

Montreat Presbyterian Church USA

# Home Worship Service

Easter Sunday  
April 12, 2020



GRACIE & ERIC NICHOLS

*"And if the message of Easter is about [new life],  
then for us to fast from gathering for worship  
is our following the path of new life:  
new life for those whom we might hurt  
by gathering together,  
and new life for us  
by learning to live not for self alone,  
but for others and for God.  
That's resurrection."*

## Gathering Music

{Click on the title for opening slideshow}

**["Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee"](#)**

**(Henry van Dyke, 1907/**

**Ludwig van Beethoven, 1824)**

***Hannah Kirschner, vocal solo***

***Vivian Hare, piano improvisation***

***Members of the Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra,  
recording individually in quarantine***

Slideshow assembled by Christina Tutterow

"Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee" words and music: Public Domain

Amid the coronavirus pandemic and the need for all to shelter in our homes, members of a Dutch symphony, the Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra, recorded Beethoven's 'Ode to Joy' with each person playing separately from their own home. Hannah Kirschner and Vivian Hare were also recorded in isolation--though as they demonstrate a deeper meaning of what it means for people to be together, it hardly seems accurate to describe them as having been alone.

*V.H./K.G.*

## Opening Hymn

{Click on the title for audio}

**["Jesus Christ Is Risen Today"](#)**

**(Lyra Davidica, 1708)**

***Vivian Hare, organist***

Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia!  
our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!  
who did once, upon the cross, Alleluia!  
suffer to redeem our loss, Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!  
unto Christ, our heavenly King, Alleluia!  
who endured the cross and grave, Alleluia!  
sinners to redeem and save, Alleluia!

But the pains which he endured, Alleluia!  
our salvation hath procured. Alleluia!  
Now above the sky he's King, Alleluia!  
where the angels ever sing, Alleluia!

Sing we to our God above, Alleluia!  
Praise eternal as His love. Alleluia!  
Praise our God, ye heavenly host, Alleluia!  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

Words and Music: Public Domain

## Call to Worship

Richard Rohr, March 27, 2020

I believe the meaning of the Resurrection of Jesus  
is summed up in the climactic line  
from the Song of Songs,

**"love is stronger than death."**

If the blank white banner  
that the Risen Christ usually holds in Christian art  
should say anything, it should say:

**"Love will win!"**

Love is all that remains.  
Love and life are finally the same thing,

**and we know that for ourselves  
once we have walked through death.**

Richard Rohr, "Love Is Stronger than Death." Center for Action and Contemplation, Richard Rohr's Daily Meditation (email), March 27, 2020. Song of Songs 8:6, "for love is strong as death, passion fierce as the grave. Its flashes are flashes of fire, a raging flame" (NRSV).

## **Prayer of Confession**

Lord Jesus, through the power of the Holy Spirit  
we have been raised from the waters of baptism  
to share in your glorious resurrection.  
Yet we have not lived as Easter people.  
We are unsure of your promise,  
confused about your will,  
and afraid in the face of danger.  
Like Mary, we weep at the tomb,  
but do not recognize your presence.

Call us by name, risen Lord,  
that we may know you with confidence.  
Give us courage to confess your Easter victory.  
Whenever we are distracted by petty conflicts,  
keep our minds on your reconciling love.  
Whenever we are overwhelmed by the power of evil,  
reveal again to us your triumph  
over the destructive powers of oppression.  
Forgive us our sin, we ask in Christ's name,  
and let our lives be a testimony to your salvation  
through the love of God  
and by the power of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

## Assurance of Pardon

The saying is sure, and worthy of full acceptance:  
Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.  
The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting.  
May the God of mercy, who forgives us all our sins,  
strengthen us in all goodness,  
and by the power of the Holy Spirit keep us in eternal life.  
Amen.

## The Psalter

### Psalm 118:1-2, 14-17, 20-24

O give thanks to the LORD, for he is good;  
**his steadfast love endures forever!**

Let Israel say,  
**"His steadfast love endures forever."**

The LORD is my strength and my might;  
**he has become my salvation.**

There are glad songs of victory in the tents of the righteous:  
**"The right hand of the LORD does valiantly;**

the right hand of the LORD is exalted;  
**the right hand of the LORD does valiantly."**

Open to me the gates of righteousness,  
that I may enter through them and give thanks to the LORD.

