

MAYFLOWER CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH  
**A SERVICE OF MORNING WORSHIP**  
Sunday, November 21, 2021, 10:30 a.m.  
Christ the King Sunday  
Harvest Festival

***Welcome and Greeting***

***Prelude:*** "May the Light of Love" (David Roth)

***Opening Sentences***

***Hymn 285:*** "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come"

***Opening Prayer***

***Special Music:*** "Be Thou My Vision" (arr. Eddie Lewis)

***Giving and Receiving of Our Gifts***

*Doxology*

***Pastoral Prayer and The Lord's Prayer***

***Gospel Reading:*** Mark 4:1-15

Again he began to teach beside the lake. Such a very large crowd gathered around him that he got into a boat on the lake and sat there, while the whole crowd was beside the lake on the land. He began to teach them many things in parables, and in his teaching he said to them: 'Listen! A sower went out to sow. And as he sowed, some seed fell on the path, and the birds came and ate it up. Other seed fell on rocky ground, where it did not have much soil, and it sprang up quickly, since it had no depth of soil. And when the sun rose, it was scorched; and since it had no root, it withered away. Other seed fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up and choked it, and it yielded no grain. Other seed fell into good soil and brought forth grain, growing up and increasing and yielding thirty and sixty and a hundredfold.' And he said, 'Let anyone with ears to hear listen!' When he was alone, those who were around him along with the twelve asked him about the parables. And he said to them, 'To you has been given the secret of the kingdom of God, but for those outside, everything comes in parables; in order that "they may indeed look, but not perceive, and may indeed listen, but not understand; so that they may not turn again and be forgiven."' And he said to them, 'Do you not understand this parable? Then how will you understand all the parables? The sower sows the word. These are the ones on the path where the word is sown: when they hear, Satan immediately comes and takes away the word that is sown in them.'

***Message:*** Mark Criss, Executive Director, Lansing City Rescue Mission

***Hymn 283:*** "Now Thank We All Our God"

***Benediction***

***Benediction Response 34 (v. 1):*** "Let All Things Now Living"

Let all things now living a song of thanksgiving to God the Creator triumphantly raise; who fashioned and made us, protected and stayed us, who still guides us on to the end of our days. God's banners are o'er us; His light goes before us—a pillar of fire shining forth in the night—till shadows have vanished and darkness is banished, as forward we travel from light into light.

***Greet One Another***

Today's Participants: Mark Criss, Pastor Mark and DeeAnn McCormick, Barb and Jerry Fuller, Sally Potter, Kim Finison, Jamie Keller, Gail Sawyer

*The flowers on the altar are given by Carleen Brammell in memory of her mother, Kay Underhill.*



1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of  
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His  
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His  
 4. E-ven so, Lord, quick-ly come To Thy fi-nal



har-vest home; All is safe-ly gath-ered in,  
 praise to yield; Wheat and tares to- geth-er sown,  
 har-vest home; From His field shall in that day  
 har-vest home; Gath-er Thou Thy peo-ple in,



Ere the win-ter storms be-gin; God, our Mak-er,  
 Un-to joy or sor-row grown; First the blade, and  
 All of-fen-s-es purge a-way, Give His an-gels  
 Free from sor-row, free from sin; There for-ev-er



doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;  
 then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear;  
 charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,  
 pu-ri-fied, In Thy pres-ence to a-bide;



ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR

7.7.7.7 D

"He," "Him," or "His" may be replaced by "God(s)" or "You(r)."

Come to God's own tem - ple, come,  
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we  
 But the fruit - ful ears to store  
 Come, with all Thine an - gels, come,

Raise the song of har - vest home.  
 Whole - some grain and pure may be.  
 In His gar - ner ev - er - more.  
 Raise the glo - rious har - vest home. A - men.

**Come, Ye Thankful People, Come**

Henry Alford, 1810-1871

1. Come, ye thankful people, come,  
 Raise the song of harvest home;  
 All is safely gathered in  
 Ere the winter storms begin;  
 God, our Maker, doth provide  
 For our wants to be supplied;  
 Come to God's own temple, come,  
 Raise the song of harvest home.
2. All the blessings of the field,  
 All the stores the gardens yield,  
 All the fruits in full supply,  
 Ripened 'neath the summer sky,  
 All that spring with bounteous hand  
 Scatters o'er the smiling land,  
 All that liberal autumn pours  
 From her rich o'er-flowing stores,
3. These to Thee, our God, we owe,  
 Source whence all our blessings flow;  
 And for these our souls shall raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.  
 Come, then, thankful people, come,  
 Raise the song of harvest home:  
 Come to God's own temple, come,  
 Raise the song of harvest home. Amen.

1. Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and  
 2. O may this boun-teous God Through all our life be  
 3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa-ther now be

voic - es, Who won - drous things hath done, In  
 near us, With ev - er joy - ful hearts And  
 giv - en, The Son, and Him who reigns With

whom His world re - joic - es, Who, from our moth - ers'  
 bless - ed peace to cheer us, And keep us in His  
 them in high - est heav - en, The one e - ter - nal

arms, Hath blessed us on our way With  
 grace, And guide us when per - plexed, And  
 God, Whom earth and heav'n a - dore, For

NUN DANKET  
 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6

"He," "Him," or "His" may be replaced by "God(s)" or "You(r)."

Third verse: "The Son and Spirit reign, with God"

## GOD'S REVELATION

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'God's Revelation'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, aligned with the notes. The lyrics are: 'count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. free us from all ills, In this world and the next. thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.'

Eternal God, high and lifted up and yet within us all,  
we come, having spent too much time with our heads down,  
and now have the need to be lifted up.

Let us be lifted to a spirit of adoration,  
that we may see in life all that is beautiful and good,  
excellent and of good report;  
that the ugliness and disillusionment of life  
may not cause us to be blind to Your love of life.

Lift us up to a spirit of confession.  
Forgive us the sins that hurt not just ourselves  
but those countless people, near and far,  
for whom Your justice is unspoken,  
Your kindness is not given,  
Your healing is withheld by human neglect.

Lift us up to a spirit of thanksgiving.  
Quicken our sense of gratitude for Your lavish heart,  
Your gentle hand, Your strong word, Your quiet grace.  
Recall to us the homes that have nourished us,  
the friends who bless us,  
the social securities which we enjoy,  
the great books, great music, and great art  
that have inspired our own creativity.

Lift us up to a spirit of intercession.  
Save us from the narrowness of our sympathies.  
Keep us from our constant provinciality.  
Teach us afresh that our sins are often poison to this world.  
Widen the borders of our care,  
for the sake of our work on behalf of those  
who carry burdens far too great for us to imagine,  
and who find it difficult to be thankful  
in absence of the common things of life—  
food, shelter, clothing, and a sense of safety,  
as well as the greater things of life—  
justice, war, righteousness, healing, and peace.

Make real to us anew Him who loved us and gave Himself for us:  
even Jesus Christ, for whom our thanksgiving is never-ending. Amen.