



Order of Worship ☪ August 2, 2020

Trinity☪Church of the Isles

To watch the entire service online, click here:

<https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLr2IwlWThmmSrt6HytC3swrzDPhn4EWAI>

Prelude “Every Praise” (Hezekiah Walker)

<https://youtu.be/UuuZMg6NVeA>

Every praise is to our God. Every word of worship with one accord Every praise every praise is to our God
Sing hallelujah to our God Glory hallelujah is due our God Every praise every praise is to our God
God my Savior God my Healer God my Deliverer Yes He is, yes He is Yes He is, yes He is Yes He is, yes He is!
Every praise is to our God. Every word of worship with one accord Every praise every praise
Every praise every praise Is to our God

Welcome

Shelly Wilson <https://youtu.be/gyymAHJszt8>

Opening Prayer

(© Rev. Martha B. Peck, 2017 & WorshipWell.church)

Risen Christ, yours is the heartbeat of grace deep within us,
the light step beside us on our journeys,
the footprints in the sand, revealing how you carry us when we grow weary.
Yours is the face we glimpse when we perceive one another’s holiness.
Yours are the promises: that life conquers death,



that goodness is stronger than evil,
and that we can build our lives around your shining truth.
Show us where you are today, in this place, and in each of us. Amen.

Music “Open the Eyes of My Heart, Lord

(Michael W. Smith) *Winston Culler*

Open the eyes of my heart, Lord, Open the eyes of my heart; I want to see You I want to see You
Open the eyes of my heart, Lord, Open the eyes of my heart; I want to see You; I want to see You
To see You high and lifted up; Shinin' in the light of Your glory
Pour out Your power and love As we sing holy, holy, holy

Time for Children

Mindy Picardo <https://youtu.be/cO66n6yteqU>

Offering: Financial support for our churches is essential, now more than ever. Thank you for your faithful giving that keeps our ministries going! Please mail in your offerings to your church:

Church of the Isles

Att. Barb Templin

200 24th Ave.

Indian Rocks Beach, FL 33785

(or give online via Pay Pal— www.churchoftheisles.org www.trinityucstpete.org)

Trinity UCC

Att. Marty Seyler

3155 Featherwood Court

Clearwater, FL 33759

Prayers of the People

Shelly Wilson <https://youtu.be/N9mkAxRGIk>

Music “Bridge Over Troubled Water”

Winston Culler

When you're weary, feeling small When tears are in your eyes, I will dry them all, all
I'm on your side, oh, when times get rough And friends just can't be found
Like a bridge over troubled water I will lay me down.
When you're down and out When you're on the street
When evening falls so hard I will comfort you
I'll take your part, oh, when darkness comes And pain is all around



Like a bridge over troubled water I will lay me down
Sail on silver girl, Sail on by Your time has come to shine
All your dreams are on their way See how they shine
Oh, if you need a friend I'm sailing right behind
Like a bridge over troubled water I will ease your mind

Reading “Ithaka”

By *Constantine P. Cavafy* <https://youtu.be/1n3n2Ox4Yfk>

C.P. Cavafy is widely considered the most distinguished Greek poet of the 20th century. This poem, with its imagery from the Odyssey, reminds us that the Life journey itself is the blessing.

As you set out for Ithaka
hope your road is a long one,
full of adventure, full of discovery.
Laistrygonians, Cyclops,
angry Poseidon—don't be afraid of them:
you'll never find things like that on your way
as long as you keep your thoughts raised high,
as long as a rare excitement
stirs your spirit and your body.
Laistrygonians, Cyclops,
wild Poseidon—you won't encounter them
unless you bring them along inside your soul,
unless your soul sets them up in front of you.

Hope your road is a long one.
May there be many summer mornings when,
with what pleasure, what joy,
you enter harbors you're seeing for the first time;
may you stop at Phoenician trading stations
to buy fine things,
mother of pearl and coral, amber and ebony,
sensual perfume of every kind—
as many sensual perfumes as you can;
and may you visit many Egyptian cities
to learn and go on learning from their scholars.

Keep Ithaka always in your mind.
Arriving there is what you're destined for.
But don't hurry the journey at all.
Better if it lasts for years,
So, you're old by the time you reach the island,



wealthy with all you've gained on the way,
not expecting Ithaka to make you rich.

