**Home, Sweet Home**

**May 10, 2020**

Greeting

Jesus says to the world, “Come, all who are weary and carrying heavy burdens and I will give you rest.”

**We come to you, Jesus, we come to you.**

Prelude Prelude on Worship K. Kroeger

Welcome & Sharing the Life of the Church

\*Invitation to Worship

In you, O LORD, we seek refuge;

**In your righteousness deliver us.**

Be a rock of refuge for us,

**A strong fortress to save.**

You are indeed our rock and fortress;

**For your name’s sake lead and guide us,**

Into your hand we commit our spirits;

**For you have redeemed us, O LORD, our faithful God.**

\*Opening Hymn A Mighty Fortress is Our God UMH 110

\*Opening Prayer

**Loving God, in your wisdom you have created us and given us many gifts. Today, we thank you for all that we mean to each other and to our friends, families, and communities. We thank you for the love that has sheltered us through the trials, brought us to this time and place, and for your love which abides to tie us all together. Where you are, O God, there is love. Amen.**

Children’s Moments Kylie, Aidan, & Maddie Dickson by Whitney Stewart &

 Mina Braun

Anthem Come, My Way, My Truth, My Life Ralph Vaughn Williams

Scripture John 14:1-14

**14** “Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me. 2In my Father’s house there are many dwelling places. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? 3And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also. 4And you know the way to the place where I am going.” 5Thomas said to him, “Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?” 6Jesus said to him, “I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me. 7If you know me, you will know my Father also. From now on you do know him and have seen him.”

8Philip said to him, “Lord, show us the Father, and we will be satisfied.” 9Jesus said to him, “Have I been with you all this time, Philip, and you still do not know me? Whoever has seen me has seen the Father. How can you say, ‘Show us the Father’? 10Do you not believe that I am in the Father and the Father is in me? The words that I say to you I do not speak on my own; but the Father who dwells in me does his works. 11Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father is in me; but if you do not, then believe me because of the works themselves. 12Very truly, I tell you, the one who believes in me will also do the works that I do and, in fact, will do greater works than these, because I am going to the Father. 13I will do whatever you ask in my name, so that the Father may be glorified in the Son. 14If in my name you ask me for anything, I will do it. [[1]](#footnote-1)

Message Home, Sweet Home.

\*Response Shout to the Lord TFWS 2074

Offering In Gratitude – “The Call” Arr. A Wyton

\*Closing Hymn To God Be the Glory UMH 98

\*Benediction

Postlude Thine is the Glory Arr. R. Lind

**Rock Me to Sleep**

**BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN**

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,

Make me a child again just for tonight!

Mother, come back from the echoless shore,

Take me again to your heart as of yore;

Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,

Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;

Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—

Rock me to sleep, mother, – rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!

I am so weary of toil and of tears,—

Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—

Take them, and give me my childhood again!

I have grown weary of dust and decay,—

Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;

Weary of sowing for others to reap;—

Rock me to sleep, mother – rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,

Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!

Many a summer the grass has grown green,

Blossomed and faded, our faces between:

Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,

Long I tonight for your presence again.

Come from the silence so long and so deep;—

Rock me to sleep, mother, – rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,

No love like mother-love ever has shone;

No other worship abides and endures,—

Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:

None like a mother can charm away pain

From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.

Slumber’s soft calms o’er my heavy lids creep;—

Rock me to sleep, mother, – rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,

Fall on your shoulders again as of old;

Let it drop over my forehead tonight,

Shading my faint eyes away from the light;

For with its sunny-edged shadows once more

Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;

Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—

Rock me to sleep, mother, – rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long

Since I last listened your lullaby song:

Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem

Womanhood’s years have been only a dream.

Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,

With your light lashes just sweeping my face,

Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—

Rock me to sleep, mother, – rock me to sleep!

**A Dandelion for My Mother**

**BY JEAN NORDHAUS**

How I loved those spiky suns,

rooted stubborn as childhood

in the grass, tough as the farmer’s

big-headed children—the mats

of yellow hair, the bowl-cut fringe.

How sturdy they were and how

slowly they turned themselves

into galaxies, domes of ghost stars

barely visible by day, pale

cerebrums clinging to life

on tough green stems. Like you.

Like you, in the end. If you were here,

I’d pluck this trembling globe to show

how beautiful a thing can be

a breath will tear away.

**What I Learned From My Mother**

**BY JULIA KASDORF**

I learned from my mother how to love

the living, to have plenty of vases on hand

in case you have to rush to the hospital

with peonies cut from the lawn, black ants

still stuck to the buds. I learned to save jars

large enough to hold fruit salad for a whole

grieving household, to cube home-canned pears

and peaches, to slice through maroon grape skins

and flick out the sexual seeds with a knife point.

I learned to attend viewings even if I didn’t know

the deceased, to press the moist hands

of the living, to look in their eyes and offer

sympathy, as though I understood loss even then.

I learned that whatever we say means nothing,

what anyone will remember is that we came.

I learned to believe I had the power to ease

awful pains materially like an angel.

Like a doctor, I learned to create

from another’s suffering my own usefulness, and once

you know how to do this, you can never refuse.

To every house you enter, you must offer

healing: a chocolate cake you baked yourself,

the blessing of your voice, your chaste touch.

1. [*The Holy Bible: New Revised Standard Version*](https://ref.ly/logosres/nrsv?ref=BibleNRSV.Jn14.1&off=28&ctx=e+Way+to+the+Father%0a~14+%E2%80%9CDo+not+let+your+). (1989). (Jn 14:1–14). Nashville: Thomas Nelson Publishers. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)