

Calvary Church Sunday Worship

July 5, 2026

* Please rise as you are able.

Bold text is spoken by the congregation.

Nursery care is available; ask a greeter for directions.

Prelude: Prelude on *Materna* by Charles Callahan

Sue Paro, organ

Welcome and Poem

Rev. Good

Introit: "Africa" by William Billings (born and died in Boston, 1748–1800)

Calvary Choir

*Gathering Words by Erica Marksbury and Amanda Meisenheimer Darcy Coleman

Calling all citizens of heaven; exiled dreamers and disciples of love

God is close to the outcast and faithful to all

Calling all pilgrims of the Spirit, carried by the winds of hope,

God is everywhere at all times, compassionate to all.

Calling all travelers between worlds, who translate compassion into peace,

God makes neighbors of strangers and kin of the forgotten

Come to worship and be renewed for the long journey.

Strangers in a strange land, we have come to worship the creator of all.

Prayer of Confession

Darcy Coleman

Gracious One, where do we begin? You call us to do justice,

And we explain that justice is complicated.

You ask us to love mercy,

And we counter that a show of strength is necessary.

You invite us to walk humbly with you,

And we struggle to recognize you in our neighbors, in the dispossessed, in the poor and hungry places of our own hearts.

We confess we have failed to summon the courage and compassion required by your call.

We have treated hospitality as an option, kinship as a choice, instead of as the center of our lives together.

We have claimed your name, yet rejected your way.

Forgive us, we pray.

*Assurance of Pardon

Darcy Coleman

Friends, hear this good news; God's gift is love that liberates, hope that inspires, grace that transforms. Each of us alone and all of us together are forgiven and set free.

Alleluia! Amen.

*Passing the Peace

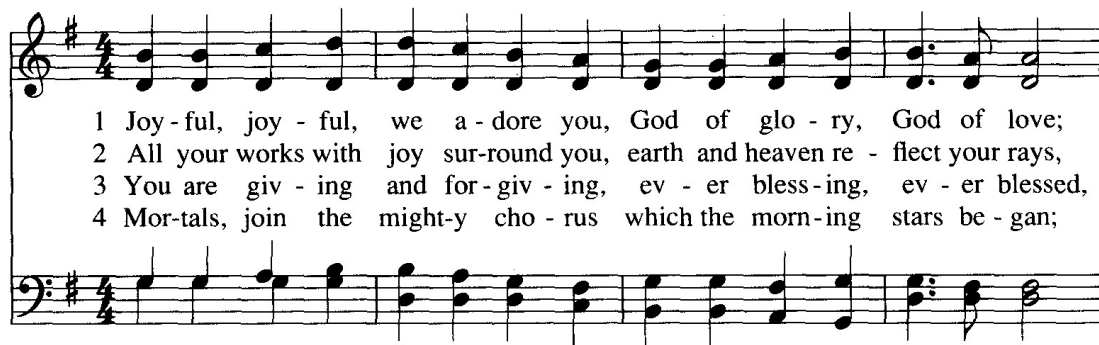
Darcy Coleman

Peace be with you. **And also with you.** *Please share a sign of peace with your neighbors.*

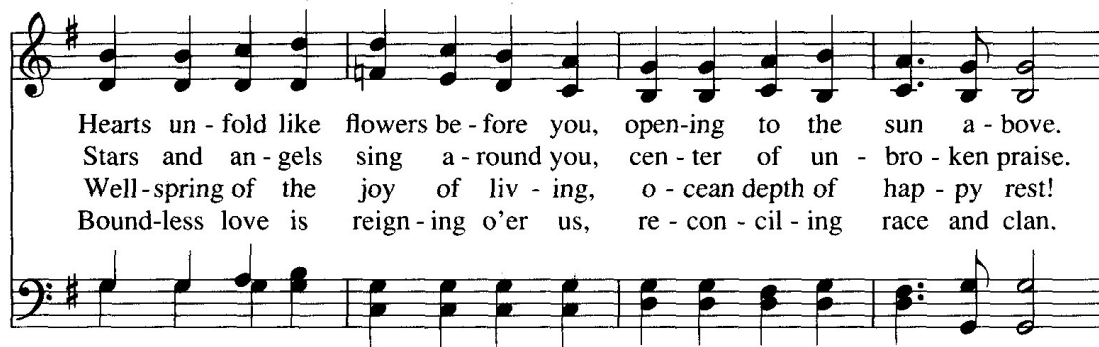
*Hymn: "Joyful, Joyful"

Ps. 145:10; Isa. 49:13

Henry van Dyke, 1907; alt.



