

re·new | ri-'nü

:_to make like new : restore to freshness, vigor, or perfection:_to begin again :

1.30.22

Welcome to Vespers at FPC!

Please make yourself at home. This service is designed to be very casual. Feel free to move about the building, giving yourself and others space.

[There are candles in the front should you want to light one in remembrance of anyone or anything.]

The Singing Bowl: Malcom Guite

Begin the song exactly where you are,
Remain within the world of which you're made.
Call nothing common in the earth or air,

Accept it all and let it be for good.
Start with the very breath you breathe in now,
This moment's pulse, this rhythm in your blood

And listen to it, ringing soft and low.
Stay with the music, words will come in time.
Slow down your breathing. Keep it deep and slow.

Become an open singing-bowl, whose chime
Is richness rising out of emptiness,
And timelessness resounding into time.

And when the heart is full of quietness
Begin the song exactly where you are.

You will make a way in the wilderness and rivers in the desert.

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A Liturgy for Renewal

(please read aloud what is in bold)

We are weary. Our bones are tired. We long for a light at the end of this long, dark season.

God, renew our strength.

We feel the weight of sadness for the burdens we carry, both our own and those of the ones we love.

God, renew our hearts.

We fall into despair. We don't understand why some things happen, why some things don't happen, and why we can't control so many things.

God, renew our hope.

We get complacent. We lose the will and ability to see beyond ourselves and beyond today. We are blinded by our small thinking.

God, renew our passion.

We age. We move into new seasons of life. We look back with some regrets, and forward with some trepidation.

God, renew our bodies.

We are disconnected from creation, this beautiful gift You have made for us to be a part of. We miss opportunities to be amazed by the intricacies of Your design.

God, renew our land.

We are frail, we are fearfully and wonderfully made. We say things we shouldn't say, and don't say the things we should say.

God, renew our relationships.

We ache for Your love in our lives. We long for You to reveal Your goodness to us.

God, renew our souls.

Create in us clean hearts, O God,

And renew your Spirit within us.

Lay Down Your Sorrows: Kate York

Lay down your sorrows so troubled of heart
come to the tree on the hill as you are
Lay down your burdens that you've called friends
watch as it blooms into life again

Here is the ending and here it begins
here at the river that washes your sins.
Cast all your shame, all your sorrows and guilt
here on this altar that love has built.

There is no burden too heavy for him
There is no battle scar he cannot mend.
Love is a man well acquainted with grief,
He longs to show you the way to peace.

Fathers and mothers, O daughters and sons,
Mercy is waiting with wide open arms.
Heaven's a feast and the table is set.
Run with abandon and never look back.

Psalm 30^[a]

- ¹ I will exalt you, LORD,
for you lifted me out of the depths
and did not let my enemies gloat over me.
- ² LORD my God, I called to you for help,
and you healed me.
- ³ You, LORD, brought me up from the realm of the dead;
you spared me from going down to the pit.
- ⁴ Sing the praises of the LORD, you his faithful people;
praise his holy name.
- ⁵ For his anger lasts only a moment,
but his favor lasts a lifetime;
weeping may stay for the night,
but rejoicing comes in the morning.
- ⁶ When I felt secure, I said,
"I will never be shaken."
- ⁷ LORD, when you favored me,
you made my royal mountain^[c] stand firm;
but when you hid your face,
I was dismayed.

⁸To you, LORD, I called;
to the Lord I cried for mercy:
⁹“What is gained if I am silenced,
if I go down to the pit?
Will the dust praise you?
Will it proclaim your faithfulness?
¹⁰Hear, LORD, and be merciful to me;
LORD, be my help.”
¹¹You turned my wailing into dancing;
you removed my sackcloth and clothed me with joy,
¹²that my heart may sing your praises and not be silent.
LORD my God, I will praise you forever.

Story: Don Lotze

The Physics of Forgiveness: John Freal

No thing is perfect.
Of that we have no knowledge.
Beauty is broken.
Symmetry is evidence.
Forgiveness removes the weight.

The gate of heaven
is narrow but beauty keeps
it open for us.
I would feel strange getting
there with weight still around me.

The field that is forgiveness
has darkness at one pole
and love at the other.
The shape of the field is such
that I see neither pole completely.
The darkness might be too dark,
and the love might blind me.
I look the other way.

Pray then for the grace
to forgive so I am not
swimming against the current
or misaligned like a stick
that can't get through a grate.
Going against the current,
the weight is more, yet I grow smaller.

Time heals unless I try
to keep the hurt alive.
Memory can be an obstacle,
forgetfulness a friend.

Will be aiming toward
forgiveness of everything.
Not much else makes sense.
Forgiveness is the opposite of gravity
though not quite levity.
It's orthogonal to entropy since
this field forgives the march of time.

In Feast or Fallow

Sandra McCracken

When the fields are dry, and the winter is long
Blessed are the meek, the hungry, the poor
When my soul is downcast, and my voice has no song
For mercy, for comfort, I wait on the Lord

In the harvest feast or the fallow ground,
My certain hope is in Jesus found
My lot, my cup, my portion sure
Whatever comes, we shall endure
Whatever comes, we shall endure

On a cross of wood, His blood was outpoured
He Rose from the ground, like a bird to the sky
Bringing peace to our violence, and crushing death's door
Our Maker incarnate, our God who provides.

O come, Emmanuel
Come, o come, Emmanuel

When the earth beneath me crumbles and quakes
Not a sparrow falls, nor a hair from my head
Without His hand to guide me, my shield and my strength
In joy or in sorrow, in life or in death

[Please take as long as you want in the sanctuary, and
when you do leave, do so quietly. Thank you for being
here!]