



There is a time

for everything.
Ecclesiastes 3:1

ORDER OF WORSHIP

Morning Watch Service

FAITH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

New Year's Eve
December 31, 2017

10:45 a.m.

WORDS OF WELCOME – Welcome to Faith Church; we are glad you are here.
Infant and childcare (through preschool) are provided all morning in the nursery, the second room on the right through the door by the pulpit. Children through the age of 4 may proceed to the childcare room following the "Moment with Faith Kids" for the remainder of the service.
Worship Bags are available in the back pews of the sanctuary.

THE CHURCH GATHERS

The candle is lit as a symbol of our prayers for peace.

Words of Welcome and Announcements

Doris Cowan

Prelude Our Father in Heaven

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

**Please, stand if you are able.*

*Call to Worship

Bill Curtis

One: Let us worship the Triune God.

All: Let us worship the One who spoke in the beginning and created something out of nothing.

One: Let us worship the Triune God.

All: Let us worship the One who took on the clothing of humanity to set those who were oppressed free.

One: Let us worship the Triune God.

All: Let us worship the One whose Spirit rests continually upon us, calling us from sorrow-filled endings to bright new beginnings.

Opening Prayer

The end of the year is upon us and today we gather to offer the strides as well as the struggles of this year to God. We gather to give to the Creator both our hopes and our fears, as we worship the Lord our God. Holy Spirit, fill our hearts and lives today. Grant us the strength to sing our song, to pray our prayer, and to listen for the Word that will drive our fears away and move us to offer praise and thanksgiving. Inspire us today we pray, in Jesus' name. Amen.

***Hymn 687** Our God, Our Help in Ages Past

ST ANNE

Litany

Bill Curtis

One: God of new beginnings, God of sacred endings, we gather today under the shade of a darkened sky, in this in-between time and space, unsure of what the future holds...awaiting transformation, renewal, the chance to begin again.

All: Our times are in your hands, O God, give us hope for the journey.

One: We have traveled through dangers seen and unseen, we have tiptoed through dark nights of the souls and wrestled against powers that should have kept us down.

All: Our times are in your hands, O God, give us courage for the journey.

One: Encourage us to be ever mindful of your still speaking voice; to dance without fear when the morning has come, and to know that with the coming of your light fear must release its death-grip on our lives.

All: Our times are in your hands, O God, give us light for the journey.

One: We remember faithful ancestors who moved under the night sky to have a little talk with Jesus; especially enslaved black folk who longed for

freedom and liberation—praying in wait for the realization of the Emancipation Proclamation on December 31, 1862.

All: Our times are in your hands, O God, give us freedom for the journey.

One: Today we stand in this present moment, frustrated by miscarriages of justice, angered by the lack of collective concern for black and brown bodies, exasperated with a broken immigration policy, racism, sexism, homophobia, mass incarceration and we deeply grieve the growing numbers of deaths by gun violence...can we make it through this night without some form of gun violence?

All: Our times are in your hands, O God, give us justice for the journey.

One: The future stretches out before us full of mystery and full of surprise. We need you, God of new beginnings, to set the course, and guide our feet in the way of righteousness.

All: Our times are in your hands, O Triune God, give us life.

***The Peace of Christ**

Bill Curtis

One: The peace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

All: And also with you.

TO PROCLAIM AND EXPERIENCE GOD'S WORD

Moment with Faith Kids

Doris Cowan

Prayer for Illumination

Bill Curtis

Lessons Ecclesiastes 3:1-13
Revelations 21:1-6

Bill Curtis

One: This is the word of the Lord.

All: Thanks be to God. Amen.

Readings *from* Langston Hughes Poetry

I, Too

Joshua Crosier

I, too, sing America.

When company comes.

Nobody'll dare

I am the darker brother.

Say to me,

They send me to eat in the kitchen

"Eat in the kitchen,"

When company comes,

Then.

But I laugh,

And eat well,

Besides,

And grow strong.

They'll see how beautiful I am

And be ashamed—

Tomorrow,

I'll be at the table

I, too, am America.

