

Montreat Presbyterian Church USA

Home Worship Service

**Third Sunday of Easter
April 26, 2020**



WILLA ROBERTS, "RAINBOW DOG" (CHALK ON PAVEMENT), 2020

*"O joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
and feel the promise is not vain
that morn shall tearless be."*

- George Matheson, 1881

The chalk art by Willa Roberts received the Mayor's Chalk Art Challenge first prize (Montreat, NC), April 21, 2020. The work is dedicated to the memory of Willa's beloved dog, Vivian.

Willa's family are members of Montreat Presbyterian Church.

The Morning Meditation is from the George Matheson hymn "O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go."

Introit

"Come, Christians, Join to Sing"
**(Christian Henry Bateman, 1843/
Spanish melody arr. Carr, 1824;
harmony David Evans, 1927)**
Montreat Presbyterian Church Choir

Come, Christians, join to sing:

Alleluia! Amen!

Loud praise to Christ our King:

Alleluia! Amen!

Let all, with heart and voice,
before God's throne rejoice;
praise is God's gracious choice:

Alleluia! Amen!

An encore presentation of the choir introit from January 19, 2020, Upper Anderson.
Text and Music: Public Domain

Call to Worship

from Psalm 116:12-19

What shall I return to the LORD for all the bounty God has given me?

**I will lift up the cup of salvation
and call on the name of the LORD.**

I will pay my vows to the LORD in the presence of all God's people.

**I will offer to you a thanksgiving sacrifice
and call on the name of the LORD.**

I will pay my vows to the LORD in the presence of all God's people,

**in the courts of the house of the LORD,
in your midst, O Jerusalem.
Praise the LORD!**

Opening Hymn

{Click on the hymn title for audio.
You can minimize the audio page
and return here to follow the hymn
as the music plays.}

["The Day of Resurrection"](#)

Vivian Hare, organist

233 The Day of Resurrection!

1 The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad,
 2 Let hearts be purged of e - vil that we may see a - right
 3 Now let the heavens be joy - ful; let earth its song be - gin;

the Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, the Pass - o - ver of God.
 the Lord in rays e - ter - nal of res - ur - rec - tion light,
 the round world keep high tri - umph and all that is there - in.

From death to life e - ter - nal, from sin's do - min - ion free,
 and lis - tening to his ac - cents, may hear, so calm and plain,
 Let all things seen and un - seen their notes of glad - ness blend,

our Christ has brought us o - ver with hymns of vic - to - ry.
 his own "All hail!" and hear - ing, may raise the vic - tor strain.
 for Christ the Lord has ris - en, our joy that has no end.

The roots of this English text come from a mid-8th century Greek hymn that continues to be used in Orthodox churches at the midnight Eucharist marking the beginning of Easter. The tune is named for the county in northwestern England where the composer was then an organist.

TEXT: John of Damascus, 8th cent.; trans. John Mason Neale, 1862, alt.
 MUSIC: Henry Thomas Smart, c. 1835

LANCASHIRE
 7.6.7.6.D
 (this tune in a lower key, 269)

Text: John of Damascus, 8th C, trans. John Mason Neale, 1862

Music: tune LANCASHIRE, Henry Thomas Smart, 1835

Text and Music: Public Domain

Words and Music: Public Domain

Prayer of Confession

Lord Jesus,
your rising from tomb
heralds the dawning of life eternal
as the dawning of this day
holds the possibilities of life anew.
We confess that we have not always been a blessing
for the poor and the stranger,
have not always been a place of refuge and hope,
have not always offered the hospitality
that the first disciples offered to Jesus
on the road to Emmaus.

Forgive us, Almighty God, we pray,
and as Jesus, our risen Lord,
was made known to the disciples
in the breaking of the bread,
open the eyes of our hearts,
that we may recognize his presence
in all your children,
and with his disciples cry out,
"The Lord has risen, indeed!"

