

November 7, 2021

Stewardship Celebration

11 A.M.

Flowers are given by **Gib Mitchell** in grateful thanks to our church family
for all the prayers during my surgery and recovery

PRELUDE

Andante, from Sonata in E minor
Betsy Traba, flute

J.S. Bach

INVITATION

*OPENING HYMN

God Whose Giving Knows No Ending

#565

**God, whose giving knows no ending, from Your rich and endless store,
Nature's wonder, Jesus' wisdom, costly cross, grave's shattered door:
Gifted by You, we turn to You offering up ourselves in praise;
Thankful song shall rise forever, gracious donor of our days.**

**Skills and time are ours for serving, that Your will on earth be done:
All at peace in health and freedom, races joined, the Church made one.
Now direct our daily labor, lest we strive for self alone;
Born with talents, make us servants fit to answer at Your throne.**

**Treasure, too, You have entrusted, gain through powers Your grace conferred;
Ours to use for home and kindred, and to spread the gospel Word.
Open wide our hands in sharing as we heed Christ's ageless call,
Healing, teaching, and reclaiming, honoring You by loving all.**

**Lend Your joy to all our giving, let it light our pilgrim way;
From the night of anxious keeping. Loose us into generous day.
Then when years on earth are over, and we've lived our human span,
God, fulfill beyond our dreaming, all our stewardship began.**

OPENING PRAYER

For centuries, O God, people have brought offerings to You. We give because we realize that *all* life is a gift from You; every breath; every moment; each relationship that warms our hearts; each God goosebump moment that stirs our soul; each time we gather as Your people. Every day of our life is like Christmas morning with Your gifts ready to be unwrapped. Yet, O God, we confess that the narrative of scarcity is powerful and pervasive and persuasive in our lives. It is easy for us to spot what comes up lacking. We are experts at noticing what comes up short. Because we worry about our own fumbles and stumbles, we instead want to cling to control. Help us, God. Open us to the truth that all life is but a gift from You. Let that truth interrupt and intercede and enter our hearts. We pause, O God, in Your presence this moment as we dedicate our whole lives to You on this Stewardship Sunday.

Silent Prayer

REASSURANCE: POEM/PRAYER by Mary Oliver

CELEBRATION of STEWARDSHIP for 2022

Jim Butterworth, vice moderator

ANTHEM

Come to the Music

Joseph Martin

Celebrate, celebrate! Come to the music. Celebrate, celebrate! Come to the dance. Celebrate, celebrate! Sing alleluia. Celebrate, celebrate! Clap our hands. Come to the music and let alleluias surround you. Come to the music and let each hosanna astound you. Come hear the jubilant song of creation. Come hear the music which rings as a hope to the nations. Celebrate. Celebrate. Music is the sound of creation: crashing sea and mourning dove. Music is the voice of worship. Music lifts our hearts above. Music is our common language. Music is the song of love. Celebrate, celebrate! Gloria, gloria, sing alleluia. Gloria, gloria, sing to the Lord. Gloria, gloria, sing alleluia. Gloria, gloria sing evermore. Gloria, gloria Deo. Come to the music. Alleluia!

PRAYER

God, Your giving knows no ending; Your love is poured out into our lives; You invite us into a holy dance where we can cut loose from the narratives that confine and define. You, O God, call us to celebrate that You craft and create each of us in Your image. This morning, we re-dedicate our life to God. We know, O God, this is more than a number we wrote on a piece of paper. This is about our calendars; our words; our actions; our very being as reflecting who and whose we are. This piece of paper in this basket is simply a portal to a deeper truth, if we are willing to go there. Of course, we can talk about budgets and vote on salaries and talk about air conditioners because that is easier to wrap our minds around. We pray, O God, for our stewardship to be an expansive experience and an encounter with You, gracious and loving Giver of every moment. Take our gifts and let them be a blessing to our whole community. Take each moment and every day, let us be caught up in ceaseless praise. Alleluia. Alleluia and Amen.

ENGAGING SCRIPTURE

Matthew 7:24-29

²⁴“Everyone then who hears these words of Mine and acts on them will be like a wise man who built his house on rock. ²⁵The rain fell, the floods came, and the winds blew and beat on that house, but it did not fall, because it had been founded on rock. ²⁶And everyone who hears these words of Mine and does not act on them will be like a foolish man who built his house on sand. ²⁷The rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat against that house, and it fell—and great was its fall!” ²⁸Now when Jesus had finished saying these things, the crowds were astounded at His teaching, ²⁹for He taught them as one having authority, and not as their scribes.

SERMON

Homemaking: Creating a Foundation for Faith

HYMN

My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less

#403

**My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' love and righteousness;
I dare not trust this earthly frame, but wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; all other ground is sinking sand,
all other ground is sinking sand.**

**When shadows veil my Savior's face, I rest upon unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale, my anchor holds within the veil
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; all other ground is sinking sand,**

all other ground is sinking sand.

**Christ's oath and covenant and blood support me in the rising flood;
When all around my soul gives way, Christ then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; all other ground is sinking sand,
all other ground is sinking sand.**

**When Christ shall come with trumpet sound, oh, may I then in Love be found;
Dressed in God's righteousness alone, faultless to stand before the throne.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; all other ground is sinking sand,
all other ground is sinking sand.**

CELEBRATION of HOLY COMMUNION

One: God's self-giving knows no ending. God's grace and love is broken open and poured out for us.

Many: **We are called by name, claimed at this table, and invited to pull up a chair to feast.**

One: So may the love of God meet you in this moment.

Many: **And also embrace and enfold you.**

One: Let us rejoice in the One who has set this joyful feast;

Many: **We gather at Christ's invitation.**

One: Let us taste the truth on the tip of our tongues:

Many: **We are Christ's body called to shine forth with love; we are Christ's blessing sent forth to share with all.**

PASTORAL PRAYER & 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.

WORDS of INVITATION

RECEIVING GOD'S GIFTS of BREAD & JUICE

PRAYER of THANKSGIVING

CLOSING HYMN

Take My Gifts

#562

**Take my gifts and let me love You, God who first of all loved me,
Gave me light and food and shelter, gave me life and set me free.
Now because Your love has touched me, I have love to give away,
Now the bread of love is rising, loaves of love to multiply!**

**Take the fruit that I have gathered from the tree Your Spirit sowed,
Harvest of Your own compassion, juice that makes the wine of God.
Spiced with humor, laced with laughter – flavor of the Jesus life,
Tang of risk and new adventure, taste and zest beyond belief.**

Take whatever I can offer – gifts that I have yet to find,

**Skills that I am slow to sharpen, talents of the hand and mind,
Things made beautiful for others in the place where I must be;
Take my gifts and let me love You, God who first of all loved me.**

BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE

Toccata Brevis

Daniel Gawthrop

Ushers: Lois Watson, Nancy Arzen, and Carol Haggland

Liturgist: Priscilla Crumel

Bus Driver: Jerry Oliver

Fellowship: Fellowship Team