



## **A Service of Hymn Singing**

**Sunday, June 14, 2026**

**9:00 am**

Here are a few notes to make you feel more at home as we praise the God of new life!

Bulletins are available to be picked up at the back of the sanctuary. We encourage you to participate throughout worship by speaking the **bold** print and singing along with the hymns. An asterisk \* indicates when you are invited to stand, as you are comfortable.

All are welcome to come forward for communion. The ushers will guide you. Juice and gluten-free wafers are available; please let your server know if you need either of these.

A basket for offerings is at the rear of the sanctuary.

A children's table is located at the back of the sanctuary, where you'll find some books and activities to help children feel more at home in worship.

### Serving in Worship Today

Presiding Minister	Rev. Andrea McDonough
Organist	Gerry Mass
Assisting Minister	Bert Zahn
Lector	Rev. Andrea McDonough
Crucifer	Adrian Bernardo
Offering Bearer	Maggie Hernandez
Parish Administrator	Jennifer Lasher-Dobush
Custodian	Vanessa Petrakos

"The Story Told" — each consisting of fifty verses. William G. Fischer later wrote the beloved tune and the words to the refrain, published in 1869. The hymn gained wide popularity through Dwight L. Moody and Ira Sankey's revival crusades. Notably, all royalties Katherine ever received from her publications were directed to foreign missions. She gave away everything the story earned.

*All are welcome at God's table. All means all.*

### Postlude

### Praying Together

**... for those who are homebound, ill, hospitalized or recuperating:**  
Gayle Agg, Nora Beach, Vince Besesdnjak, Joan Clarke, Chuck Dickey, Bill Flick, Dan Fleming, Barbara Fossa, Alan Fugo and family, Donna Franz, Risa Gabor, Barb Gaglione, Michelle Garnett, Rosa Garnett, Jane Gradert, Marge (Shriver) Katarzynski, Dorrie Kearns, Dylan King, Karen Kipfstul, Elaine Knerem, Nel Lanese, Jennifer Lewane, Phyllis Nemeth, Patti Novak, Dick Ptak, Madeline Ptak, Ginny Robinson, Steve Senderak, Claude, Starks, Arlene Stoltz, Barb Toth, Verl Williamson, Maud Wright, Charlotte Zaranka, Wilma Dancy, Bill Helmick, Nancy Helmick, Robert Lambrecht, Laura Mele, Judy Morgan, Kris Sandor, Lois Williams, Eugene Winfrey, the Copeland/Lane Family.

### Last Week

**General Fund receipts for week ending 7/7/2026: \$ 2902.00**

distance. It was those sights and sounds that gave birth to the words. In the early 1930s, English missionary Stuart K. Hine first heard a Russian version of the song while working in Ukraine, and eventually translated it into English in 1949, taking some liberties – most notably giving it the title we know today. In 1957 George Beverly Shea sang it nearly 100 times during Billy Graham's New York crusade, bringing it into the national consciousness. It has since been recorded over 1,800 times and consistently ranks as one of the greatest hymns ever written.

### **Let Us Break Bread Together (ELW 471)**

This hymn carries one of the most remarkable and complex origin stories in Christian worship. It emerged from the Gullah/Geechee slave culture of the coastal American South – likely from Saint Helena Island, South Carolina – in the eighteenth or nineteenth century. Some historians believe it was originally a signal song: enslaved people used it as a password to gather for secret worship meetings, which were illegal in colonial Virginia. The phrase "with my face to the rising sun" may have been a directional cue pointing east toward Africa, or toward the rising of God's justice. After the Civil War, the song was adapted into the communion hymn we know today. It was first published in written form in 1925. To sing it at the Lord's Table is to receive both bread and history – and to remember that the church's song has always been born in suffering and hope.

