

10:30 am Worship
May 8th, 2022

WELCOME

Rev. Mike Mather

PRELUDE

“Will There Really Be a Morning?” by Ricky Ian Gordon
Kyrie Laybourn, soprano; Zerek Dodson, piano

THE CALL

Rev. Mike Mather

INVITATION TO HEAR

Rev. Mike Mather & Rich Irvin

HYMN

#474 “Precious Lord, Take My Hand”

THE SCRIPTURE READING Acts 9:36-41

Tim Galant

SERMON

A Conspiracy of Goodness: Breathless

Rev. Mike Mather

SPECIAL MUSIC

“Rise Up” by Andra Day
Charlotte Sass, vocals & piano

UNITED WOMEN IN FAITH

Connie Takamine

HYMN

#114 “Many Gifts One Spirit”

BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE

“Beim Schlafengehen” by Richard Strauss
Kyrie Laybourn, soprano; Zerek Dodson, organ

Thank you for joining us today for worship. Your generous donation today supports the ministries at First Church. Scan either code to give online or leave your offering in the narthex with an usher.

Give through PayPal:



Give on Our Website:



**“Will There Really Be A
Morning?” by Ricky Ian Gordon**

Will there really be a "Morning"?
Is there such a thing as "Day"?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous places
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

Will there really be a "Morning"?
Is there such a thing as "Day"?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous places
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

**“Beim Schlafengehen – Upon
Going to Sleep”
by Hermann Hesse, translation by
David Paley**

Now that day has made me tired,
Will my blissful yearning
Receive the starry night
In friendship like a tired child.
Hands, rest from all your tasks,
Brow, forget all thinking
All my senses now
Want to sink in slumber.
And my soul, unwatched,
Wants to soar in freest flight
Within enchanted nighttime circles,
To live a thousand-fold profoundly.