

Order for the Worship of God
November 22, 2020
Christ the King Sunday
11:00 AM Worship Service

WE COME TO WORSHIP

CALL TO WORSHIP (*Responsive*)

Leader: The Lord is the gracious Giver of every good gift.

People: The Lord is the generous Author of every blessing we receive.

Leader: Hold fast to your hope without wavering,

People: for God who has promised is faithful.

Leader: Surely God is our salvation;

People: trust in the Lord and do not be afraid.

All: Let us worship God.

OPENING VOLUNTARY

“Ode to Joy”

arr. Andrew Duncan

Celestial Handbells

Claire Cantin, Ellis Cantin, Aaron McDermott, Skylar Weidner

WELCOME & ANNOUNCEMENTS

HYMN

“This Is My Father’s World”

TERRA BEATA

Piano, Organ and Handbells

arr. Vicki Hancock

**This is my Father’s world, and to my listening ears
All nature sings, and round me rings the music of the spheres.
This is my Father’s world, I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas: His hand the wonders wrought.**

**This is my Father’s world, the birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white, declare their maker’s praise.
This is my Father’s world, He shines in all that’s fair;
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me everywhere.**

**This is my Father’s world, oh, let me ne’er forget
That though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the ruler yet.
This is my Father’s world, why should my heart be sad?
The Lord is King, let the heavens ring! God reigns, let earth be glad.**

CALL TO CONFESSION

PRAYER OF CONFESSION (*Together*)

Gracious Creator, you have given us so much, but too often we take those gifts for granted. Too often we place our wants and needs first, worried that there may not be enough. For all the times when we mistreat and misuse Your gifts, for all the times we assume that we get what we have by ourselves, forgive us and lead us back to the path of wisdom. In Jesus’ name we pray. Amen.

ASSURANCE OF PARDON

CELESTIAL HANDBELLS

“Funga Alafia”

arr. Stephanie Carson

Claire Cantin, Ellis Cantin, Aaron McDermott, Skylar Weidner

DUET

“I Believe”

arr. Stan Beard

(with the Bach-Gounod “Ave Maria”)

& Barry Tucker

Dennis Rasmussen and Michele White

*I believe for every drop of rain that falls a flower grows.
I believe that somewhere in the darkest night a candle glows.
I believe for everyone who goes astray, someone will come to show the way.*

I believe, I believe!

*I believe above the storm the smallest prayer will still be heard.
I believe that Someone in the great somewhere hears every word.
Every time I hear a newborn baby cry, or touch a leaf, or see the sky,
Then I know why I believe!*

*(Ave Maria, gratia plena: Dominus tecum:
Benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus. Fructus ora pro nobis,
Nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in ventris tui Jesus. Sancta Maria, hora mortis nostrae, Amen.)*

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE & THE LORD'S PRAYER

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; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

CALL TO OFFERING

HYMN #650

“O Beauty Ever Ancient”

ANCIENT BEAUTY

**O beauty ever ancient, O beauty ever new,
divine and Holy Presence, my being sings to you,
in gratitude, in worship my being sings to you!**

**O beauty in creation, in world of sound and sight,
O beauty in the silence, in darkness as in light,
in gratitude, in worship my being sings to you!**

**O beauty that is movement in liquid line of grace,
O beauty that is stillness in lovely form or face,
in gratitude, in worship my being sings to you!**

**O beauty of the Spirit where love is shining through,
O beauty ever ancient, O beauty ever new,
in gratitude, in worship my being sings to you!**

WE GROW IN THE WORD

VIDEO

“I’m Thankful For...”

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Psalm 95:1-7 (NRSV)
Philippians 4:4-9 (NRSV)

SERMON

“The Two Places Where God Presides”
Chris Curvin, Pastor

WE GO OUT TO SERVE

HYMN #367

“Come, Ye Thankful People, Come”

ST. GEORGE’S WINDSOR

**Come, ye thankful people, come; raise the song of harvest home.
All is safely gathered in, ere the winter storms begin.
God, our Maker, doth provide for our wants to be supplied.
Come to God’s own temple, come; raise the song of harvest home.**

**All the world is God’s own field, fruit in thankful praise to yield,
wheat and tares together sown, unto joy or sorrow grown.
First the blade, and then the ear, then the full corn shall appear.
Lord of harvest, grant that we wholesome grain and pure may be.**