Children, I come back today
To tell you a story of the long dark way
That I had to climb, that I had to know
In order that the race might live and grow.
Look at my face - dark as the night -
Yet shining like the sun with love's true light.
I am the dark girl who crossed the red sea
Carrying in my body the seed of the free.
I am the woman who worked in the field
Bringing the cotton and the corn to yield.
I am the one who labored as a slave,
Beaten and mistreated for the work that I gave -
Children sold away from me, I'm husband sold, too.
No safety, no love, no respect was I due.

Three hundred years in the deepest South:
But God put a song and a prayer in my mouth.
God put a dream like steel in my soul.
Now, through my children, I'm reaching the goal.

Now, through my children, young and free,
I realized the blessing deed to me.
I couldn't read then. I couldn't write.
I had nothing, back there in the night.
Sometimes, the valley was filled with tears,
But I kept trudging on through the lonely years.
Sometimes, the road was hot with the sun,
But I had to keep on till my work was done:
I had to keep on! No stopping for me -
I was the seed of the coming Free.
I nourished the dream that nothing could smother
Deep in my breast - the Negro mother.
I had only hope then, but now through you,
Dark ones of today, my dreams must come true:
All you dark children in the world out there,
Remember my sweat, my pain, my despair.
Remember my years, heavy with sorrow -
And make of those years a torch for tomorrow.
Make of my pass a road to the light
Out of the darkness, the ignorance, the night.
Lift high my banner out of the dust.
Stand like free men supporting my trust.
Believe in the right, let none push you back.
Remember the whip and the slaver's track.
Remember how the strong in struggle and strife
Still bar you the way, and deny you life -
But march ever forward, breaking down bars.
Look ever upward at the sun and the stars.
Oh, my dark children, may my dreams and my prayers
Impel you forever up the great stairs -
For I will be with you till no white brother
Dares keep down the children of the Negro Mother.

A New Song

Krista Wallace

I speak in the name of the black
millions
Awakening to action.
Let all others keep silent a moment.
I have this word to bring,
This thing to say,
This song to sing:

Bitter was the day
When I bowed my back
Beneath the slaver's whip.

That day is past.

Bitter was the day
When I saw my children unschooled,
My young men without a voice in the
world,
My women taken as the body-toys
Of a thieving people.

That day is past.

Bitter was the day, I say,
When the lyncher's rope
Hung about my neck,
And the fire scorched my feet,
And the oppressors had no pity,
And only in the sorrow songs
Relief was found.

That day is past.

I know full well now

Only my own hands,
Dark as the earth,
Can make my earth-dark body free.
O, thieves, exploiters, killers,
No longer shall you say
With arrogant eyes and scornful lips:
"You are my servant,
Black man—
I, the free!"

That day is past—

For now,
In many mouths—
Dark mouths where red tongues burn
And white teeth gleam—
New words are formed,
Bitter
With the past
But sweet
With the dream.
Tense,
Unyielding,
Strong and sure,
They sweep the earth—

Revolt! Arise!

The Black
And White World
Shall be one!
The Worker's World!

The past is done!

A new dream flames

*Hymn 472 Kum ba Yah

KUM BA YAH

Prayers of the People & The Lord's Prayer

Doris Cowan

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name, your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as in heaven. Give us today our daily bread. Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us. Save us from the time of trial and deliver us from evil. For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours now and forever.

I remember with gratitude the fruits of labor of others,
which I have shared as part of the normal experience of daily living.

(pause)

I remember the beautiful things that I have seen, heard and felt—
some, as a result of definite seeking on my part,
and many that came unheralded into my path,
warming my heart and rejoicing my spirit.

(pause)

I remember the moments of distress that proved to be groundless
and those that taught me profoundly
about the evilness of evil and the goodness of good.

(pause)

I remember the new people I have met,
from whom I have caught glimpses of the meaning of my own life
and the true character of human dignity.

(pause)

I remember the dreams that haunted me during the year,
keeping me ever mindful of goals and hopes which I did not realize
but from which I drew inspiration to sustain my life and keep steady my
purpose.

