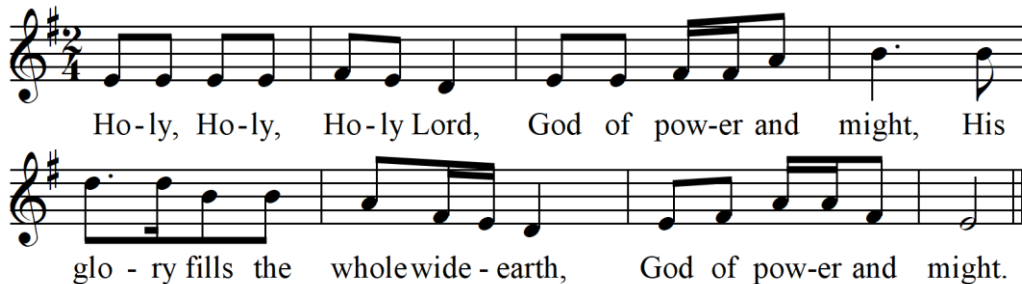
Cantor



Long, long a - go in Je - ru - sa - lem, as the
High on his throne sat the might - y Lord, and his
O what a sight it was to see and
scrip - tures do re - cord, I -
robes flowed through the hall. And
O what a sound to hear! The
sa - iah to the tem - ple came to
six - wing - ed an - gels flew a bove I -
tem - ple door - posts shook and quaked and
see the ho - ly Lord.
sa - iah heard them call.
smoke was in the air!



CONGREGATION



Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly Lord, God of pow-er and might, His
glo - ry fills the wholewide - earth, God of pow-er and might.

The Eucharistic Prayer

P: Holy, mighty, and merciful Lord, heaven and earth are full of your glory.

We recall and proclaim that in your great love you sent to us Jesus, your Son, who came as the Messiah, reaching out to heal the sick and suffering, preaching good news to the poor, and inviting all to your table through his sacrifice on the cross.

In that night in which he was handed over, our Lord Jesus took bread, and gave thanks; broke it, and gave it to his disciples, saying: "Take and eat; this is my body, given for you. Do this for the remembrance of me."

After supper, he again took the cup, gave thanks, and gave it for all to drink, this time saying: "This cup is the new covenant in my blood, shed for you and for all people for the forgiveness of sin. Do this for the remembrance of me."

Proclaiming his death, resurrection, and ascension, we gather here at this table as foretaste of his return and the fulfillment of the Kingdom. And calling to your remembrance, Father, these saving acts and the promises you have given through them we ask that you pour out your Holy Spirit of hope and fellowship. We come with willing and eager hearts to the feast you have prepared, proclaiming all glory and honor is yours, almighty Father, now and forever.

C: Amen

P: Lord, remember us in your kingdom, and teach us to pray:

**C: 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 trespasses,

as we forgive those who trespass against us;