### **I Love to Tell the Story (ELW 661)**

Katherine Hankey was born in 1834 into a wealthy English banking family, but rather than live as a socialite, she devoted herself to teaching Bible classes for London's shop girls and serving the poor. At age thirty, she fell seriously ill and was confined to bed for a prolonged period. During her convalescence, she wrote a long narrative poem on the life of Christ in two parts – "The Story Wanted" and

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*Today we worship through song with hymns chosen by our congregation. These hymns carry the full weight of proclamation, confession, response, and sending. You are invited to sing boldly, listen deeply, and let these beloved songs speak to you in new ways. Brief notes on the history of each hymn can be found at the end of this bulletin.*

### **Flags are presented in the sanctuary in honor of Flag Day**

### **Welcome & Announcements**

#### **\*Call to Worship**

It may not be December, but we gather today because of what happened in a stable in Bethlehem long ago. The angels sang then. We sing now. Every Sunday is a little Christmas – a celebration that God came to us and has never stopped coming. So let us worship with the joy of that night in our lungs!

## \*Hark! The Herald Angels Sing • ELW 270



1 Hark! The her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born king;  
3 Hail the heav'n - born Prince of peace! Hail the Sun of righ - teous - ness!



peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."  
Light and life to all he brings, ris'n with heal - ing in his wings.



Jov - ful all you na - tions. rise: join the tri - umph of the skies:  
Mild he lays his glo - ry by, born that we no more may die,



with an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim. "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"  
born to raise each child of earth, born to give us sec - ond birth.



*Refrain*  
Hark! The her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born king!"

Text: Charles Wesley, 1707–1788, alt.

Music: MENDELSSOHN, Felix Mendelssohn, 1809–1847; arr. William H. Cummings, 1831–1915

and across continents.

## Jesus Loves Me! (ELW 595)

Anna Bartlett Warner wrote this poem in 1860, not as a hymn but as part of a popular novel called *Say and Seal*, in which a Sunday school teacher sings it to comfort a dying child. Warner never imagined it would outlive the book it came from. Two years later, prolific hymn composer William Batchelder Bradbury discovered the poem, set it to a simple, memorable melody, and added the now-iconic chorus: "Yes, Jesus loves me..." Because of its simplicity, Christian missionaries quickly translated and adopted it across the globe, making it one of the most widely sung hymns in the history of the church.

## Here I Am, Lord (ELW 574)

Dan Schutte wrote this hymn in 1979 under an unlikely deadline: a friend's diaconate ordination Mass was just days away and needed music. Drawing directly from two biblical stories of divine call — the Prophet Isaiah's "Here am I; send me!" (Isaiah 6:8) and the young Samuel's response in the night (1 Samuel 3) — Schutte crafted both text and music in a matter of days. Published in 1981, it has become one of the most beloved congregational hymns across Christian traditions worldwide. Its placement after the readings today invites us to respond to the Word we have heard with the same openness Isaiah and Samuel offered: Here I am, Lord.

## How Great Thou Art (ELW 856)

This hymn began as a poem called "O Store Gud" — O Great God — written by Swedish poet and lay minister Carl Boberg in 1885, inspired by a sudden violent thunderstorm he was caught in on his way home from church. After the storm cleared, he opened his window, looked out toward the sea, and heard church bells in the

## \*Dismissal

Go in Peace. Sing all about your love for God. **Thanks be to God.**

### A NOTE ON OUR HYMNS

*Stories behind the songs we sing today*

#### **Hark! The Herald Angels Sing** (ELW 270)

This beloved Christmas carol is a favorite of our organist, Gerry Mass. The hymn came together by happy accident across more than a century. Charles Wesley wrote the original poem in 1739 as a somber, reflective piece — quite different from the jubilant carol we know today. Over a hundred years later, in 1840, Felix Mendelssohn composed a bright, celebratory secular cantata to commemorate the anniversary of the printing press. British musician William H. Cummings saw the perfect pairing and set Wesley's words to Mendelssohn's tune in 1855 — and the result has been sung at Christmas tables and church sanctuaries ever since. Today we sing it as a bold proclamation of the good news that never goes out of season.

