

The Downtown Presbyterian Church
Order of Worship for September 20, 2020
Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost

Opening Voluntary

Prelude on *Land of Rest*
melody used for hymn "Jerusalem My Happy Home"
William Taylor, organ

George Shearing

Welcome

Call to Worship

"Morning Has Broken"
Amy Finka, cantor

Prayer of Renewal

led by Chuck Cardona

*Fresh as each morning you come to us, Crafter of manna.
Your grace rests gently upon us, waiting to be gathered,
to become the bread of life we share throughout the day.*

*Fresh as compassion's justice, you come to us, Servant of the poor.
You show us the least and the last so we can make them first in our hearts and hopes.
Doing no wrong, you make us right with God for all time.*

*Fresh as the water which turns a desert into a meadowland of flowers,
Spirit of uninterrupted grace, you come to us.
When we would grumble, you give us the gospel to live out;
when we would protest you teach us songs of praise;
when we would utter laments, you fill us with God's laughter.*

God in community, Holy in One, renew us with your presence.

(Silent prayer)

Assurance of God's Grace

*May the peace of Christ be with you.
And also with you.*

Announcements

Children's Message

Prayer for Illumination

Scripture Reading

Exodus 16:2-15

read by Holly Kellar

The whole Israelite community complained against Moses and Aaron in the desert. 3 The Israelites said to them, "Oh, how we wish that the Lord had just put us to death while we were still in the land of Egypt. There we could sit by the pots cooking meat and eat our fill of bread. Instead, you've brought us out into this desert to starve this whole assembly to death."

Then the Lord said to Moses, "I'm going to make bread rain down from the sky for you. The people will go out each day and gather just enough for that day. In this way, I'll test them to see whether or not they follow my Instruction. On the sixth day, when they measure out what they have collected, it will be twice as much as they collected on other days." So Moses and Aaron said to all the Israelites, "This

evening you will know that it was the Lord who brought you out of the land of Egypt. And in the morning you will see the Lord's glorious presence, because your complaints against the Lord have been heard. Who are we? Why blame us?" Moses continued, "The Lord will give you meat to eat in the evening and your fill of bread in the morning because the Lord heard the complaints you made against him. Who are we? Your complaints aren't against us but against the Lord."

Then Moses said to Aaron, "Say to the whole Israelite community, 'Come near to the Lord, because he's heard your complaints.'" As Aaron spoke to the whole Israelite community, they turned to look toward the desert, and just then the glorious presence of the Lord appeared in the cloud.

The Lord spoke to Moses, "I've heard the complaints of the Israelites. Tell them, 'At twilight you will eat meat. And in the morning you will have your fill of bread. Then you will know that I am the Lord your God.'"

In the evening a flock of quail flew down and covered the camp. And in the morning there was a layer of dew all around the camp. When the layer of dew lifted, there on the desert surface were thin flakes, as thin as frost on the ground. When the Israelites saw it, they said to each other, "What is it?" They didn't know what it was.

Moses said to them, "This is the bread that the Lord has given you to eat."

Sermon

Rev. Mike Wilson

Special Music

*"Bread of Heaven, On Thee We Feed"
Amy Finka, soprano*

Hugh Davies, arr.

*Bread of heaven, on thee we feed, for thou art our food indeed.
Ever may our souls be fed with this true and living Bread,
day by day with strength supplied through the life of Christ who died.*

*Vine of heaven, thy love supplies this blest cup of sacrifice.
'Tis thy wounds our healing give; to thy cross we look and live.
Thou our life! O let us be rooted, grafted, built on thee.*

— Josiah Conder

Pastoral Prayer & The Lord's Prayer

Recognition of Departing Member

Holly Kellar

Hymn

*"God, Whose Giving Knows No Ending"
Amy Finka, cantor*

Charge and Benediction

Closing Voluntary

Three Liturgical Preludes for Organ: III. Chorale

Gordon Young

Morning Has Broken



1 Morn-ing has bro - ken like the first morn - ing; black-bird has
 2 Sweet the rain's new fall sun - lit from heav - en, like the first
 3 Mine is the sun - light! Mine is the morn - ing, born of the



spo - ken like the first bird. Praise for the sing - ing! Praise for the
 dew - fall on the first grass. Praise for the sweet-ness of the wet
 one light E - den saw play! Praise with e - la - tion; praise ev - ery



morn - ing! Praise for them, spring - ing fresh from the Word!
 gar - den, sprung in com - plete - ness where God's feet pass.
 morn - ing, God's re - cre - a - tion of the new day!

This 20th-century text was created to provide words for this traditional tune named for a small village on the Isle of Mull, off the west coast of Scotland. Through repeated use of "new" and "first," each morning is treated as a re-creation of the promise of the original day.

TEXT: Eleanor Farjeon, 1931, alt.
 MUSIC: Gaelic melody; arr. Beverly A. Howard, 2012
 Text © David Higham Assoc., Ltd.
 Music Arr. © 2012 Beverly A. Howard

BUNESSAN
 5.5.5.4.D

God, Whose Giving Knows No Ending

Capo 3: (D) (Bm) (G)
F Dm B \flat

1 God, whose giv - ing knows no end - ing, from your rich and
2 Skills and time are ours for press - ing toward the goals of
3 Trea - sure, too, you have en - trust - ed, gain through powers your

(D) (Bm)
F Dm

end - less store, na - ture's won - der, Je - sus' wis - dom, cost - ly
Christ, your Son: all at peace in health and free - dom, rac - es
grace con - ferred: ours to use for home and kin - dred, and to

(G) (D) (A)
B \flat F C

cross, grave's shat - tered door: gift - ed by you, we turn
joined, the church made one. Now di - rect our dai - ly
spread the gos - pel word. O - pen wide our hands in

(Bm) (F \sharp m) (Bm) (G) (A) (D)
Dm Am Dm B \flat C F

to you, of - fer - ing up our - selves in praise; thank - ful song shall
la - bor, lest we strive for self a - lone. Born with tal - ents,
shar - ing, as we heed Christ's age - less call, heal - ing, teach - ing,

(Bm) (G) (D)
Dm B \flat F

rise for - ev - er, gra - cious do - nor of our days.
make us ser - vants fit to an - swer at your throne.
and re - claim - ing, serv - ing you by lov - ing all.

This text on stewardship was one of about 450 submissions in a search for such hymns conducted by the Hymn Society of America in 1961. These words are well grounded by their musical setting, an early American shape note tune named for a Baptist church in Harris County, Georgia.

TEXT: Robert L. Edwards, 1961, alt.
MUSIC: *The Sacred Harp*, 1844; harm. James H. Wood, 1958
Text © 1961, ren. 1989 *The Hymn Society* (admin. Hope Publishing Company)
Music Harm. © 1958, ren. 1986 Broadman Press (admin. Music Services)

BEACH SPRING
8.7.8.7.D