

Festival of August Thirteenth/Holy Communion

Ephraim Moravian Church - Ephraim, WI

August 9, 2020

The Rev. Dawn E. Volpe, Pastor Mr. Colin Welford, Music Director

Linda Van Dyke and Marcia Ellis, Guest Musicians

Linda Carey, Lay Reader



Welcome & Announcements

Solo: “Deck Thyself, My Soul with Gladness”Siegfried Karg-Elert

Call to Worship: Psalm 133

Reflection

Hymn #675: “What Brought Us Together”

What brought us together, what joined our hearts? The pardon which Jesus, our high priest imparts
Tis this which cements the disciples of Christ, who are into one by the Spirit baptized.

Is this our high calling, harmonious to dwell, and thus in sweet concert Christ’s praises to tell
In peace and blessed union our moments to spend and live in communion with Jesus our Friend?

O yes, having found in the Lord our delight, he is our chief object by day and by night
This knits us together; no longer we roam; we all have one Father, and heaven is our home.

Prayers of the Church/Lord’s Prayer

Scripture Reading: Joshua 24: 16 – 24, 1 John 4: 1 - 13

Meditation

Solo: “Adagio” from Mozart’s Clarinet Concerto

The Lord's Supper

Breaking of the Bread

Hymn: #672 (v. 1 – 3) **“They Who Jesus’ Followers Are”**

They who Jesus’ followers are and enjoy his faithful care
By a mutual, hearty love, their belief in Jesus prove.

By your reconciling love every stumbling block remove
Each to each unite, endear; come, and spread your banner here.

Let us each for others care, each another’s burden bear
To your church a pattern give, showing how believers live.

The Cup of Salvation

Hymn #680 (v. 1, 2 & 4) **“Blessed Be the Tie that Binds”**

Blessed be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love
The fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above.

We share our mutual woes, our mutual burdens bear
And often for each other flows the sympathizing tear.

From sorrow, toil, and pain, and sin we shall be free
And perfect love and friendship reign through all eternity.

Pastor: Whenever we eat this bread and drink this cup, we proclaim the Lord’s death
Congregation: *Until he comes.*

Welcome into Membership – Marcia & Chuck Ellis

Duet: “Carry the Light”.....Arr. Joyce Eilers

I would carry a lamp as I walk through the world
For I need the light to show me the way
And the evil that would harm me as I walk through the darkness
Will leave me alone if I carry the light.

Refrain: *So, give me oil in my lamp, keep me burning
Give me oil in my lamp, I pray
Give me oil in my lamp, keep me burning
Keep me burning ‘til the break of day.*

In the dark of the ev'ning there is doubt in my heart
And the evil temptation nearly tears me apart
But the love of God is shining and it shatters the darkness
The Lord is my light, He will show me the way. (*Refrain*)

Many are the souls that are lost in darkness
Many are the souls that have gone astray
I would be the one to carry the light
So that they might find the way. (*Refrain*)

Benediction

Duet: "Bagatelle".....Gerald Finzi

.....

Reflection: The False Prophet of Fear

There's nothing funny about the pandemic. Even for those personally untouched, a sense of foreboding saturates every waking hour. On gloomy days when buckets of rain pour down from Door County's sweet sky, and thunder booms in sudden wallops, I want to hide under the bed with my dog, Penny.

And then there are other days, or at least moments of days, when I turn my gaze from Fear's altar. I am a vessel receiving the balm of grace. An unexpected phone call. The juicy burst of flavor from orchard picked cherries. Fireflies blinking at the edge of storm-kissed woods, appearing suddenly here and there in the falling darkness.

We can be the balm, the palliative oil, for others, too. We can catch our startled minds before they fixate on Facebook frenzy or preposterous conspiracy theories. We can work to control our fear, which is really grief for a world that is irretrievable. We can try to stop fear from coming out of our mouths sideways, silencing angry words before they hurt people we love and people we've never met. We can forgive the angry missiles that come at us as well, holding others' shards of pain then setting the shards aside. We can even laugh at the absurd incongruities in our brave new world. Take mask fashion. Who would have thought a year ago that it would be a thing? And we can pray.

Remember, Spirit still sends us gifts of grace. But first we have to blink and in so doing unlock our eyes from the False Prophet of Fear with its addictive adrenaline rush of terror.

Hey, try to open up your heart
To beauty; go to the woods someday
And weave a wreath of memory there.
Then if the tears obscure your way
You'll know how wonderful it is
To be alive.

1941, Anonymous. From *I never saw another butterfly ... Children's Drawings and Poems from Terezin Concentration Camp 1942-1944*. McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1994.