**For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take the harvest home;
from each field shall in that day all offenses purge away;**

**give the angels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store in God's garner ever more.**

**Even so, Lord, quickly come to thy final harvest home.
Gather thou thy people in, free from sorrow, free from sin,
there forever purified, in thy presence to abide:
come, with all thine angels, come; raise the glorious harvest home!**

BENEDICTION

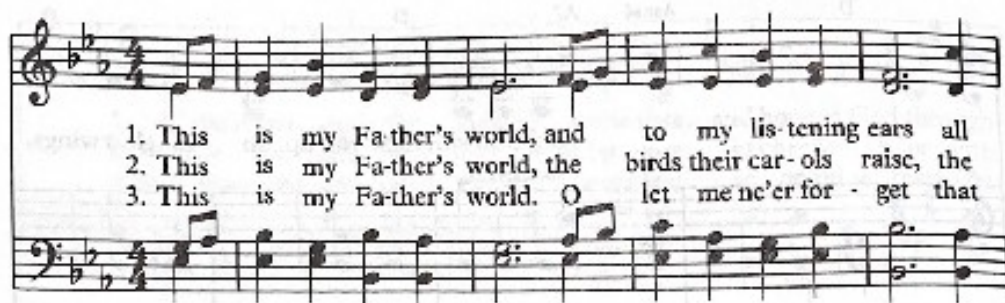
CLOSING VOLUNTARY

“Now Thank We All Our God”

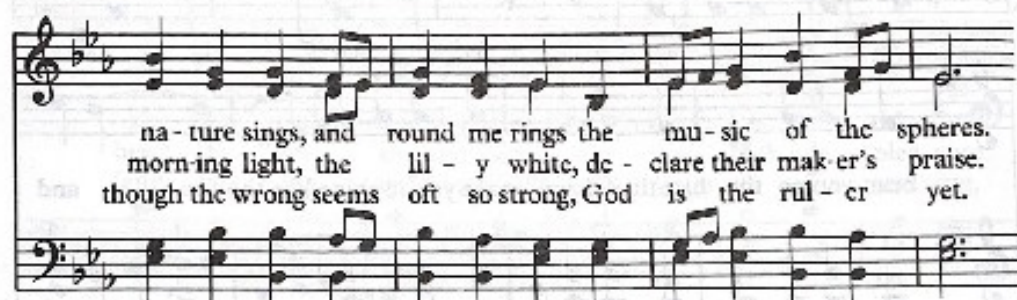
David Cherwien

Stephanie Carson, Music Director
Tom Huffman, Organist & Associate Music Director