**This is the gate of the LORD;  
the righteous shall enter through it.**

I thank you that you have answered me  
and have become my salvation.

**The stone that the builders rejected  
has become the chief cornerstone.**

This is the LORD's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes.

**This is the day that the LORD has made;  
let us rejoice and be glad in it.**

## Musical Meditation

**"Blessed Assurance"**  
**(Fanny Jane Crosby/  
Phoebe Palmer Knapp)**  
*Vivian Hare, pianist*  
*Clara Hare-Grogg, violinist*

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
O what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,  
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

This is my story; this is my song,  
Praising my Savior all the day long;  
This is my story; this is my song,  
Praising my Savior all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
visions of rapture now burst on my sight;  
angels descending bring from above  
echoes of mercy filled with his love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest;  
I in my Savior am happy and blessed,  
watching and waiting, looking above,  
filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

Words: Fanny Crosby, Public Domain  
Original Music: Phoebe Knapp, Public Domain  
Music Arranger: Catherine McMichael

## Gospel Reading

*To hear the gospel reading,  
please [click here](#).*

### **Matthew 28:1-10**

After the sabbath, as the first day of the week was dawning, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary went to see the tomb.

And suddenly there was a great earthquake; for an angel of the Lord, descending from heaven, came and rolled back the stone and sat on it.

His appearance was like lightning, and his clothing white as snow. For fear of him the guards shook and became like dead men.

But the angel said to the women, "Do not be afraid; I know that you are looking for Jesus who was crucified. He is not here; for he has been raised, as he said. Come, see the place where he lay. Then go quickly and tell his disciples, 'He has been raised from the dead, and indeed he is going ahead of you to Galilee; there you will see him.' This is my message for you."

So they left the tomb quickly with fear and great joy, and ran to tell his disciples.

Suddenly Jesus met them and said, "Greetings!"

And they came to him, took hold of his feet, and worshiped him.

Then Jesus said to them, "Do not be afraid; go and tell my brothers to go to Galilee; there they will see me."

## Sermon

### With Fear and Great Joy (Matthew 28:1-10)

*To find an audio recording of this sermon  
as delivered from the pastor's study at home,  
[click here.](#)*

A lot happens in these ten verses from Matthew, especially remembering the pain and trauma that these two women brought with them to the tomb-the freshness of the agony of watching the terrible events that have unfolded, making Jesus the victim of a series of appalling betrayals, a perverse miscarriage of justice, and a sickeningly bloodthirsty society every bit as obsessed with the power to inflict suffering and death as our own.

As if these two Marys hadn't been traumatized enough, they come to see the tomb on the morning after the sabbath, and they experience something that would feel entirely supernatural if not for the fact that an earthquake is taking place as a messenger from God descends from the skies and rolls away the stone in front of the tomb.

And then the messenger does what the rabbi does when it's time to preach: he sits. Right on the stone.

Seasoned, brutal, disciplined Roman guards were so terrified they quaked along with the earth and then became like dead men. But the angel said to the women, "Don't be afraid."

By that time, Jesus was already gone from the tomb. They ran to do as the angel told them--to go and tell the disciples.

I am most interested in the five-word description of what was going on inside these two people as they left the tomb and went to deliver the message they had been given: they left the tomb "with fear and

great joy."

I'm particularly interested in that right now because Easter often brings a sense of triumphalism, which is not inappropriate for recognizing and celebrating God's triumph over the last barrier, death, in the resurrection of Jesus.

But when we shine that light of triumph so brightly that it seems to be reflecting on us, we can start to think of ourselves as the source of that light, and then we start to celebrate ourselves, and then we start claiming triumphs that we did nothing to create, and that do not belong to us, and, in fact, remain somewhat beyond our ability to fully comprehend.

So you get churches whose pastors are having them meet right now in large numbers, even though their doing so puts tens of thousands of lives at risk—not just the people there, but the secondary and tertiary people whom they will inevitably affect and infect, and the reason given is, "I'm bathed in the blood of Christ; so how could any virus compete with that?"