Ithaka gave you the marvelous journey.
Without her you wouldn't have set out.
She has nothing left to give you now.

And if you find her poor, Ithaka won't have fooled you.
Wise as you will have become, so full of experience,
you'll have understood by then what these Ithakas mean.

Music "Travelin' Thru"

Dolly Parton <https://youtu.be/2mQMmDFvkDU>

Well, I can't tell you where I'm going I'm not sure of where I've been
But I know I must keep travelin' Till my road comes to an end

I'm out here on my journey Trying to make the most of it
I'm a puzzle I must figure out Where all my pieces fit

Like a poor wayfaring stranger that they speak about in song
I'm just a weary pilgrim trying to find what feels like home

Well, that is no one can tell me Am I doomed to ever roam
I'm just travelin' travelin' travelin' I'm just travelin' on

Questions I have many Answers but a few
We're here to learn the spirit burns To know the greater truth

We've all been crucified And they nailed Jesus to the tree
And when I'm born again You're gonna see a change in me

God made me for a reason And nothing is in vain
Redemption comes in many shapes With many kinds of pain

Oh, sweet Jesus if you're listening Keep me ever close to you
As I'm stumbling tumbling wandering As I'm traveling through
I'm just traveling traveling traveling I'm just traveling through

Oh sometimes the road is rugged And it's hard to travel on
But holdin' to each other We don't have to walk alone
When everything is broken We can mend it if we try
We can make a world of difference If we want to we can fly



Good-bye little children Good-night you handsome men
Farewell to all you ladies And to all who knew me when...
And I hope I'll see ya down the road You meant more than I knew
As I was travelin' travelin' travelin' Travelin' travelin' through
I'm just travelin', travelin', travelin' I'm just travelin'

Drifting like a floating boat And roaming like the wind
Oh give me some direction Lord, Let me lean on you As I'm travelin' travelin' travelin' through

Scripture: Luke 24: 13-31

Hazel Merihew

Now on that same day two of them were going to a village called Emmaus, about seven miles from Jerusalem, and talking with each other about all these things that had happened. While they were talking and discussing, Jesus himself came near and went with them, but they did not recognize him. And he said to them, "Friends, what are you talking about as you travel along this road?" And they stopped for a moment, overwhelmed with sorrow. Then one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answered him, "Are you the only stranger in Jerusalem who does not know all the things that have happened over the last few days? He asked them, "What things?" They replied, "The things about Jesus of Nazareth, who was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people, and how our priests and leaders handed him over to be condemned to death and crucified. But we had hoped that he was the one to redeem Israel. Yes, and besides all this, it is now the third day since these things took place and some women of our group astounded us. They were at the tomb early this morning, and when they did not find his body there, they came back and told us that they had indeed seen a vision of angels who said that he was alive. Some of those who were with us went to the tomb and found it just as the women had said; but they did not see him." Then he said, "Have you forgotten that all the prophets have taught us that the Messiah must suffer?" And beginning with Moses and all the prophets, he interpreted to them the things about himself in all the scriptures.

As they came near the village to which they were going, he walked ahead as if he were going on. But they urged him strongly, saying, "Stay with us, because it is almost evening and the day is now nearly over." So, he went in to stay with them. When he was at the table with them, he took bread, blessed and broke it, and gave it to them. Then their eyes were opened, and they recognized him; but then he vanished from their sight.

Sermon "Recognition"

Shelly Wilson <https://youtu.be/ksJS8WGNzNc>

Because I did not die when the woman to my left at the intersection drove her Lexus through the red light and into my car, I returned to the place on the avenue the next day, at the same hour. Because I could. The grace that is life when there could have been death bathed that morning in blue and gold light, and there was the road, as it had been. Right after, they'd put down sand to absorb the leaking fluid or the blood or whatever results are expected after such accidents. Still, the pavement showed the way forward. It was a close call. Such moments in our lives are known as close calls. These days of the pandemic, every day feels like a close call. Close



calls call the body to alarm and the car itself to defense, and the other drivers to decision, and the first responders to respond. And in a perfectly regular day, before Covid, and definitely since, when a regular day is but a memory, inside and outside, close calls are close beside us all.

