



Plymouth

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

March 2, 2022 • 5:30 p.m.

Ash Wednesday

PRELUDE

VARIATIONS ON "PASSION CHORALE"
("O Sacred Head")
Sonja Thompson, *piano*

*Steve Fox and
Greg Howlett*

WELCOME

Beth Hoffman Faeth

CALL TO WORSHIP

One: Tender God, your hands cupped the elements of the universe and like a potter fashioned the very vessels of our being.

***All:* Breathe your Spirit into us that we might be faithful to the tasks you set before us.**

One: Put your mark upon our foreheads that we might have hope in the midst of despair.

***All:* Forgive us when our actions hurt others.
Make us channels of your peace and healing.**

HYMN

COME AND FIND THE QUIET CENTER
(see next page)

"Beach Spring"

A TIME FOR CONFESSION AND FORGIVENESS

INVITATION

Seth Patterson

PRAYERS OF CONFESSION

Come and Find the Quiet Center

F Gm F Dm Bb C Bb F

1 Come and find the qui - et cen - ter in the crowd - ed life we lead,
 2 Si - lence is a friend who claims us, cools the heat and slows the pace,
 3 In the Spir - it let us trav - el, o - pen to each oth - er's pain,

F Gm F Dm Bb C7 Bb F

find the room for hope to en - ter, find the frame where we are freed:
 God it is who speaks and names us, knows our be - ing, touch - es base,
 let our loves and fears un - rav - el, cel - e - brate the space we gain:

F C Dm F Bb

clear the cha - os and the clut - ter, clear our eyes, that we can see
 mak - ing space with - in our think - ing, lift - ing shades to show the sun,
 there's a place for deep - est dream - ing, there's a time for heart to care,

C Dm Bb F Gm Am Bb F

all the things that real - ly mat - ter, be at peace, and sim - ply be.
 rais - ing cour - age when we're shrink - ing, find - ing scope for faith be - gun.
 in the Spir - it's live - ly schem - ing there is al - ways room to spare!

WORDS: Shirley Erena Murray (1931-)

MUSIC: Attr. B. F. White (1800-1879), *The Sacred Harp*, 1844; arr. Ronald A. Nelson (1927-)

BEACH SPRING

8.7.8.7.D.

Words © 1992 Hope Publishing Company.

Music Arr. © 1978 Lutheran Book of Worship (Admin. Augsburg Fortress)

UNISON PRAYER

Holy One, truly dust we are, and to dust we shall return; and truly Yours we are, and to You we shall return. Help this to be a time of turning around and beginning again. Through the forty days of Lent, help us to follow you and to find you: in the discipline of praying and in the complications of caring—in whatever we deny ourselves, and whatever we set ourselves to learn or do. Help us to discover you in our loneliness and in community, in our emptiness and our fulfillment, in our sadness and our laughter. Help us to find you when we ourselves are lost. Help us to perceive new growth amid the ashes of the old. Help us to forgive others as we, too, are in need of forgiveness.

SILENCE

ASSURANCE

HYMN

BE THOU MY VISION
(see next page)

"Slane"

SCRIPTURE READING

2 CORINTHIANS 5:20b–6:10

MESSAGE

DeWayne L. Davis

SPECIAL MUSIC

BASHANA HABA'AH
(Sung in Hebrew)

Nurit Hirsch & Ehud Manor
arr. Pasternak

Cherub and Chorister Choirs, Marie Scholtz, *director*

In the year to come, as I sit on my porch and count the birds flying around,
I will see children playing; running between houses and in the fields.
You will see, you will see how good it will be in the year to come.

DEEP PEACE

Steve Torma

Deep peace, deep peace to you.

Deep peace of the growing light / sunset clouds / ashes black / evening sky.

IMPOSITION OF ASHES

After the imposition of ashes, go quietly and in peace.

BE THOU MY VISION

Ancient Irish poem, c. 8th century

Tr. by Mary Elizabeth Bryne, 1905

Versified by Eleanor Henrietta Hull, 1912, alt.