It's a triumphalism that not only puts humanity at risk but also puts God to the test, mistaking irrational belief in supernatural immunity for faith that's rooted in the lived experience of being human together in God's creation.

Hey, I've done a lot of things I'm ashamed of, and probably a lot of things I should be ashamed of but I'm too dumb to realize it; and those choices that I've made have put God to the test and pounded the nails into Jesus' hands. I'm not speaking from some position of superiority.

But it's the fear alongside the great joy in these two people of exemplary faith that draws my interest and puts me to shame.

I want my Easter, especially this year, to be unmitigated joy; I want to forget about fear and its cousins: uncertainty; incomprehension of things I feel like I'm supposed to know to a certainty: about God, about what life is, about justice and hope and exile and faith and the different kinds of love; questions about the future; occasional misgivings about my place in the world--am I doing what I'm

supposed to be doing? Am I the person God wants me to be? Am I using these miraculous days for what they were given to me for? -and occasional questions if not outright doubt about practically everything I think I know and believe in.

This year especially, I want to skip all that, and I just want the joy.

But then I realize that what I really mean by that is: I just want happiness all the time.

And if joy depends on being happy, we're all in trouble.

But it does not. These two Marys, exemplars of faith, have demonstrated that. They ran from the tomb carrying the greatest, most liberating, wondrous message there could ever be.

And they ran with fear and great joy.

Dr. Sam Thielman has shared some of his fascinating research, which includes Assyrian medical texts written 2,000 years before Christ, which talk about what today we would call psychological distress:

"where a person is continually worried," sorrowful, exhausted and unhappy;

and elsewhere, "If a person continually has...depression," and their heart ponders untruths... If they rejoice and are terrified....

As in, "with fear and great joy," which these two faithful Jewish women experienced 2000 years after that Assyrian medical writing was produced.

And for that matter, the Assyrian medical text also lists in the same writing if someone "continually sees dead persons."

In other words, these two women, experiencing everything they've been going through, would have every right to question themselves, to wonder maybe even about their own well-being, with all that they've experienced and the deeply conflicted ways they are feeling-

and it would be the height of faithfulness for them to do so.

The fact is: Easter is huge. It is good and right and faithful for us to find ourselves disoriented, and to reckon with the reality that God's reality is too enormous for us to get our heads or our arms all the way around.

It's God whose arms are all the way around us.

Which means we can't control God. But we can bask in the love of the all-encompassing God who is love.

And rather than diminishing it or running and hiding from it, we can live into the reality that Easter is bigger than all of us.

Resurrection is bigger than all of us because it is bigger than life, and infinitely stronger than death.

Easter is bigger than our egos and our institutions, bigger than our knowledge and our wisdom and our theologies and church traditions.

Bigger than the scope of a coronavirus; bigger than a pandemic.

The resurrection of Christ, and the invitation to live your whole earthly life as a disciple and one day follow him into eternal life, is bigger and stronger and even deeper than the searing pain of our losses and griefs.

The goodness of being fully human and embracing our humanity by living for others is even more uniting than the sum of all the fears in the world, even when we're all afraid, all staying inside at once.

No wonder we stumble around in the light, like somebody who just walked out of a cave. Or a tomb.

Overhearing a conversation two weeks ago between Tom Long and Donyelle McCray, I heard Donyelle refer to the passage from the Book of Revelation that says:

"I saw in the right hand of the one seated on the throne

a scroll written on the inside and on the back,  
sealed with seven seals...

And no one in heaven or on earth or under the earth  
was able to open the scroll or to look into it.

And I began to weep bitterly  
because no one was found worthy to open the scroll  
or to look into it" (Rev. 5:1-4).

The most elevated theological minds and the most sanctified disciples in the world stand in humble awe that before that mighty scroll, and before that heavenly throne, no one on earth can stand and say, "I have the key; I get it; I have no fears or questions or uncertainties."

God loves the world so much that God has given God's only Son so that you and I, who wonder and question and stumble around in the dark-so that we in our vulnerability might be saved through him.

