



**An Order of Worship for the Lord's Day
Stone Presbyterian Church
A Welcoming and Affirming Congregation
July 19, 2020 ~ 7th Sunday after Pentecost**



We Gather in the Name of Christ

PRELUDE "From God I Will Not Stray" Johann Krebs
(Please listen quietly to the prelude as the community prepares for worship)

POURING OF THE BAPTISMAL WATER

WELCOME

CALL TO WORSHIP

O Lord, you have searched me and known me. You know when I sit down and when I rise up; you discern my thoughts from far away. You search out my path and my lying down, and are acquainted with all my ways. If I ascend to heaven, you are there; if I make my bed in Sheol, you are there. If I take the wings of the morning and settle at the farthest limits of the sea, even there your hand shall lead me, and your right hand shall hold me fast.

Lord, you are with us here. Let us worship. *(from Psalm 139)*

HYMN #298 v.1 "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy" IN BABILONE
(You are encouraged to meditate on the words instead of singing while the music is played)

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in God's justice,
which is more than liberty.
There is no place where earth's sorrows
are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
have such kindly judgment given.

PRAYER OF CONFESSION

Holy God, you patiently show us truth, goodness and beauty; but we often fail to recognize and receive what you wish us to know. Thank you for your saving love that embraces us in every condition: in our ignorance, our bias, our fear, our rebellion. Thank you for meeting us here and now so that we can worship in the freedom of being forgiven. Teach us to be in awe of the life you offer us this day, even when that leads through suffering. *(Silence)*

ASSURANCE OF FORGIVENESS

Confident that you hear our prayer, we say,
Thanks be to God through Christ Jesus, Amen!

+THE PEACE OF CHRIST

We Listen for the Word of God

PRAYER FOR ILLUMINATION

(You are invited to say the "amen" aloud.)

LESSONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES

Genesis 28:10-19a Jacob's dream at Bethel.
The Word of the Lord. / **Thanks be to God.**

SOLO

"You Are Mine"
Sung by Rob Kolb

David Haas

POETRY

"THE OLD MAN CLIMBS A TREE"

Wendell Berry

(See Insert)

MEDITATION

"Pleased and Unafraid"

The Rev. Bob Umidi

AFFIRMATION OF FAITH from "The Belhar Confession"

We believe,

- that the church must stand by people in any form of suffering and need, which implies, among other things, that the church must witness against and strive against any form of injustice, so that justice may roll down like waters, and righteousness like an ever-flowing stream;
- that the church as the possession of God must stand where the Lord stands, namely against injustice and with the wronged; that in following Christ the church must witness against all the powerful and privileged who selfishly seek their own interests and thus control and harm others.

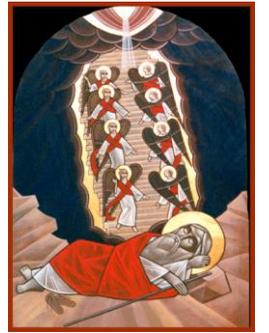
We believe and confirm these things in our hearts and actions. Amen.

LIFE OF THE CHURCH, JOYS & CONCERNS

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE and THE LORD'S PRAYER

"debts/debtors"

(Traditional, Hymnal, p. 16)



TITHES AND OFFERING

(You can deposit in the plate in the back before or after worship)

PRAYER OF DEDICATION

We Go Out to Serve Our Call

HYMN #207 v. 1

“How Lovely, Lord”

MERLE’S TUNE

(You are encouraged to meditate on the words instead of singing while the music is played)

How lovely, Lord, how lovely is Your abiding place;
My soul is longing, fainting, to feast upon Your grace.
The sparrow finds a shelter, a place to build her nest;
And so Your temple calls us within its walls to rest.

CHARGE & BENEDICTION

+POSTLUDE

“Festival Fanfare”

David Blackwell

STONE CHURCH WELCOMES YOU TO WORSHIP

July 19, 2020 ~ 7th Sunday after Pentecost ~ 9:30 a.m.



The purpose of Stone Church is to be an inviting, spiritual community of Christ, engaging in worship that inspires and challenges us to learn and grow as we reach out in caring and service, trusting in the love of God.

All the People, Ministers

**Stone Presbyterian Church
PO Box 33, 8 South Park Row
Clinton, New York 13323
315-853-2933
stonepres@verizon.net**

**Scott Leonard, Commissioned Lay Pastor
G. Roberts Kolb, Director of Music
Gerald G. Platz, Pastor Emeritus
Janice LeFrois, Office Administrator
Jesse Miller, Sexton**

www.stonepres.org ~ www.facebook.com/stonepres

VI THE OLD MAN CLIMBS A TREE

He had a tall cedar he wanted to cut for posts,
 but it leaned backward toward the fence,
 and there's no gain in tearing down one
 fence to build another. To preserve the fence
 already built, he needed to fasten a rope
 high up in the cedar, and draw it tight
 to the trunk of another tree, so that as he sawed
 the cedar free of its stance it would sway
 away from the fence as it fell. To bring
 a ladder would require too long a carry
 up through the woods. Besides, you can't
 climb into a cedar tree by means of a ladder —
 too branchy. He would need first to cut off
 all the branches, and for that would need a ladder.

And so, he thought, he would need to climb
 the tree itself. He'd climbed trees many times
 in play when he was a boy, and many times
 since, when he'd had a reason. He'd loved
 always his reasons for climbing trees.
 But he'd come now to the age of remembering,
 and he remembered his boyhood fall from an apple tree,
 and being brought in to his mother, his wits
 dispersed, not knowing where he was,
 though where he was was this world still.
 If that should happen now, he thought,
 the world he waked up in would not be this one.
 The other world is nearer to him now.
 But trailing his rope untied as yet to anything
 but himself, he climbed up once again and stood
 where only birds and the wind had been before,
 and knew it was another world, after all,
 that he had climbed up into. There are
 no worlds but other worlds: the world

of the field mouse, the world of the hawk,
 the world of the beetle, the world of the oak,
 the worlds of the unborn, the dead, and all
 the heavenly host, and he is alive
 in those worlds while living in his own.
 Known or unknown, every world exists
 because the others do.

The treetops
 are another world, smelling of bark,
 a stratum of freer air and larger views,
 from which he saw the world he'd lived in
 all day until now, its intimate geography changed
 by his absence and by the height he saw it from.
 The sky was a little larger, and all around
 the aerial topography of treetops, green and gray,
 the ground almost invisible beneath.
 He perched there, ungravitated as a bird,
 knotting his rope and looking about, worlded
 in worlds on worlds, pleased, and unafraid.

There are no worlds but other worlds
 and all the other worlds are here,
 reached or almost reachable by the same
 outstretching hand, as he, perched upon
 his high branch, almost imagined flight.
 And yet when he descended into this other
 other world, he climbed down all the way.
 He did not swing out from a lower limb
 and drop, as once he would have done.