and lead us not into temptation,

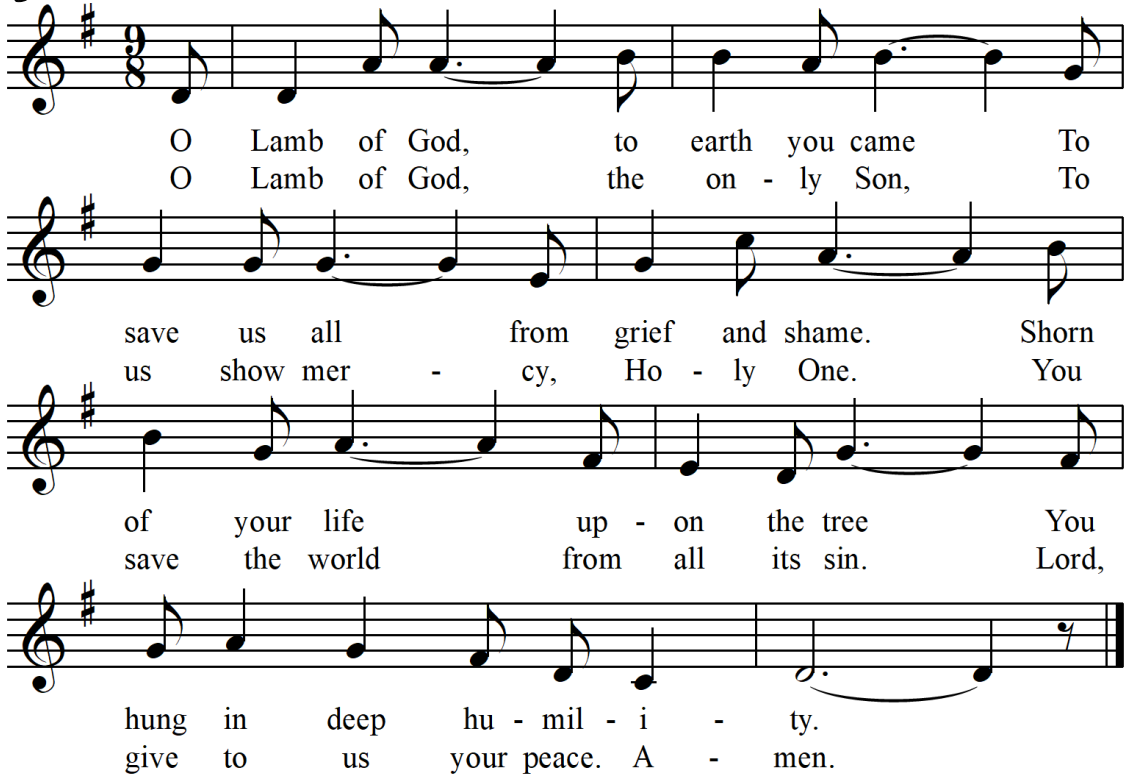
but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,

forever and ever. Amen.



Agnus Dei



O Lamb of God, to earth you came To
 O Lamb of God, the on - ly Son, To
 save us all from grief and shame. Shorn
 us show mer - cy, Ho - ly One. You
 of your life up - on the tree You
 save the world from all its sin. Lord,
 hung in deep hu - mil - i - ty.
 give to us your peace. A - men.

Distribution

Power in the Blood

Would you be free from the burden of sin?
 There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
 Would you o'er evil a victory win?
 There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.

*There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r
 In the blood of the Lamb;
 There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r
 In the precious blood of the Lamb.*

Would you be free from your passion and pride?
 There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
 Come for a cleansing to Calvary's tide;
 There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.

Would you do service for Jesus your King?
 There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
 Would you live daily His praises to sing?
 There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.



I'm pressing on the upward way,
 New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
 Still praying as I'm onward bound,
 "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

*Lord, lift me up, and let me stand
 By faith, on heaven's tableland;
 A higher plane than I have found,
 Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.*

My heart has no desire to stay
 Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
 Though some may dwell where these abound,
 My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.

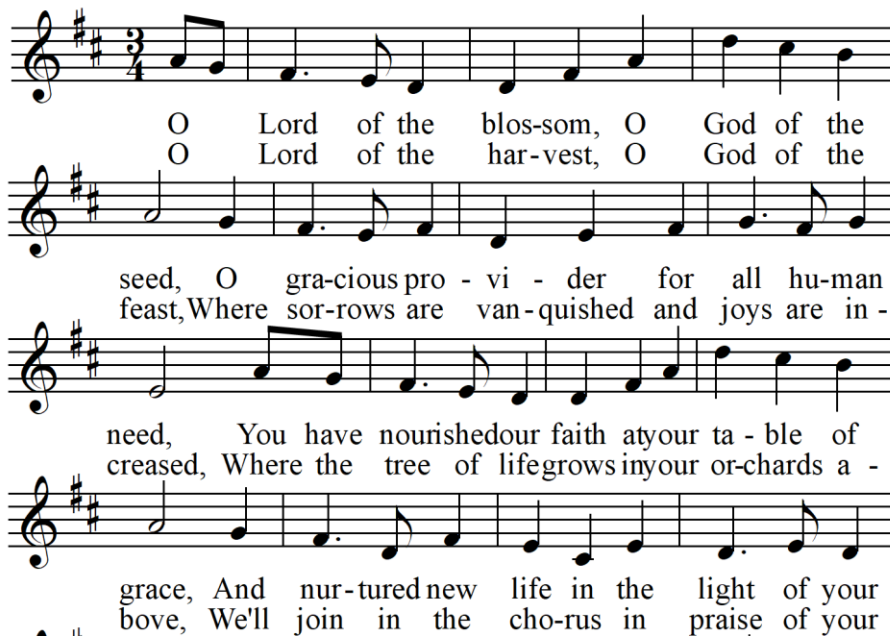
I want to live above the world,
 Though Satan's darts at me are hurled;
 For faith has caught a joyful sound,
 The song of saints on higher ground.

