

The flowers are given by Bill Brackett, in honor of **Ann Brackett**

PRELUDE

I know That My Redeemer Liveth
Lauren Patsos, Soprano

G. F. Handel

CALL to WORSHIP

One: Gracious, generative, seed-scattering God, You are our help in ages past.

Many: **You meet us right here and now in this moment.**

One: In You there is wisdom that tends and tills the soil of our soul.

Many: **Help us this morning open our ears, lives, and imaginations to Your way.**

One: Your way of wisdom makes spacious room and allows time for growth. Your way of wisdom keeps working to transform the weeds of life into wheat.

Many: **We offer the fields of our lives for You, Gardening God.**

One: It is good to be here.

Many: **Alleluia and Amen!!**

*OPENING HYMN *O Beautiful for Spacious Skies*

**O beautiful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties Above the fruited plain!
America! America! God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.**

**O beautiful for heroes proved In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved, And mercy more than life!
America! America! May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness, And every gain divine.**

**O beautiful for patriot dream That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam, Undimmed by human tears!
America! America! God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with sisterhood From sea to shining sea.**

*OPENING PRAYER

Cultivating and curating God, we know that in the soil of our souls there is *so* much happening right now. Every day is a harvest of things that happen and words that are spoken. There are wonderful wheat moments that nourish us: laughter, joy, connecting, and love. There are weeds we wish could be plucked and pulled out as soon as possible. We confess that often the parables of Jesus are perplexing. We long for certainty and confidence in a world that is too unstable and confusing. On this Memorial Day weekend, we pray for our country. We pray for the aches of our neighbors. We pray for those who feel marginalized. We pray for families, especially of military families, who are grieving. We pray for grieving families from recent violence and Uvalde, Texas. We pray for Your wisdom to be planted, nourished, and nurtured in our lives every day. Open our hearts this day to ways of Your care, presence, and love. Embrace and enfold us, we pray. Amen.

*SUNG RESPONSE

And God will raise you up on eagle's wings, bear you on the breath of dawn, make you to shine like the sun, and hold you in the palm of God's hand.

ENGAGING SCRIPTURE

Matthew 13:24-30

²⁴ He put before them another parable: "The kingdom of heaven may be compared to someone who sowed good seed in his field; ²⁵ but while everybody was asleep, an enemy came and sowed weeds among the wheat, and then went away. ²⁶ So when the plants came up and bore grain, then the weeds appeared as well. ²⁷ And the slaves of the householder came and said to him, 'Master, did you not sow good seed in your field? Where, then, did these weeds come from?' ²⁸ He answered, 'An enemy has done this.' The slaves said to him, 'Then do you want us to go and gather them?' ²⁹ But he replied, 'No; for in gathering the weeds you would uproot the wheat along with them. ³⁰ Let both of them grow together until the harvest; and at harvest time I will tell the reapers, Collect the weeds first and bind them in bundles to be burned, but gather the wheat into my barn.'"

SERMON

Bad Farming Practices ~ Part 2 ~ I Know Exactly What I'm Doing

ANTHEM

In Christ is Gladness

Douglas Wagner

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.

*CLOSING HYMN

This Is My Song

#591

This is my song, O God all the nations, a song of peace for lands afar and mine. This is my home, the country where my heart is; here are my hopes, my dreams, my holy shrine; But other hearts in other lands are beating with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.

My country's skies are bluer than the ocean, and sunlight beams on cloverleaf and pine; But other lands have sunlight, too, and clover, and skies are every where as blue as mine. O hear my song, O God of all the nations, a song of peace for their land and for mine.

BENEDICTION:

POSTLUDE

I Vow To Thee, My Country

Gustav Holst