

ORDINARY TIME JULY 2, 2017

## Call to Gather

Psalm 15

O Lord, who may abide in your tent?  
Who may dwell on your holy hill?

**Those who walk blamelessly, and do what is right,  
and speak the truth from their heart;**

who do not slander with their tongue,  
and do no evil to their friends,

**nor take up a reproach against their neighbors;  
in whose eyes the wicked are despised,**

but who honor those who fear the Lord;  
who stand by their oath even to their hurt;

**who do not lend money at interest,  
and do not take a bribe against the innocent.**

Those who do these things shall never be moved.

## Greetings

## Prayer of Gratitude

**Thanks**

W.S. Merwin

with the night falling we are saying thank you  
we are stopping on the bridges  
to bow from the railings  
we are running out of the glass rooms  
with our mouths full of food  
to look at the sky and say thank you

we are standing by the water thanking it  
smiling by the windows looking out in our directions  
back from a series of hospitals back from a mugging  
after funerals we are saying thank you  
after the news of the dead  
whether or not we knew them  
we are saying thank you

over telephones we are saying thank you  
in doorways and in the backs of cars and in elevators  
remembering wars and the police at the door  
and the beatings on stairs we are saying thank you

in the banks we are saying thank you  
in the faces of the officials and the rich and of all who will  
never change we go on saying thank you thank you

with the animals dying around us our lost feelings  
we are saying thank you

with the forests falling faster than the minutes of our lives  
we are saying thank you

with the words going out like cells of a brain  
with the cities growing over us we are saying thank you

faster and faster  
with nobody listening we are saying thank you  
we are saying thank you and waving  
dark though it is

## Prayer of Intercession

**Nation of frivolous piety**

A litany for worship on patriotic occasions  
Ken Sehested

I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just:  
that Divine justice cannot sleep forever. A revolution of  
the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is  
possible. The Almighty has no attribute which can take  
side with us in such a contest.\*

Be forewarned, you nation of frivolous piety:

You who turn the Most High God into a mascot for your  
charade of innocence while deceitfully invoking the  
Sovereign's blessings on your affairs.

Let there be no more God bless America, for your hands  
are full of blood.

Instead, let the nation bless God by its love of justice and  
its honoring of truth.

For the nations shall tremble, the earth shall quake, at the  
stirring of Holy Intent.

For the Beloved awakes to the cries of the poor, to the  
mourning of land and sky.

Requite and redeem by avenging mercy, O Blessed  
Redeemer: our hands rise in praise!

*"Patriotism can be a dangerous thing if it leads to  
amnesia about the dark patches of our nation's history.  
And it can leave us shortsighted if our nationalism  
prevents us from seeing pain or hope beyond our  
borders. As an American, and especially as a Christian, I  
am convinced that a love for our own people is not a bad  
thing, but love doesn't stop at borders. Love is infinitely  
boundless and all about holy trespassing and offensive  
friendships." — Shane Claiborne*

# Prayer of Confession

## “Why I Voted...”

Vachel Lindsay

***I am unjust, but I can strive for justice.  
My life's unkind, but I can vote for kindness.  
I, the unloving, say life should be lovely.  
I, that am blind, cry out against my blindness.***

Man is a curious brute—he pets his fancies—  
Fighting mankind, to win sweet luxury.  
So he will be, though law be clear as crystal,  
Tho' all men plan to live in harmony.

Come, let us vote against our human nature,

Crying to God in all the polling places  
To heal our everlasting sinfulness  
And make us sages with transfigured faces.

*“American history is longer, larger, more various, more beautiful, and more terrible than anything anyone has ever said about it.” — James Baldwin*

# Prayer of Hope & Mission

## Of History & Hope

Miller Williams

We have memorized America,  
how it was born and who we have been and where.  
In ceremonies and silence we say the words,  
telling the stories, singing the old songs.

We like the places they take us. Mostly we do.  
The great and all the anonymous dead are there.  
We know the sound of all the sounds we brought.  
The rich taste of it is on our tongues.

But where are we going to be, and why, and who?  
The disenfranchised dead want to know.  
We mean to be the people we meant to be,  
to keep on going where we meant to go.

But how do we fashion the future?  
Who can say how except in the minds of those who will  
call it Now?  
The children. The children.  
And how does our garden grow?

With waving hands—oh, rarely in a row—  
and flowering faces.  
And brambles, that we can no longer allow.

Who were many people coming together  
cannot become one people falling apart.  
Who dreamed for every child an even chance  
cannot let luck alone turn doorknobs or not.  
Whose law was never so much of the hand as  
the head cannot let chaos make its way to the heart.  
Who have seen learning struggle from teacher to  
child cannot let ignorance spread itself like rot.

We know what we have done and what we have said,  
and how we have grown, degree by slow degree,  
believing ourselves toward all we have tried to become  
—just and compassionate, equal, able, and free.

All this in the hands of children, eyes already set on  
a land we never can visit—it isn't there yet—  
but looking through their eyes, we can see what our  
long gift to them may come to be.  
If we can truly remember, they will not forget.

*“What we would like to do is change the world—make it a little simpler for people to feed, clothe, and shelter themselves as God intended them to do. And, by fighting for better conditions, by crying out unceasingly for the rights of the workers, the poor, of the destitute--the rights of the worthy and the unworthy poor, in other words--we can, to a certain extent, change the world; we can work for the oasis, the little cell of joy and peace in a harried world. We can throw our pebble in the pond and be confident that its ever widening circle will reach around the world. We repeat, there is nothing we can do but love, and, dear God, please enlarge our hearts to love each other, to love our neighbor, to love our enemy as our friend.” — Dorothy Day*

# Eucharist