

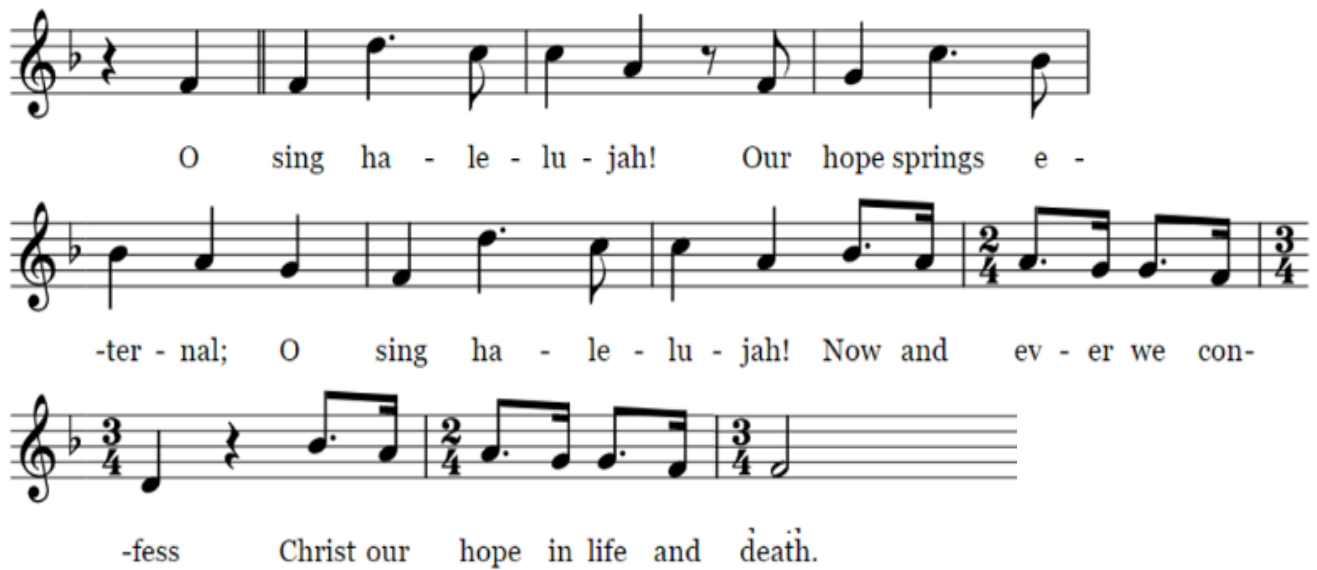
Welcome

Find your favorite blanket, pillow, lovey or stuffed animal,
paper and a writing utensil for tonight's worship.

Christ our Hope in Life and Death

What is our hope in life and death
Christ alone Christ alone
What is our only confidence
That our souls to Him belong
Who holds our days within His hand
What comes apart from His command
And what will keep us to the end
The love of Christ in which we stand

Chorus



O sing ha - le - lu - jah! Our hope springs e -
-ter - nal; O sing ha - le - lu - jah! Now and ev - er we con-
-fess Christ our hope in life and death.

What truth can calm the troubled soul
God is good God is good
Where is His grace and goodness known
In our great Redeemer's blood
Who holds our faith when fears arise
Who stands above the stormy trial
Who sends the waves that bring us nigh
Unto the shore the rock of Christ

Chorus

Confession and Forgiveness

Call to Confession

When you're a kid and you get homesick at a sleepover or a summer camp, you call home and your parents come and get you. Sometimes, that's what love looks like. Love bails us out.

In the same way, when we call upon God to confess that we've messed up, or forgotten something, or overlooked the truth, God answers with grace. God answers with love. So let us confess today, knowing that nothing could keep God from loving us.

Prayer of Confession

Gracious God,

We find ourselves with two options every day—
to stay homesick for the world you had in mind, or to allow cynicism to win.
Do we hope against hope, or do we throw in the towel?
Do we insist on a better world, or do we assume it's impossible?
Forgive us for the days when cynicism wins.
Forgive us for numbing our homesick hurt
instead of using it to fuel a better world.
Kindle in us a hope that won't let go.
Gratefully we pray, amen.