I want to scale the utmost height,
 And catch a gleam of glory bright;
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found,
 "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

Post Communion Blessing

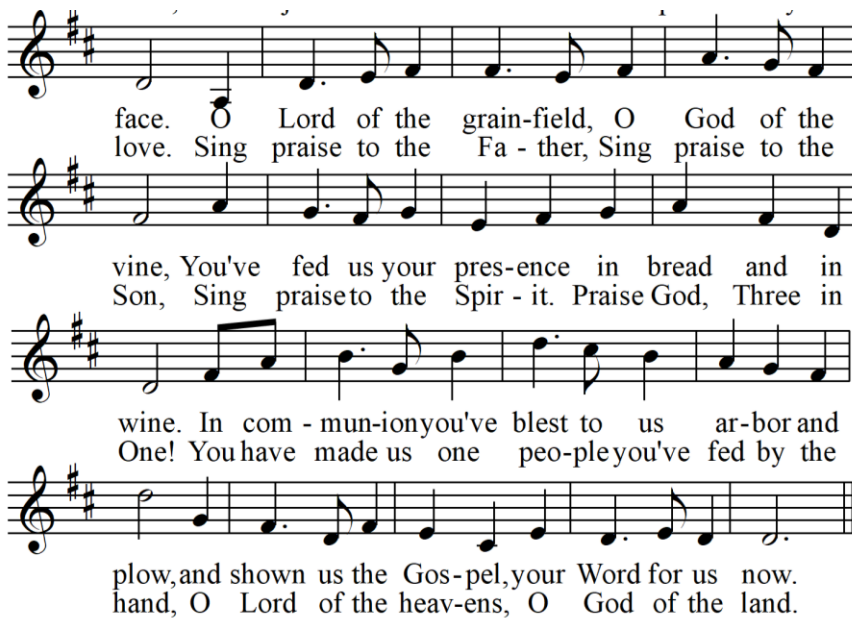
*P: The body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ strengthen you and keep you in his grace.
 C: Amen.*

Post Communion Canticle



O Lord of the blos-som, O God of the
 O Lord of the har-vest, O God of the
 seed, O gra-cious pro - vi - der for all hu-man
 feast, Where sor-rows are van-quished and joys are in -
 need, You have nourished our faith at your ta - ble of
 creased, Where the tree of life grows in your or-chards a -
 grace, And nur-tured new life in the light of your
 above, We'll join in the cho-rus in praise of your





face. O Lord of the grain-field, O God of the
love. Sing praise to the Fa-ther, Sing praise to the
vine, You've fed us your pres-ence in bread and in
Son, Sing praiseto the Spir - it. Praise God, Three in
wine. In com - mun-ionyou've blest to us ar-bor and
One! You have made us one peo-pleyou've fed by the
plow, and shown us the Gos-pel, your Word for us now.
hand, O Lord of the heav-ens, O God of the land.

Post Communion Prayer

P: We rejoice that you use the harvests of the field, the fruit of the vineyard and the fellowship of the table to fulfill your promise of an abiding presence in our lives. As we leave this sacred time, lead us out to faithful lives that manifest Your presence through all that we say and do. In Jesus' name we pray;

C: Amen.

Benediction

Recessional Hymn

Sing to the Lord of Harvest

1. Sing to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your alleluias raise.

By Him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move,
Sing to the Lord of harvest
A song of happy love.

2. Sing to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your alleluias raise.

By Him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom, and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing.

3. Sing to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your alleluias raise.
He filleth with his fullness
All things with large increase,
He crowns that year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.



[Instrumental Interlude for 2 Verses]

4. Sing to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your alleluias raise.
Heap on his sacred altar
The gifts his goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls he died to save.

5. Sing to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your alleluias raise.
Your hearts lay down before him
When at his feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore Him,
Who gave His life for all.

Dismissal

P: Go in peace and serve the Lord.

C: Thanks be to God.

