

SHEPHERD OF THE VALLEY UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

604 Seven Mile Road Hope, Rhode Island 02831



Phone: (401) 821-8217

E-mail: office@sovumc.org

Website: www.sovumc.org

Rev. Katherine Mitchell, Pastor
Steve Haunschild, Music Director
Donna Gaumond, Liturgist

Mary Anne Desrosiers, Samantha Dyl & Shyla Mollo, Lay Leaders

Worship and Sunday School at 9:30 AM

Office Hours: Monday through Thursday, 9:00 AM to 12:00 NOON

VISION STATEMENT

**We are a multi-generational Christ community
seeking to sing God's spirit into the world
by inviting all, serving all, loving all.**

October 20, 2019
19th Sunday of Pentecost

GATHERING TOGETHER IN THE SPIRIT

THE WORK OF THE CHURCH and WELCOME

SUNDAY SCHOOL QUOTE OF THE WEEK

PRELUDE

Pacem

Liebergen

OPENING PRAYER

All: O God, music is the food of our souls ... but not all are musically inclined.

We long to sing of you with the greatest of melodies. We aspire for excellence in our praise, to be worthy of your greatness ... "O for a thousand tongues to sing!" "O for a thousand ...", a million.

We to worship you with everything we've got; for you are the source of everything we've got, great and small. For the wholeness which you give us in the midst of imperfections hear now our praise! Amen.

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*SINGING

O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing

No. 57

TIME FOR THE YOUNG AT HEART

OFFERING OUR GIFTS AND OURSELVES TO GOD

PRESENTING OUR OFFERINGS

*DOXOLOGY

No. 94

**All: Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; praise God, all creatures here below: Alleluia!
Alleluia! Praise God, the source of all our gifts! Praise Jesus Christ, whose power uplifts.
Praise the Spirit, Holy Spirit! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!**

PRAYER OF DEDICATION

All: Lord, this money is not payment for services rendered. These aren't our dues necessary for us to belong to this church. We know you made us with a purpose, and so now we

**All who are able, please stand.*

give ... on purpose, freely offering to you the best of who we are. Continue to work out your purpose in us. Make us your hands, outstretched, on purpose. Amen.

PREPARING TO PRAY

On Eagle's Wings

No. 143

All: And God will raise you up on eagle's wings, bear you on the breath of dawn, make you to shine like the sun, and hold you in the palm of God's hand.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

All: Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

CHOIR RESPONSE

Touch My Heart, Lord

Sigmon/McDonald

OPENING OUR HEARTS AND MINDS

SCRIPTURE READING

Psalm 95: 1-7

OT Pg. 550

MUSIC

Thank You, Lord

Jenigan

MESSAGE

Celebrating Our Choir

Katherine Mitchell

*SINGING

When in Our Music God Is Glorified

No. 68

During the hymn communion will be offered by intinction to all those who wish to participate. Please follow the Worship Team leaders.

* THE LIGHT OF CHRIST GOES INTO THE WORLD

SENDING FORTH

POSTLUDE

Pacem

Leibergen

CONTACTING PASTOR KATHERINE: Is there something that Pastor Katherine needs to know? Please write it down in *Pastor Katherine's Reminder Book* on the credenza in the hallway so that it will not get forgotten in the rush and confusion of Sunday morning!

Pastor Katherine can always be reached by e-mail (pastorkatherinem@gmail.com) or on her cell phone (401.683.8445).

Singing

Of course the laughing brook is singing.
So are the stones, even the big ones, singing.

The ice in Antarctica, the ice slipping off Greenland,
the river entering the ocean is singing.

Mountains are singing, and not the great deep
sonorous dirges you expect, but little ditties.

Air has a song. Excuse the obvious, but it's a lovely little air.
The rock beneath the soil has a tune it can't get out of its head.

The bottom of the sea and the stars
are joined in intricate six-part harmony.

The man in the moon—look and you'll see—
is a happy man singing a sad song.

Cities sing. Houses sing. Airplanes don't sing but
the people in them sing, long songs streaking across the sky.

Everything is singing, singing. Liturgies and chants,
oldie goldies, sea chanteys, incantations,

wedding songs and elegies, rope-skipping tunes, hymns,
fight songs, and loves songs... oh, the love songs.

Your guts are singing all the time, singing.
Your bones are a song. Your skin. Your eyes.

I don't know what this means, but God
is singing a little song in you right now. Always.