Welcome

Lighting the Christ Candle

Prelude

Call to Worship

Excerpts from 1 Corinthians 12:12-27 (The Message)

Your body has many parts—limbs, organs, cells—but no matter how many parts you can name, you’re still one body. It’s exactly the same with Christ.

**By means of his one Spirit...**

each of us is now a part of his resurrection body, refreshed and sustained at one fountain—his Spirit—where we all come to drink.

A body isn’t just a single part blown up into something huge. It’s all the different-but-similar parts arranged and functioning together....

every part dependent on every other part...

If one part hurts, every other part is involved in the hurt, and in the healing.

If one part flourishes, every other part enters into the exuberance.

You are Christ’s body—that’s who you are!

You must never forget this.
Gathering Song  “The Gift of Love” vv. 1 & 3

Gathering Prayer  “A Blessing for Love in a Time of Conflict”

When the gentleness between you hardens
And you fall out of your belonging with each other,
May the depths you have reached hold you still.

When no true word can be said, or heard,
And you mirror each other in the script of hurt,
When even the silence has become raw and torn,
May you hear again an echo of your first music.

When the weave of affection starts to unravel
And anger begins to sear the ground between you,
Before this weather of grief invites
The black seed of bitterness to find root,
May your souls come to touch.

Now is the time for one of you to be gracious,
To allow a kindness beyond thought and hurt,
To reach out with sure hands.
To take the chalice of your love,
And carry it carefully through this echoless waste
Until this winter pilgrimage leads you
Toward the gateway to spring.
May it be so.

Children’s Time  Joyce Haynes McCowan

Moment for Mission  Blessing the Baby Bundles  Jill Stoll

Music for Reflection

Reading  “The Great Turning”  Page 8 & 9
Readers: Jill Stoll, John Stoll, Merry Keller, Amelia Lloyd

Message  “Turning, We Face Ourselves”

Prayers of the People/Lord’s Prayer
Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kindom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kindom, and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

Song of Response  “We Are People on a Journey” vv. 1 (Sp), 1 (Eng), 4 & 5  Page 6
Sacrament of Holy Communion

Invitation
Friends, this is the joyful feast of unity.
**Christ has gathered his people around the earth to commune at this table.**

Across political lines and economic lines, in places of powerfully protected affluence, and among the poorest of the poor, **we share a meal,** remembering and celebrating the One who proved shalom possible.

And so, come:
- you from the East [candles are lit]
- and you from the West [candles are lit]
- from the North [candles are lit]
- and from the South [candles are lit]

Come.
Come with your doubts, come with your hopes, come with your inadequacies and with your strengths.
Come, for this is a table where all are invited and all are welcome.

Blessing
Creating God, we give thanks that you brought this world and all of humanity into being, breathing life into us. **You show yourself in each face we encounter, each and all created in your image.**

We thank you for your covenants. **You taught us how to serve you, and how to honor each other.**
**You taught us how to transform divine love into turning that is life-giving.**
We thank you most for the life and ministry of Jesus, teaching us that nothing, not even death, can separate us from you.

Bless this bread before us, nourishment for the courage needed to face ourselves as we turn in your name.
Bless this cup before us, fruit of the vine to awaken our souls to your divine longings. **Amen, and Amen.**
“The Open Table”
Amelia Lloyd, vocalist

**Words of Institution**
(Participants are invited to have with them bread to nourish one’s body, and drink to quench one’s thirst. We will partake in the communion elements together.)

**Sharing of Bread and Cup**

**Prayer of Thanksgiving**
Gracious God, we thank you for this meal and for all of the ways you nourish us.
Grow in us that we may nourish others.
Grow in us that we may know when, and how, to turn in your name.
Sustain us as we press toward Shalom, your call in Christ Jesus.
Amen.

