



FAIRMOUNT PRESBYTERIAN Church

SUNDAY ORDER OF WORSHIP

May 24, 2020

PRELUDE

Matt Bickett, organ

WORDS OF WELCOME

CALL TO WORSHIP FOR ASCENSION DAY

One: A new day has begun.

All: Hope wins!

One: A fresh start is granted.

All: Faith wins!

One: Today you have the opportunity to do something new.

All: Hope wins!

One: Christ is entering your life in a new way.

All: Faith wins!

One: Come, let us worship God, who is inviting us into life in a new way,
a way that transcends death, a way of hope and faith.

All: Love wins!

Let us worship Christ, who overcame death to give us new life!

HYMN 268 (vs. 1&4)(see page 3)

Crown Him with Many Crowns

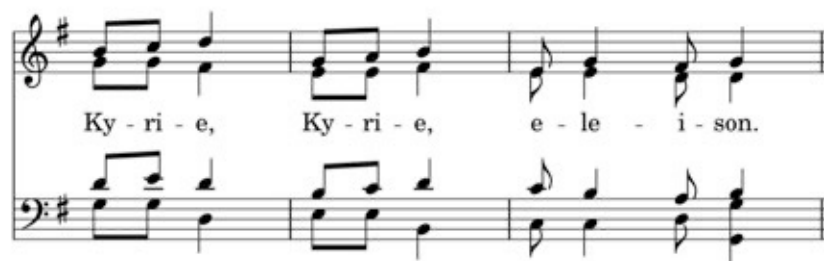
DIADEMATA

PRAYER OF CONFESSION

**All: We come, O Lord, on this day of glory to confess our lack of trust.
While we sing of your lordship over all creation,
we have too often acted as though you are powerless
in the face of today's events.
Help us to live with confidence in your presence today
and in hope for life with you forever. Amen.**

(Time for Silent Confession)

KYRIE



ASSURANCE OF PARDON AND PASSING OF THE PEACE

TIME FOR YOUNG DISCIPLES

Worship Enrichment Resources can be found here: <https://fpccl.org/home/faith-formationhome>

MUSICAL REFLECTION

Jiana Peng, piano

PRAYER OF ILLUMINATION

SCRIPTURE READING

Acts 1: 6-14

SERMON

Rev. Jessie MacMillan

SOLO

Be Thou My Vision

Sam Wetzel, baritone

CARING FOR THE COMMUNITY

PASTORAL PRAYER AND THE LORD'S PRAYER

HYMN 462 (pages 4&5)

I Love to Tell the Story

HANKEY

CHARGE

BENEDICTION

One: May God,
who comes to us
in the things of this world,
bless your eyes
and be in your seeing.

May Christ,
who looks upon you
with deepest love,
bless your eyes
and widen your gaze.

May the Spirit,
who perceives what is
and what may yet be,
bless your eyes
and sharpen your vision.

May the Sacred Three
bless your eyes
and cause you to see.

~ from *In the Sanctuary of Women*, copyright © Jan L. Richardson
Posted on the painted prayerbook. <http://paintedprayerbook.com/>

POSTLUDE

Matt Bickett, organ

Crown Him with Many Crowns 268

1 Crown him with man - y crowns, the Lamb up - on his throne;
 2 Crown him the Lord of love; be - hold his hands and side,
 3 Crown him the Lord of peace, whose power a scep - ter sways
 4 Crown him the Lord of years, the po - ten - tate of time;

hark, how the heaven-ly an - them drowns all mu - sic but its own!
 rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, in beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
 from pole to pole, that wars may cease, ab - sorbed in prayer and praise.
 cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, in - ef - fa - bly sub - lime.

A - wake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
 no an - gel in the sky can ful - ly bear that sight,
 His reign shall know no end; and round his pierc - ed feet
 All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For thou hast died for me;

and hail him as thy match-less King through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 but down-ward bends his burn-ing eye at mys - ter - ies so bright.
 fair flowers of par - a - dise ex - tend their fra-grance ev - er sweet.
 thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail through-out e - ter - ni - ty.

This text is so familiar that it is easy to miss all its paradox, mystery, suffering, and beauty; it rewards careful reading and meditation outside corporate worship. The tune's composer, chapel organist at Windsor Castle, had much experience in creating a royal sound.

TEXT: Matthew Bridges, 1851
 MUSIC: George Job Elvey, 1868

DIADEMATA
 SMD

462 I Love to Tell the Story

1 I love to tell the sto - ry of un - seen things a - bove,
 2 I love to tell the sto - ry; 'tis pleas - ant to re - peat
 3 I love to tell the sto - ry, for those who know it best

of Je - sus and his glo - ry, of Je - sus and his love.
 what seems, each time I tell it, more won - der - ful - ly sweet!
 seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing to hear it, like the rest.

I love to tell the sto - ry, be - cause I know 'tis true;
 I love to tell the sto - ry, for some have nev - er heard
 And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

it sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else could do.
 the mes - sage of sal - va - tion from God's own ho - ly Word.
 'twill be the old, old sto - ry that I have loved so long.

This text is drawn from the second part of a fifty-stanza poem on the life of Christ written in 1866, during the author's recovery from a serious illness. The tune named for her first appeared three years later, and the composer was responsible for the creation of the refrain.

Refrain



I love to tell the sto - ry; 'twill be my theme in glo - ry



to tell the old, old sto - ry of Je - sus and his love.