

Like A Mighty River Flowing

Words: Michael Perry (1942-1996) Music: German melody, 14th c.
Arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

See print copy for words.



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.**

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Cover art: Frontis piece of a Geneva Bible published in 1611.

Old Orchard Church

January 27, 2013 — 10:15-11:50 a.m.



Christ is the Preeminent One over all creation.

Colossians 1:15

Celebrating Jesus, Incarnate Son of God: Lord of All Nature

**Praise Jesus Christ who imagined and
made everything in nature.**

For by him all things were created:
things in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible,
whether thrones or powers or rulers or authorities;
all things were created by him and for him.

**Praise Jesus Christ who orders the created world
in its rhythms.**

He is before all things, and in him all things hold together.
And he is the head of the body, the church;

**Praise Jesus Christ through whom all things in the universe
have been reconciled—physical and spiritual.**

For God was pleased to have all his fullness dwell in him,
and through him to reconcile to himself all things,
whether things on earth or things in heaven,
by making peace through his blood, shed on the cross.

—*Colossians 1:16-20*



Today's Scripture

Old Testament Lesson: Isaiah 28:23-29

New Testament Lesson: Mark 6:45-52

Today's Sermon

“Christians as Champions of the Dignity of All Human Beings”
(Part 2)

Amos 1 & 2; Isaiah 28:23-29

Ron Lutjens, senior pastor, preaching

To Christ the Creator

Praise to you, Creator Son,
for all the creatures
of this earth too small
for any notice but your own.

With your eyes I see
the six-inch snake,
green as mint, soft
as a baby's hand, curled
about my finger,
and love it with your love.

With your eyes I see
the crayfish, hard
as a toenail, brown
as the mud beneath
the water's rippled surface,
and love it with your love.

With your eyes I see
the nuthatch descend
headfirst the maple trunk,
its blue-gray feathers
light against the bark,
and love it with your love.

With your eyes I see
all these and more.
I see the turtle's
painted shell,
the eft's red body
on the crumbling leaves,
the green frog's
leopard spots,
and the snail's bright
trail shining
in the morning sun.

For these I give you thanks,
and for your presence
in their making and unmaking,
I give you praise.

Each small life is yours!
In wonder I meet
the richness of your grace
and love you with your love.

—*Author unknown*

