

MAYFLOWER CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
A SERVICE OF MORNING WORSHIP

Sunday, March 27, 2022, 10:30 a.m.
Fourth Sunday in Lent

Welcome and Greeting

Prelude: "More Love to Thee" (William H. Doane, arr. Cindy Berry)

Opening Sentences

Hymn 417: "Kind and Merciful God"

Opening Prayer

Special Music: "Grazioso" (Georg Philipp Telemann, arr. Christine Anderson)

Giving and Receiving of Our Gifts

Doxology

Pastoral Prayer and The Lord's Prayer (using debts and debtors)

Gospel Reading: Luke 15:1-3; 11b-32

Now all the tax-collectors and sinners were coming near to listen to him. And the Pharisees and the scribes were grumbling and saying, 'This fellow welcomes sinners and eats with them.' So he told them this parable: 'There was a man who had two sons. The younger of them said to his father, "Father, give me the share of the property that will belong to me." So he divided his property between them. A few days later the younger son gathered all he had and travelled to a distant country, and there he squandered his property in dissolute living. When he had spent everything, a severe famine took place throughout that country, and he began to be in need. So he went and hired himself out to one of the citizens of that country, who sent him to his fields to feed the pigs. He would gladly have filled himself with the pods that the pigs were eating; and no one gave him anything. But when he came to himself he said, "How many of my father's hired hands have bread enough and to spare, but here I am dying of hunger! I will get up and go to my father, and I will say to him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you; I am no longer worthy to be called your son; treat me like one of your hired hands.'" So he set off and went to his father. But while he was still far off, his father saw him and was filled with compassion; he ran and put his arms around him and kissed him. Then the son said to him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you; I am no longer worthy to be called your son." But the father said to his slaves, "Quickly, bring out a robe—the best one—and put it on him; put a ring on his finger and sandals on his feet. And get the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and celebrate; for this son of mine was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found!" And they began to celebrate. Now his elder son was in the field; and when he came and approached the house, he heard music and dancing. He called one of the slaves and asked what was going on. He replied, "Your brother has come, and your father has killed the fatted calf, because he has got him back safe and sound." Then he became angry and refused to go in. His father came out and began to plead with him. But he answered his father, "Listen! For all these years I have been working like a slave for you, and I have never disobeyed your command; yet you have never given me even a young goat so that I might celebrate with my friends. But when this son of yours came back, who has devoured your property with prostitutes, you killed the fatted calf for him!" Then the father said to him, "Son, you are always with me, and all that is mine is yours. But we had to celebrate and rejoice, because this brother of yours was dead and has come to life; he was lost and has been found." '

Sermon: "THE MANY SHADES OF GRAY"

Hymn 183: "O Sacred Head, Now Wounded"

Benediction

Benediction Response: "Shalom to You"

Shalom to you now, shalom, my friends. May God's full mercies bless you, my friends. In all your living and through your loving, Christ be your shalom, Christ be your shalom.

Greet One Another

Participants: Pastor Mark and DeeAnn McCormick, Barb and Jerry Fuller, Lorraine Finison, Shannon Quinn

Kind and Merciful God

417

Bryan Jeffery Leech, 1931-

Traditional Swedish Melody
Adapt. by Bryan Jeffery Leech, 1931-

1. Kind and mer - ci - ful God, we have sinned in Your sight,
2. Kind and mer - ci - ful God, we've ne - glect - ed Your Word
3. Kind and mer - ci - ful God, we have bro - ken Your laws
4. Kind and mer - ci - ful God, in Christ's death on the cross
5. Kind and mer - ci - ful God, bid us lift up our heads

We have all wan - dered far from Your way;
And the truth that would guide us a - right;
And in con - duct have veered from the norm;
You pro - vid - ed a cleans - ing from sin;
And com - mand us to rise from our knees;

We have fol - lowed de - sire, we have failed to as - pire
We have lived in the shade of the dark we have made,
We have dreamed of the good, but the good that we could
Speak the words that for - give, that hence - forth we may live.
May our hearts now be changed and no long - er es - tranged,

To the vir - tue we ought to dis - play.
When You willed us to walk in the light.
We have fre - quent - ly failed to per - form.
By the might of Your Spir - it with - in.
Through the pow'r of Your par - don and peace.

THE TRIUNE GOD

183

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Latin, 12th C.

German, Paul Gerhardt, 1607-1676

Trans. by James W. Alexander, 1804-1859, alt.

Hans Leo Hassler, 1564-1612

Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685-1750

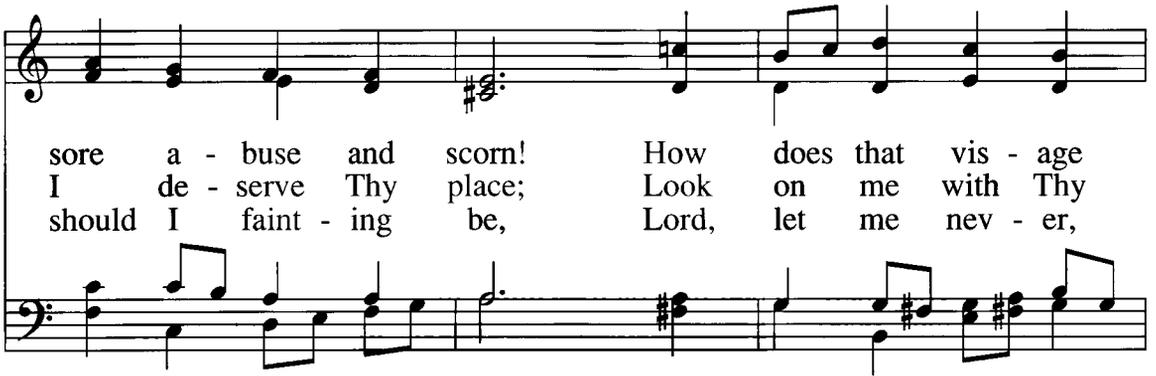
1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To

grief and shame weighed down, Now scorn - ful - ly sur -
 all for sin - ners' gain; Mine, mine was the trans -
 thank Thee, dear - est friend; For this Thy dy - ing

round - ed With thorns, Thy on - ly crown, How
 ges - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain. Lo,
 sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end? O

art Thou pale with an - guish, With
 here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis
 make me Thine for - ev - er; And,

THE TRIUNE GOD



sore a - buse and scorn! How does that vis - age
I de - serve Thy place; Look on me with Thy
should I faint - ing be, Lord, let me nev - er,



lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!
fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
nev - er, Out - live my love to Thee! A - men.

Lord Jesus Christ,
Your cross brings healing,
it brings life,
it brings victory,
and it brings joy.

Draw me to You and lift me up to Your presence,
Where I may see the wounds of the crown,
I may see Your pierced hands,
See the wound in Your side,
See the stripes on Your back,
And see Your pierced feet.

Sorrowing Christ, You wept over Jerusalem.
Patient Christ, You were condemned to death.

Forgiving Christ, You were beaten.

Suffering Christ, You carried the cross.

Saving Christ, You died on the cross.

Jesus my Savior, You are the Lamb of God;

You willingly suffered pain and sorrow for my sinfulness;

You died in my place and forgiveness is mine;

My life may be lived with purpose,

And I will join You and all others in eternity.

Lord Jesus, with the help of the Holy Spirit, inspire me
to take up my cross each day and follow You with confidence
and with a desire to live in Your image.

Amen.