

Easter Sunrise Service

Long Green Valley Church of the Brethren
April 24, 2011 7:30am

Welcome

Hymn "When morning gilds the skies" 644

C G⁷ C F Dm G⁷ Am G Am⁷ D⁷
1. When morn-ing gilds the skies my heart a - wak-ing cries:
G C D⁷ G
"May Je - sus Christ be praised!"
G C G⁷ F G C D⁷ G⁷
A - like at work or prayer, on him I cast my care.
C F G⁷ C
"May Je-sus Christ be praised!"

C G⁷ C F Dm G⁷ Am G Am⁷ D⁷
4. Be this, while life is mine, my can - ti - cle di-vine:
G C D⁷ G
"May Je - sus Christ be praised!"
G C G⁷ F G C D⁷ G⁷
Be this th'e-ter - nal song through all the a-ges long:
C F G⁷ C
"May Je-sus Christ be praised!"

Opening Prayer

With joyful hearts and voices we come, O God of Mystery and Might. Though our minds wonder at the news of Christ's resurrection, yet we believe with certainty that Jesus Christ is alive!

Use us to proclaim life to a world enchanted with death. Empower us to breathe new life into a world of dead spirits. Send us to proclaim the resurrection until all confess the name of Jesus, our Lord and Savior. Amen.

Scripture 1 Corinthians 15:42-44, 54-57

“So it is with the resurrection of the dead. What is sown is perishable, what is raised is imperishable. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a physical body, it is raised a spiritual body... When this perishable body puts on imperishability, and this mortal body puts on immortality, then the saying that is written will be fulfilled: “Death has been swallowed up in victory.”

“Where, O death, is your victory?

Where, O death, is your sting?”

The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Invitation to Listen

So it's Easter again. We're up at dawn-celebrating the rising of the Son-outside, sitting on dew damp grass. Listen. At this high and holy moment, all creation celebrates the unity that should be-the intended harmony-the ongoing work of a creating God who dreams.

Listen! Do you hear the voices of Easter all around us?-whispering in the river-singing on the wind-shhhh-the birds hear-listen to them echoing-do you hear your heart? Listen. Listen to the voices of Easter:

Song

“Teresa’s Prayer”

F C F B^b
Christ be in my mind and in my thinking,
Gm C B^b C
Christ be in my eyes, in everything I see,
F C F B^b
Christ be in my ears and in my hearing,
Gm C B^b C F
Christ be in my mouth, in ev'ry word I speak,
B^b C F Dm
Christ be in my heart and in my loving,
B^b C B^b C F
Christ be in my life, each moment that I live.

Voices of Easter – Pilate

I washed my hands of it. It was one of those symbolic actions that we politicians are so skilled at-like kissing babies, and shaking the hand of someone we can't stand while grinning at them. A symbolic action - designed to allow us to control as many of the consequences as we can.

So I dipped my hands in a basin of water that I had brought out-swished them around, rinsed them thoroughly, then held them up high and dramatically dried them off - a symbolic action - a symbolic gesture full of drama and photo opportunity, but signifying nothing - a symbolic action - but it wouldn't stay symbolic. Some actions, some gestures go beyond symbol - tapping into something fundamental that is more real and more true than we are - connecting us to that reality - to that truth.

And whether or not waters flow in symbolic action, we are immersed in this more, and if we do it wrong we'll never feel clean, and the more we try and wash off, the dirtier we'll feel (Out, damned spot! Out, I say!), but if we do it right, we're clean forever-having buried our lesser parts and having been raised to the newness of being a part of the more. I buried the parts of me longing for the more and raised the lesser parts of me to a deadness of life with which no one would be well pleased - least of all myself, and what's done cannot be undone.

Hymn

565

- D A D
1. My faith looks up to thee,
A A⁷ D A D A E⁷ A
thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine.
D G D D G D
Now hear me while I pray, take all my guilt a - way,
B^m Dmaj⁷ G D B^m D G A D
oh, let me from this day be whol - ly thine!
- D A D
2. May thy rich grace im-part
A A⁷ D A D A E⁷ A
strength to my faint - ing heart, my zeal in - spire.
D G D D G D
As thou hast died for me, oh, may my love to thee,
B^m Dmaj⁷ G D B^m D G A D
pure warm, and change-less be, a liv - ing fire.

2. G Am C G D
 Through all the tumult and the strife, I hear that music ringing.
 G Am C G D⁷ G
 It finds an echo in my soul. How can I keep from singing? *(Refrain)*

4. G Am C G D
 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, a fountain ever springing!
 G Am C G D⁷ G
 All things are mine since I am his! How can I keep from singing? *(Refrain)*

Voices of Easter – Disciple

I ran. I remember running. Running away from the angry crowd around him. Running toward the tomb. I remember a sense of driven-ness - a sense on the one hand of not being able to get away from him fast enough - a sense on the other hand of not being able to get to him fast enough - and between the two extremes - the crowing of a bird. I remember a sense of urgency - this can't happen soon enough - ordinary time's too slow for what needs to happen here. And I remember a sense of the impossible - of what could not be - surely I'm not running away from my friend-my teacher - my master - when he needs me most-and then surely I'm not running to a tomb expecting what cannot be.

I remember reaching the point where you don't think your body can keep up with what you want it to do-the spirit is willing, but the - oh, my God. I'm running, and there is fear, and there is great joy.

I'm still running - sometimes away - sometimes towards. When confronted with God - there is fear and there is great joy, and I can't respond soon enough.