That's Easter.

In that same conversation, Tom Long mentioned the orchestra conductor Nikolaus Harnoncourt and his version of Handel's Messiah, which I went looking for and finally found. It's unorthodox and I'm a little uncomfortable with it, but partly for those reasons, it has become my favorite version.

Where I'm used to big, bold, self-confident triumph, Harnoncourt's interpretation looks back to those days when the disciples knew fear and great joy together, and did not seem to need to find a way to subsume or hide one underneath the other.

In the second half of Messiah, there's a short passage where the alto and tenor soloists duet, asking repeatedly, "O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" Those lines come from the apostle Paul, and of course they're rhetorical.

But in Harnoncourt's version, the singers seem to vacillate:

at moments mocking death and the grave for having been soundly defeated by the resurrection,

but at other moments they sing as people who have heard the good news but haven't yet actually lived it or seen it for themselves. They sound almost alarmed and a little disoriented, like a couple who are frantically looking for their keys--like they're trying not to get too excited about the good news; like this promise is so good, but so counter to so much of our lived experience that they need some assurance.

The piece right after that then has the chorus coming in with I Corinthians 15:57: "But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

But in Harnoncourt's rendition, it sounds furtive, like a rumor of something great and triumphant, but it has to be whispered, lest the authorities and the pundits and the wet blankets in the press hear about it and move in to stamp out the young embers of this new and thrilling faith before they can grow into a flame.

The reviews of Harnoncourt's interpretation of Handel's Messiah are funny to read now because they're so obviously baffled by all of this.

They, too, even in the secular world, seem to demand an Easter that's all about the glory of spectacular human musicianship rather than faith that fumbles and gropes its way through the darkness.

"And so it goes," wrote one reviewer: "One or two thrilling sections are followed by another marked by shaky ensemble [or] strange tempo. Or maybe just weird interpretation, as in Harnoncourt's "Hallelujah!", which takes off like an overloaded cargo plane, the most laid-back opening to this powerhouse chorus I've ever heard. It eventually picks up and really socks a punch," says the reviewer, but he still can't figure out what the point was, of, in his words, "the as-if-we're-not-sure-if-we're-really-happy beginning?" [i]

Another music critic said, "This is an unusual performance of Handel's great Messiah, and the results are often mixed... Some [tempos] are oddly slow, others wackily fast... Those who like their choral sound full-bodied are bound to be left befuddled by the lack of potency they'll hear here--the "Hallelujah" Chorus begins so modestly you'll think it is a rehearsal... Very odd."

And then he rounds out his review with a phrase that, apparently accidentally, encapsulates what I assume is the whole point of this interpretation: he concludes by saying, "The recorded sound is glorious--there's not a note that's not clear--but there are plenty of finer, and more interesting Messiahs available." [ii]

And isn't that the truth. From the moment Jesus rode into Jerusalem on a donkey, it was clear even to those who hadn't read Isaiah what was going to happen to this man, when it became obvious that there were "plenty of finer, and more interesting Messiahs available" to choose from.

There are louder and more brightly illuminated and infinitely more arrogant and self-aggrandizing people, things and ideas claiming to offer you and me salvation. Turns out they're as susceptible to Covid-19 as we are.

Frederick Buechner said about the resurrection, "It's not really even much of a story when you come right down to it, and that is of course the power of it. It doesn't have the ring of great drama. It has the ring of truth... The narrative is as fragmented, shadowy, incomplete as life itself. When it comes to just what happened, there can be no certainty. That something unimaginable happened, there can be no doubt." [iii]

So, I guess each one of us remains, in Leonard Cohen's immortal line, "the baffled king composing 'Hallelujah.'" [iv] Saved by the risen Christ, we find ourselves realizing that we ourselves are not personally in charge or in control of anything having to do with Christ's resurrection.

We realize it now in quarantine perhaps even more strongly than we did in those long-ago carefree days of our youthful innocence--you know, February.

I wish for you an Easter of clarity and triumph and bright light and loud certainty. But I will be proud to be your sibling if, for you, this is an Easter of simple goodness and kind humanity.

