

Offertory You Raise Me Up (Brendan Graham) Rolf Løvland
Samuel Brunner, tenor

***Doxology** *Old Hundredth*
*Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise God all creatures here below,
Praise God for all that Love has done:
Creator, Christ, and Spirit, One. Amen*

***Prayer of Dedication**

***Parting Hymn** God of the Women *Slane*
Carolyn Winfrey Gillette
(see insert)

***Commission and Blessing**

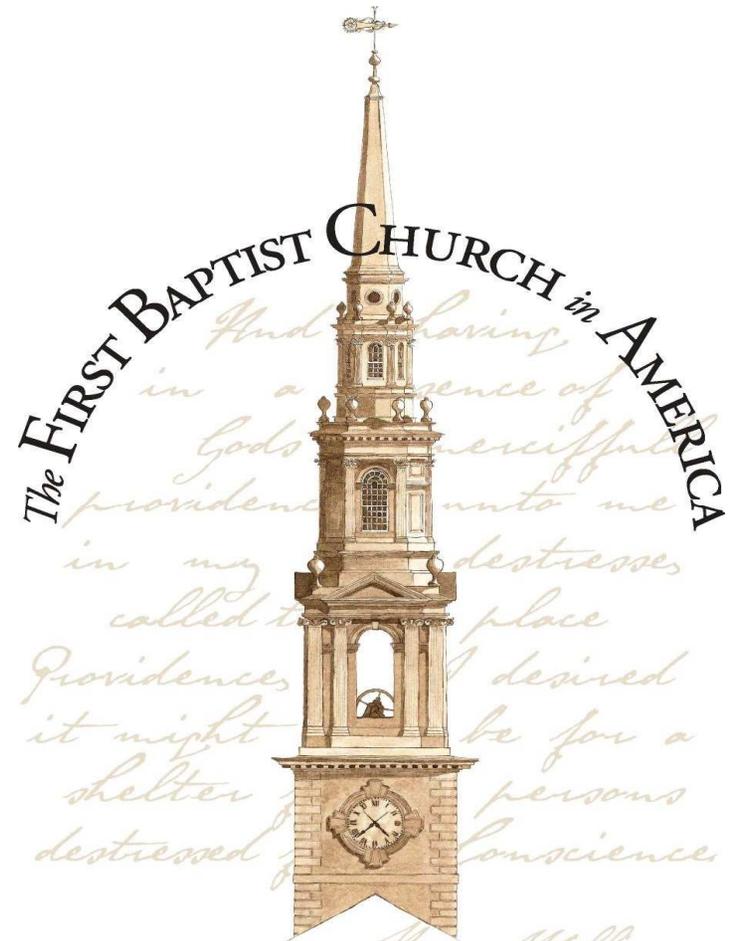
Postlude “Polo” from *7 Canciones Populares* Manuel de Falla

Worship Participants

Greeters	Colleen and Larry Whelpley and Gilmore
Ushers	Tom Shackelford and Frank Nicholson
Worship Leader	Louise Tillinghast and Maritza Diaz
Tour Guide	Joanne Schneider

Ministry Staff

Minister	Jamie P. Washam
Minister of Music	Stephen T. Martorella
Administrative Assistant	Holly B. Edwards
Bookkeeper	Anne H. Gagan
Sexton	Tony Zambarano
Child Care Worker	Ivy Bermudez
ASL Interpreter	Haley Jamroz Baccaire



Gathered by
ROGER WILLIAMS
A.D. 1638
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

May 14, 2017
Eleven O'clock AM

SUNDAY MORNING WORSHIP

Prelude “The Maiden and The Nightingale” from *Goyescas*
Enrique Granados

Welcome

* **Invocation**

Since our mothers and fathers cried out,
since you heard their cries and noticed,
since we left the brick production of Egypt,
since you foiled the production schedules of Pharaoh,

**We have known your name,
we have sensed your passion,
we have treasured your vision of justice.**

And now we turn to you again,
whose precious name we know.
We turn to you because there are
still impossible production schedules,
still exploitative systems,
still cries of pain at injustice,
still cheap labor that yields misery.
We turn to you in impatience and exasperation,
wondering, “How long?” before you answer
our pleading question, hear our petition,
since you are not a labor boss and do not set wages.

**We bid you, stir up those who can change things;
do your stirring in the jaded halls of government;
do your stirring in the cynical offices of the corporations;
do your stirring amid the voting public too anxious to care;
do your stirring in the church that thinks too much about
purity and not enough about wages.
Move, as you moved in ancient Egyptian days.**

Move the waters and the flocks and the herds
toward new statutes and regulations,
new equity and good health care,
new dignity that cannot be given on the cheap.

**We have known now long since,
that you reject *cheap grace*;
even as we now know that you reject *cheap labor*.
You, God of justice and dignity and equity,
keep the promises you bodied in Jesus,
that the poor may be first-class members of society,
that the needy may have good care and respect,
that the poor earth may rejoice in well-being,
that we may all come to Sabbath rest together,
the owner and the worker,
the leisure class and the labor class,
all at peace in dignity and justice,
not on the cheap, but good measure,
pressed down,
running over... forgiven. AMEN.**

~Walter Brueggemann

***Hymn** Jesus the True Vine *Ode to Joy*
(see Insert)

Greeting One Another

Announcements

Scripture Exodus 1:15-2:10

Anthem The 23rd Psalm Franz Schubert

Prayers of the People

Children’s Message

***Hymn** Like a Mother Who Has Borne Us *Austin*
(see insert)

Preaching Pastor Jamie Washam
Where am I Going, and Why am I in this Handbasket?

HYMN INSERTS

God of the Women

God of the women who answered your call,
trusting your promises, giving their all,
Women like Sarah and Hannah and Ruth--
give us their courage to live in your truth.

God of the women who walked Jesus' Way,
giving their resources, learning to pray,
Mary, Joanna, Susanna, and more--
may we give freely as they did before.

God of the women long put to the test,
left out of stories, forgotten, oppressed,
Quietly asking: "Who smiled at my birth?"--
in Jesus' dying you show us our worth.

God of the women who ran from the tomb,
prayed with the others in that upper room,
Then felt your Spirit on Pentecost Day--
may we so gladly proclaim you today.

O God of Phoebe and ministers all,
may we be joyful in answering your call.
Give us the strength of your Spirit so near
that we may share in your ministry here.

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Slane

Jesus the True Vine

God, the keeper of the vineyard
Branches different all are we.
True vine Jesus, God the pruner
Cleanses us from all debris.
Acts of hatred burned in fire.
We are now forever free.
Peace and justice, love and caring
Fruits of Spirit filled are we.

Hungry, homeless, poor and needy
War torn peoples are no more.
All are members of God's family.
All are loved from shore to shore.
Tables filled to overflowing
Homes make all feel safe, secure.
Skies are blue and air is clearer,
Flowing water now is pure.

Thank you, God, for sending Jesus
Showing us the way to live.
Keep our branches always pruned
So that we may ever give
Fruits of peace and justice always
To Your people far and near.
They're our brothers and our sisters
Those whom You hold very dear.

Ode to Joy

Janet E. Davies (1936-)
Ludwig Van Beethoven (1770-1827)