

An Order of Worship
First Presbyterian Church of Kalispell, MT
October 18, 2020

Gathering Music

Words of Welcome

Call to Worship

Jesus said, "Come to me, all who are weary and I will give you rest."

We come weary.

Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many rooms; if it were not so,
would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you?"

We come searching for our place.

Come, worship the Christ who gives new life to the world-weary.

Come and find the space reserved for you.

Come, let us worship with hope!

Music

Gather Us In

2236

(vs. 1, 2, 4)

Call to Confession

We know that we have not lived according to God's desires for us.

The brokenness in the world, and the sin and despair in our hearts,
threaten to consume us as a mighty flood.

Yet God is our hope and our firm foundation.

Let us confess our sin before our gracious God.

Prayer of Confession

Let us pray. Creating God, in love you moved over the waters of chaos
and separated sea from dry land.

And yet, we cling tightly to rigid boundaries of our own making.

You claim us in the waters of baptism and declare us dead to sin and alive in Christ.

But too often we deny that call, conforming ourselves to the whims of culture.

At Pentecost, you released your wild and transforming spirit

to flow through church and world.

But we want to tame that wildness, channeling your spirit through banks of ordered safety.

Transform us, we pray.

Soften the unyielding edges of our hearts.

Loosen our grip on "the way it's always been"

and prepare us for the joy of "the way it still can be," through Jesus Christ. Amen.

Special Music

Assurance of Pardon

Friends, hear this good news.

Jesus Christ is our ark!

His power is unequalled,

his grace is unrestrained,

his strength is steadfast,

and his embrace is sufficient to carry all that we are and hope to be.
Friends, believe the good news!
In Jesus Christ we are forgiven.
Thanks be to God! Amen.

Music

Glorify Thy Name

2016

Prayer of Illumination

Scripture Reading

Mark 5 (The Message)

They arrived on the other side of the sea in the country of the Gerasenes. As Jesus got out of the boat, a madman from the cemetery came up to him. He lived there among the tombs and graves. No one could restrain him—he couldn’t be chained, couldn’t be tied down. He had been tied up many times with chains and ropes, but he broke the chains, snapped the ropes. No one was strong enough to tame him. Night and day he roamed through the graves and the hills, screaming out and slashing himself with sharp stones.

When he saw Jesus a long way off, he ran and bowed in worship before him—then bellowed in protest, “What business do you have, Jesus, Son of the High God, messing with me? I swear to God, don’t give me a hard time!” (Jesus had just commanded the tormenting evil spirit, “Out! Get out of the man!”)

Jesus asked him, “Tell me your name.”

He replied, “My name is Mob. I’m a rioting mob.” Then he desperately begged Jesus not to banish them from the country.

A large herd of pigs was browsing and rooting on a nearby hill. The demons begged him, “Send us to the pigs so we can live in them.” Jesus gave the order. But it was even worse for the pigs than for the man. Crazy, they stampeded over a cliff into the sea and drowned. Those tending the pigs, scared to death, bolted and told their story in town and country. Everyone wanted to see what had happened. They came up to Jesus and saw the madman sitting there wearing decent clothes and making sense, no longer a walking madhouse of a man.

Those who had seen it told the others what had happened to the demon-possessed man and the pigs. At first they were in awe—and then they were upset, upset over the drowned pigs. They demanded that Jesus leave and not come back.

As Jesus was getting into the boat, the demon-delivered man begged to go along, but he wouldn’t let him. Jesus said, “Go home to your own people. Tell them your story—what the Master did, how he had mercy on you.” The man went back and began to preach in the Ten Towns area about what Jesus had done for him. He was the talk of the town.

After Jesus crossed over by boat, a large crowd met him at the seaside. One of the meeting-place leaders named Jairus came. When he saw Jesus, he fell to his knees, beside himself as he begged, “My dear daughter is at death’s door. Come and lay hands on her so she will get well and live.” Jesus went with him, the whole crowd tagging along, pushing and jostling him.

A woman who had suffered a condition of hemorrhaging for twelve years—a long succession of physicians had treated her, and treated her badly, taking all her money and leaving her worse off than before—had heard about Jesus. She slipped in from behind and touched his robe. She was thinking to herself, “If I can put a finger on his robe, I can get well.” The moment she did it, the flow of blood dried up. She could feel the change and knew her plague was over and done with.

At the same moment, Jesus felt energy discharging from him. He turned around to the crowd and asked, “Who touched my robe?”

His disciples said, “What are you talking about? With this crowd pushing and jostling you, you’re asking, ‘Who touched me?’ Dozens have touched you!”

But he went on asking, looking around to see who had done it. The woman, knowing what had happened, knowing she was the one, stepped up in fear and trembling, knelt before him, and gave him the whole story.

Jesus said to her, “Daughter, you took a risk of faith, and now you’re healed and whole. Live well, live blessed! Be healed of your plague.”

While he was still talking, some people came from the leader’s house and told him, “Your daughter is dead. Why bother the Teacher any more?”

Jesus overheard what they were talking about and said to the leader, “Don’t listen to them; just trust me.”

He permitted no one to go in with him except Peter, James, and John. They entered the leader’s house and pushed their way through the gossips looking for a story and neighbors bringing in casseroles. Jesus was abrupt: “Why all this busybody grief and gossip? This child isn’t dead; she’s sleeping.” Provoked to sarcasm, they told him he didn’t know what he was talking about.

But when he had sent them all out, he took the child’s father and mother, along with his companions, and entered the child’s room. He clasped the girl’s hand and said, “*Talitha koum*,” which means, “Little girl, get up.” At that, she was up and walking around! This girl was twelve years of age. They, of course, were all beside themselves with joy. He gave them strict orders that no one was to know what had taken place in that room. Then he said, “Give her something to eat.”

Meditation

A Time of Reflection

Prayers of the People & The 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 debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

Invitation to Give

The Lord made the heavens, and all the earth belongs to God.

As Jesus taught us, let us give to God the things that are God's own.

Music

We Will Glorify the King of Kings

2087

Charge and Blessing

Closing Music