

# Riverside United Methodist Church

Independence Day (observed) • July 5, 2020 • 9:30 AM

**\*\* The people will rise in body or spirit.**

## GATHERING

Gathering Music

Daniel Kuhn, piano

Call to Worship

**\*\*Opening Hymn**

*This Is My Song*

UMH 437

1 This is my song, O God of all the nations,  
a song of peace for lands afar and mine.  
This is my home, the country where my heart is;  
here are my hopes, my dreams, my holy shrine;  
but other hearts in other lands are beating  
with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.

2 My country's skies are bluer than the ocean,  
and sunlight beams on cloverleaf and pine;  
but other lands have sunlight too, and clover,  
and skies are everywhere as blue as mine.  
O hear my song, thou God of all the nations,  
a song of peace for their land and for mine.

3 This is my prayer, O Lord of all earth's kingdoms:  
Thy kingdom come; on earth thy will be done.  
Let Christ be lifted up till all shall serve him,  
and hearts united learn to live as one.  
O hear my prayer, thou God of all the nations;  
myself I give thee; let thy will be done.

**\*\*Invocation**

*For Our Country*

UMH 429

**All:** O God, keep our whole country under your protection. Wipe out sin from this land; lift it up from the depth of sorrow, O Lord, our shining light. Save us from deep grief and misfortune, Lord of all nations. Bless us with your wisdom, so that the poor might not be oppressed and the rich may not be oppressors. Make this a nation having no ruler except God, a nation having not authority but that of Love. Amen.

Gathering the Community

Exchange of Peace

## THE WORD

### Modern Reading *Declaration of Inter-Dependence* by Richard Blanco

Sandy Hunter, liturgist

*Such has been the patient sufferance...* We're a mother's bread, instant potatoes, milk at a checkout line; her three children pleading for bubble gum and their father. We're the three minutes she steals to page a tabloid, needing to believe even stars' lives are as joyful and bruised. *Our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury...* We're her second job serving an executive in a shark-grey suit absorbed in his *Fortune* magazine at a sidewalk café. We're the shadow of skyscrapers like giant chess pieces in a game he bet his family on, and lost. We're the lost. We're a father who can't mine a life anymore in a town where too much, too little has happened, for too long. *A history of repeated injuries and usurpations...* We're the grit of his main street's blacked-out windows and spray-painted truths. Or a street lined with Royal palms—home to a Peace Corps couple who now collect art and winter in Aruba. We're their dinner-party-talk of wines and picket signs once wielded, retirement accounts and draft cards once burned. We're their knowing it's time to do more than read the *New York Times*, buy fair-trade coffee and grass-fed beef. *In every stage of oppressions we have petitioned for redress...* We're the canned corn of a farmer who plows into his couch as worn as his back by the end of the day. We're watching news having everything, nothing to do with the field dust in his eyes or his son nested in the ache of his arms. We're his son. And a black son who drove too fast or too slow, talked too much or too little, moved too quickly, but not quick enough for a bullet. We're our dead, our blood-stained blackboards, dance floors, church pulpits. *We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor...* We're the living who light vigil candles and the cop who didn't shoot. We're the inmate with his volunteer teacher diagramming sentences, the Buddhist alongside the stockbroker serving soup at a shelter. We're the grandfather taking a selfie with his grandson and his husband, the widow's fifty cents in the collection plate and the golfer's ten-thousand-dollar pledge for a cure. *We hold these truths to be self-evident...* We're them. They're you. You're me. We're us: a handshake, a smile good morning on the bus, a door held open, a seat we give up on the subway. We tend restrooms or sell art, make huevos rancheros or herbed salmon, run for mayor or restock shelves, work a backhoe or write poems. We're a poem in progress. *When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people...* to fulfill the promise of being one people, necessary to abolish any government that becomes destructive of these ends, necessary to dissolve the political bans that keep us from speaking to each other, necessary to avow our interdependence, to look straight into each other's eyes the way we behold the moon, and declare to one another: *I see you. I see you. I see you.*

### Special Music

*I Vow to Thee, My Country*

Daniel Kuhn, piano  
Rebecca Dorn, solo

### Pastoral Prayer

#### \*\*Gradual

*Speak, O Lord*

TOWNEND

Speak, O Lord, as we come to you to receive the food of your Holy Word.  
Take your truth, plant it deep in us; shape and fashion us in your likeness,  
that the light of Christ might be seen today in our acts of love and our deeds of faith.  
Speak, O Lord, and fulfill in us, all your purposes for your glory.  
And by grace we'll stand on your promises, and by faith we'll walk as you walk with us.  
Speak, O Lord, till your church is built and the earth is filled with your glory.