Because I did not die, I asked, “How shall I live?” And the pettiness, at least for that day, began to peel away like an orange to live in this blessed moment is to recognize its edges. Awareness, I’ve found, is often short-lived in a life.

There was a witness. I didn’t think it would matter to me that there had been a witness to the accident, but as he stood by the car, and decided to get involved in a story he did not have to know, I could see the collision and my trembling hands reflected in his eyes, from across the street. Through his eyes, I woke to my loneliness and to that of the woman huddled by her battered car, sobbing out her guilt and fear. He felt holy to me in that moment, this witness, as he spoke truth for us both, calmly framing the justice and the mercy we needed, made it all real. After his help, I never saw him again. If I said thank you, I do not recall. And no doubt, it was not enough to say.

Because I did not die, I’ve wondered long about the moments when others do, in the bits and pieces we all die every day. The big and final deaths and the tiny cracks and tears and splinters of energy, the love and promises betrayed, the exhaustion of our critical biting, the goodbyes to those we love when we did or didn’t know it was the last time, and how our emptiness and sadness sometimes are caused as much by the dread as by the loss. It’s a wonder how the journey’s road does not stop, but leads away from that place and pain, and toward something else. Because every day that we did not die feels like a gift to savor. I wonder again at your life and mine, so plain and simple and majestic and mysterious. It is the odyssey—the journey to Ithaka as Cavafy writes in his poem where we do not have to fear the chaos and the monsters, and we best thank God for life by celebrating what it is, while it is. And know how true it is, what Father John O’Donohue said, “Each day is seeded with recognition.”

That is what it means to be a witness—to have the eyes of our hearts opened—to be present here and now instead of in a virtual reality of our own imaginations or anxieties. To know in our own flesh and bones the fragile blessing of having come through what could have destroyed us.

The people on the road with Jesus could not see what they were witnessing that long afternoon before supper broke the darkness. I have found I often don’t until I look back, brought up short and startled to awareness in the present. They were walking away, away from the place where the pain and death had happened, but they were not yet to the place of healing and future. And their eyes were kept from recognizing that there



could be any possibility of life within the present moments and acknowledging the loss. It often takes time, I've found. Maybe you have, by glimpses sometimes, or in full clarity after years, or suddenly, been able to see the blessing in the now—even in the pandemic when we can have our eyes opened so that we fill up with gratitude and know we are witnessing our own momentum forward, and are able to offer our own resiliency to others struggling. Who needed what we could give? How have you and I multiplied the joy, made a way, spoken the hope, made possible forgiveness, received amazing grace, discovered, suddenly or over time, that we were not where we were anymore. When have you and I, with shakiness and a fair amount of disbelief, realized we have been given what we need to go on?

The story calls the place the people were going "Emmaus," but according to the scholars it is not a place you necessarily can locate on a map. The name means "place of springs," an oasis. Maybe Emmaus like Ithaca is a metaphor for the pilgrimage. They were walking on in the pain, and gathering up their blessings--remembering, reforming, renewing, and in the moment when their eyes were opened, they recognized that they were not at the old place and they had not yet arrived, but they saw where and with whom they were. In the present moment—hard and lonely as it is, in the Now.

For me that is where God lives--in the eternal mystery of times when I am invited, and you are too, to recognition. *Re-cognition*...to think again, see it anew, is to be a witness--to experience the heights and depths and level plains of our daily lives--the getting up and the staying in or the venturing out to go to work or to do the shopping or to go to doctor's appointments, when life as usual can include a dramatic close call. We are called to be present to it and to hold it all lightly, to be awake to our awareness, mindfully moving through it from moment to moment. Because every day on the journey we did not die, is a chance for recognition--having the eyes of our souls opened.