#### **What a Friend We Have in Jesus** (ELW 742)

Joseph Scriven was born in Dublin, Ireland in 1820. After graduating from Trinity College, he greatly anticipated marrying his childhood sweetheart. The day before the wedding, her horse was startled, throwing her into a nearby river where she drowned. Devastated, Scriven left Ireland for Ontario, Canada, where he spent the rest of his days. Years later, Scriven received word that his mother had become very ill. Unable to return to her, he wrote the poem privately — to remind her she was not alone. For years he never claimed credit for it. When finally asked about the hymn, he simply said, "The Lord and I wrote it together." The poem was later set to music by Charles Converse in 1868, after which it spread quickly through churches, revivals,

## \*Confession and Forgiveness

The angels have sung their good news over us: God has come, God is here, God is with us. But if we are honest, we don't always live like we believe that. We carry our burdens alone as though no one is listening. We forfeit peace and bear needless pain, as the old hymn says, simply because we do not bring things to God in prayer. We come to this moment of confession not in shame, but in relief, because the One born in that stable is not a distant God. He is a friend. So let us be honest with the One who already knows us and already loves us anyway.

*A moment of silence for reflection.*

Gracious God, **We confess that we have not always lived as people who believe the good news. We have carried what we could have laid down. We have worried when we could have prayed. We have hidden when we could have come to you openly. Forgive us. Remind us who we are: people claimed, people loved, people who have a friend in you. Meet us here, in our honesty. Amen.**

Friends, hear this and believe it: The One born in that Bethlehem stable came for exactly this — for every burden you carry, every sorrow you hide, every moment you felt utterly alone. You are forgiven. You are held. You are not alone. **Thanks be to God.**

**\*What a Friend We Have In Jesus • ELW 742**



1 What a friend we have in Je - sus, all our sins and griefs to bear!  
 2 Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?  
 3 Are we weak and heav - y - lad - en, cum - bered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!  
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged—take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge—take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit; oh, what need - less pain we bear—  
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful who will all our sor - row share?  
 Do your friends de - spise, for - sake you? Take it to the Lord in prayer.



all be - cause we do not car - ry ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!  
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness—take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 In his arms he'll take and shield you; you will find a so - lace there.

**\*Prayer of the Day**

God of mangers and mountains, of stables and still waters, you came to us in flesh and bone, you call us each by name, and you meet us in our sorrow with a peace we could not manufacture on our own. Be present in this hour of singing. Let these old songs do new work in us today. Open our ears to hear your voice, open our hearts to receive your peace, and open our hands to respond, with nothing held back. We are yours, and we are here. **Amen.**

**I Love to Tell the Story • ELW 661**



1 I love to tell the sto - ry of un - seen things a - bove,  
 2 I love to tell the sto - ry: how pleas - ant to re - peat  
 3 I love to tell the sto - ry, for those who know it best



of Je - sus and his glo - ry, of Je - sus and his love.  
 what seems, each time I tell it, more won - der - ful - ly sweet!  
 seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing to hear it like the rest.



I love to tell the sto - ry, be - cause I know it's true;  
 I love to tell the sto - ry, for some have nev - er heard  
 And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,



it sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.  
 the mes - sage of sal - va - tion from God's own ho - ly word.  
 I'll sing the old, old sto - ry that I have loved so long.



*Refrain*  
 I love to tell the sto - ry; 'twill be my theme in glo - ry



to tell the old, old sto - ry of Je - sus and his love.

## Let Us Break Bread Together • ELW 471



1 Let us break bread to - geth-er on our knees;  
2 Let us drink wine to - geth-er on our knees;  
3 Let us praise God to - geth-er on our knees;



let us break bread to - geth-er on our knees.  
let us drink wine to - geth-er on our knees.  
let us praise God to - geth-er on our knees.



When I fall on my knees, with my face to the ris - ing



sun, O Lord, have mer-cy on me.