Words of Forgiveness

Family of faith, even when we throw in the towel,
even when we give up on hope, God does not give up on us.
We are loved. We are claimed. We are invited closer to God's home.
So hear and trust this good news:
There is room for us in God's house,
and nothing can separate us from that love.
We are claimed. We are forgiven. We are welcomed home.
Thanks be to God!
Amen.

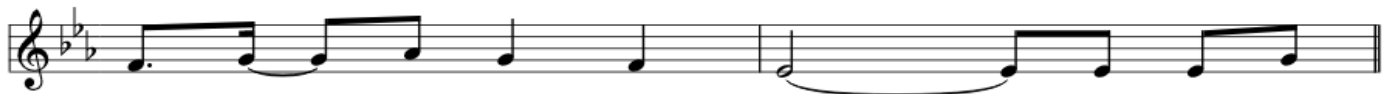
Psalm 23 – Stuart Townend



1. The Lord's my Shep - herd, I'll not want. He makes me lie in pas - tures
 2. He guides my ways in right - eous - ness, and He a - noints my head with
 3. And though I walk the dark - est path, I will not fear the e - vil



green. He leads me by the still, still wa - ters, His
 oil; And my cup, it o - ver - flows with joy, I
 one; For You are with me, and Your rod and staff are the



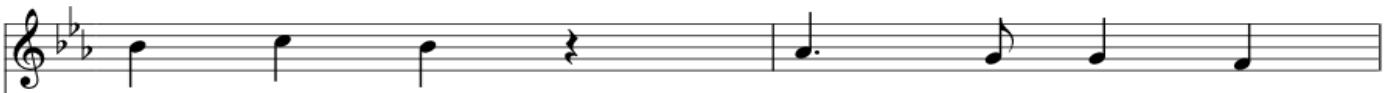
good - ness re - stores my soul. And I will
 feast on His pure de - lights.
 com - fort I need to know.



I will trust, I will trust in You. I will trust, I will



trust in You a - lone, and I will trust in You a -



trust in You. End - less mer - cy



-lone; For Your end - less mer - cy



fol - lows me, good - ness will lead me home.



fol - lows me, Your good - ness will lead me home.

Reading – 1 Thessalonians 3:9-13

⁹How can we thank God enough for you in return for all the joy that we feel before our God because of you? ¹⁰Night and day we pray most earnestly that we may see you face to face and restore whatever is lacking in your faith.

¹¹ Now may our God and Father himself and our Lord Jesus direct our way to you. ¹²And may the Lord make you increase and abound in love for one another and for all, just as we abound in love for you. ¹³And may he so strengthen your hearts in holiness that you may be blameless before our God and Father at the coming of our Lord Jesus with all his saints.

Word of God. Word of Life.

Thanks be to God.

Experiential Worship - Week 1: Homesick (Hope)

Find your favorite blanket, pillow, lovey or stuffed animal for tonight's worship.

You are invited to write down your greatest hopes and prayers during this song:

Home – Frozen 2

*I smell that salty breeze blowing through the fjord
I hear those creaky ships as old board meets old board
I breathe in the place I live and wonder what else can I give this home
My home*

*Wandering through the town with everyone doing all of their stuff
Somewhere in my heart I feel I've not yet done enough
For these people I know, this place that I love so
My home
My home*

*I whistle as I walk, a lovely smell of kransekake
Wafting out of the baker's door
The merchants haggling over fish remind me I have what I wish
'Cause I'm not alone anymore*

*I'm grateful for this castle
And for everything we've got
Especially my family
We've all been through a lot
I know how fragile things can be
If I lost them, I'd lose me
They're my ocean, they're my shore
I wanna give them more
They're my home
My home*

Oh Emmanuel, cradle our fragile hope as we place our trust in you, and teach us to pray...

Lord's Prayer

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, forever and ever. Amen.

Blessing: As you leave *this* service, *your* service begins:

Comfort the homesick. Seek sanctuary. Have hope.

And remember that here in God's house,
all are welcomed—so come back soon.

God grant you a quiet night.

In the name of our Foundation—God, Spirit, and Son— go in peace.