

ST·LUKE'S

NORTH PARK



**First Presbyterian
Church of El Cajon**



A PENTECOST SERVICE OF WORD, WORSHIP, AND PRAYER

via LiveStream due to COVID-19 pandemic gathering restrictions

May 31, 2020

Pentecost Sunday

PRELUDE MUSIC played by The Rev. Paul Carmona, Ph.D., St. Alban's

Francois Couperin, "Dialogue sur la trompette"

Dom Gregory Murray, "In splendoribus"

**GATHERING IN THE LORD'S NAME,
AS KNOWN IN MANY LANGUAGES**

WORDS OF WELCOME from Laurel and Colin, St. Luke's

OPENING ACCLAMATION(S)

Acclamation: Alleluia! Christ is risen.

Response: **The Lord is risen indeed. Alleluia!**

SONG OF PRAISE "Ameniona" (Swahili), Matrida, Niya, and Shabani, St. Luke's

(with reprise by Gideon and Lucy)

THE COLLECT

Rev. Kim Let us pray.

Almighty God, on this day you opened the way of eternal life to every race and nation by the promised gift of your Holy Spirit: Shed abroad this gift throughout the world by the preaching of the Gospel, that it may reach to the ends of the earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. Amen.

PROCLAIM AND RESPOND TO THE WORD OF GOD

THE FIRST LESSON read by Colette, St. Alban's

A Reading from Acts 2:1-21

When the day of Pentecost had come, the disciples were all together in one place. And suddenly from heaven there came a sound like the rush of a violent wind, and it filled the entire house where they were sitting. Divided tongues, as of fire, appeared among them, and a tongue rested on each of them. All of them were filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other languages, as the Spirit gave them ability.

Now there were devout Jews from every nation under heaven living in Jerusalem. And at this sound the crowd gathered and was bewildered, because each one heard them speaking in the native language of each. Amazed and astonished, they asked, "Are not all these who are speaking Galileans? And how is it that we hear,

each of us, in our own native language? Parthians, Medes, Elamites, and residents of Mesopotamia, Judea and Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, Egypt and the parts of Libya belonging to Cyrene, and visitors from Rome, both Jews and proselytes, Cretans and Arabs-- in our own languages we hear them speaking about God's deeds of power." All were amazed and perplexed, saying to one another, "What does this mean?" But others sneered and said, "They are filled with new wine."

But Peter, standing with the eleven, raised his voice and addressed them, "Men of Judea and all who live in Jerusalem, let this be known to you, and listen to what I say. Indeed, these are not drunk, as you suppose, for it is only nine o'clock in the morning. No, this is what was spoken through the prophet Joel:

 `In the last days it will be, God declares,
 that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh,
 and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy,
 and your young men shall see visions,
 and your old men shall dream dreams.
 Even upon my slaves, both men and women,
 in those days I will pour out my Spirit;
 and they shall prophesy.
 And I will show portents in the heaven above
 and signs on the earth below,
 blood, and fire, and smoky mist.
 The sun shall be turned to darkness
 and the moon to blood,
 before the coming of the Lord's great and glorious day.
 Then everyone who calls on the name of the Lord shall be saved.' "

Reader: There ends the reading.

SCRIPTURE MEDITATION: The Rev. Dr. David Madsen

A PENTECOST POEM "Letter Home to Mom from Jerusalem: Dated Pentecost" by
Doug Jones

I know you won't believe me, but we were
just buying bread, when down the street, a shack

began to vibrate, glow, then burst like thunder;
we screamed and ran toward it, then backed.

Some Galilean freaks swayed out, full stink,
all high on something. Don't tell father now.
Their hair burned bright, a fad we think,
a crazy dare. They stole our voice, somehow,

and sang in perfect Phrygian, our tongue,
the lunacies that women preach and slaves
dream dreams from God, some spirit drowning young.
We fled their glare and hid within this cave.

It's dark. Please send our love to all. We swoon
this all might be the end of sun and moon.

SONG OF PRAISE: "Did Trouble Me" Jeremy, First Presbyterian

*When I closed my eyes so I would not see, my Lord did trouble me
When I let things stand that should not be, my Lord did trouble me
When I held my head too high, too proud, my Lord did trouble me
When I raised my voice a little too loud, my Lord did trouble me*

***Did trouble me, with a word or a sign
With the ringing of a bell in the back of my mind
Did trouble me, did stir my soul
For to make me human, to make me whole***

*When I slept too long and I slept too deep
Put a worrisome vision into my sleep
When I held myself away and apart
And the tears of another didn't move my heart*

***Did trouble me, with a word or a sign
With the ringing of a bell in the back of my mind
Did trouble me, did stir my soul
For to make me human, to make me whole***

