

## "The Great Storm is Over"

Words and Music by Bob Franke

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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## Old Orchard Church

August 25, 2013 — 10:15 to 11:50 a.m.

See print copy for picture.

On this mountain the LORD Almighty  
will prepare a feast of rich food  
for all peoples,  
a banquet of aged wine....  
On this mountain he will destroy...  
the sheet that covers all nations;  
He will swallow up death forever.

~ Isaiah 25:6-8 ~

## Celebrating Jesus Christ: Conqueror of Death

And Admission to the Lord's Supper of Ben Gerlach, Judah Kuhn,  
Jack Nelson and Owen Stuber

Enter then, all of you, into the joy of our Lord.  
First and last, receive alike your reward.  
Rich and poor, dance together.  
You who have fasted and you who have not fasted, rejoice today.  
The table is fully laden: let all enjoy it.  
The calf is fatted: let none go away hungry.  
Let none lament his poverty;  
for the universal Kingdom is revealed.  
Let none bewail his transgressions;  
for the light of forgiveness has risen from the tomb.  
Let none fear death; for the death of the Saviour has set us free.  
He has destroyed death, he has despoiled hell.  
Hell was filled with bitterness when it met thee:  
filled with bitterness, for it was brought to nothing;  
filled with bitterness, for it was mocked;  
filled with bitterness, for it was overthrown;  
filled with bitterness, for it was put in chains.  
O death, where is thy sting? O hell where is thy victory?  
Christ is risen, and thou art cast down.  
Christ is risen, and the demons are fallen.  
Christ is risen, and the angels rejoice.  
Christ is risen, and life reigns in freedom.  
Christ is risen, and there is none left dead in the tomb.  
For Christ, being raised from the dead,  
has become the first-fruits of those that slept.  
To him be glory and dominion to the ages of ages. Amen.  
—John Chrysostom



### Scripture Readings

Old Testament Lesson: responsive reading from Psalm 90  
Epistle Reading: Philippians 1:15-27a

### Christianity in Ephesus, Christianity in St. Louis Series Sermon

“Anger: The Passion Fruit That Needs Ripening”  
Ephesians 4:20-24, 26-27, 31-32; James 1:19-21  
Ron Lutjens, senior pastor, preaching

## Nothing Lasts—Except The Grace Of God

No tribute to our dear Cathy [1954-1988], would fulfill its purpose if *GRACE* were not its theme. For any who may wonder at her life or wonder about its motives, pause here—at *GRACE*. Grace means Gift. That Gift is Jesus Christ, her and our Lord. In her that unspeakable gift found many expressions—sometimes animals embroidered across some little person's overalls, sometimes in the setting of a table, sometimes working far into the night on a banner designed to lead God's people in worship, sometimes with her hands deep in the kitchen sink, sometimes flowing out in the arrangement of some Maine rocks and shells in a centerpiece, sometimes—as she did less than an hour before she died—by giving her husband a kiss. Grace is like that—a many-splendored thing.

Cathy served gladly where she found herself, as the mistress of a large brood of children and the wife of a church officer. She did common things uncommonly well. She decided to make our home a work of art, surrounding us with glimpses and tastes of that Beauty which neither fades nor changes. Paper-cuts fell like snowflakes from her hands; also meals for new mothers and the sick; shortbread in a pretty box for someone at Christmastime; and—at the last—letters and cards of encouragement to all who had expressed concern for her.

Cathy sang a lot—and not just in church or in the shower. With a heavy burden of work, squabbling children and health problems, she sang in order to survive. Fueled by the forgiveness that is the Gift's central theme, she pressed on. When the power of song left her, faithful church friends took up the slack and sang to her, so that her cup would always run over.

Now that her race is run, we can declare that she ran it well, not out of any compulsion to speak well of the dead, not forgetting she had faults. Part of running well is to confess faults, and then, undismayed, to keep going; this she did. And now, at last, her life-long hope is fulfilled: to see her Lord face to face.

It remains only to say how blessed our family has been to share her life intimately; what an honor to have tasted her joys with her and to have held her hand during her sufferings! What's more, we have witnessed the Gift in its manifold expressions through so many of you here tonight, and thousands besides who are separated by time and space but present by their thoughts and prayers. Over the last year we have rejoiced in that Gift over and over again as it reached us in the form of a casserole, a scribbled note stuck somewhere it could not be missed, a check, housecleaning, child care, a visit with talk and a prayer, tapes of specially selected music or Scripture, photographs of people cheering us on, the loan of a car, even a late-night haircut—the list goes ever onward. This is just as it should be, considering the source.

Accept this as a tribute to yourselves as well as to Cathy. You gave, prayed and strove with us for her life: and then she died. But love lives on. And now we all know better than ever before: *NOTHING* Lasts—except the grace of God.

—Dick Watt, 1988