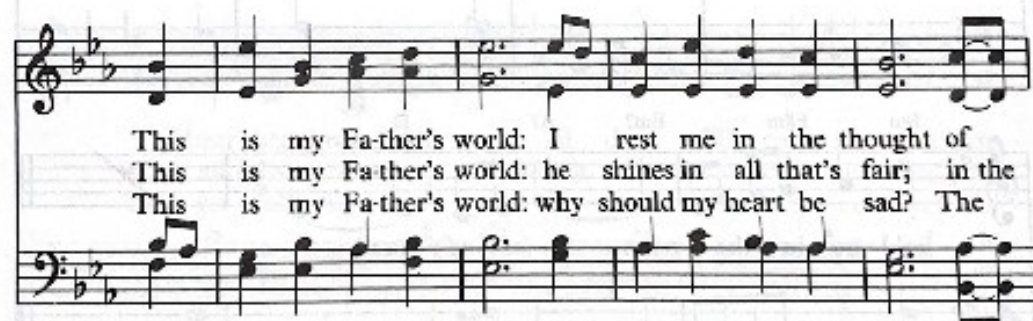
This Is My Father's World



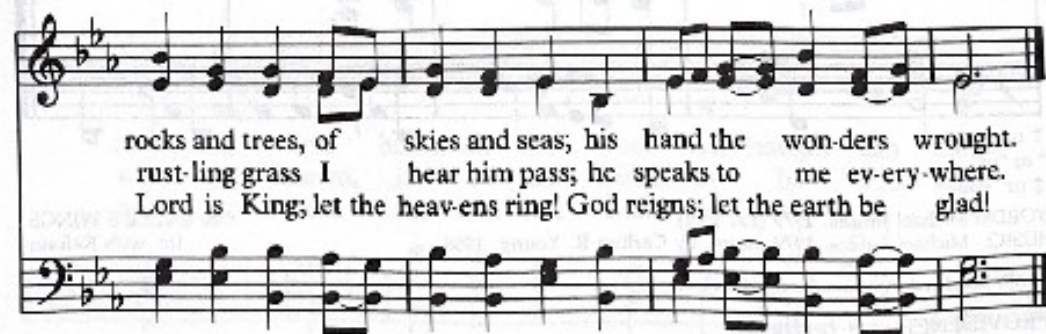
1. This is my Fa-ther's world, and to my lis-tening ears all
 2. This is my Fa-ther's world, the birds their car-ols raise, the
 3. This is my Fa-ther's world. O let me ne'er for - get that



na - ture sings, and round me rings the mu - sic of the spheres.
 morn-ing light, the lil - y white, de - clare their mak - er's praise.
 though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the rul - er yet.



This is my Fa-ther's world: I rest me in the thought of
 This is my Fa-ther's world: he shines in all that's fair; in the
 This is my Fa-ther's world: why should my heart be sad? The



rocks and trees, of skies and seas; his hand the won-ders wrought.
 rust-ling grass I hear him pass; he speaks to me ev-ery-where.
 Lord is King; let the heav-ens ring! God reigns; let the earth be glad!

WORDS: Malbie D. Babcock, 1901

MUSIC: Trad. English melody; adapt. by Franklin L. Sheppard, 1915

TERRA BEATA
SMD

CHEROKEE

Ooh nay thla nah, hee oo way gee'.
 E gah gwoo yah hay ee.
 Naw gwoo joe sah, we you low say,
 e gah gwoo yah ho nah.

KIOWA

Daw k'ee da ha dawtsahy he tsow'harw
 daw k'ee da ha dawtsahy hee.
 Bay dawtsahy taw, gaw aym ow thah t'aw,
 daw k'ee da ha dawtsahy h'ee.

O Beauty Ever Ancient 650

Capo 3: (D) (G) (Em) (C) (G) (Em) (A) (D)
 F B^b Gm E^b B^b Gm C F



1 O beau-ty ev - er an - cient, O beau-ty ev - er new,
 2 O beau-ty in cre - a - tion, in world of sound and sight,
 3 O beau-ty that is move - ment in liq - uid line of grace,
 4 O beau-ty of the Spir - it where love is shin - ing through,

(G) (Em) (F#7) (Bm) (G) (Em) (A) (D)
 B^b Gm A7 Dm B^b Gm C F



di - vine and Ho - ly Pres - ence, my be - ing sings to you,
 O beau-ty in the si - lence, in dark - ness as in light,
 O beau-ty that is still - ness in love - ly form or face,
 O beau-ty ev - er an - cient, O beau-ty ev - er new,

(D) (G) (Em) (C) (G) (C) (Dsus) (D) (G)
 F B^b Gm E^b B^b E^b Fsus F B^b



in grat - i-tude, in wor - ship my be - ing sings to you!

Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.

Both Psalms 29:2b and 96:6a encourage us to "worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness," yet celebrating the beauty of the holy God is not an end in itself but involves a call to oppose unjust ugliness. The beauty that draws us to God also urges us to work for mercy and justice.

367 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come



- 1 Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come; raise the song of har - vest home.
- 2 All the world is God's own field, fruit in thank-ful praise to yield,
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take the har - vest home;
- 4 E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come to thy fi - nal har - vest home.



All is safe - ly gath - ered in, ere the win - ter storms be - gin.
wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, un - to joy or sor - row grown.
from each field shall in that day all of - fens - es purge a - way;
Gath - er thou thy peo - ple in, free from sor - row, free from sin,



God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide for our wants to be sup - plied.
First the blade, and then the ear, then the full corn shall ap - pear.
give the an - gels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast,
there for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, in thy pres - ence to a - bide:



Come to God's own tem - ple, come; raise the song of har - vest home.
Lord of har - vest, grant that we whole - some grain and pure may be.
but the fruit - ful ears to store in God's gar - ner ev - er - more.
come, with all thine an - gels, come; raise the glo - rious har - vest home!



Despite its familiar Thanksgiving associations, the real concern of this text is to recall the harvest imagery Jesus used to describe the fulfillment of God's sovereignty. The tune name commemorates the royal chapel where the composer was organist for forty-seven years.