The governor of Minnesota gave his State of the State speech a few days ago--from his residence--and, had he mentioned the

resurrection of Christ, it would have been a whale of an Easter sermon.

He said, "I know this is scary...But what you are doing matters... Your sacrifice is keeping people safe... Thank you.

He said, "This same spirit flows between the high rises of downtown Minneapolis where people go out on their balconies to clap, cheer, and bang pots and pans to celebrate health care workers when they get off a shift."

He said, "In North Branch, a state trooper pulled a woman over this weekend for speeding.

"It turns out, she was a doctor in town for work. The trooper noticed some medical masks in her bag that she had been forced to re-use due to the current shortage. Instead of handing her a ticket, the trooper handed her a stack of masks that he had been given to keep him safe."

He said, "While we may be separated physically, we stand united...

"And a new day will come.

"The sun will shine. The trees will bud. The birds will sing.

"We will grieve all that was taken from us. But we will also celebrate all that's given to us.

"Unity. Humanity. Gratitude...

"We will gather again in our houses of worship.

"We will have a renewed appreciation for the calming power of a warm embrace.

"We won't just make it to spring. We will come out better on the other side of this winter."[v]

These days, that's all the Easter celebration I need.

Friends, rejoice: the Lord is risen. He is risen indeed.

Keith Grogg  
Montreat Presbyterian Church  
Montreat, NC  
April 12, 2020

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- [i] David Vernier, "Handel: Messiah/Harnoncourt" (<https://www.classicstoday.com/review/review-12202/>)
- [ii] Robert Levine, Amazon.com review of Niklaus Harnoncourt's recording of Handel's Messiah, retrieved April 6, 2020
- [iii] Frederick Buechner, "Easter," in Buechner, *Whistling in the Dark* (HarperSanFrancisco, 1988), 42
- [iv] Leonard Cohen, "Hallelujah," 1984
- [v] Gov. Tim Walz, State of the State Address "Governor Walz Remarks as Prepared" (April 5, 2020, St. Paul, MN), <https://mn.gov/governor/covid-19/news/?id=1055-426785> (retrieved April 9, 2020)

## Hymn

**"I Danced in the Morning"**  
**Sydney Carter (1963)/Shaker Tune**  
*Vivian Hare, piano*

I danced in the morning when the world was begun,  
And I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,  
And I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth,  
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

Dance, then, wherever you may be;  
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.  
And I'll lead you all wherever you may be,  
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.

I danced for the scribe and the Pharisee,

But they would not dance and they would not follow me;  
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John;  
They came to me and the dance went on.

I danced on the sabbath when I cured the lame,  
The holy people said it was a shame;  
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me high;  
And they left me there on a cross to die.

I danced on a Friday and the sky turned black;  
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back;  
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone,  
But I am the dance and I still go on.

They cut me down and I leapt up high,  
I am the life that will never, never die;  
I'll live in you if you'll live in me;  
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.

Words: Sydney Carter © 1963 Stainer & Bell, Ltd. London, England. (admin. by Hope Publishing Co.)

Music: Shaker tune adapted by Sydney Carter © 1963 Stainer & Bell, Ltd. London, England. (admin. by Hope Publishing Co.)

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## **Prayers of Intercession And a Prayer of Confession and Committal**

*We invite you to make use of this prayer list in your own prayers, today and whenever you pray.*

### **IN OUR PRAYERS:**

Sally Baisley (Christina Tutterow's mom)

Evelyn Bannerman

Glenn Bannerman

Ken Boyer

Sylvia Boyer

Connie Bristow (friend of Genie Sullivan)

Jey Deifell  
David Duncan, continuing severe back pain  
Andrew Flake (friend of Ann DuPre Rogers)  
Jane Frist  
Ken Grogg (Keith's brother), surgery delayed  
Fred Hale  
Bob Hare  
Jim Henderson, recovering at home from knee replacement  
Dick Keefer, recovering after heart operation  
Margaret Linton  
Scotty MacAliley  
Susan Maffett, recovering from knee replacement  
Bev MacSherry, cancer  
Betsy Neville  
Gordon Neville  
Kitty Peterson, pneumonia  
Margaret Rada  
Ellen Ramsey  
George Ramsey  
Jack Sadler, shingles  
Bob Shaw  
Belle Shipley (Susan Holcomb's mother), broken hip;  
recovering at Care Partners  
Linda Shortridge  
Arline Taylor  
Maggie Tuggle  
Lamar Williamson