Adapted from Feasting on the Word Worship Companion: Liturgies for Year A, Volume 1 © 2013 Westminster John Knox Press.

Assurance of Pardon

Followers of Jesus:
God has promised salvation to us,
to our children,
and to all who are near and far.
In the name of Jesus Christ,
we are forgiven.

Music Especially for Children

"Into My Heart" ***Vivian Hare***

Into my heart, into my heart,
Come into my heart, Lord Jesus;
Come in today,
Come in to stay,
Come into my heart, Lord Jesus.

Text and Music: Harry Clarke (public domain)

Gospel Reading

***To see and hear the reading
of the scripture passage,
please [click here](#).***

Luke 24:13-35

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 their eyes were kept from recognizing him.

And he said to them, 'What are you discussing with each other while you walk along?'

They stood still, looking sad. Then one of them, whose name was

Cleopas, answered him, 'Are you the only stranger in Jerusalem who does not know the things that have taken place there in these 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 chief priests and leaders handed him over to be condemned to death and crucified him.'

'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. Moreover, 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 to them, 'Oh, how foolish you are, and how slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have declared! Was it not necessary that the Messiah should suffer these things and then enter into his glory?' Then 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; and he vanished from their sight.

They said to each other, 'Were not our hearts burning within us while he was talking to us on the road, while he was opening the scriptures to us?'

That same hour they got up and returned to Jerusalem; and they found the eleven and their companions gathered together.

They were saying, 'The Lord has risen indeed, and he has appeared to Simon!' Then they told what had happened on the road, and how he had been made known to them in the breaking of the bread.

Music

"Be Thou My Vision"

(Irish poem, trans. Mary E. Byrne, 1905/Irish tune;
arr. Clara Hare-Grogg)

Clara Hare-Grogg, violin

*Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
naught be all else to me, save that thou art;
thou my best thought, by day or by night,
waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.*

*Be thou my wisdom, and thou my true Word;
I ever with thee and thou with me, Lord;
thou my soul's shelter, and thou my high tower;
raise thou me heavenward, O Power of my power.*

*Riches I heed not, nor vain, empty praise;
thou, mine inheritance, now and always;
thou and thou only, first in my heart,
High King of Heaven, my treasure thou art.*

*High King of Heaven, my victory won,
may I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be my vision, O Ruler of all.*

Sermon



"ROAD TO EMMAUS" BY GLORIA ANGELA SSALI (2017)
CANVAS PRINT

"But Now I See" (Luke 24:13-35)

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

In the photograph from a charming small town somewhere in the American heartland,[i] a man with long, silvery hair, a leather vest and a pair of lived-in blue jeans with a biker belt is standing before a small gathering of motorcycles and their bikers.

On what appears to be a bracing spring morning, overcast and

verdant, Darrell Best is offering a blessing for a safe motorcycle season.[ii] He's a Safety and Education representative for a campaign that took place about ten years ago, whose motto was: "Start Seeing Motorcycles."

As a safety awareness campaign, it was aimed at both motorcyclists and all other drivers. But the motto has an obvious implication for one of those groups in particular: all other drivers, on four or more wheels, who pass by, or around, or behind, or in front of, or at intersections with motorcycles, all the time.

It was believed that it was time for them to start seeing what had always been there,

in front of their eyes, but somehow so easily missed or ignored that, as far as most drivers knew, it was usually hidden from their view-if it was even to be believed that it had ever been there at all.

Darrell Best offered some reasons for that:

"Motorcycles are smaller and look farther away than they actually are."

"It is easy for them to be in a [car or truck] driver's blind spot."

"The structure of a car can hide the cyclist from the driver's view."

It looks farther away than it really is. It's easy for it to be in our blind spot. The structures that we move in can hide it from our view.

"While the two grieving disciples were talking and discussing, Jesus himself came near and went with them, but their eyes were kept from recognizing him."

