

Worship
November 1, 2020
All Saints Day

HARP PRELUDE

- Mrs. Beth Anne Breneman

OPENING SENTENCES

The Lord gathers us from east and west,
from north and south.

O give thanks to the Lord, who is good!

Those hungry for hope,
those whose souls are parched,
the Lord leads to fountains of grace.

God's faithful love endures forever!

Come, O people –
draw near and hear the words of the Lord.

We come, with gratitude and praise!

HANDBELL HYMN MEDITATION on "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"

CALL TO CONFESSION

Friends, our high priest, Jesus Christ, knows all our weaknesses, and can sympathize, because he was tested in every way we are, only without sinning. So let's come boldly to the throne of grace, where we can find mercy and grace to help when we need it most.

PRAYER OF CONFESSION

**O Christ, when you saw that Lazarus died,
you began to weep.**

**So you weep with us, O Lord,
when we are surrounded by death and decay.
Unbind us, O Lord, from the destructive forces
of this world.**

**Unbind us from greed, power, and shame.
Unbind us from solitude, self-righteousness,
and self-doubt.**

**Bind us instead to one another and to you.
Forgive us when we do not live like your new
creations, and, by your grace, free us from all that keeps us
bound. Amen.**

ASSURANCE OF PARDON

Almighty God,
who has promised forgiveness of sins to all who turn to him in faith:
pardon you and set you free from all your sins,
strengthen you to do his will,
and keep you in eternal life;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

GLORIA PATRI

**Glory be to the Father
and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
as it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be,
world without end. Amen, amen.**

HARP SOLO - Mrs. Beth Anne Breneman

PSALM 43 - Mr. Luke Sandquist

SERMON - Rev. W. James Hardy

PASTORAL PRAYER

LORD'S PRAYER

HYMN # 326 For All the Saints - Elder Jeffrey Seekins

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

O blest communion fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle; they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

HARP POSTLUDE - Mrs. Beth Anne Breneman