*"When I was a boy and I would see scary things in the news, my mother would say to me, 'Look for the helpers. You will always find people who are helping.' To this day, especially in times of 'disaster,' I remember my mother's words and I am always comforted by realizing that there are still so many helpers--so many caring people in this world."*

Fred Rogers ("Mr. Rogers")

*We also lift up in prayer...*

All throughout the world who are suffering from the coronavirus and other illnesses

Our exemplary and faithful local post office employees in Montreat, Black Mountain, Swannanoa, Fairview, Asheville and everywhere else

First responders, nurses, doctors, hospital workers, police, truck drivers,

grocers, clerks, farmers, medical technicians, factory workers, public health officials, government servants who must make hard decisions, and all on the front lines

Military men and women, stationed at home, far away, on ships, at air bases, or deployed in areas of conflict

Parents with children at home

Teachers and all other professionals displaced and scrambling to reconfigure what they do

Young people whose dreams and trajectories have been put on hold

All victims of war and destruction

Neighbors vulnerable to poverty, hunger and hard weather

Victims of domestic violence

Refugees fleeing war, famine and gangs

Parents and children separated from each other

All who are in grief for loved ones

Businesses and consumers affected by the coronavirus

Prison workers and inmates

Everyone trying to fill out unemployment and other financial relief forms

Clara Hare-Grogg, our Young Adult Volunteer, and all YAVs evacuated from their placements, having their missions prematurely ended, and returning to their homes for self-quarantine

Elmarie & Scott Parker, our Mission Co-workers in the Middle East

Victor and Sara Makari, our Mission Co-workers in Palestine

Ardrishaig Parish Church, our eco-partner church in Scotland

Black Mountain Counseling Center

Bounty & Soul

Children & Friends

Christ Community Church, Montreat and all houses of worship

Rev. Deanna Hollas, PC(USA) Gun Violence Minister

Kairos Prison Ministry

Montreat College

Montreat Conference Center

OFCB ministries and the people of Haiti

The Presbyterian Heritage Center

Swannanoa Valley Christian Ministry

Yokefellow Prison Ministry

We commend to the everlasting mercy of God  
Dr. Li Wenliang and all caregivers, public servants and others  
who have given their lives in service to humankind  
and warned of the dangers of the current pandemic,

even in the face of silencing, denial and derision  
from those of us who knew not what we were doing.

### Alleluia.

May flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.  
Remember me, O Lord,  
when you come into your kingdom.  
Give rest, O Lord,  
to your handmaiden who has fallen asleep.  
The Choir of Saints have found  
the well-spring of life and door of Paradise.  
Life, a shadow and a dream.  
Weeping at the grave creates the sound: Alleluia.  
**Come, enjoy rewards and crowns  
I have prepared for you.**

"Song for Athene"

Composer: John Tavener (1944-2013)

Luke 23:42 and other scriptural references, Orthodox Funeral Service; Shakespeare, Hamlet  
Sung by the choir of Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the funeral service of Diana, Princess  
of Wales, September 6, 1997

## The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy name.  
Thy kingdom 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 kingdom,  
and the power, and the glory forever,  
Amen.

## Minute for Mission

The One Great Hour of Sharing offering is being received as always this Easter season.

OGHS originated in 1949. As the world struggled to recover from the ravages of a global war, churches across America bore witness to their faith in a united act of generosity that helped relieve human suffering. **This year also finds us enduring a difficult global phenomenon and being inspired by the witness of many more selfless acts carried out by people of faith to relieve human suffering.**

If you would like to contribute to One Great Hour of Sharing, please mail a check (made out to MPC and with "OGHS" on the memo line) to the church office at

Montreat Presbyterian Church  
P.O. Box 577  
Montreat, NC 28757

Thank you!

