

Ephraim Moravian Church
Fifth Sunday of Easter / Holy Communion
May 2, 2021 at 10:00 a.m.

Order of Service

The “Little Fugue” in G – by J.S. Bach

Welcome & Announcements

“Presto” from Sonata in G Major – by Domenico Scarlatti

Watchword for the Week: *Jesus says, “Abide in me as I abide in you. Just as the branch cannot bear fruit by itself unless it abides in the vine, neither can you unless you abide in me.”*

- John 15:4

Hymn #421: “Here, O My Lord, I See You Face to Face” (v. 1 & 3)

Here, O my Lord, I see you face to face
Here would I touch and handle things unseen
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace
And all my weariness, upon you lean.

This is the hour of banquet and of song
Here is the heavenly table spread anew
Here let me feast and, feasting still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with you.

Prayers of the Church & The Lord’s Prayer

Congregational Sung Response: (#445 Red Hymnal, v. 1)

*Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, that calls me from a world of care
And bids me at my Father’s throne make all my want and wishes known
In seasons of distress and grief, my soul has often found relief
And oft escaped the tempter’s snare, by thy return, sweet hour of prayer. Amen.*

Scripture Readings: Psalm 22: 25-31
1 John 4: 7-21
1 John 15: 1-8

Reflection

“To God be the Glory” - Traditional Hymn

Meditation

The Lord’s Supper

Breaking of the Bread

Hymn #418: “Feed Us, Jesus”

Feed us, Jesus, we in hunger stand
Feed us, Jesus, from your timeless hand
The broken bread of life, the love that we all need
O, feed us, Jesus, feed us.

Lead us, Jesus, gently day by day
Lead us, Jesus, show us each the way
To walk your different walk, from fears and hungers freed
O lead us, Jesus, lead us.

The Cup of Salvation

Hymn #594: “Bliss Beyond Compare”

Bliss beyond compare, which in Christ I share
He’s my only joy and treasure
Tasteless is all worldly pleasure
When in Christ I share bliss beyond compare.

Jesus is my joy, therefore blessed am I
O, his mercy is unbounded
All my hope on him is grounded
Jesus is my joy, therefore blessed am I.

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

Benediction

“Molly On the Shore” – Irish Reel, arranged by Percy Granger

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Reflection - by Kathleen Harris: “Gird up your Loins for Agape Love” - Part I

(John 4: 7-21 and John 15: 1-8)

In early May, enthusiastic chirps bounce along the branches of Door County cedar trees. The black-throated green warbler’s peppy buzz – *zee zee zo zo zee* – complements the cardinal’s down-slurred whistle. We humans listen and sigh wistfully. Spring bird song reminds us of yesterday’s romance and today’s possibility. We think about love.

This Sunday’s scripture readings speak of a different kind of love. Called *agape* by the Ancient Greeks, it is unconditional. It is God – who is Love – abiding in us. It doesn’t measure, it just gives (*Theresa of Calcutta*). Nor does it fear, for fear involves punishment, and whoever fears has not reached perfection in love (*John 4:18*). It is observant, but not passive. It is tolerant, but principled. Agape love demands blind trust in the existence of goodness.

Agape love can transform the one who loves and the one loved, but is a thorny practice. “It is not always easy to love those close to us,” said Theresa of Calcutta. “It is easier to give a cup of rice to relieve hunger than to relieve the loneliness and pain of someone unloved in our own home.” And yet for us, *home*, this corner of the world we call Door County, is exactly where the highest form of love begins. We may never know if our words and deeds change a life, or even a life moment. We love anyway.

What do we receive in return? Often painful indifference or fierce loathing. We might see a glimpse of God, who resides in even the most scarred person. We might witness redemptive justice. But usually not. We love anyway. Loving this way is a kind of spiritual pruning. Acts of agape love grace-fully shape us, individually into better selves and collectively into a more divine community. If we abandon this highest form of love, overwhelmed and weary with hate’s optics, we are like olive branches ripped from the vine by our own hands and cast to the ground.

And listening to spring bird song? It’s time well spent. It’s a heavenly balm, healing and rejuvenating. Immerse yourself, unapologetic. Then, refreshed, lift up agape love’s thorny mantle once again.

Reference [Loving Your Enemies, Sermon Delivered at the Detroit Council of Churches' Noon Lenten Services | The Martin Luther King, Jr., Research and Education Institute \(stanford.edu\)](#)

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Pastor.....Dawn Volpe
Music Director.....Colin Welford
Guest Musicians.....Betsy DiFelice, Amanda & Cana Mittermann
Lay Reader.....Amanda Mittermann



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