In her lovely book *Tracking Desire, a Journey with Swallow-tailed Kites*, Tallahassee author, Susan Cerulean describes her encounters with recognition as she learns to identify and catalogue bird sightings and notes how she experiences them anew. She writes, "On weekends we stalked the circumferences of berry-laden wax myrtles, checking off yellow-rumped warblers and ruby-crowned kinglets. Over the fields we learned to pick out the tilt of the wintering marsh hawks, and on the telephone wires, the kestrels. Each a part of my newly adopted southern landscape. Each as if it had never before existed. Or maybe it was my eyes that had just suddenly focused. Where had I been looking all my life? Winter delivered brilliant cardinals, startling evening grosbeaks, and blazing yellow goldfinches to the sunflower seeds we provided. Check, check, check. The simple



marks meant I was there. I had seen these miracles. This was my response." Whether it is with our eyes or with the heart, check, check, check, we are invited to recognition, too. Of birds and of all being.

At the end of the story, Jesus is not seen by them anymore. But the friends on the road to Emmaus, to Ithaca, to the destination, with their newly opened eyes, and with absolutely no empirical proof that anything had changed, journeyed on to the next right thing. They bore witness to what they had seen when their eyes were opened. They spoke truth that they knew and maybe these are truths that you've experienced, too--that there are all kinds of love that cannot be destroyed by death as we have seen in the services memorializing the Honorable John Lewis. That when friends hold hope for others and share, even in a flickering computer screen and over miles of separation, that something spiritual happens. That it is possible to love and to lose and to go on and to see without eyes, to search and to keep living with hope, even when the destination seems faraway. To let it be, to work, to love fully, to tell our own and each other's stories so that we do not lose heart. We can do that for each other, even separated--as Christ did it for the people on the road in this old story, even after he vanished from their sight. Even with physical distancing, we may experience spirit love and life beyond illness, violence, and death, and we may encounter the Hope right here and right now, where we are living. *Recognition...it literally means "to know it again."* Amen

Benediction “The Irish Blessing”

<https://youtu.be/G7O9OqBdzus>

I wish you not a path devoid of clouds, nor a life on a bed of roses, not that you might never feel regret or pain, no, that is not my wish. My wish is that you might be brave in times of trials when others lay crosses on your shoulders, when the mountains must be climbed and the chasms crossed, when hope can scarce shine through. That every gift God gave you might grow along with you and let you give the gift of joy to all who care for you. That you may always have a friend who is worth that name, whom you can trust and who helps you in times of sadness who will defy the storms of daily life at your side. One more wish, I have for you: that in every hour of joy and pain you may feel God close to you. This is my wish for you, this is my hope for you and for all who care for you, now and forever.

Closing Music “A Pilgrim’s Hymn”

Landon Whitsett <https://youtu.be/V4MNFfDRoEQ>

I will set my feet upon the road I will follow wherever you lead. (repeat) I know not where the road will end. I know not what is up around the bend I will set... Was that you I met along the road? Was that you walking with me? (repeat) I was fine all on my own, but you taught me things I never could have known. Was that you...



There are those who sit along the road. As I walk, they call out to me (repeat) They are blind and they are lame Will I pass them, will I cause them pain? There are those... I reach out and take them by the hand I ask them to walk with me (repeat) They tell me of the life they've known. All the heartaches, all the ways they've grown. I reach out... It grows late and I am growing tired. They ask me to rest with them (repeat) As we talk my strength renews. I can see their beauty, I can see their truth It grows late... I drift off in the stillness of the night but something calls me back (repeat) The many around me have become one, and they are shining brightly like the sun...

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Prayer concerns

From Trinity

Eleanor who lost her husband last week; and her mom and sister the past few months.
Leslee, hospitalized; her wife, Holly
Virgil, in rehab after recent hospitalization
Residents and staff at Jacaranda Manor where there is a large outbreak of COVID-19, and for all those in long-term care facilities
Cathy's friend, Steve on hospice care, his wife, Jennifer

From COTI

Lois Dykens, Covid 19
Shirley H., in the death of her husband, Don from Covid 19
Shirley F., Nancy, & Vivian, recovering from recent surgeries
those grieving and filled with fear

Announcements

- ❖ Racial Justice Study each Sunday at 4:00 PM. Email Shelly if you are interested: wilsonshellya@yahoo.com
Join us virtually for Episodes 3 & 4 of "1619."
- ❖ Contemplative Prayer virtually each Thursday at 9:30 AM. Email Shelly if you are interested:
wilsonshellya@yahoo.com