

MAYFLOWER CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
A SERVICE OF MORNING WORSHIP

Sunday, June 14, 2026, 10:30 a.m.

Third Sunday After Pentecost

Welcome and Greeting - Pastor Mark

Prelude: "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen/All Night, All Day" (Spirituals, arr. Mark Hayes) -
DeeAnn

Opening Sentences - Kathy

Hymn 314: "Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult" - DeeAnn et al.

Opening Prayer - Kathy

Special Music: "Precious Lord, Take My Hand" (Thomas A. Dorsey and George N. Allen) -
Barb/DeeAnn/Choir

Giving and Receiving of Our Gifts - Pastor Mark

Doxology (Hymn 563) - DeeAnn et al.

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

New Testament Reading: Romans 5:1-8 - Pastor Margery

Therefore, since we are justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have obtained access to this grace in which we stand; and we boast in our hope of sharing the glory of God. And not only that, but we also boast in our sufferings, knowing that suffering produces endurance, and endurance produces character, and character produces hope, and hope does not disappoint us, because God's love has been poured into our hearts through the Holy Spirit that has been given to us. For while we were still weak, at the right time Christ died for the ungodly. Indeed, rarely will anyone die for a righteous person—though perhaps for a good person someone might actually dare to die. But God proves his love for us in that while we still were sinners Christ died for us.

Sermon: "THE PROBLEM WITH SUFFERING" - Pastor Mark

Hymn 379: "There Is a Balm in Gilead" - DeeAnn et al.

Benediction - Pastor Mark

Benediction Response 380 (v. 2): "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" - DeeAnn et al.

Other refuge have I none; hangs my helpless soul on Thee; leave, ah! leave me not alone, still support and comfort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, all my help from Thee I bring; cover my defenseless head with the shadow of Thy wing.

Greet One Another - All

Participants: Pastor Mark & DeeAnn McCormick, Barb Fuller, Kathy Farnum, Pastor Margery Briggs, Chancel Choir

Jesus Calls Us o'er the Tumult

314

Cecil F. Alexander, 1818-1895

William H. Jude, 1851-1922

1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our
 2. As of old, Saint An - drew heard it By the
 3. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the
 4. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of
 5. Je - sus calls us; by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior,

life's wild, rest - less sea; Day by day His sweet voice
 Gal - i - le - an lake, Turned from home and toil and
 vain world's gold - en store, From each i - dol that would
 toil and hours of ease, Still He calls, in cares and
 may we hear Thy call, Give our hearts to Thine o -

sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low me."
 kin - dred, Leav - ing all for His dear sake.
 keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."
 pleas - ures, "Chris - tian, love Me more than these."
 be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A - men.

There Is a Balm in Gilead

379

Spiritual

Spiritual

Arr. by J. Harold Moyer, 1927-

Refrain

There is a balm in Gil-e-ad to make the wound-ed whole,

there is a balm in Gil-e-ad to heal the sin-sick soul.

Verses
Unison

1. Some-times I feel dis-cour-aged and think my work's in vain,
2. If you can-not preach like Pe-ter, if you can-not pray like Paul,
3. Don't ev-er feel dis-cour-aged, for Je-sus is your friend;

D.C.

But then the Ho-ly Spir-it re-vives my soul a-gain.
You can tell the love of Je-sus, and say, "He died for all!"
And if you lack for knowl-edge He'll ne'er re-fuse to lend.

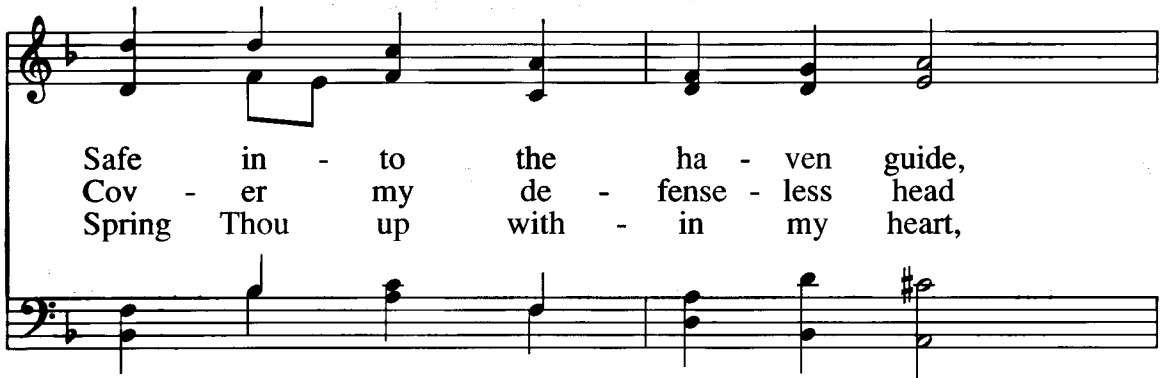
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less
 3. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er

bos - om fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll,
 soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone,
 all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a - bound,

While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my
 Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on
 Make and keep me pure with - in. Thou of life the

Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

GOD'S COVENANT PEOPLE



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide,
Cov - er my de - fense - less head
Spring Thou up with in my heart,



O re - ceive my soul at last!
With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

I Thank You, Jesus, that You are the lover of my soul. The nature and extent of Your love is large enough to encompass the universe, the world, and all of time, but You are the lover of “my” soul. The psalmist looks at the stars and wonders, “What are mortals that You are mindful of them?”—and yet You are mindful. I think of all of the people in the world—six billion stars populating the galaxy of humanity—and stand in awe that You love me personally—me, so ordinary; me, so conflicted; me, so “me.”

Is it true that if I were the only person in the world, You would have died for me? Can I insert my name into John 3:16, “For God so loved _____?” Thank You for the truth proclaimed in this song, reflected by Your Incarnation and timelessly expressed in Your Word: that I am loved—personally. Help me, by Your Spirit, to respond to this love, to live in it, and to bask in it. As it flows to me, may it flow through me. As I receive, so let me give. Your song of love is my prayer. I sing it in full voice and with all my heart—in the name of the One who is the lover of my soul. Amen.