

Celebrating 167 years of Continuous Ministry

10 a.m. Sunday, May 17, 2020

Ephraim Moravian Church worship@ephraimmoravian.org

P.O. Box 73, Ephraim, WI 54211 920-854-2804

Pastor.....Dawn E. Volpe
Organist.....Colin Welford
Lay Reader.....Rob Davis
Guest Soloist.....Cynthia Stiehl



In Gathering Music

Welcome and Announcements

Ephraim Congregation's Watchword for 2020: Now to him who by the power at work within us is able to accomplish abundantly far more than all we can ask or imagine, to him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus, forever and ever. – Ephesians 3: 20 - 21

Hymn #521 “Sun of Righteousness” (v. 1 – 4)

Reflection

Prayers of the Church/Lord's Prayer

From the Diary of Rev. Iverson

Les Angélus: Au Matin (In the Morning)

More Recollections from Rev. Iverson

Les Angélus: À Midi (At Mid-day)

Scripture: Psalm 4 and Luke 24: 28 - 29

Meditation

Les Angélus: Au Soir (In the Evening)

Benediction

Sun of Righteousness

Sun of righteousness, arise; dawn upon our clouded skies
Shine within your church today that the world may see and say,
“Have mercy, Lord.”

Wake your sleeping church to live, not afraid our all to give
Let the mighty acts of God spread through all the world abroad
Have Mercy, Lord.

Heal division; love renew; help us all to turn to you.
Mighty Shepherd, gather near all your sheep oppressed by fear
Have Mercy, Lord.

Open gates for souls to find your true way with heart and mind.
Come with all your gentle might, bringing light to darkest night
Have Mercy, Lord.

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There's a good deal of interest these days in genealogy and family trees. I have a family tree from my Grandmother Olson's side of the family that extends to the 12<sup>th</sup> century. I don't know how accurate it is, but that doesn't matter. What matters is that it gives me a sense of belonging. What were all these people like? Am I like them? What I do know for certain, is that every last one of them was a sinner through and through. Just like you, just like me. But through Baptism, they have become the saints of all time. You and I, saints and sinners, join that happy throng, doing our best in following our Lord.

In February of 1853, another congregation of the saints of God stood on the shoreline of Eagle Harbor. Led by Pastor Iverson, the group cast their eyes upon the place that would become the future home of their church. Well supplied with faith and determination, and probably tormented by doubt and frustration, these people of God succeeded in establishing the first church in Door County. The blessing to us is they gave us a beautiful family tree. A wonderful genealogy of which we are a part. Today we say welcome, with open hearts and open doors, inviting saints and sinners, just like us. - Pastor Dan. G. Olson

*Cynthia Stiehl and Colin Welford will join in a Soprano/Organ duet of  
Louis Vierne Op. 57, Les Angélus – translation follows:*

**Louis Vierne**  
**Op. 57**  
**Les Angélus**  
**Tryptique for mezzo-soprano and organ**  
**Poem by Jean Le Povre Moyne**

*Au Matin - In the Morning*

Above my sleepy town the Angelus has rung,  
The homage of the bell towers to Mary:  
See how the moon takes flight and how  
Joyful is the Archangel's greeting over my sleeping  
town.  
Like a hind's fawns, behind the hills,  
The sun leaps up. Houses poor or rich,  
Trees and gardens will soon be gilded  
And the children will play like the hind's fauns.  
Another day has begun, bringing joy or heartache.  
Lord, I adore thee in this sublime first moment of  
the day blessed by you: Another day together.

*À Midi - At Midday*

At noon, blazing and glittering,  
Above the noise of towns and crowds, the joy  
Of bright sunlight! Lord God, pealing our thanks,  
The Angelus bells at blazing noon.  
Along our pilgrim path,

Between loved childhood and dreaded death,  
Holy Mother of God, we will stop,  
To implore your help, along our pilgrim path.  
For the task is immense and heavy to our arms.  
Thy maternal hands calm our pains  
From noon till nightfall, guide our steps  
To thy Son's harvest.

*Au Soir - In the Evening*

As night rescends the sky and our hearts,  
As the hour is come when everyone takes count  
Of one's toil, sorrows, and rancor  
We beseech Thee again, as night returns.  
O Blessed Virgin, we pray for the mercy at the last  
Angelus  
That lulls the sleep of a world in torment!  
That we may no more think of the day's misery,  
For our human sins, we pray for mercy,  
In life eternal, where night comes not.  
Carried by the wind made only by the wings  
Of divine Cherubs, our Ave Maria  
Sings Thee our love in life eternal.