

September 11, 2020



Your weekly news & updates

A Collect in Remembrance of September 11th, 2001.

O Almighty God, who brings good out of evil and turns even the wrath of your children towards your promised peace: Hear our prayers this day as we remember those of many nations whose lives were cut short by the fierce flames of anger and hatred. Hasten the time when the menace of war shall be removed. Cleanse both us and our enemies of all hatred and distrust. Pour out the spirit of peace on all the rulers of our world that we may be brought through strife to the lasting peace of the kingdom of your Son; Jesus Christ, our Lord, who lives and reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. Amen.

Sunday Service Information

Home ~ Affinity ~ In-Church

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

09.13.20



Livestream Holy Communion with
Instructed Eucharist at 10:00 a.m.



Getting to Know You

Richard & Maria Yates



Hymns of the Week

My Shepherd Will Supply My need

Text: Our communion hymn this week is a paraphrase of Psalm 23 written by Isaac Watts. Watts was the son of a schoolmaster, and was born in Southampton, July 17, 1674. At the age of sixteen, he went to London to study in the Academy of the Rev. Thomas Rowe. In 1698, he became assistant minister of the Independent Church, Berry St., London. In 1712, he accepted an invitation to visit Sir Thomas Abney and at Sir Thomas' pressing request, made it his home for the remainder of his life. The number of Watts' publications is very large. His collected works, first published in 1720, embrace sermons, treatises, poems and hymns. His "Hymns" appeared in July, 1707. The first hymn he is said to have composed for religious worship, is "Behold the glories of the Lamb," written at the age of twenty. It is as a writer of psalms and hymns that he is everywhere known. Some of his hymns were written to be sung after his sermons, giving expression to the meaning of the text upon which he had preached. He is often called the greatest name among hymn-writers. His published hymns number more than eight hundred. Watts died November 25, 1748.

Tune: The tune most commonly associated with My Shepherd is RESIGNATION, an anonymous American folk tune from the Southern Harmony.

1 My Shepherd will supply my need, Jehovah is His Name; in pastures fresh He makes me feed, beside the living stream. He brings my wand'ring spirit back when I forsake His ways; and leads me, for His mercy's sake, in paths of truth and grace.

2 When I walk thro' the shades of death, Thy presence is my stay; a word of Thy supporting breath drives all my fears away. Thy hand, in sight of all my foes, doth still my table spread, my cup with blessings overflows, Thine oil anoints my head.

3 The sure provisions of my God attend me all my days; O may Thy house be mine abode, and all my work be praise! There would I find a settled rest, while others go and come; no more a stranger or a guest, but like a child at home.



Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee

Text: Henry Van Dyke's brilliant hymn of praise has many layers that add to the beauty of his text. As hymnologist Albert Bailey writes, within Van Dyke's text, "creation itself cannot conceal its joy, and that joy is appreciated by God the center of it all; likewise all nature fills us with joy, caused fundamentally by our recognition of God as the giver" (*The Gospel in Hymns*, 554). We experience joy on many levels: we witness the joy expressed by Creation, we bask in the joy of God as He delights in us, and we experience our own joy as we reflect on all God has done for us and through us. We have all heard this line over and over again, but it's worth repeating: we rush through life too quickly to stop and be filled with joy. We allow the phone calls we have to make, the laundry we need to fold, the paper we need to write, and the porch we need to fix get in the way of simply stopping, looking around, and being filled with joy and gratitude at the world God has given us. It's a world where we have people to call, children to clothe, knowledge to express, and parties to host. And more so than anything, even when it seems to be crumbling around us, it's a world redeemed by Christ. What can we raise to our Savior but this outburst of joy?

Tune: ODE TO JOY or HYMN TO JOY is the adaptation of Beethoven's famous final movement in his Ninth Symphony into a melody fit for congregational singing. Around 1908, Henry Jackson Van Dyke wrote his text to be "sung to the music of Beethoven's 'Hymn to Joy'". It is a tune of grandeur and, fittingly, joy. Jerry Jenkins writes, "the tune is so reminiscent of sprightly harpsichords that the words begin to bounce, and suddenly I'm singing it the way it was meant to be sung – at least in style" (*Hymns for Personal Devotions*, 132).

1 Joyful, joyful, we adore You, God of glory, Lord of love; Hearts unfold like flow'rs before You,
Op'ning to the sun above. Melt the clouds of sin and sadness; Drive the dark of doubt away;
Giver of immortal gladness, Fill us with the light of day!

2 All Your works with joy surround You, Earth and heav'n reflect Your rays, Stars and angels sing around
You, Center of unbroken praise; Field and forest, vale and mountain, Flow'ry meadow, flashing sea,
Chanting bird and flowing fountain Praising You eternally!

3 Always giving and forgiving, Ever blessing, ever blest, Well-spring of the joy of living,
Ocean-depth of happy rest! Loving Father, Christ our Brother, Let Your light upon us shine;
Teach us how to love each other, Lift us to the joy divine.

4 Mortals, join the mighty chorus, Which the morning stars began; God's own love is reigning o'er us,
Joining people hand in hand. Ever singing, march we onward, Victors in the midst of strife; Joyful music
leads us sunward In the triumph song of life.



In Celebration

Happy Anniversary

Laurie & Ken Emery, Sheri & Doug Tomerlin

Happy Birthday

Liam Ransom, Tanda Cogley, Gail Jennings, Catriona MacKirnan, Tony Zuchowski, Verona Barkalow, Andy Lindquist, Benjamin Cord

Altar Flowers

Altar flowers were given to the Glory of God in celebration of our 49th wedding anniversary, by Sheri and Doug Tomerlin