Bill Bryson's book of travels around Australia from 2000 touches occasionally on the unseen people, the Aborigines. In several anecdotes, he has the impression that Australia's indigenous people are practically invisible to the mainstream society, even as there are, and have been, many white individuals who are quite caring and interested.

That specific part of the history of the last 200 years is breathtakingly, achingly cruel and tragic, exasperating in the insanity of its casual brutality.

Toward the end of his book, Bryson is having some coffee in one of the cities, and notices that all the Aboriginal people he sees, for reasons he wonders about but doesn't explore in depth, seem to have injuries, maladies, or wounds of one kind or another.[iii]

In his observation, "the people on the street were overwhelmingly white Australians, but there were Aborigines about, too-not great numbers of them, but always there, on the edge of the frame, unobtrusive, nearly always silent, peripheral. The white people never looked at the Aborigines, and the Aborigines never looked at the white people. The two races seemed to inhabit separate but parallel universes."[iv]

Later, he wrote, "As I sat...with my coffee and watched the mixed crowds...I realized that I didn't have the faintest idea what the solution to all this was.... If I were contracted by the Commonwealth of Australia to advise on Aboriginal issues all I could write would be: 'Do more. Try harder. Start now.'

"So without an original or helpful thought in my head, I just sat for some minutes and watched these poor disconnected people shuffle past. Then I did what most white Australians do. I read my newspaper and drank my coffee and didn't see them anymore."[v]

For many of us, in many aspects of our lives, including our social ethics; our relationships or lack of relationship with people who have less historically inherited power than we do; our spiritual awareness; our sense of whether we are doing what we were put here to do and living up to the promise that God built into us from before the foundation of the world--

for most or all of us, in those and other aspects of our lives, our prayer of confession and our daily charge is pretty much what Bryson listed in the face of not knowing what in the world else to suggest:

Do more.

Try harder.

Start now.

Because there is so much right before our eyes that we don't even see.

It may give us some measure of comfort, I guess, to realize that from Day One of the era of the resurrected Christ,

Good, faithful, conscientious disciples have been "not seeing."

Cleopas and his traveling conversation partner, by all appearances kind, faithful, intelligent, humane people, stand for all of us disciples:

Not seeing Jesus in the stranger.

Not seeing Jesus while we "walk along."

Not seeing Jesus even when we tell the story.

Not seeing Jesus when it is almost evening and the day is nearly over.

Not even seeing Jesus among us when we invite someone into safe shelter and share our food with them at our table. What could be more right and good and humane and even risk-taking? There's no moral here that says, "These two idiots failed to behave in a Christian way, so God punished them by not letting them see him." It's entirely the opposite. They welcomed a stranger into their shelter and fed him at their table.

That's Luke going one better than Matthew, who gave us the passage in Matthew 25 where Jesus says, Blessed are you when you do this for the least of these, for when you do it to them, you do it to me. In Luke, it actually is him: he's the stranger they shelter and feed.

It wasn't until that first post-resurrection communion:

Jesus took bread, and blessed and broke it, and gave it to them.

Then our eyes are opened, and we recognize him-

that most sacred, usually unexpected moment when we become an unsuspecting recipient of the divine grace of knowing and feeling his presence-

but only as a glimpse before he vanishes from our sight.

Have you ever had a moment like that? If you haven't, it's OK. There's nothing wrong with you or lacking in your faith.

I've had three that come powerfully to mind, two of which were times when I was in desperate spiritual circumstances: once, it was a sense of assurance, kind of a "don't worry; I've got this" announcement that just came out of the blue; the other time, it was the almost tactile feeling of a loving arm being unexpectedly draped over my shoulder that just came to me in the emotional darkness for about one second, which was enough.

The other was so mundane that it left me with the mildly disconcerting suspicion that the Most High Maker of the Universe had just reached out from the holy depths of eternity to play peek-a-boo with a 42-year-old who was just sitting there minding his own business.

