

MAYFLOWER CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH  
**A SERVICE OF MORNING WORSHIP**

Sunday, September 15, 2024, 10:30 a.m.

Seventeenth Sunday After Pentecost  
Rally Day

**Welcome and Greeting** - Pastor Mark

**Prelude:** "I Want Jesus to Walk With Me" (Spiritual, arr. Cindy Berry) - DeeAnn

**Opening Sentences** - Tom

**Hymn 1:** "Our God, Our Help in Ages Past" - DeeAnn et al.

**Opening Prayer** - Tom

**Anthem:** "With a Voice of Singing" (Martin Shaw) - Barb/DeeAnn/Choir

**Giving and Receiving of Our Gifts** - Pastor Mark

*Doxology* - DeeAnn

**Pastoral Prayer and The Lord's Prayer** (using debts and debtors) - Pastor Mark

**New Testament Reading:** James 3:1-12 - Rachel

Not many of you should become teachers, my brothers and sisters, for you know that we who teach will be judged with greater strictness. For all of us make many mistakes. Anyone who makes no mistakes in speaking is perfect, able to keep the whole body in check with a bridle. If we put bits into the mouths of horses to make them obey us, we guide their whole bodies. Or look at ships: though they are so large that it takes strong winds to drive them, yet they are guided by a very small rudder wherever the will of the pilot directs. So also the tongue is a small member, yet it boasts of great exploits. How great a forest is set ablaze by a small fire! And the tongue is a fire. The tongue is placed among our members as a world of iniquity; it stains the whole body, sets on fire the cycle of nature, and is itself set on fire by hell. For every species of beast and bird, of reptile and sea creature, can be tamed and has been tamed by the human species, but no one can tame the tongue—a restless evil, full of deadly poison. With it we bless the Lord and Father, and with it we curse those who are made in the likeness of God. From the same mouth come blessing and cursing. My brothers and sisters, this ought not to be so. Does a spring pour forth from the same opening both fresh and brackish water? Can a fig tree, my brothers and sisters, yield olives, or a grapevine figs? No more can salt water yield fresh.

**Sermon:** "THE DESTRUCTIVE POWER OF WORDS" - Pastor Mark

**Hymn 225:** "Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove" - DeeAnn et al.

**Benediction** - Pastor Mark

**Benediction Response 580 (v. 1):** "God Be With You Till We Meet Again" - DeeAnn et al.

God be with you till we meet again; by His counsels guide, uphold you, with His sheep securely fold you: God be with you till we meet again

**Greet One Another** - All

Participants: Pastor Mark and DeeAnn McCormick, Barb Fuller, Tom Cornell, Rachel Gehres, Chancel Choir

## Our God, Our Help in Ages Past 1

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Attrib. to William Croft, 1678-1727

1. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our  
 2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Thy  
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or  
 4. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are  
 5. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears  
 6. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our

hope for years to come, Our shel - ter from the  
 saints have dwelt se - cure; Suf - fi - cient is Thine  
earth re - ceived her frame, From ev - er - last - ing  
 like an eve - ning gone, Short as the watch that  
 all its sons a - way; They fly for - got - ten,  
 hope for years to come, Be Thou our guard while

storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.  
 arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.  
Thou art God, To end - less years the same.  
 ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.  
 as a dream Dies at the o - p'ning day.  
 trou - bles last, And our e - ter - nal home. A - men.

## Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

225

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

John B. Dykes, 1823–1876

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy  
 2. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we  
 3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy

quick - 'ning pow'rs; Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred  
 strive to rise; Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our  
 quick - 'ning pow'rs; Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's

love In these cold hearts of ours.  
 tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.  
 love, And that shall kin - dle ours. A - men.

ST. AGNES  
CM

One: Precious Lord, the power of your love exceeds our understanding.

Many: **Our praise we lift to you with voices singing,  
 straining to reach You in your majesty and glory.**

Men: **How can our tune glorify such an awesome and almighty God?**

Women: **Because our God is gracious and compassionate.**

Many: **May our singing be lifted to you on the wings of the Heavenly Dove,  
 and perfected as your Son is perfect. This we ask in the name of Jesus,  
 our Redeemer, and through the power of the Holy Spirit. Amen.**