**Blessing and Commissioning**

**Sending Forth Song**

“Woyaya”

Sources:

**Gathering Prayer** is written by John O’Donohue, in *Bless This Space Between Us*, 2008, p. 32.

**Communion Invitation** is from 2010 World Communion Day – Worship Resource – PCUSA. Posted on http://www.claudiocarvalhaes.com/

**Communion Prayer** adapted from the Rev. Kaji S. Douša, Senior Minister of Park Avenue Christian Church (DOC), New York City. Communion Prayer written by the Rev. Ruth Garwood, of Cleveland, OH.

**Bulletin Cover** photographer Mellisa Askew
1. Though I may speak with bravest fire,
   and have the gift to all inspire,
   as sounding brass, and hopeless gain.

2. Though I may give all I possess,
   and striving so my love profess,
   the profit soon turns strangely thin.

3. Come, Spirit, come,
   our spirits long to be made whole.
   Let inward love guide every deed;
   by this we worship, and are freed.
Somos pueblo que camina
(We Are People on a Journey)

"Misa Popular Nicaragüense," 20th century; alt.
English version, Carolyn Jennings, 1993

John 6:32-35

1 Somos pueblo que camina por la senda del dolor.
2 Los humildes y los pobres invitados son de Dios.
1 We are people on a journey; pain is with us all the way.
2 God has sent the invitation to the humble and the poor.

Estribillo (Refrain)

3 Este pan que Dios nos brinda
   alimenta nuestra unión. (Estribillo)
3 This is bread that God provides us,
   nourishing our unity. (Refrain)

4 Cristo a qui se hace presente;
al reunirnos es su amor. (Estribillo)
4 Christ is ever present with us
   to unite us all in love. (Refrain)

5 Los sedientos de justicia
   buscan su liberación. (Estribillo)
5 All who truly thirst for justice
   seek their liberation here. (Refrain)
"Woyaya"

We are going, heaven knows
We will get there, heaven knows

where we are going, We'll know we're there.
how we will get there, We know we will.

It will be hard we know, and the road will be muddy and rough, but we'll get there

heaven knows how we will get there, We know we will.

Wo ya yal

Wo ya yal

Wo ya yal

Wo ya yal

Wo ya yal

Wo ya yal

last time slower

repeat ad lib
You’ve asked me to tell you of The Great Turning, of how we saved the world from disaster. The answer is both simple and complex:

We turned.

For hundreds of years we had turned away as life on earth grew more precarious.

We turned away from the homeless men on the streets, the stench from the river, the children orphaned in Iraq, the mothers dying of AIDS in Africa. We turned away because that is what we had been taught. To turn away, from the pain, from the hurt in another’s eyes, from the drunken father or the friend betrayed.

Always we were told, in actions louder than words, to turn away, turn away. And so we became a lonely people caught up in a world moving too quickly, too mindlessly, toward its own demise. Until it seemed as if there was no safe place to turn. No place, inside or out, that did not remind us of fear or terror, despair and loss, anger and grief.

Yet one of those days someone did turn. Turned to face the pain. Turned to face the stranger. Turned to look at the smoldering world and hatred seething in too many eyes. Turned to face himself, herself, themselves.

And then another turned. And another. And another. And as they wept, they took each other’s hands. Until whole groups of people were turning. Young and old, gay and straight. People of all colors, all nations, all religions. Turning not only to the pain and hurt but to the beauty, gratitude and love. Turning to one another with forgiveness and a longing for peace in their hearts.
At first the turning made people dizzy, even silly. There were people standing to the side gawking, criticizing, trying to knock the turners down. But the people kept getting up, kept helping one another to their feet. Their laughter and kindness brought others into the turning circle until even the naysayers began to smile and sway.

As the people turned, they began to spin, reweaving the web of life, mending the shocking tears, knitting it back together with the colors of the earth, sewing on tiny mirrors so the beauty of each person, each creature, each plant, each life form might be seen and respected.

And as the people turned, as they spun like the earth through the universe, the web wrapped around them like a soft baby blanket, making it clear all were loved, nothing separate.

And as this love reached into every crack and crevice, the people began to wake and wonder, to breathe and give thanks, to work and celebrate together.

And so the world was saved, but only as long as you, too, sweet one, remember to turn.