I don't usually share those kinds of experiences, specifically because by nature they sound so questionable: "Well, that sounds like it was probably just your imagination." (*You may not be telling me that, but trust me, even at this moment, there's a place inside where I'm saying it to myself.*)

The truth is: while Easter is about the joy of Christ's resurrection, we can *know* that from a faith perspective, but we don't always feel it.

I'm still entertained by the title of a book by Jack Kornfield that talks about how Easter is exciting, and can be a big kind of jolt for our faith, but as soon as church is out that day, we still have our mundane lives and responsibilities to deal with. The book is called, "After the Ecstasy, the Laundry."

Along with those disciples on the first evening of a totally changed universe, wherein love has decisively and irrevocably overcome death

and a new life has begun,

we have received an assurance that even after the cosmic and universal triumph of Easter, our common, earthly life still goes on. Said the other way: even as life goes on, Easter has triumphed.

God is always God, and God is always love, and Jesus is always breathing peace into the world and offering not only for you, but in you and through you, springs of the water of life to nourish all creation.

It is real when you feel it, and-by definition-it's just as real when you're not particularly feeling it.

The poet Marie Howe, thinking about the astrophysicist Stephen Hawking, wrote about what science calls the Big Bang, and what is, from a faith perspective, God's conception of all existence: how, in a moment that is both incomprehensible and plainly undeniable, once there was nothing, not even empty space; and then, there was something.

The Big Bang theory starts with a singularity: the idea that all matter and all everything, was, in the beginning, impossibly condensed into one atom that exploded and formed, or is still forming, the universe.

Maybe that's the way God did it. It would be entirely compatible with the foundations of what Christians believe, namely, four words: in the beginning, God.

The poem is called, "Singularity." [vi]

Do you sometimes want to wake up to the singularity
we once were?

so compact nobody
needed a bed, or food or money -

nobody hiding in the school bathroom
or home alone

pulling open the drawer

where the pills are kept.

For every atom belonging to me as good
Belongs to you. Remember?

There was no Nature. No
them. No tests

to determine if the elephant
grieves her calf or if

the coral reef feels pain. Trashed
oceans don't speak English or Farsi or French;

would that we could wake up to what we were
- when we were ocean and before that

to when sky was earth, and animal was energy, and rock was
liquid and stars were space and space was not

at all - nothing

before we came to believe humans were so important
before this awful loneliness.

Can molecules recall it?
what once was? before anything happened?

No I, no We, no one. No was
No verb no noun
only a tiny tiny dot brimming with

is is is is is

All everything home

The Royal Hospital Chelsea, in London, is a hospital and care facility for British soldiers who have given up their pension to live out their final years there. Outside the building, easily seen by the public passing by, is a monumental obelisk, onto which is inscribed, at a

level where it meets your sightline, words attributed to a commander in the 17th century:

"If I forget thee, do not thou forget me."[vii]

I know you don't always remember, God says. But I remember you.

I know you don't always see me. But I see you.

And you may or may not be feeling in love with me at any given time.

But I always, always, always love you.

May all of our hearts burn within us when he tells us what we are.

And even when you can't see Jesus, may you know deep in your bones that it's OK. He is still right there beside you: walking with you, teaching you, accepting your gracious hospitality and eating at your table.

Keith Grogg
Montreat Presbyterian Church
Montreat, NC
April 26, 2020

[i] Shelbyville, Illinois, to be precise

[ii] Valorie Eversole, "'Start Seeing Motorcycles' Campaign Stresses Cycling Safety" (Shelbyville, IL: Daily Union, May 6, 2010) https://www.shelbyvilledailyunion.com/news/start-seeing-motorcycles-campaign-stresses-cycling-safety/article_40cdc9f7-7751-5a19-8f27-614d30b9cffd.html

[iii] Bill Bryson, *In a Sunburned Country* (New York: Broadway Books, 2000), 269-70. 273.

