

Order of service
July 12, 2020

Opening Song: Dance
Jim Manley (Key of G)

Dance in the moonlight and dance in the sun,
Dance in your sorrow and dance in your fun
Dance in your discos and dance in your briefs,
Dance in your doubtings and dance your beliefs

And we'll dance, dance, dance, come dancing with me A-ha
And we'll dance, dance, dance , come dancing with me.

Dance with your baby, your dog or your boss,
Dance to the manger and dance to the cross.
Dance at the gravesite and dance at the feast,
Dance with your Midwives and other High Priests

Dance with the dDebs with the sweat on their palms,
Dance where its hardest, homecomings and proms.
Did somebody say that you'll never be queen?
Send them our way and we'll paint their nose green!

Tall people are gorgeous and short ones are neat,
Skinny or bulgy, each body's a treat.
So dance as you are, you are made by the One
Who calls you to be what you've only begun.

Dance with your elbows and dance with your hands
Dance with your heart and your endocrine glands.
Make funny faces, go out of your minds
Find someone near you and bump your behinds.

Dance up from childhood and into your teens
Dance in your screw-ups and dance in your dreams
Come join the dancing, you make it complete.
We'll hug you and kiss you and step on your feet.

Welcome

Call to worship

Little birds, we cannot say that we are unknown by God.
For every wild animal of the forest is mine, the cattle on a thousand hills.
I know all the birds of the air, and all that moves in the field is mine.
(Psalm 50: 10-11)

Little birds, we cannot say that God has not worked hard for our needs:
By the streams the birds of the air have their habitation;
they sing among the branches. From your lofty abode you water
the mountains; the earth is satisfied with the fruit of your work.
(Psalm 104: 11-13)

Little birds, we cannot say that God does not care and protect us.
Like birds hovering overhead, so the lord of hosts
will protect Jerusalem; he will protect and deliver it,
he will spare and rescue it.
(Isaiah 31: 5)

Little birds, we flutter our wings and fly away because we are not brave.
I am like an owl of the wilderness, like a little owl of the waste places.
I lie awake; I am like a lonely bird on the housetop.
(Psalm 102: 6-7)

Little birds, each creature is loved and known by God.
We are here today to give thanks to the one who, like an eagle,
stirs up her nest, and hovers over her young;
who spreads her wings, takes them up, and bears them aloft on her pinions
(Deut 32: 11)

Look at the birds of the air; they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns,
and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of more value than
they?
(Matthew 6: 26)

Family of God, from whom does our help come?
Our help comes from the Lord,
the maker of heaven and earth.
(Psalm 124:8)

Hymn: His Eye is on the sparrow
(Key of B [G 3rd fret])

1

Why should I feel discouraged,
why should the shadows come,
Why should my heart be lonely, and long for heav'n & home,
When Jesus is my portion? My constant friend is He:
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me

Refrain

I sing because I'm happy,
I sing because I'm free,
For his eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me.

2

"Let not your heart be troubled," His tender word I hear,
And resting on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears;
Though by the path He leadeth, but one step I may see;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me. R

3

Whenever I am tempted, whenever clouds arise,
When songs give place to sighing, when hope within me dies,
I draw the closer to Him, from care He sets me free;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me. R

Opening prayer & Lord's Prayer Song

A time for all God's children

Hymn: God sees the little sparrow fall
(Key of C)

1

God sees the little sparrow fall,
It meets his tender view;
If God so loves the little birds,
I know he loves me too.

Refrain

He loves me too, he loves me too,
I know he loves me too;
Because He loves the little things,
I know he loves me too.

2

He paints the lily of the field,
Perfumes each lily bell;
If he so loves the little flowers,
I know he loves me well.

3

God made the little birds and flow'rs,
And all things large and small;
He'll not forget his little ones,
I know He loves them all.

Scripture

Matthew 10: 24-31 (*The Message*)

“A student doesn’t get a better desk than her teacher. A labourer doesn’t make more money than his boss. Be content—pleased, even—when you, my students, my harvest hands, get the same treatment I get. If they call me, the Master, ‘Dungface,’ what can the workers expect?

“Don’t be intimidated. Eventually everything is going to be out in the open, and everyone will know how things really are. So don’t hesitate to go public now.

“Don’t be bluffed into silence by the threats of bullies. There’s nothing they can do to your soul, your core being. Save your fear for God, who holds your entire life—body and soul—in his hands.

“What’s the price of a pet canary? Some loose change, right? And God cares what happens to it even more than you do. He pays even greater attention to you, down to the last detail—even numbering the hairs on your head! So don’t be intimidated by all this bully talk. You’re worth more than a million canaries.

Special music

Cory M. Coons: “Good Times Gone”

Sermon

Prayers of the people

Benediction

Canticle for the summer by Arnold Kenseth (U.S.A.)

All summer the days come to us, various, wide,
From mornings of meadows
Into the green dark and the nightfall of stars
We heard the weather gathering,
Coming and going;
Small birds were among the berries; the grasses dried,
And we felt our hearts in their swaying
And, then, always the trees,
The great combs of shade in our yards,
And the hundred thousand leaves for our watching.
All was good and gift and grand!
And the days come on;
The gift is still given.
Thy goodness stays.
Thy grandeur stands. Amen.

Hymn: On the wings of a dove
(Key of D)

Refrain

On the wings of a snow-white dove
He sends His pure sweet love
A sign from above
On the wings of a dove

When troubles surround us
when evils come
The body grows weak
The spirit grows numb
When these things beset us,
He doesn't forget us
He sends down His love
On the wings of a dove R

When Noah had drifted
on the flood many days
He searched for land
In various ways
Troubles, he had some
but wasn't forgotten
God sent him His love
On the wings of a dove R

When Jesus went down to,
the river that day
He was baptised
in the usual way
And when it was done,
God blessed his son
He sent him his love
On the wings of a dove R