

Order of Worship Service, November 22, 2020 11:00 am
A Thanksgiving Service—Celebrating Many Streams of Gratitude

INTROIT **Cherokee Morning Song** **Josh Stark**

We recall Abraham Lincoln’s Thanksgiving Proclamation in 1864
Rev Scott Myers and Neal Long

It has pleased Almighty God to prolong our national life another year
defending us with God’s guardian care against unfriendly designs from abroad
and vouchsafing to us in God’s mercy, many and signal victories over the enemy
who is of our own household.

It has also pleased our Heavenly God to favor as well our citizens in their homes,
our soldiers in their camps and our sailors on the rivers and seas with unusual health.
God has largely augmented our free population by emancipation and by immigration,
while opening to us new sources of wealth and has crowned the labor of our working
people in every department of industry with abundant rewards.

Moreover, Almighty God has been pleased to animate and inspire our minds and hearts
with fortitude, courage
and resolution sufficient for the great trial of civil war into which we have been brought by
our adherence as a nation to the cause of freedom and humanity,
and to afford to us reasonable hopes of an ultimate and happy deliverance from all our
dangers and afflictions.

Therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States,
do hereby appoint and set apart
a day of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God,
the beneficent Creator and Ruler of the Universe.

We Give Thanks for the Blessings of Freedom

(A hymn originating in the Netherlands’ celebration of winning freedom from the Spanish empire)

For our Confession and Commitment, we recall the words of Chief Oren Lyons (Haudenosaunee/Iroquois), from his address to the United Nations at the outset of the Year of Indigenous Peoples, December 10, 1992

We are instructed to make every decision on behalf of the seventh generation to come.

We are instructed to give thanks for All That Sustains Us.

We are instructed to be generous and to share equally with our brothers and sisters so that all may be content.

We are instructed to respect and love our Elders, to serve them in their declining years, to cherish one another.

We are instructed to love our children, indeed, to love *ALL* children.

Even though you and I are in different boats, you in your boat and we in our canoe, we share the same River of Life.

What befalls me, befalls you.

And downstream, in this River of Life, our children will pay for our selfishness, for our greed, and for our lack of vision.

We can still alter our course. It is *NOT* too late.

We still have options.

We need the courage to change our values to the regeneration of our families, the life that surrounds us.

We must join hands with the rest of Creation and speak of Common Sense, Responsibility, Brotherhood, and PEACE.

On behalf of the Indigenous People of the Great Turtle Island, I give my appreciation and thanks.

Dah ney' to. Now I am finished.

We love *I hi do' hah* (I-hee-DOE-hah!) our Mother Earth.

We sing a Native American song of praise for God to honor our confession and our commitment

#595 Blue Presbyterian Hymnal

Heleluyan

We Read Ancient Jewish Expressions of Thanksgiving

Jennifer Weiman

Psalm 100, 111, 146

We sing a German Hymn of Thanksgiving for the Harvest

#643 Glory to God

Now Thank We All Our God

Message SCOTT A Gratitude Attitude Will Lift You to a Higher Altitude!

Anthem

Zion's Walls— Aaron Copland

WELCOME

Intercessory Prayer SCOTT—(with comments by people on FB DEANNA will read these in spaces of silence)...conclude with the Lord's Prayer and Sung Response.....

We sing a Shona (Zimbabwe) song, acknowledging Jesus' presence with us during our prayers

#392 Glory to God

Jesus, We Are Here

- 1. English: Jesus We Are here**
- 2. Teacher, We Are Here)**
- 3. Shona (Jesu tawa pano)**

Solo Offertory

Ein Schwan (A Swan) Text: Henrik Ibsen; music, Edvard Grieg

Emma WitbolsFeugen, mezzo soprano

We did not secure permission to publish translation, but very roughly:

My lovely, gliding, silent swan,
Mindful and fearful of elves in the dale,
gliding through the glade,
Listening, circling.
No trilling betrayed you.

Yet when you parted from me, then you sang.
Thus you died, singing,
Leaving me with false promises—
But, you were nonetheless a swan!

Prayer of Dedication

We Recall an American Christian Mystic's Thanksgiving Prayer

Today, we send our offerings out to do God's work—
within us, among us—beyond us
May our offerings become a more vivid sign of our gratitude—
for the simple things of our days:
fresh air to breathe, cool water to drink,
the taste of food, the comforts of home.
We bring to mind all the warmth of humankind
that we have known:
the strength of parents and grandparents,
playmates of our childhood,
wonderful stories brought to us
from the lives of many who talked of days gone by
when fairies and giants and all kinds of wonder held sway:
the tears we have shed,
the tears we have seen;
the excitement of laughter
and the twinkle in the eye

**with its reminder that life is good.
For all these we make an act of Thanksgiving this day,
offering to You, Dear God,
what you have already lovingly blessed. Amen.**

--adapted from Howard Thurman, *A Litany of Thanksgiving*

**We Sing an African American Expression of Gratitude for Music which Vividly
Reveals God's Presence**

Sing the Faith#2148

Over My Head

We close with a blessing from the Oglala Lakota mystic—Black Elk

**Grandparent, Great Mystery,
once more behold us on earth
and lean to hear our feeble voices.
You lived first, and you are older than all need,
older than all prayer.
All things belong to you
the two-leggeds, the four-leggeds,
the wings of the air and all green things that live.
Day in and day out, forever,
you are the life of things.
Therefore, we are sending a voice, Great Mystery, our Grandparent,
forgetting nothing you have made,
the stars of the universe and the grasses of the earth.
The Great Spirit is everywhere;
The Great Spirit hears whatever is in our minds and our hearts.
And it is not necessary to speak to The Great Spirit in a loud voice.
The power of a thing or an act is in the meaning and the understanding.
You have set the powers of the four directions to cross each other.
The good road and the road of difficulties
you have made to cross;
and where they cross,
the place is holy.**

--adapted from the words of Black Elk, an Oglala Lakota who survived both the Battle of Little Big Horn (at age 12) and the Massacre of Wounded Knee (at age 26). His words and

visions are recorded in *Black Elk Speaks*. Black Elk saw no contradiction in embracing what he found valid in both his tribal traditions concerning Wakan Tanka (Great Spirit or Great Mystery) and those of Christianity. He lived to the age of 87, dying in Pine Ridge, South Dakota in 1950.

SUNG BENEDICTION RESPONSE

#740 Glory to God

Lead Me, Guide Me (refrain, sing twice)

Postlude:

Many and Great— Dakota hymn (Lac qui parle)—setting by John Ferguson

Keep live stream picture up 1 minute, then shut down