#### \*\*Gospel Reading Luke 6:37-43 (CEB)

One: Hear what the Spirit is saying to the Church  
All: **Come, Holy Spirit.**  
One: A reading from the Gospel of Luke  
All: **Glory to you, O God.**

As Jesus continued on from there, he saw a man named Matthew sitting at a kiosk for collecting taxes. He said to him, "Follow me," and he got up and followed him. As Jesus sat down to eat in Matthew's house, many tax collectors and sinners joined Jesus and his disciples at the table. But when the Pharisees saw this, they said to his disciples, "Why does your teacher eat with tax collectors and sinners?" When Jesus heard it, he said, "Healthy people don't need a doctor, but sick people do. Go and learn what this means: *I want mercy and not sacrifice.* I didn't come to call righteous people, but sinners."

One: Living Spirit, Living Word

All: Thanks be to God!

## **\*\*Response**

*Glory to God, Whose Goodness Shines on Me*

VASILE

Glory to God, whose goodness shines on me,  
and to the Son, whose grace has pardoned me,  
and to the Spirit, whose love has set me free.  
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be. Amen.

Sermon

Puzzled: *And There's Another Country...*

Rev. Keith A. Turner

## THE EUCHARIST

### Presentation of Our Tithes and Offerings

### Offertory

### Invitation to Holy Communion

One: The Gospel writers tell of our Risen Savior, who at table with two of the disciples took bread and blessed and broke it and gave it to them. Their eyes were opened and they recognized the Risen Christ in the breaking of the bread.

All: **In company with all believers in every time and beyond time, we come to this table to know the Risen Christ in the breaking of the bread.**

### The Words of Institution

One: On the night you were betrayed, you took the bread. After giving thanks, you broke it and said, "This is my body, broken for you, and as you eat it, remember me.

All: **This is my body broken for you, and as you eat it, remember me.**

One: On the night you were betrayed, you held the cup. After giving thanks, you lifted it up. "This is my life, poured out for you, and as you drink it, remember me.

All: **This is my life poured out for you, and as you drink it, remember me.**

One: So, we thank you for the wine and for the bread. For we see the love you gave and the life that you shed.

All: **And we remember your wondrous love. You have your body; you shed your blood. And we remember your wondrous love, you gave your Spirit to live in us.**

### The Lord's Prayer

*And now, with the confidence of children of God, we are bold to pray the prayer Christ has taught us, saying:*

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name, your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as in heaven. Give us today our daily bread. Forgive our sins as we forgive those who sin against us. Save us from the time of trial and deliver us from evil. For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours now and forever. Amen.

### Sharing the Bread and Cup

## Hymn during Communion

## *How Beautiful, Our Spacious Skies*

MATERNA

1 How beautiful, our spacious skies, our amber waves of grain;  
our purple mountains as they rise above the fruitful plain.  
America! America! God's gracious gifts abound,  
and more and more we're grateful for life's bounty all around.

3 How beautiful, sincere lament, the wisdom born of tears,  
the courage called for to repent the bloodshed through the years.  
America! America! God grant that we may be  
a nation blessed with none oppressed, true land of liberty.

2 Indigenous and immigrant, our daughters and our sons:  
O may we never rest content till all are truly one.  
America! America! God grant that we may be  
a sisterhood and brotherhood from sea to shining sea.

4 How beautiful, two continents, and islands in the sea  
that dream of peace, nonviolence, all people living free.  
Americas! Americas! God grant that we may be  
a hemisphere where people here all live in harmony.

## **\*\*Prayer of Thanksgiving**

## SENDING

### **\*\*Closing Hymn**

### *God of the Ages*

NATIONAL HYMN

1 God of the ages, who with sure command  
leads forth in beauty all the starry band  
of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,  
our grateful songs before your throne arise.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,  
with steadfast care be ever our defense;  
your love and faith within our hearts increase;  
with bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

2 Your purpose just, envisions mortals free;  
God, set our path toward human liberty.  
Still be our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay—  
your Word our law, your paths our chosen way.

4 Refresh your people on life's toilsome way;  
lead us from night to never-ending day;  
with truth and love guide us through error's maze,  
and we shall give you glory, laud, and praise.

### **\*\*Benediction**

### **Sending Music**

Daniel Kuhn, piano

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## Announcements this Week

Tuesday, July 7; 9:30AM – Bibles & Bagels (West Side Park)

Thursday, July 10; 7:30AM – Thursday Morning Men's Breakfast (Fellowship Hall)  
10:00AM – Woodcarvers and Crafters (Fellowship Hall)