SLANE 10.10.9.10.

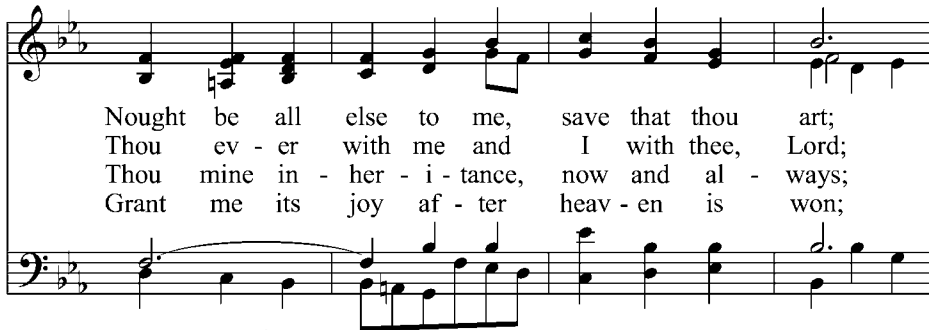
Traditional Irish ballad

Harm. by David Evans, 1927

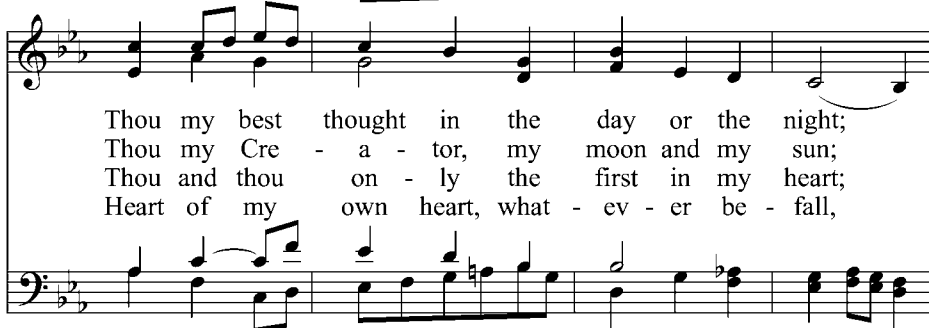
In unison



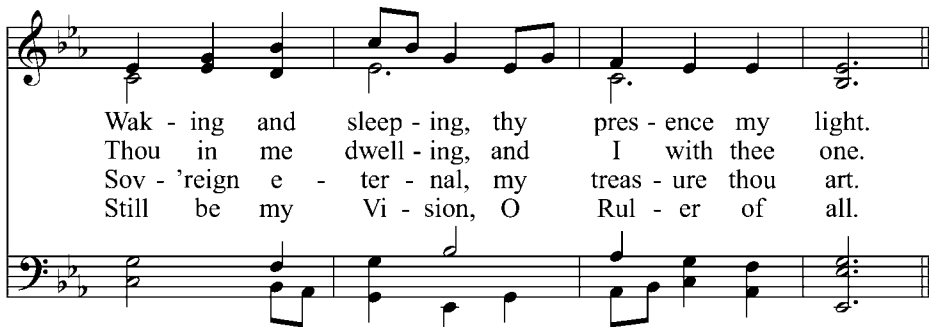
1 Be thou my Vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
2 Be thou my Wis - dom, be thou my true Word;
3 Rich - es I heed not, nor this world's vain praise;
4 Rul - er of heav - en, thou heav - en's bright Sun,



Nought be all else to me, save that thou art;
Thou ev - er with me and I with thee, Lord;
Thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways;
Grant me its joy af - ter heav - en is won;



Thou my best thought in the day or the night;
Thou my Cre - a - tor, my moon and my sun;
Thou and thou on - ly the first in my heart;
Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,



Wak - ing and sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
Thou in me dwell - ing, and I with thee one.
Sov - 'reign e - ter - nal, my treas - ure thou art.
Still be my Vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.