Hymn

546

1. G G C C
 Guide my feet while I run this race, yes, my Lord!
 G G D G
 Guide my feet while I run this race, yes, my Lord!
 G G C G
 Guide my feet while I run this race
 Em G G C^{add9} G C G
 for I don't want to run this race in vain! (race in vain!)

G G C C
 2. Hold my hand while I run this race, yes, my Lord!
 G G D G
 Hold my hand while I run this race, yes, my Lord!
 G G C G
 Hold my hand while I run this race
 Em G G C^{add9} G C G
 for I don't want to run this race in vain! (race in vain!)

G G C C
 5. Search my heart while I run this race, yes, my Lord!
 G G D G
 Search my heart while I run this race, yes, my Lord!
 G G C G
 Search my heart while I run this race
 Em G G C^{add9} G C G
 for I don't want to run this race in vain! (race in vain!)

Voices of Easter - Mary Magdalene

I stand-having trouble breathing-as if it weren't something natural, something automatic-as if it were new and surprising-my heart pounding like it was going to project itself right out of my chest-as if I'd been running away from something-toward something that pushed me beyond myself-as if I were a new born baby for whom nothing was natural.

And there were stones that looked like lightning, and they moved like thunder, and my eyes were so intense that they hurt-because I was looking at something that should have been full, but was empty. And I heard the sound of someone walking in the garden and I thought they had hidden him and I couldn't see and he spoke and I couldn't see him, and then he named me, and I was called out of my hiding, and I saw one who should've been empty, but was full-raised to a strange and beautiful newness.

There was a wild singing-lightning pulsed around us, and I saw the undoing of what had been done, and there was fear, and there was great joy.

Hymn "I come to the garden alone"

1. G G⁷ C G
I come to the garden alone while the dew is still on the roses
 D G Em A D...D⁷
And the voice I hear falling on my ear the son of God discloses...
 G D
(*chorus:*) And He walks with me, and He talks with me,
 D⁷ G
 And He tells me I am His own;
 B⁷ Em G⁷ C
 And the joy we share as we tar - ry there,
 G D G
 None other has ever known.

2. G G⁷
He speaks and the sound of his voice
 C G
Is so sweet that the birds hush their singing
 D G Em
And the melody that he gave to me
 A D
Within my heart is ringing... (*chorus*)

Continue to Listen

Listen - to symbols that won't stay symbols - that tap into reality and truth.
Listen to the river: washing - cleansing.
Listen to the wind: the breath of one who sings life eternal.
Listen to the birds: between your fear and your joy.
Listen to your heart: telling you that all is new and that you can be full.
Listen to the voices of Easter - telling you your story
 - telling you that God is part of your story
 -that God dreams of you being a part of the harmony
 - a part of the assembly
 - one with light and life.

Listen.

(intro: D...G...A...F#...Bm...G7...C...F...C)

1. Morning has bro-ken like the first morn-ing;
 C Dm G F C
 C Em F C G⁷
 Black-bird has spo-ken like the first bird.
 C Am F C Am D
 Praise for the sing-ing, praise for the morn-ing,
 C Em Am G C
 praise for them, spring-ing fresh from the word.

(bridge: F...G...E...Am... [first time:] G...C...G7...)
 [last time:] F#...Bm...G...D...A7...D.)

2. Sweet the rain's new fall, sun-lit from heav-en,
 C Dm G F C
 C Em F C G⁷
 like the first dew - fall on the first grass.
 C Am F C Am D
 Praise for the sweet-ness of the wet gard - en,
 C Em Am G C
 sprung in com-plete-ness where his feet pass.
 (F...G...E...Am...F#...Bm...G...D...A7...D...)

3. Mine is the sun - light, mine is the morn-ing,
 D Em A G D
 F#m Bm E⁷ A
 born of the one light E-den saw play.
 D Bm G D Bm E
 Praise with e - la - tion, praise ev'ry morn-ing,
 A D G A⁷ D
 God's re-cre - a - tion of the new day.

(bridge: G...A...F#...Bm...G7...C...F...C...
 repeat verse 1 & 2nd ending)

G D⁷ G ... D⁷ ... G G⁷ C
 God sent his Son, they called him Je-sus,
 G ... D⁷ ... G Am ... D
 he came to love, heal, and forgive.
 G ... D⁷ ... G D⁷ C
 He lived and died to buy my pardon,
 G D⁷ G ... C ... G
 an empty grave is there to prove my Savior lives.
 D⁷ G ... D⁷ ... G G⁷ C
 Because he lives I can face tomorrow,
 G ... D⁷ ... G D ... A⁷ ... D
 because he lives all fear is gone;
 D⁷ G ... D⁷ ... G D C
 because I know he holds the future,
 G E⁷ A⁷ D⁷ G ... C ... G
 and life is worth the living just because he lives.

Benediction

As you leave this place,
 do not be afraid to keep listening.
 The noise of bad news in the world
 may try to silence the voices of Easter,
 but it cannot.
 Therefore, do not be afraid to add your voice
 to the joyful noise of good news.
 Life is, indeed, worth the living,
 just because he lives.
 Amen? Amen!

This service is adapted from a drama written by John S. Ballenger, senior pastor at the Woodbrook Baptist Church, Towson, MD, from the 1998 *Seeds Lenten/Easter worship packet*.
<http://www.seedspublishers.org/other/drama.html>

The Opening Prayer was written by Jack Lowe, from *Living Waters, Worship Resources for Congregational Life*, #14, March 1993. Church of the Brethren General Board.

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