*And of this I'm sure, of this I know, my Lord will trouble me
Whatever I do, wherever I go, my Lord will trouble me*

*In the whisper of the wind, in the rhythm of a song, my Lord will trouble me
To keep me on the path where I belong, my Lord will trouble me*

*Will trouble me, with a word or a sign
With the ringing of a bell in the back of my mind
Will trouble me, will stir my soul
For to make me human, to make me whole
To make me human, to make me whole*

THE EPISTLE

The reader says: A Lesson from 1 Corinthians 12:3b-13 read by Katherine Bom, St. Luke's

No one can say "Jesus is Lord" except by the Holy Spirit. Now there are varieties of gifts, but the same Spirit; and there are varieties of services, but the same Lord; and there are varieties of activities, but it is the same God who activates all of them in everyone. To each is given the manifestation of the Spirit for the common good. To one is given through the Spirit the utterance of wisdom, and to another the utterance of knowledge according to the same Spirit, to another faith by the same Spirit, to another gifts of healing by the one Spirit, to another the working of miracles, to another prophecy, to another the discernment of spirits, to another various kinds of tongues, to another the interpretation of tongues. All these are activated by one and the same Spirit, who allots to each one individually just as the Spirit chooses.

For just as the body is one and has many members, and all the members of the body, though many, are one body, so it is with Christ. For in the one Spirit we were all baptized into one body-- Jews or Greeks, slaves or free-- and we were all made to drink of one Spirit.

Reader: The Word of the Lord

People: **Thanks be to God.**

SCRIPTURE MEDITATION: The Rev. Laurel Mathewson

GRADUAL SONG The children of St. Alban's

THE GOSPEL

Colin: The Holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ according to John (7:37-39)

On the last day of the festival, the great day, while Jesus was standing there, he cried out, “Let anyone who is thirsty come to me, and let the one who believes in me drink. As the scripture has said, ‘Out of the believer’s heart shall flow rivers of living water.’” Now he said this about the Spirit, which believers in him were to receive; for as yet there was no Spirit, because Jesus was not yet glorified.

Reader: The Gospel of the Lord
People: **Thanks be to God.**

SCRIPTURE MEDITATION: The Rev. Kim Dawsey-Richardson

A PENTECOST POEM “Pentecost in a Season of Pandemic” by Judith Dupree

(Foreword) In Jerusalem, His disciples gathered quietly, cherishing their treasured consolations, waiting for the Promise that their Savior left for them.

And then . . . and then came the storm—a sudden squall that shook the walls around them, a whirlwind too “particulated” to create disaster: tongues of fire that hovered, flame by flame, one by one, upon them.

They called out in utter incoherence, their words wild and wondrous; strange eruptions heard out upon the street. A throng of foreigners, faithful Jews from afar, gathered before them—each amazed at hearing, within the clamor, the great and impossible Gift of his own native language bursting forth in exclamation. Unto each, a tumble of Truth pouring from ecstatic Hebrew throats. And they who heard knew that God had come . . . and spoken, spoken, spoken!

Today is the celebration of the impossible—the articulation of Eternity in a wondrous medley of languages. God’s Moment of granting revelation and confirmation to His disjointed and dysfunctional children. The literal and liberal disclosure of Amazing Grace!

Pentecost . . . in a Season of Pandemic

This is a time, a season unlike any other. Our lostness has encircled the earth, and leaves us barren, full of grief and failure, bartering for life with words and ways that are foreign to each other's ears, helpless to our truest needs. We are so very wounded, so long impoverished by makeshift hearing—falsities of our own creating.

Our Father calls out to us, in a wealth of Voices tuned to our fragility, calling forth our hidden strength. The Spirit speaks in pure articulation, in endless variations, to our struggling hearts. Oh, listen deeply for the indistinguishable!

Lord of life, our Savior, speak to us. Call us to Yourself in a thousand different Voices! Weave Your words from there to here, wherever "here" *is* on this crowded earth. Sing Your tender Alleluia to the whimper of each ruined life, each wounded soul. Speak forth, Spirit of Love, against the untamed evil that exploits You, that wracks the very heartbeat of creation.

For, ah, each Thought from Heaven heals our own distortions, our makeshift listening. Every syllable You mouth, oh great I AM, falls upon the bitterness and pride and greed that creeps into our precious *Being*. Oh, Father of the spoken and unspoken, reach us with Your heart's great speaking, Your Love-word to each shattered soul.

Sing to us, God of all humanity—a simple verse in

a multitude of tongues. Craft in us an ever-blended chorus. Oh, fill the raucous world with harmony, the ups and downs of syllables and tones, and wonderment and hope. May Your every utterance fall upon the bitterness and pride and fear that have defeated us—that shred the vast simplicity of faith. That void the perfect symmetry of Love.