[iv] Bryson, *Sunburned*, 269

[v] Bryson, *Sunburned*, 273.

[vi] <https://www.brainpickings.org/2018/05/22/singularity-marie-howe-stephen-hawking/>

[vii] Jacob Astley (1579-1652), a Royalist commander in the English Civil War, in a prayer before the Battle of Edgehill (1642), as quoted by Sir Philip Warwick in *Memoires* (1701).

"Amazing Grace"

(Newton, 1772/Columbian Harmony, 1829)

Doran Heck, saxophonist

*Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.*

*'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!*

*Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.*

Tune: public domain

Doran Heck is a member of Montreat Presbyterian Church.

Prayers of Intercession



ILLUSTRATION BY [RACHEL WADA](#) FOR VANCOUVER GLOBE AND MAIL,
APRIL 24, 2020, ACCOMPANYING THE ARTICLE

"FRONTLINE WORKERS CAN'T HEAR ME SHOUT, BUT I FEEL BETTER ANYWAY"

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

We begin with a prayer which appeared in the March 13, 2020 issue of The Presbyterian Outlook written by Jeffrey Myers, a Presbyterian minister serving in Frankfurt, Germany, titled A Prayer in the Time of the Coronavirus.

God our Creator, who calls the stars by name and sets the fireflies dancing, who makes the mountains burst into song and emboldens the purple crocus pushing up through the snow, we pause to give deep thanks for the beauty which surrounds us always and for the promise that life goes on.

Set in our hearts a hope more resilient than the coronavirus, and assure us of your power to bring good even out of the most formidable diseases.

God of healing and hope, we pray that you would cool the fevered brow of the sick and speak of love stronger than death to those who lay dying. Give healing compassion to all who care for the sick, and encourage those facing isolation with your peace-giving presence.

We pray that coronavirus would move us to reflect upon our responsibility, individually and together, in caring for creation. Let your righteous anger spur us to make the long-overdue changes, so that all of creation might have room to breathe.

Rein in fear, we pray, before it becomes contagious, and nurture trust to form the basis of our dealings with one another. Let the tireless efforts of those on the frontiers of research lead to new and effective treatments, and guide those in positions of power by principles of truth and integrity.

God of tender mercies, we ask humbly that the painful awareness of our own vulnerability lead not to greater fear, but to deeper faith - a faith that nothing in all of creation can separate us from your love - neither today, nor tomorrow. Amen.

Jeffrey Meyers, Presbyterian Outlook, March 13, 2020

IN OUR PRAYERS:

Eade Anderson, home after hospitalization

Sally Baisley (Christina Tutterow's mom)

Evelyn Bannerman

Glenn Bannerman

Ken Boyer

Sylvia Boyer

Connie Bristow (friend of Genie Sullivan)

Sylvia Davis and her family (friends of the Hare-Groggs),

catastrophic stroke, now under Hospice care

Jey Deifell

David Duncan, continuing severe back pain

Jane Frist

Robert Garrison, home after successful heart procedure on Friday
Fred Hale
Bob Hare
David & Susan Holcomb and their extended family
Dick Keefer, recovering after heart operation
Margaret Linton
Scotty MacAliley
Susan Maffett, recovering from knee replacement
Bev MacSherry, cancer
Mary Grace Moore (Beverly Thompson's granddaughter), mono
Betsy Neville
Gordon Neville
Harry Philips, in Hospice care
Margaret Rada
Ellen Ramsey
George Ramsey
Jack Sadler, shingles
Bob Shaw
Belle Shipley (Susan Holcomb's mother),
Fleshers Fairview Retirement Center
Arline Taylor
Maggie Tuggle (daughter of Kitty Neil), hospitalized
Sara Ator Wilcox (pastor of Land of the Sky UCC),
recovering after successful major heart surgery
Lamar Williamson
Elaine Zinn (friend of jDub & Julie Simpson),
hospitalized with kidney infection

We also lift up in prayer...