## A Prayer for Dedication of Offerings

God, you have given us life  
in the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ.  
In gratitude, we offer our hearts  
and the fruit of our labor to your service.  
By your grace, accept, we pray,  
the offering of our lives  
in union with our risen Lord  
who lives and reigns with you forever. Amen.

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Hymn

**"Thine Is the Glory"**

**(E.L. Budry, 1884, trans. R.B. Hoyle, 1923/  
G.F. Handel, 1748)  
*Vivian Hare, organist***

Thine is the glory, risen, conquering Son;  
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.

Angels in bright raiment  
rolled the stone away,  
kept the folded grave-clothes  
where Thy body lay.

Thine is the glory, risen, conquering Son;  
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.

Lo, Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;  
lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom.

Let the church with gladness  
hymns of triumph sing,  
For the Lord now liveth;  
death hath lost its sting.

Thine is the glory, risen, conquering Son;  
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life!  
Life is naught without thee; aid us in our strife.

Make us more than conquerors,  
through thy deathless love;  
Bring us safe through Jordan  
to thy home above.

Thine is the glory, risen, conquering Son;  
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won!

## [The Hallelujah Chorus](#)

G.F. Handel, composer  
Nikolaus Harnoncourt, director

Hallelujah!  
For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.  
The kingdom of this world  
is become the kingdom of our Lord  
and of his Christ,  
And he shall reign forever and ever.  
King of kings! And Lord of lords!  
Hallelujah!

Words and Music: Public Domain

Ensemble: Concentus Musicus Wien Director: Eric Ericson

Conductor: Nikolaus Harnoncourt Chorus: Stockholm Kammerkören

Composer: George Frideric Handel

## Postlude

{Click on the title below}

### [Birdsong Opera](#)

"But ask the animals, and they will teach you;  
the birds of the air, and they will tell you;  
ask the plants of the earth, and they will teach you;  
and the fish of the sea will declare to you.

Who among all these does not know  
that the hand of the Lord has done this?  
In his hand is the life of every living thing  
and the breath of every human being."

- Job 12:7-10

# Montreat Presbyterian Church

[montreatchurch.org](http://montreatchurch.org)



## **OUR MISSION**

*In the fellowship of Jesus Christ we  
Listen for the word of God in our lives  
Love with open hearts and open minds  
Walk the path of faith together  
Serve others and  
Welcome all.*

## **OUR VISION**

*Led by the Holy Spirit  
We proclaim the word of God  
Through our ministry and mission.*

## **The Session**

Jane Alexander, Everett Culpepper (2020)  
Mason Blake, Beth Fountain (2021)  
Jim Henderson, Ann DuPre Rogers (2022)  
Moderator Keith Grogg (pastor)

## **Officers & Committee Chairs, 2020**

Jane Alexander, clerk  
Jim Henderson, assistant clerk  
Gill Campbell, treasurer  
Bill McCaskill, assistant treasurer

Mason Blake, Christian Education  
Beth Fountain, Congregational Care

Hal Demarest, Earth Care Subcommittee  
Judy Shuford, Evangelism & Membership  
Grace Nichols, Fellowship  
Everett Culpepper, Finance & Property  
Eric Nichols, Mission & Outreach  
Ann DuPre Rogers, Personnel  
Linda Hobson, Worship & Music

**Want to talk? Need a pastor? Come on in!**

Call the office at 664-9212,  
or email Keith at [pastor@montreatchurch.org](mailto:pastor@montreatchurch.org),  
and we'll find a time that works.

Rev. Margaret Peery also provides pastoral care:  
[parishvisitor@montreatchurch.org](mailto:parishvisitor@montreatchurch.org)

## Contact Information

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<b>Patty Smith, Office Administrator</b>	<b><u><a href="mailto:Office@MontreatChurch.org">Office@MontreatChurch.org</a></u></b>
<b>Clara Hare-Grogg, Young Adult Volunteer</b>	<b>Clara's YAV Weblog page <a href="#">Link</a></b>

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**Church Office hours: Weekdays 9:00 A.M. - Noon**  
**304 Lookout Road, Montreat**

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