Opening Hymn: “Praise with Joy the World’s Creator” - #273

1. Praise with joy the world’s Creator, God of justice, love, and peace,
   Source and end of human knowledge, grace bestowing without cease.
   Celebrate the Maker’s glory, power to rescue and release.

2. Praise to Christ who feeds the hungry, frees the captive, finds the lost,
   Heals the sick, upsets religion, fearless both of fate and cost.
   Celebrate Christ’s constant presence – Friend and Stranger, Guest and Host.

3. Praise the Spirit sent among us, liberating truth from pride,
   Forging bonds where race or gender, age or nation dare divide.
   Celebrate the Spirit’s treasure – foolishness none dare deride.

4. Praise the Maker, Christ, and Spirit, one God in Community,
   Calling Christians to embody oneness and diversity.
   Thus the world shall yet believe when shown Christ’s vibrant unity.

Anthem: “Hurricane” - Miranda

In the eye of a hurricane there is quiet
for just a moment, a yellow sky.
When I was seventeen a hurricane destroyed my town.
I didn’t drown. I couldn’t seem to die.

I wrote my way out,
Wrote everything down, far as I could see.
I wrote my way out.
I looked up and the town had its eyes on me.

They passed a plate around.
Total strangers moved to kindness by my story.
Raised enough for me to book passage on a ship
That was New York-bound…

I wrote my way out of hell.
I wrote my way to revolution.
I was louder than the crack in the bell.
I wrote Eliza love letters until she fell.
I wrote about the Constitution and defended it well.

And in the face of ignorance and resistance,
I wrote financial systems into existence.
And when my prayers to God were met with indifference,
I picked up a pen, I wrote my own deliverance!

In the eye of a hurricane there is quiet
For just a moment, a yellow sky.
I was twelve when my mother died. She was holding me.
We were sick and she was holding me.
I couldn’t seem to die.

(Wait for it, wait for it, wait for it…)
I'll write my way out…
Write everything down, far as I can see…

(History has its eyes on you)
I’ll write my way out…
Overwhelm them with honesty,
This is the eye of the hurricane,
This is the only way I can protect my legacy!
(Wait for it, wait for it, wait for it, wait…)

Closing Hymn: “You Are Called to Tell the Story” - #357, vs. 1-2, 4

1. You are called to tell the story, passing words of life along,
    Then to blend your voice with others as you sing the sacred song.
    Christ be known in all our singing, filling all with songs of love!

2. You are called to teach the rhythm of the dance that never ends,
    Then to move within the circle, hand in hand with strangers, friends.
    Christ be known in all our dancing, touching all with hands of love!

4. May the One whose love is broader than the measure of all space
    Give us words to sing the story, move among us in this place.
    Christ be known in all our living, filling all with gifts of love!