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

All who are on the front lines, including: post office employees, public health officials, first responders, nurses, doctors, delivery packers, hospital workers, police, truck drivers, grocers, clerks, farmers, waste and recycling collectors, medical technicians, factory workers, market farmers, elected and appointed officials who must make complicated and difficult decisions
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
Parents without 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 forms

National and international YAVs whose terms have been cut short
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

Ardrishaig Parish Church, our eco-congregation partner in Scotland
Black Mountain Counseling Center
Bounty & Soul
Children & Friends
Christ Community Church
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

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

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

Almighty God,
by your grace, accept the fruit of our labor
and the offering of our lives.
Let us be a sacrifice of thanksgiving
in union with our risen Lord,
who lives and reigns with you forever.
Amen.

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Westminster John Knox Press

Hymn

"Christ Is Alive"

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

Vivian Hare, organist

Christ Is Alive!

246

1 Christ is a - live! Let Chris - tians sing. The cross stands
 2 Christ is a - live! No lon - ger bound to dis - tant
 3 In ev - ery in - sult, rift, and war where col - or,
 4 Wom - en and men, in age and youth, can feel the
 5 Christ is a - live, and comes to bring good news to

emp - ty to the sky. Let streets and homes with
 years in Pal - es - tine, but sav - ing, heal - ing,
 scorn, or wealth di - vide, Christ suf - fers still, yet
 Spir - it, hear the call, and find the way, the
 this and ev - ery age, till earth and sky and

prais - es ring. Love, drowned in death, shall nev - er die.
 here and now, and touch - ing ev - ery place and time.
 loves the more, and lives, where e - ven hope has died.
 life, the truth, re - vealed in Je - sus, freed for all.
 o - cean ring with joy, with jus - tice, love, and praise.

In 1968 Easter fell ten days after the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr., and this text was written to express an Easter hope while mindful of that terrible event. Buoyed by a triple-arched tune, it affirms the presence of a wounded, risen Christ with all who suffer.

TEXT: Brian Wren, 1968, rev. 1995

MUSIC: *Musica Sacra*, c. 1778

Text © 1975, rev. 1995 Hope Publishing Company

TRURO
LM

Charge and Blessing

*You have seen,
and so you are already blessed.
You have been seen,
and so you are the blessing.*

*There is no other word you need.
There is simply to go and tell.
There is simply to begin.*

- Jan Richardson

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
the love of God,
and the communion of the Holy Spirit
be with us all, now and forever.
Amen.

Excerpted from Jan Richardson, "Seen: For Easter Day" in *Circle of Grace: A Book of Blessings for the Seasons* (Orlando, FL: Wanton Gospeller Press, 2015)

Sung Benediction

Haitian Creole Sacred Song

Actionnel, Yolande, Christina, and Valery Fleurisma

After dinner on the last night of our 2015 visit to OFCB ministries in Bayonnais, Haiti, the delegation from MPC was still seated at the table with the leader of OFCB, Actionnel Fleurisma, and three members of his family. As we lingered, daughter, son, mother and father sang this four-part Christian song in Creole. I begged them to repeat it and asked for permission to record it, which they generously granted.

K.G.

Postlude

"Be Thou My Vision"

Reprise: alternate arrangement
(Irish, arr. Clara Hare-Grogg)

Clara Hare-Grogg

Recorded in Anderson Auditorium

Montreat Presbyterian Church

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,
and we'll find a time that works.
Rev. Margaret Peery also provides pastoral care:
parishvisitor@montreatchurch.org

Contact Information

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Jane Alexander, Clerk of Session	<u>Clerk@MontreatChurch.org</u>
Rev. Margaret Peery, Volunteer Pastoral Visitor	<u>ParishVisitor@MontreatChurch.org</u>
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Clara Hare-Grogg, Young Adult Volunteer	Clara's YAV Weblog page Link

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