

SEPTEMBER 16, 2018

THE WORSHIP OF GOD
SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

10:45 AM

CHIMING OF THE HOUR

THE PASSING OF THE PEACE

The peace of Christ be with you.

And also with you.

Andrea V Woolley

LIFE OF THE CHURCH

Please take a moment to complete the section at the top of the insert, fold and tear it off at the perforation and put it in the offering plate. Or, you may share contact info or comments with us by sending a text message to 502-295-0285.

ENTRANCE INTO WORSHIP

Lift up your hearts.

We lift them up to God.

PRELUDE

Suo Gan

Welsh Lullaby

Hush my dear one, sleep serenely, now, my lovely, slumber deep.
Mother rocks you, humming lowly, close your eyes and go to sleep.
Angels hover, ever nearer, looking on your smiling face.
I will hold you, close enfold you, close your eyes and go to sleep.

INVOCATION

Brian Williams

*HYMN OF PRAISE 745 (999)

Jesus Shall Reign

DUKE STREET

*THE APOSTLES' CREED 14

SCRIPTURE READING

James 3:1-12

Annie Hammon

Not many of you should become teachers, my brothers and sisters, for you know that we who teach will be judged with greater strictness. For all of us make many mistakes. Anyone who makes no mistakes in speaking is perfect, able to keep the whole body in check with a bridle. If we put bits into the mouths of horses to make them obey us, we guide their whole bodies. Or look at ships: though they are so large that it takes strong winds to drive them, yet they are guided by a very small rudder wherever the will of the pilot directs. So also the tongue is a small member, yet it boasts of great exploits. How great a forest is set ablaze by a small fire! And the tongue is a fire. The tongue is placed among our members as a world of iniquity; it stains the whole body, sets on fire the cycle of nature, and is itself set on fire by hell. For every species of beast and bird, of reptile and sea creature, can be tamed and has been tamed by the human species, but no one can tame the tongue—a restless evil, full of deadly poison. With it we bless the Lord and Father, and with it we curse those who are made in the likeness of God. From the same mouth come blessing and cursing. My brothers and sisters, this ought not to be so. Does a spring pour forth from the same opening both fresh and brackish water? Can a fig tree, my brothers and sisters, yield olives, or a grapevine figs? No more can salt water yield fresh.

The word of God for the people of God.

Thanks be to God.

CHORAL REFLECTION

Prayer of St. Francis

Allen Pote

Chancel Choir; Elizabeth Weaver, soprano; June Bailey, conductor; Louie Bailey, piano

Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace. Where, there is hatred, let me sow love.
Where, there is injury, thy pardon, Lord. Where there is doubt, let there be faith.
Oh Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace. Where there's despair, let me bring hope.
Where there is darkness, let there be light. Where there is sadness, let there be joy.
O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled, as to console,
To be understood as to understand, to be loved as to love.
Oh Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love.
For it is in giving that we receive, and it is in pardoning that we are pardoned.
And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life, to eternal life.
Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace, an instrument of Thy peace. Amen

St. Francis of Assisi, 13th century; adapted by Allen Pote

A LULLABY FOR IMMIGRANT CHILDREN SEPARATED FROM FAMILY

Sleep, My Child, and Peace Attend Thee

AR HYD Y NOS

Sleep, my child, and peace attend thee, all through the night;
Guardian angels God will send thee, all through the night;
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping, hill and vale in slumber sleeping,
I my loving vigil keeping, all through the night.

While the moon her watch is keeping, all through the night;
While the weary world is sleeping, all through the night;
O'er thy spirit gently stealing, visions of delight revealing,
Breathes a pure and holy feeling, all through the night.

Old Welsh Air, Sir Harold Boulton, 1884

*HYMN OF DISCIPLESHIP

O Lord, May All We Say and Do

TALLIS' CANON

O Lord, may all we say and do reflect the faith we have in you;
For faith is meant to change the way we live our lives from day to day.

God, may we open wide the door and welcome people who are poor;
And may we share with them our bread, for faith without good works is dead.

Just as a spark can start a fire, our words can damage or inspire;
We pray for wisdom from above to speak and act in gentle love.

May we not covet earthly things or seek the riches this world brings;
May we not boast of all our plans, for, Lord, our lives are in your hands.

O Lord, possessions rust away, but your love fills us every day;
Through prayer and service in your name, may we live out the faith we claim.

Carolyn Winfrey Gillette, © 2012 by The Institute for Faith and Learning at Baylor University, Waco, Texas.

WORDS FOR THE JOURNEY

TAMING THE TONGUE

Jason W. Crosby

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE

Brittani M. Bair

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 trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

MUSICAL OFFERING

Be Thou My Vision
Haylee Hatcher, piano

SLANE
arr. Larry Shackley

*PENTECOST DOXOLOGY

Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

TALLIS' CANON

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; praise God, all creatures here below.
Praise God above, you heavenly host; Creator, Christ and Holy Ghost. Amen.

*INVITATION TO DISCIPLESHIP AND COMMUNITY

We gladly welcome all who desire to unite with the community of faith at Crescent Hill Baptist Church
to come forward during the Hymn of Response and share that decision with the minister.

*HYMN OF RESPONSE 429

Let Your Heart Be Broken

WYE VALLEY

*BENEDICTION

Jason W. Crosby

*SILENCE

*POSTLUDE

Morning Reflections

Louie Bailey

*Worshippers are invited to rise, in body or spirit.

The flowers today are given in honor of Tom Scott, Sr. on his 90th birthday by his family.

- We welcome guest pianist Haylee Hatcher, senior at Highlands Latin School.
- CDs of today's service may be ordered through the church office.
- Texts are reprinted by permission of CCLI License 1801331 and One License A718444.
- We invite those who wish to be baptized or join the church to share that decision with the church near the conclusion of worship. However, if you would prefer to explore baptism or church membership privately, the ministers would be glad to discuss those decisions with you following worship.