

**Community Church of Barrington
Communion Sunday
June 7, 2020**

I Remember Now in Silence

Lord,
plunge me deep into a sense of sadness
at the pain of my sisters and brothers
inflicted by war,
prejudice
injustice,
indifference.

that I may learn again to cry as a child
until my tears baptize me
into a person who touches with care
those I now touch in prayer
victims of violence
of greed
of addictions
prisoners in ghettos
in old age
in sexism
people with broken bodies
with broken hearts
with broken lives

Whom I remember now in silence before you
Because I have too often forgotten them
In the shuffle of my fretful busy-ness.

*From by Guerrillas of Grace: Prayers for the Battle
Ted Loder*

**Community Church of Barrington
Order of Worship**

PRELUDE

*Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy (Cindy Berry)
Looks Up to Thee (Rex Koury) The Old Rugged Cross (George Bennard)*

WELCOME and ANNOUNCEMENTS

CALL to WORSHIP

All Voices: We come to meet the God who is the master potter, the accomplished gardener, and the author of all beauty. We come to meet the God who shapes us into beautiful forms, prunes us into fragrant gardens, and makes us into ink-filled pens. You, our God, are the one with all wisdom and knowledge, we are the instruments you have fashioned. Use us to bring beauty and to write the story of Your love for all creation. Use us to be well crafted instruments in Your hand. Amen.

SCRIPTURE:

Dr. Samira El-Yasir

Jeremiah 18:1 - 6

The word that came to Jeremiah from the Lord: "Come, go down to the potter's house, and there I will let you hear my words." So, I went down to the potter's house, and there he was working at his wheel. The vessel he was making of clay was spoiled in the potter's hand, and he reworked it into another vessel, as seemed good to him. Then the word of the Lord came to me: Can I not do with you, O house of Israel, just as this potter has done? says the Lord. Just like the clay in the potter's hand, so are you in my hand, O house of Israel.

Acts of the Apostles 9:1-7, 17b - 20

Meanwhile Saul, still breathing threats and murder against the disciples of the Lord, went to the high priest and asked him for letters to the synagogues at Damascus, so that if he found any who belonged to the Way, men or women, he might bring them bound to Jerusalem. Now as he was going along and approaching Damascus, suddenly a light from heaven flashed around him. He fell to the ground and heard a voice saying to him, "Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me?" He asked, "Who are you, Lord?" The reply came, "I am Jesus, whom you are persecuting. But get up and enter the city, and you will be told what you are to do. . . ." [Then Anaias said,] "Brother Saul, the Lord Jesus, who appeared to you on your way here, has sent me so that you may regain your sight and be filled with the Holy Spirit." And immediately something like scales fell from his eyes, and his sight was restored. Then he got up and was baptized, and after taking some food, he regained his strength. For several days he was with the disciples in Damascus, and immediately he began to proclaim Jesus in the synagogues, saying, "He is the Son of God."

One Voice:	The word of God, for the people of God.
Many Voices:	Thanks be to God.

GLORIA PATRI

#806

Glory to the Father, glory to the Son, glory to the Holy Spirit, Three in One; as it was in the beginning, is now, and shall be, world without end. Amen

CHILDREN'S MOMENT and LORD'S PRAYER

Dr. Samira El-Yasir

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.

GATHERING the JOYS and CONCERNS of the CHURCH

CALL to PRAYER

Sweet Hour of Prayer

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, that calls me from a world of care.

And bids me at my Father's throne, makes all my wants and wishes known.

In seasons of distress and grief, my soul has often found release.

And oft, escaped, the tempter's snare, by thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

SILENT PETITIONS and PASTORAL PRAYER

ANTHEM

Prayer of St. Francis

The well-known prayer on the cover of the bulletin is attributed to St. Francis, who lived from 1181 to 1226.

The musical setting is by Ed Harris.

O Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace.

Where there is hatred, let me sow love;

Where there is injury, let me sow pardon;

Where there is doubt, let me sow faith;

Where there is despair, let me sow hope.

O Lord, where there is darkness, let there be light.

O Lord, where there is sadness, let there be joy.

O, Divine Master, Grant that I seek rather to comfort
Than to be comforted.

To understand, than to be understood;

To love, than to be loved.

It is in giving that we receive.

It is in pardoning that we are pardoned.

It is in dying that we are now born to a new life.

O Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace.

PRAYER for ILLUMINATION

One Voice: May the words of my mouth,

All Voices: **And the meditations of our hearts, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our Strength and our Redeemer. Amen. (Psalm 19)**

SERMON

On Being Instrumental

Rev. Zina Jacque

INVITATION to the TABLE

One Voice: Jesus said, "I am the bread of life. You who come to me shall not hunger; you who believe in me shall never thirst." Christ, our Lord, who gave Himself in such great love, invites to His table all who love Him and seek to grow into His likeness. Let us draw near, with faith, and in humble confession.

Many Voices: God of grace and communion, we confess that we have failed to love You with all our heart, soul and mind. By Your mercy grant us Your forgiveness and strengthen us in our love for You as we partake of the bread and cup, symbols of Your life, given for us.

One Voice: Come to the table, see yourself as Christ sees you, precious, chosen, beloved and worthy of the sacrifice of His very life.

WORDS OF INSTITUTION

SHARING of the BREAD

At the Table of the Lord

Arr. By Jay Althouse

At the table of the Lord bread is broken.

At the table of the Lord we are fed.

We remember now the words that Christ has spoken:

“This is my body,” He said.

At the table of the Lord, in thanksgiving,

We have come to drink the wine which is poured.

We remember Him, who died for us, now living,

We remember Christ, our Lord.

At the table of the Lord, we are meeting,

In communion, we are many in one.

For wherever we are gathered, there our Lord will be,

At the table of the Lord, we shall be free.

SHARING OF THE CUP

Lamb of God

The words and music to today's anthem were written by Twila Paris and arrangement by Lloyd Larson.

Your only son, no sin to hide, but you have sent him from your side

To walk upon this guilty sod, and to become the Lamb of God.

Your gift of love they crucified, they laughed and scorned him as he died,

The humble King they named a fraud, and sacrificed the Lamb of God.

O Lamb of God, sweet Lamb of God; I love the holy Lamb of God.

O wash me in his precious blood. My Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God.

I was so lost I should have died, but you have brought me to your side

To be led by your staff and rod, and to be called a lamb of God.

O Lamb of God, sweet Lamb of God; I love the holy Lamb of God.

O wash me in his precious blood, till I am just a lamb of God. (repeats)

PRAYER of THANKSGIVING (unison) **Our God we recognize it is by grace, through faith, that we have been invited to this table and we have been saved. We humbly acknowledge that our participation in this supper is based on nothing we have done or can ever do. Our place at Your table is possible only through God's great gift of the Son. For this we thank You and praise Your holy name. Amen.**

BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE

How Great Thou Art

Arr. Larry Shackley