(pause)

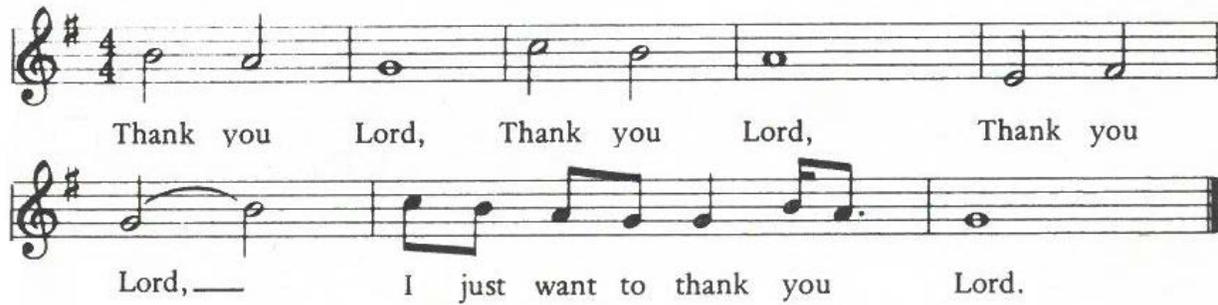
I remember the awareness of the spirit of God
that sought me out in my aloneness and gave to me a sense of assurance
that undercut my despair and confirmed my life with new courage and abiding
hope.

OFFERING

Offering Prayer

Sung Response Thank You Lord

Traditional Spiritual



***Hymn 853** We Are Marching in the Light of God

SIYAHAMBA

***Benediction**

Doris Cowan

We gathered in peace to give God praise. We gathered in joy to give God thanks. We gathered, by God's grace, to experience a love that we can neither outgrown nor out live. So go forth in the name of the Lord, to calm uneasy spirits; to heal the broken-hearted; to lift the down trodden; to proclaim God's message of love and hope in the world. For in doing so, we are being redeemed, now and forever. Amen.

*The service concludes with the following postlude.
Please maintain a worshipful silence.*

Postlude To God Be the Glory

arr. John Carter
(b. 1930)

LEADING WORSHIP TODAY

Rev. Doris Cowan, Parish Assoc.

Bill Curtis, Liturgist

Adelaide Cooke, Liturgist

Joshua Crosier, Liturgist

Krista Wallace, Liturgist

Vivian Slacum, piano

FAITH FAMILY ANNOUNCEMENTS

2017 Contribution Statements and End of Year

Faith will close out the year on January 8, 2018. The final contributions for 2017 will be due then, checks received after this date will be recorded as 2018.

Please date checks in the year you would like them recorded. Call the office with questions about your pledge or if you would like your 2017 Contribution report before mid-January.

Sunday Adult Forum 9:15 a.m. – Woodmont Room

January theme is **Baltimore, Post Freddy Gray**

7th – Role of Cultural Institutions, Jeannie L. Howe

14th – Changing the Narrative, Heather Harvison

21st – Mayor's Program to Reduce Violence

28th – Power of Peace, Rev. Michael Asbury Hunt

Wednesday Bible Study: 11:00 a.m. – Woodbourne Room, all are welcome. Join us for lively discussion on the upcoming Sunday lesson. No preparation is required.

January 3 – John 1:35-51

January 10 – John 2:1-11

January 17 – No Class

January 24 – John 3:1-21

Hate Has No Home Here

A Baltimore Sun article about signage in Roland Park quoted Scott Bissett. The article is posted on our Facebook page and on the bulletin board in the hall. Do you have a sign? Send photos of your home with a sign to the office and we will publish them in our upcoming Voice of Faith.

Joys and Concerns may be written before the service in a special book in the narthex. The book will be brought to the minister before the prayer.

Please pray for our homebound members:

Betty Bunce

Christian Dunyoh

Esmie & Leon Stirling

Nancy Stutzer

Betty Lou Tampieri

Dot Weller

Faith Presbyterian Church's Ministry

Pastor: The Rev. Christa Fuller Burns – 410-323-8086
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Parish Associate: The Rev. William R. Millen -- 443-632-6047
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Minister of Music: Dr. Samuel Springer -- 410-483-0808
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