

Ephraim Moravian Church

PO Box 73 - Ephraim, Wisconsin 54211

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www.ephraimmoravian.org

Third Sunday of Easter - May 1, 2022

Morning Worship, 10:30 a.m.

PASTOR:.....The Rev. Dawn E. Volpe
MINISTERS:.....Members of the Congregation
MUSIC DIRECTOR:.....Colin Welford
SECRETARY:.....Diane Kirkland

Serving the Community Since 1853

Call to Worship: Ringing of the Bell

Prelude: “Hour of Peace” – by Florence B. Price

Welcome & Announcements

Hymn #552 When Morning Gilds the Skies v. 1 - 3

Responsive Reading: Psalm 30

I will extol you, O Lord, for you have drawn me up, and did not let my foes rejoice over me.

O Lord my God, I cried to you for help, and you have healed me.

O Lord, you brought up my soul from the grave, restored me to life from among those gone down to the Pit.

Sing praises to the Lord, O you his faithful ones, and give thanks to his holy name.

For his anger is but for a moment; his favor is for a lifetime.

Weeping may linger for the night, but joy comes with the morning.

As for me, I said in my prosperity, ‘I shall never be moved.’ By your favor, O Lord, you had established me as a strong mountain; you hid your face; I was dismayed.

To you, O Lord, I cried, and to the Lord I made supplication: ‘What profit is there in my death, if I go down to the Pit?’

Will the dust praise you? Will it tell of your faithfulness?

Hear, O Lord, and be gracious to me! O Lord, be my helper!’

You have turned my mourning into dancing; you have taken off my sackcloth and clothed me with joy, So that my soul may praise you and not be silent.

O Lord my God, I will give thanks to you forever.

Hymn #754 “When Peace, like a River” v. 1 – 2

Scripture Lesson: John 21: 1 - 19

Sermon

Prayers of the Church, The Lord’s Prayer

Congregational Sung Response: (825)

*Hear our Prayer, O Lord, Hear our prayer, O Lord,
Incline your ear to us and grant us your peace. Amen*

Benediction

Postlude: Chorale Prelude on Hymn Melody “Melchior Vulpius” – by Healey Willan

WATCHWORD FOR THE WEEK: Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and wealth and wisdom and might and honor and glory and blessing! – Revelation 5:12

MONDAY: Pastor’s Sabbath

SUNDAY: 9:00 a.m. Sunday School/Nursery
10:30 a.m. Worship

WELCOME to Ephraim Moravian Church. Our Nursery is open for children under the age of 4.

EPHRAIM MORAVIAN CHURCH is the ‘Church of the Open Door.’ We hope you find our church open to you in every way!

MOTTO OF THE MORAVIAN CHURCH: In Essentials, Unity, In Non-Essentials, Liberty, In All Things, Love

EPHRAIM MORAVIAN WATCHWORD 2022: The wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, willing to yield, full of mercy and good fruits, without a trace of partiality or hypocrisy. – James 3:17

ANNOUNCEMENTS

WELCOME to Rev. Barbara Sajna, who will be bringing the message today. We are thrilled to see her again!

“Follow Me” - Kathleen Harris

Scripture Lesson: John 21: 1 – 1

Mom stood at the stove, spatula in one hand, coffee cup in the other, ready to scramble eggs for my breakfast.

“I’ll be back in twenty minutes,” I said. “I’m going for a walk.” I didn’t add, “to clear my head from the hot mess I’m escaping from in my far away, grown-up world.” Didn’t need to. She knew. I hustled to Flick Park, my childhood sanctuary. The baseball diamonds had been traded for soccer fields and the public pool’s plain spring diving board for twisting slides and spray fountains, but thwacks of balls and laughter of children sounded just as spirited. Constancy drifted through change, familiar guideposts in a new landscape.

Long ago, a few days after the murder of his friend and teacher, and his own shame-filled betrayal, Peter said, “I am going fishing.” Oh, to feel the burn of rope on calloused palms. To stride steadily, confidently across a rocking boat as sunrise pushed darkness over the horizon. I imagine Peter wanted to clear his head with the familiar, to feel again the sure rhythm of his own heart which had first beat wildly in fear, then stopped in stunned anguish. Now, all was quiet.

Then suddenly, there He was. “Cast your net to the right.” The fish! Soon, He called again from shore, “Come and breakfast.” Peter threw a tunic over his sunburnt shoulders and jumped overboard, splashing across the Sea of Galilee. It was the Lord, ready to serve a campfire breakfast along the beach, nourishment for Peter’s weary body. Soon, Jesus offered food for Peter’s wounded soul. “Simon, son of John, dost thou love me?” he asked. Redemption, times three.

Jesus gave Peter a chance to publicly testify in front of friends who were so agog at the scene they dared not utter a word. They listened as their Rabboni shepherded Peter towards purposeful vocation and away from crippling rumination. The conversation netted each one, and perhaps catches us, too. “Feed my lambs,” said the Lord to Peter.

And to us all, “Follow me.”