Texts:  Exodus 16:2-15; Psalm 105:1-6, 37-45; Philippians 1:21-30; Matthew 20:1-16

Call to Worship

L:  In the prayers and the praise,

   in the words and the wonder:

P:  we are given enough joy to live each day.

L:  In the justice for the oppressed,

   in the unexpected generosity for the lost:

P:  we are given enough compassion

   to use in service each day.

L:  In the promises made to all,

  in the mercy offered to each:

P:  we are given enough grace to share each day.

Prayer of the Day

Fresh as each morning

you come to us,

Crafter of manna.

Your grace rests

gently upon us,

waiting to be gathered,

to become the bread of life

we share throughout the day.

Fresh as compassion's justice,

you come to us,

Servant of the poor.

Choosing to give

as you desire,

you show us the last,

so we can make them first

in our hearts and hopes.

Doing no wrong,

you make us right

with God for all time.

Fresh as the water

which turns a desert

into a meadowland of flowers,

Spirit of uninterrupted grace,

you come to us.

When we would grumble,

you give us the gospel to live out;

when we would protest,

you teach us songs of praise;

when we would utter laments,

you fill us with God's laughter.

God in Community, Holy in One,

refresh us with your presence

as we pray as Jesus taught, saying,

Our Father . . .

Call to Reconciliation

We continue to believe that we must earn

our way into God's heart.  But God's grace

is given to each of us, for all of us, freely,

unconditionally, always.  Let us open our

lives to this mercy as we pray saying,

Unison Prayer of Confession

It seems we cannot decide, Cloud of Glory.

We say we will live to serve others,

 but end up meeting only our needs.

We claim to live in a way that honors Christ,

 but we do not take him to work, school, home.

We believe that the gospel can transform lives,

 (at least, for those who need it  - not us).

Forgive us, Presence of Peace.

Instead of grumblers,

 may we be ambassadors of grace.

Instead of continual complaining,

 may we carry compassion to the hurting.

Instead of whiners,

 may we be workers with Jesus Christ, our

Lord and Savior, to reach out and bring the

kingdom of God to everyone we meet.

Assurance of Pardon

L:  This is the good news: there is no ranking

  in God's kingdom.  God graces everyone with

  the same gifts: mercy, restoration, new life.

P:  God has kept the covenant.  We have been

 forgiven, we have been made new people.

Thanks be to God. Amen.

Great Prayer of Thanksgiving

L:  May the God of all mornings be with you!

P:  And also with you!

L:  Children of God, welcome the One who shares

    grace with us with childlike abandon.

P:  We open our hearts so we might savor the

    sweet taste of joy and wonder.

L:  People of God, bring your emptiness to

    this Table of hope and peace.

P:  We sing praises to One who fills us with

     Christ's presence of service to others.

On that first morning,

when chaos saw your glory,

you brought out creation,

with stars and planets

swimming in the skies,

gazelles and giraffes dancing

through the fields of goodness.

You shaped humankind in your mercy,

and fed us with grace,

enough for each day.

Jealous that you were so gracious

to all of creation,

we grumbled that it wasn't enough,

and went searching for sin and death.

Prophets came, telling the stories

of your wonder and presence,

but for us, these were foolish words.

Finally, you sent Jesus

to come looking for us,

to show us your kingdom.

So, we join our voices with

wilderness wanderers and urbane dwellers,

those who, in every time and place

sing of your glory:

P:  Holy!  Holy!  Holy!  Glory to God's holy name!

  Our hearts will seek God,

  rejoicing in God's gentleness and grace.

 Blessed is the One who comes looking for us.

 Hosanna in the highest!

You are holy, Cloud of Compassion,

and blessed is Jesus Christ, your Joy, our Hope.

Child of glory and grace,

he chose to come to us,

working in the fields of despair.

Hearing our complaints,

he came to speak

of your dreams for us.

Firstborn of all creation,

he came to defeat

that last enemy, called death.

As we remember his life and death,

as we come to the Table he has prepared,

we sing of that mystery called faith:

P:  This is the bread God gives us to eat.

    This is the life Christ calls us to offer to others.

    This is the journey the Spirit takes with us.

Pour out your Spirit

upon your children gathered,

and upon the bread and the cup

you have provided for us.

As you feed us with the bread,

so flood us with compassion,

that we may go to serve

all who are lost and broken.

As you open you heart

so that the cup of grace

might be filled with your hopes,

send us out to bring the lost

home to your kingdom,

where they will be first in your joy.

And when all time has ended

and the whole family of God

is gathered around your Table,

we will join our voices together,

praising your forever:

God in Community, Holy in One.  Amen.

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Thom

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Interim Pastor

Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, OH

Associate Member, Iona Community