May Your great diversity enchant us, elevate our living and our being, lure us to ride the wings of Your pure simplicity. May we sing to each other in a tender multiple of voices. May we sing *Your* song, oh Living Lord, and speak *Your* Love in one true Voice that never fails. May this be the Gift You grant us: to be filled with Your Spirit, God of all Being, on this timeless Day of Pentecost.

Amen.

THE NICENE CREED (recorded by Colin and Laurel, with Matrida singing in the background)

Officiant and People together

**We believe in one God,
the Father, the Almighty,
maker of heaven and earth,
of all that is, seen and unseen.
We believe in one Lord, Jesus Christ,
the only Son of God,
eternally begotten of the Father,
God from God, Light from Light,
true God from true God,
begotten, not made,
of one Being with the Father.
Through him all things were made.
For us and for our salvation
he came down from heaven:
by the power of the Holy Spirit**

he became incarnate from the Virgin Mary,
and was made man.

For our sake he was crucified under Pontius Pilate;

he suffered death and was buried.

On the third day he rose again

in accordance with the Scriptures;

he ascended into heaven

and is seated at the right hand of the Father.

He will come again in glory to judge the living and the dead,

and his kingdom will have no end.

We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord, the giver of life,
who proceeds from the Father and the Son.

With the Father and the Son he is worshiped and glorified.

He has spoken through the Prophets.

We believe in one holy catholic and apostolic Church.

We acknowledge one baptism for the forgiveness of sins.

We look for the resurrection of the dead,

and the life of the world to come. Amen.

PRAYERS FOR THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD (offered by St. Alban's)

THE LORD'S PRAYER, SUNG (Swahili) Matrinda Taleshiwe, St. Luke's

Baba yetu uliye mbinguni,

waliotukosea.

Jina lako litukuzwe,

Na usitutie majaribuni,

Ufalme wako uje,

lakini utuokoe na yule mwovu.

Mapenzi yako yatimizwe,

Kwa kuwa ufalme ni wako,

hapa duniani kama huko mbinguni.

na nguvu, na utukufu, hata milele.

Utupe leo riziki yetu.

Amin.

Utusamehe makosa yetu,

kama sisi tunavyowasamehe

THE LORD'S PRAYER, SUNG Andrew, First Presbyterian

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name,

thy kingdom come, thy will be done,

on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our trespasses,

as we forgive those
who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
and the power, and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.

Celebrant: Perplexing and Wondrous Pentecostal God, you infuse us with your Spirit, urging us to vision and dream. Grant that, gathered and directed by your Spirit, we may confess Christ as Lord and combine our diverse gifts with a singular passion to continue his mission in this world until we join in your eternal praise. May the gift of your presence find voice in our lives, that our babbling may be transformed into discernment and the flickering of many tongues light an unquenchable fire of compassion and justice. *Amen.*

COMMUNITY AND PASTORAL PRAYERS & ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE OFFERING

Please give a financial gift to one of our churches if you are able!

[First Presbyterian Church of El Cajon](#)

[St. Alban's Episcopal Church, El Cajon](#)

[St. Luke's North Park](#)

OFFERING MEDITATION / SONG: "Build Your Kingdom Here," Jeremy, First Presbyterian

Come, set Your rule and reign in our hearts again
Increase in us we pray, unveil why we're made
Come, set our hearts ablaze with hope, like wildfire in our very souls
Holy Spirit come invade us now
We are your church we need your power in us

We seek Your kingdom first, we hunger and we thirst
Refuse to waste our lives, for you're our joy and prize
To see the captive hearts released, the hurt, the sick, the poor at peace
We lay down our lives for heaven's cause
We are your church, we pray revive this earth

**Build your kingdom here, let the darkness fear, show your mighty hand
Heal our streets and land, set your church on fire, win your children back
Change the atmosphere, build Your kingdom here we pray**

Unleash your kingdom's power, reaching the near and far
No force of hell can stop, your beauty changing hearts
You made us for much more than this, awake the kingdom seed in us
Fill us with the strength and love of Christ
We are Your church, we bring your hope on earth

**Build your kingdom here, let the darkness fear; show your mighty hand
Heal our streets and land, set Your church on fire, win your children back
Change the atmosphere, build Your kingdom here we pray
Build your kingdom here, let the darkness fear; show your mighty hand
Heal our streets and land, set Your church on fire, win your children back
Change the atmosphere, build Your kingdom here we pray**

BENEDICTION AND EXCHANGE THE PEACE

Kim The peace of the Lord be always with you.
People: **And also with you.**

CLOSING SONG/ POSTLUDE Ruth and Martin Japtok, Sirina kirala wabula
ntendereza (Luganda)

