

Come Thou Fount (con'd)

O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be.
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord I feel it.
Prone to leave the God I love.
Here's my heart. O take and seal it.
Seal it for thy courts above.

O Blessed Spring

O blessed spring, where word and sign
Embrace us into Christ the vine:
Here Christ enjoins each one to be
A branch of this life giving tree.

Through summer heat of youthful years,
Uncertain faith, rebellious tears,
Sustained by Christ's infusing rain,
The boughs will shout for joy again.

When autumn cools and youth is cold,
When limbs their heavy harvest hold,
Then through us, warm, the Christ will move
With gifts of beauty, wisdom, love.

As winter comes, as winters must,
We breathe our last, return to dust;
Still held in Christ, our souls take wing
And trust the promise of the spring.

Christ, holy Vine, Christ, living tree,
Be praised for this blest mystery:
That word and water thus revive
And join us to your Tree of Life.

August 18, 2013

Aberdeen Church

Psalm 1
Ephesians 3: 16-17
Psalm 23

Focus statement: We are invited to be like trees that flourish, rooted and grounded in the love of God.

Welcome and Opening

Songs The Mountain of God
 Come Thou Fount

Scripture Psalm 1

Happy are those who do not follow the advice of the wicked, or take the path that sinners tread, or sit in the seat of scoffers; but their delight is in the law of the Lord, and on his law they meditate day and night.

They are like trees planted by streams of water, which yield their fruit in its season, and their leaves do not wither. In all they do, they prosper.

The wicked are not so, but are like chaff that the wind drives away. Therefore the wicked will not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous, but the wicked will perish.

Ephesians 3:16-17

I pray that, according to the riches of his glory, he may grant that you be strengthened in your inner being with power through his Spirit, and that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith, as you are being rooted and grounded in love.

Reflections Grounded, firm and deep

Song O Blessed Spring

Congregational Sharing

Prayers of the People

Leader: The Lord is my shepherd,
People: I shall not be in want.
Leader: He makes me to lie down in green pastures,
**People: he leads me beside quiet waters,
he restores my soul.**
Leader: He guides me in path of righteousness for his name's sake.
**People: Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil,
for you are with me,**
Leader: Your rod and your staff, they comfort me.
People: You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies.
Leader: You anoint my head with oil;
my cup overflows.
**People: Surely goodness and love will follow me all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.**

Amen

Closing and Benediction

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the sweet earth's flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair.

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

The Mountain of God

Come let us go to a place that is pure
To learn about love and wipe away tears
He'll melt swords of steel and hearts made of stone
Set prisoners free and give strangers a home

Chorus:
So come, come as you are
Oh come, from near and far
Oh come, salvation we'll taste
As we climb the mountain of God

From each corner and end of the earth
We'll gather together to sing of your worth
Of blind who can see and weary who rest
Good news for the poor, freedom for oppressed

New life awaits all who believe
All you love mercy, do justice, walk humbly
With Christ as our guide, united we'll be
Living the kingdom secure in God's peace

Come, Thou Fount

Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above.
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come.
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.