### \*Post Communion Prayer

God of the feast, we have been fed – not just with bread and cup, but with your very self. Send us into the week ahead nourished, steadied, and a little more whole than when we came in. We are yours. **Amen.**

### \*Benediction

Go now, knowing that the God who called Samuel in the night, who touched the lips of Isaiah, who came to us as a baby in a stable – that God goes with you. You are claimed. You are loved. You are sent. And now, may the blessing of the God who made you, the Christ who came for you, and the Spirit who sustains you, the One God, be with you today and all the days to come. **Amen.**

## Children's Message

### Jesus Loves Me! • ELW 595

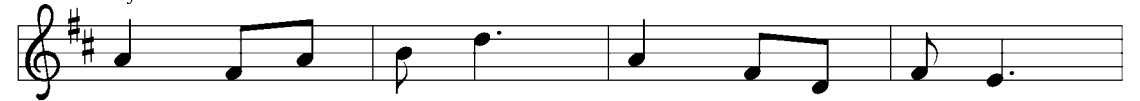


1 Je - sus loves me! this I know, for the Bi - ble tells me so;  
2 Je - sus loves me! he who died heav - en's gates to o - pen wide;  
3 Je - sus loves me! he will stay close be - side me all the way;



lit - tle ones to him be - long, they are weak, but he is strong.  
he will wash a - way my sin, let his lit - tle child come in.  
when at last I come to die, he will take me home on high.

#### *Refrain*



Yes, Je - sus loves me, yes, Je - sus loves me,



yes, Je - sus loves me, the Bi - ble tells me so.

Text: Anna B. Warner, 1820–1915, alt.  
Music: JESUS LOVES ME, William B. Bradbury, 1816–1868

## Readings

### 1 Samuel 3:1-10

Now the boy Samuel was ministering to the Lord under Eli. The word of the Lord was rare in those days; visions were not widespread. At that time Eli, whose eyesight had begun to grow dim so that he could not see, was lying down in his room; the lamp of God had not yet gone out, and Samuel was lying down in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was. Then the Lord called, "Samuel! Samuel!" and he said, "Here I am!" and ran to Eli and said, "Here I am, for you called me." But he said, "I did not call; lie down again." So he went and lay down. The Lord called again, "Samuel!" Samuel got up and went to Eli and said, "Here I am, for you called me." But he said, "I did not call, my son; lie down again." Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, and the word of the Lord had not yet been revealed to him. The Lord called Samuel again, a third time. And he got up and went to Eli and said, "Here I am, for you called me." Then Eli perceived that the Lord was calling the boy. Therefore Eli said to Samuel, "Go, lie down, and if he calls you, you shall say, 'Speak, Lord, for your servant is listening.' " So Samuel went and lay down in his place. The Lord came and stood there, calling as before, "Samuel! Samuel!" And Samuel said, "Speak, for your servant is listening."

The Word of the Lord. **We are listening, Lord.**

## \*Holy Communion

Holy God,  
author of time,  
one among us,  
breath of our bodies,  
you are as close to us as skin  
and infinite as stars.

You came to us as Jesus of Nazareth,  
who on the night he was betrayed,  
took bread, and gave thanks;  
broke it, and gave it to his disciples, saying,  
Take and eat; this is my body, given for you.  
Do this for the remembrance of me.

Again, after supper, he took the cup, gave thanks,  
and gave it for all to drink, saying,  
This cup is the new covenant in my blood,  
shed for you and for all people for the forgiveness of sin.  
Do this for the remembrance of me.

Whenever we eat this bread and drink this cup,  
we proclaim today the Lord's blessing,  
present in our time just as in ages past,  
building the communion of saints even from our own bodies.

Bless us with your presence,  
and give us here a foretaste of the feast to come.  
Let your Holy Spirit infuse our hearts and minds with joy  
so that we may live to praise you, O God,  
holy Trinity, now and forever. **Amen.**

## \*Sharing of the Peace

The peace of the Lord be with you always. **And also with you.**

## \*Offertory

### *How Great Thou Art* • ELW 856



1 O Lord my God, when I in awe-some won-der con-sid-er  
3 But when I think that God, his Son not spar-ing, sent him to  
4 When Christ shall come, with shout of ac-cla-ma-tion, and take me



all the works thy hand hath made. I see the stars. I hear the might-v  
die, I scarce can take it in, that on the cross my bur-den glad-ly  
home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in hum-ble ad-o-



thun-der. thy pow'r through-out the u-ni-verse dis-blaved:  
bear-ing he bled and died to take a-way my sin;  
ra-tion and there pro-claim, "My God, how great thou art!"

