

# Jerusalem, My Happy Home

See print copy for song.



We celebrate the Lord's Supper weekly—and in a circle, at the end of worship. A word of direction is given, and with this everyone stands and moves to the walls. The cup is passed in two forms: in a chalice and then in small individual cups. You are free to choose.

And as this is the Supper of the Lord Christ, please listen to the instructions we give as to what qualifies a visitor to participate. **But whether you intend to take communion or not, please join us in the circle.**

Then their eyes were opened and they recognized Jesus, and he disappeared from their sight....they still could not believe for joy....

Luke 24:31, 41

Old Orchard Church

Sixth Sunday of Easter

May 17, 2009 – 10:15 to 11:45 a.m.

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# Celebrating the Immortal Jesus as the Resurrection Community of Suffering And the Baptism of Luca Nicolo Zavaglia into Christ

Raised from a corruptible body to an indestructible life,  
Jesus Christ now invites his followers  
To share not only in his resurrection power  
But also in his crucifixion weakness.  
O great privilege—  
To suffer in solidarity with the Suffering Servant,  
Even on this side of the empty tomb!

Afflicted but not crushed,  
Perplexed but not despairing  
Persecuted but not broken,  
Struck down but not destroyed.  
We carry within us the dying of Jesus,  
That his exquisite life may be seen  
To animate our broken bodies till he comes again!

Dying, we live;  
Suffering, we triumph.  
Alleluia!



## Today's Scripture

Old Testament Lesson: Isaiah 60:15-22  
Gospel Reading: Luke 24:13-35

## Sermon

“The Meaning of Abraham’s Circumcision and My Baptism”  
Romans 4:5-12

*Ron Lutjens, senior pastor, preaching*

## And After You Have Suffered A Little...

I have always been a sheep. I was never a goat. I was created and cut out and born in the world for heaven. Even before God freed my soul and told me to go, I never was hell-scared. I just never did feel that my soul was made to burn in hell.

God started on me when I wasn’t but ten years old. I was sick with the fever, and he called me and said, “You are ten years old.” I didn’t know how old I was, but later on I asked my older sister and she told me that I was ten years old when I had the fever.

As I grew up I used to frolic a lot and was considered a good dancer, but I never took much interest in such things. I just went many times to please my friends and, later on, my husband. What I loved more than all else was to go to church.

I used to pray then. I pray now and just tell God to take me and do his will, for he knows the every secret of my heart. He knows what we stand most in need of before we ask for it, and if we trust him, he will give us what we ought to have in due season. Some people pray and call on God as if they think he is ignorant of their needs or else asleep. But God is a time-God. I know this, for he told me so. I remember one morning I was on my way home with a bundle of clothes to wash—it was after my husband had died—and I felt awfully burdened down, and so I commenced to talk to God. It looked like I was having such a hard time. Everybody seemed to be getting along well but poor me. I told him so. I said, “Lord, it looks like you come to everybody’s house but mine. I never bother my neighbors or cause any disturbance. I have lived as it is becoming a poor widow woman to live and yet, Lord, it looks like I have a harder time than anybody.” When I said this, something told me to turn around and look. I put my bundle down and looked towards the east part of the world. A voice spoke to me as plain as day, but it was inward and said, “I am a time-God working after the counsel of my own will. In due time I will bring all things to you. Remember and cause your heart to sing.”

—Testimony of a former slave, found in  
God Struck Me Dead: Voices of Ex-Slaves