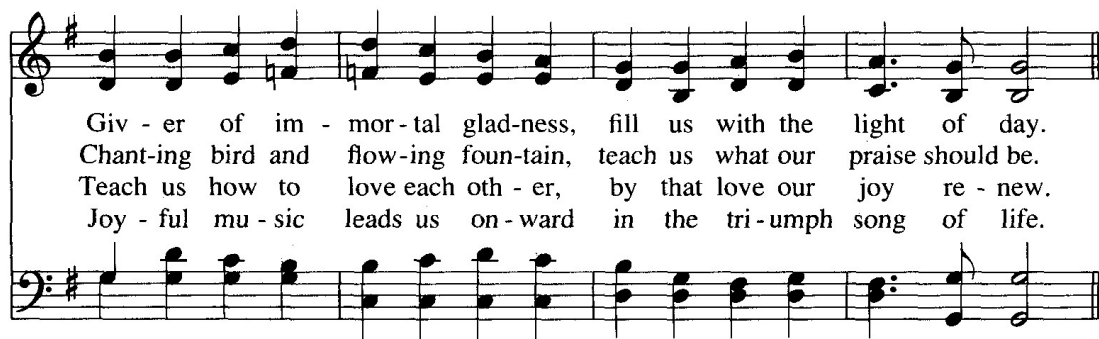
1 Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore you, God of glo - ry, God of love;
 2 All your works with joy sur-round you, earth and heaven re - flect your rays,
 3 You are giv - ing and for-giv - ing, ev - er bless-ing, ev - er blessed,
 4 Mor-tals, join the might-y cho - rus which the morn-ing stars be - gan;



Hearts un - fold like flowers be - fore you, open-ing to the sun a - bove.
 Stars and an - gels sing a - round you, cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise.
 Well-spring of the joy of liv - ing, o - cean depth of hap - py rest!
 Bound-less love is reign-ing o'er us, re - con - cil - ing race and clan.



Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness, drive the storms of doubt a - way;
 Field and for - est, vale and moun-tain, flower-y mead-ow, flash-ing sea,
 Lov-ing Spir - it, Fa - ther, Moth - er, all who love be - long to you;
 Ev - er sing - ing, move we for - ward, faith - ful in the midst of strife,



Giv - er of im - mor-tal glad-ness, fill us with the light of day.
 Chant-ing bird and flow-ing foun-tain, teach us what our praise should be.
 Teach us how to love each oth - er, by that love our joy re - new.
 Joy - ful mu - sic leads us on - ward in the tri - umph song of life.

Henry van Dyke was a noted church leader, U.S. ambassador, Navy chaplain, and prolific writer. Many people associate this hymn with Beethoven's ninth symphony, but few are aware of the original poem by the German classicist F. Schiller (1759-1805) that inspired Beethoven.

Tune: HYMN TO JOY 8.7.8.7.D.
 Ludwig van Beethoven, 1824
 Adapt. and harm. Edward Hodges, 1846

Scripture: Romans 7:15-25a

Darcy Coleman

Sometimes I can't make head nor tail of my own behavior. I want to do what is right, but instead I find myself doing things I absolutely despise. Even as I do them, I am telling myself I don't want to. Clearly then I know they are wrong, so I am not trying to excuse myself by arguing that the law is stupid. The fact is that I don't have what it takes to control everything I do. Somewhere inside me, sin has corrupted the system. When I look inside myself and see the selfish desires that live there, I know they are all rotten to the core. While I have no trouble making up my mind to do what is right, I still can't do it. I fail to follow through on my good intentions, and instead find myself doing something crooked — the exact thing I wanted so much to avoid. Now if what I actually do is not what I am intending to do, then clearly I have lost control of what I am doing. Something inside me — namely sin — is sabotaging the system and wreaking havoc.

