

Sunday, July 17th 2016

Welcome

Call to Worship

Congregational Songs STJ 15 Santo
STJ 11 Praise, praise, praise the Lord!

Stories of Summer

Poem – The Summer Day

Congregational Songs STJ 27 God of the Bible
STJ 54 Longing for light

Scripture Reading Luke 10:38-42

Sermon Rudy

Congregational Song STJ 18 Over my head

Congregational Sharing and Prayer

Offering Nick and Mo

Announcements

Congregational Song STJ 106 Just a closer walk with Thee

Benediction

Worship Leaders: Rudy and Mo
Song Leader: Sol

Sunnie is away on a medical leave. Please contact our Ministerial this week with prayer concerns.

PRAYER REQUESTS:

- Please keep Sunnie and her family in your prayers as she recovers from surgery.
- Pray for Venezuela as they suffer from an unstable economic, political and social situation, and have difficulty accessing their basic rights. Pray for the joy of the Lord amid the struggles.

FOR YOUR CALENDAR:

- **Food Bank** - Next meets on July 23 and August 6
- **July 24th**- Potluck following the worship at church
- **July 31st**- No worship



Birthdays this week

Randy – Today

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

- Sunnie is recovering at home. Phone calls and visits are welcome.
- **July 12** will be the last meeting for Healthy Start in our building. They are moving to Mount Carmel to coordinate with some of their programming.

Luke 10:38-42

As Jesus and his disciples were on their way, he came to a village where a woman named Martha opened her home to him. She had a sister called Mary, who sat at the Lord's feet listening to what he said. But Martha was distracted by all the preparations that had to be made. She came to him and asked, "Lord, don't you care that my sister has left me to do the work by myself? Tell her to help me!" "Martha, Martha," the Lord answered, "you are worried and upset about many things, but few things are needed—or indeed only one. Mary has chosen what is better, and it will not be taken away from her."

The Summer Day

Who made the world?
Who made the swan, and the black bear?
Who made the grasshopper?
This grasshopper, I mean—
the one who has flung herself out of the grass,
the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,
who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down—
who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.
Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.
Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.
I don't know exactly what a prayer is.
I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down
into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,
how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,
which is what I have been doing all day.
Tell me, what else should I have done?
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?
Tell me, what is it you plan to do
with your one wild and precious life?
—Mary Oliver

