

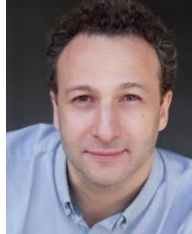
6<sup>th</sup> Sunday After Pentecost

10 a.m. July 12, 2020

Ephraim Moravian Church [worship@ephraimmoravian.org](mailto:worship@ephraimmoravian.org)

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

Pastor.....Dawn E. Volpe  
Music Director.....Colin Welford  
Lay Reader..... Betty Chomeau  
Guest Musician.....Linda Van Dyke



Welcome and Announcements

Solo: “Adagio” from Clarinet Concerto No.1 ..... (Louis Spohr)

Call to Worship: Isaiah 55: 1 - 13

Hymn 625: “I Love to Tell the Story”

Reflection

Prayers of the Church/Lord’s Prayer

Scripture Lessons: Romans 8: 1 – 11; Matthew 13: 1 - 9

Sermon

Solo: “Concert Piece” No.2 ..... (Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy)

Benediction

Hymn: “I Love to Tell the Story”

I love to tell the story of unseen things above  
Of Jesus and his glory, of Jesus and his love  
I love to tell the story, because I know it’s true  
It satisfies my longings as nothing else would do.

Refrain: *I love to tell the story; I’ll sing this theme in glory  
And tell the old, old story of Jesus and his love!*

I love to tell the story, how pleasant to repeat  
What seems, each time I tell it, more wonderfully sweet  
I love to tell the story for some have never heard  
The message of salvation from God’s own holy word. (Refrain)

I love to tell the story, for those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting to hear it, like the rest  
And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the new, new song  
I’ll sing the old, old story that I have loved so long. (Refrain)

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Are you a gardener? Although I’m not, I remember vividly the backyard garden my parents planned, planted and cultivated each summer. By this time of year, we were beginning to feast on all kinds of things, including cucumbers, green beans, asparagus, grapes and raspberries. Later, just before school started in the fall, we would spend the day picking plums and pears. Some would be eaten fresh, others my mother would can for our pleasure over the winter. All of these beautiful gifts from the earth started out as seeds that landed in the good, nurturing soil, managed whatever nature threw at them and kept growing.

As Jesus walked out of the house that day to sit by the sea, he knew he wasn’t alone, and that the people who followed him were hungry for the seeds of hope he offered them in his stories. And so that day he talked about seeds, something everybody listening could understand, could visualize as he spoke. No translation necessary.

As a sower starts their work, some of the seeds fall on the path, benefiting the attentive birds. Those that fell on rocky ground make a quick start and came to an equally quick end. Seeds that landed among

thorns were choked out by the competition. But the seeds that stayed the course, came to fruition, were those that took root in the best soil. I can see the crowd listening, nodding along, murmuring among themselves, reflecting a bit, as Jesus spoke.

My thought is this: What seeds was Jesus planting in and among his listeners that day? What took root, was nurtured and came to fruition, carrying that message forward to future generations? What of Jesus' message is taking root and growing in you today?

--Rev. Cory Kemp