So, in my experience it seems to be an inescapable fact of life that when I intend to do what is good, corruption is lying in wait, ready to sneak under my guard. God's instructions on how we should live appeal to me greatly. I love them with all my heart and mind. So the various parts of me are receiving the right instructions from my mind, but I experience another set of instructions trying to override them. I can see that my body is being controlled by a crippling addiction to sin. How completely and utterly screwed up I am! Is there anybody who can set me free from the addiction that has such a deadly grip on my body? Thank God there is! Jesus the Messiah, our Lord, can set us free! The word of God for us. **Thanks be to God.**

Children's Time

After the song, young children are invited to the nursery (room 3).

Song: "Walk with Me"

2242 [small hymnal]

**Walk with me, I will walk with you
and build the land that God has planned where love shines through.**

Scripture: Matthew 11:16-19, 25-30

Darcy Coleman

Jesus said to the crowd, "What is it with people these days? They are like a bunch of kids pointing the finger at each other in the school yard, chanting:

'We were ready to laugh and play with you, but you told us to get serious.

We asked you over to do homework together, but you told us to lighten up.'

"When John the Baptist was around, he was a teetotaler, and would often go without food; and people accused him of being a fanatic. Then the New Human came, always ready to share a meal and a drink, and what do they say about him? They say he's a drunkard, a slave to his stomach, and that he's too close to people whose lifestyles are beyond the pale! But at the end of the day, wisdom will have proved herself in practice."

Then and there, Jesus broke into prayer, saying, "Father, Lord of earth and sky, thank you for keeping the religious experts and the sophisticated intellectuals in the dark about these matters, while at the same time making them as plain as day to the average toddler. But of course, Father, such reckless generosity is typical of the way you like to do things!"

Then, turning to the crowd again, Jesus said, "My Father has put the whole show in my hands, and it all hangs on the strength of our relationship. No one really knows what makes the Son tick except the Father, and no one really knows what makes the Father tick except the Son. Anyone else can only know if the Son chooses to let them in on it.

"If you are worn out and overloaded, come to me, and I will let you put your feet up. Come and work for me, and take a leaf out of my book. I am gentle on people, and down-to-earth. With me your whole being will be able to relax. The job I will give you is a piece of cake. The load I will ask you to bear is a feather-weight."

The word of God for us. **Thanks be to God.**

Music: "From All That Dwell Below the Skies" by William Billings

Calvary Choir

Thoughts

Rev. Good

*Hymn: "In This Time of Great Reflection"

**In this time of great reflection on two hundred fifty years,
We remember, as a nation, times we've prospered, times of tears.
"We shall be," a preacher told us, "as a city on a hill" —
not to praise us but to warn us: We've a duty to fulfill.**

**Here is what holds us together: Mercy, love, community.
We're to seek to care for neighbors in a just society.
If we fail to help the needy and to build a land that's just,
we will simply be a by-word as the world looks on at us.**

**We recall our nation's story. Keep us honest, God above!
In our quest for wealth and glory, we have injured ones you love.
Through enslavement, through displacement, we have chosen ways of sin.
We've been violent. We've stayed silent. So our light of love stays dim.**

**Will we work for racial justice? Will we turn from fear and hate?
What is now the public witness that you call us to create?
As we celebrate our country, help us, Lord, to understand:
All of us must share the bounty and the goodness of the land.**

**In this time, O God, restore us to the land we're called to be—
where all people here among us know your blest community.
May we seek to be that city, not with pride but as a prayer.
May we love and serve you humbly, in our land and everywhere.**

Tune: HOLY MANNA, William Moore's Columbian Harmony, 1825

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Sharing of Prayers and Prayer of the People

Rev. Good

We invite you to use your chosen words for God: Father, Mother, or...