#### *Refrain*



Then sings my soul, my Sav-ior God, to thee, how great thou



art! How great thou art! Then sings my soul, my Sav-ior God, to



thee, how great thou art! How great thou art!

## Isaiah 6:1-8

In the year that King Uzziah died, I saw the Lord, high and exalt-  
ed, seated on a throne; and the train of his robe filled the tem-  
ple. Above him were seraphim, each with six wings: With two wings  
they covered their faces, with two they covered their feet, and with  
two they were flying. And they were calling to one another:

"Holy, holy, holy is the LORD Almighty;  
the whole earth is full of his glory."

At the sound of their voices the doorposts and thresholds shook and  
the temple was filled with smoke.

"Woe to me!" I cried. "I am ruined! For I am a man of unclean  
lips, and I live among a people of unclean lips, and my eyes have  
seen the King, the LORD Almighty."

Then one of the seraphim flew to me with a live coal in his hand,  
which he had taken with tongs from the altar. With it he touched my  
mouth and said, "See, this has touched your lips; your guilt is taken  
away and your sin atoned for."

Then I heard the voice of the Lord saying, "Whom shall I send? And  
who will go for us?"

And I said, "Here I am. Send me!"

The sending Word of God. **Here I am, Lord.**

## Here I Am, Lord • ELW 574



1 "I, the Lord of sea and sky, I have heard my peo - ple cry.  
2 "I, the Lord of snow and rain, I have borne my peo - ple's pain.  
3 "I, the Lord of wind and flame, I will tend the poor and lame.



All who dwell in dark and sin my hand will save.  
I have wept for love of them. They turn a - way.  
I will set a feast for them. My hand will save.

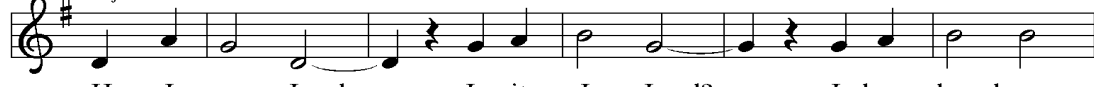


I, who made the stars of night, I will make their dark-ness bright.  
I will break their hearts of stone, give them hearts for love a - lone.  
Fin-est bread I will pro-vide till their hearts be sat - is - fied.



Who will bear my light to them? Whom shall I send?"  
I will speak my word to them. Whom shall I send?"  
I will give my life to them. Whom shall I send?"

### *Refrain*



Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord? I have heard you



call-ing in the night. I will go, Lord, if you



lead me. I will hold your peo - ple in my heart.

Text: Daniel L. Schutte, b. 1946  
Music: HERE I AM, LORD, Daniel L. Schutte  
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## Prayers of the People

We have sung today of angels and mangers, of the friend that we have always, of a God who calls each of us by name. So Lord we come to you now, not with polished words, but with honest hearts — trusting that you hear us before we even speak.

For your church in every place — that we would be people who, like Samuel, stay awake to your voice, and like Isaiah, are willing to say "here I am" even when the call is bigger than we feel ready for. Hear us, God. **We are yours.**

For a world that carries more sorrow than it shows — for those who are barely holding on right now, who are exhausted by the weight of their days, who need to know that they are not alone and that you have not forgotten them. Hear us, God. **We are yours.**

For those who are sick, who are grieving, who are lonely, and for all who sit with suffering they did not choose. May they know they are not forgotten, and that the One born in that stable came for them specifically. Hear us, God. **We are yours.**

For the leaders of nations and communities — that they would govern with wisdom, with humility, and with care for the most vulnerable among us. Hear us, God. **We are yours.**

For this congregation — for all that we are carrying into this room today that no one else can see. May this hour of singing do something in us that we can't quite name yet but will notice later. Hear us, God. **We are yours.**

Receive these prayers, and all the ones too deep for words, O God. You know what we need before we ask. You are the bread that sustains us, the peace that steadies us, the voice that calls us, and the blessing that sends us. We trust you with all of it. **Amen.**