Our Creator, 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. Amen.

Affirmation of Freedom

Rev. Good

Ring the Bells for Freedom! Ring for hope, for joy; ring for the dream of our forebearers and the liberation of our children. Ring the bells!

Ring for Freedom!

Ring the bells for those that have fallen in the name of the dream. Those who held the candle on the shore, inviting more; the city on the hill built to demonstrate the Way. Ring the bells!

Ring the bells for Freedom!

Ring the bells for those who came, and those who come, seeking the dream: The tired, the poor, the huddled masses yearning to breathe free. Ring the bells!

Ring for Freedom!

Ring the bells for dreams deferred, placed asunder and left to wander. Ring the bells for when freedom has been distant. Ring to witness the stoney road, the bitter rod, the moments where hope couldn't be. Ring with the harmonies of liberty. Ring the Bells!

Ring the bells for Freedom!

Ring the bells for those who were here before the colonies. Ring the bells for the neighbors who were not asked, not invited, not included in the dream. Ring the bells until the dream is wide enough to hold them. Ring the Bells!

Ring for Freedom!

Ring for those who do not know freedom today. Those incarcerated, in internment camps, or confined without consent. Ring for the hope that there WILL be a day when all people are free!

Ring the bells for Freedom!

Ring for those who fought and continue to fight for our freedom. Ring for those who paid a price beyond comparison for the lives we lead today. Ring the bells in honor and witness!

Ring for Freedom!

Ring the bells for those who love this country enough to tell the truth about it. Those who fight for the dignity of all, the future of who we can be, with liberty and justice for all, where all may be free.

Ring for Freedom!

Ring the bells that we may hold these truths to be self-evident, that all people are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. Ring the bells, that we may join together, BECAUSE of our faith, to ring the bells and work for liberation, in the footsteps of those that came before, holding the wide welcome, loving our neighbors, and following Jesus Christ in the best way that we know how. Ring the Bells!

Ring the Bells for Freedom!

Music: "I'll Fly Away" by Alfred E. Brumley

Calvary Choir

Offering

If you wish to make a monetary donation, you can leave cash or a check in the offering baskets located at the entrances to the sanctuary or scan the Venmo code at the right.



*Doxology

Old 100th (95, large hymnal)

**Praise God whose breath fills all the earth
Whose love reveals our sacred worth
Whose Spirit forms one family
Whose grace brings peace and harmony. Amen.**

Sharing in Communion

Rev. Good

*Hymn: "This Is My Song"

437 [large hymnal]

1. This is my song, O God of all the na-tions,
 2. My coun-try's skies are blu-er than the o-cean,
 3. This is my prayer, O Lord of all earth's king-doms:

a song of peace for lands a-far and mine.
 and sun-light beams on clo-ver-leaf and pine;
 Thy king-dom come; on earth thy will be done.

This is my home, the coun-try where my heart is;
 but oth-er lands have sun-light too, and clo-ver,
 Let Christ be lift-ed up till all shall serve him,

here are my hopes, my dreams, my ho-ly shrine;
 and skies are ev-ery-where as blue as mine.
 and hearts u-nit-ed learn to live as one.

but oth-er hearts in oth-er lands are beat-ing
 O hear my song, thou God of all the na-tions,
 O hear my prayer, thou God of all the na-tions;

with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.
 a song of peace for their land and for mine.
 my-self I give thee; let thy will be done.

Words: vs. 1-2 Lloyd Stone ©1934, 1962 Lorenz Publishing Co., vs. 3 Georgia Harkness ©1964 Lorenz Publishing Co.
 Music: Jean Sibelius, arr. from The Hymnal ©1933, renewed 1961 Presbyterian Board of Christian Education

Announcements

Rev. Good

Weekly Events:

Monday Muddle 10 AM in the Parlor
 Helping Hands Thursday 10 AM in classroom 1

Benediction

Rev. Good

Postlude: Jig by William Selby (born in London, died in Boston; 1738–1798)

Sue Paro