

# SUNDAY WORSHIP

FEBRUARY 28, 2021

**PRELUDE** "Simple Gifts" arr. Virgil Fox

**WELCOME** TC Anderson

## CALL TO WORSHIP

One: Bless the Lord, O my soul.

**All: Bless God's holy name.**

One: God crowns us with steadfast love and mercy.

**All: The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and abounding in love.**

One: Bless the Lord, O my soul.

**HYMN 712** "As Those of Old Their Firstfruits Brought" Forest Green

**PRAYER OF CONFESSION** Alex Lang

Forgive us, Lord, for we have sinned against you and one another. We have sinned against your creation. We put more stock in our profits than in your prophets. We blind ourselves to the beauty and worth of our fellow humans. Help us to see with your eyes, to love with your heart, and to act with your will and Kingdom in mind. Amen.

**ASSURANCE OF PARDON**

**ANNOUNCEMENTS**

**MATTHEW 20:1-7**

**MESSAGE** "Prejudicial Impartiality" TC Anderson  
Scripture: Matthew 20:8-16

**PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE** Alex Lang

**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.

**SHARING OUR GIFTS**

"The Ghost of Tom Joad" Bruce Springsteen

*"Men walking 'long the railroad tracks. Going someplace, there's no going back. Highway patrol choppers coming up over the ridge. Hot soup on a campfire under the bridge. Shelter line stretching 'round the corner. Welcome to the new world order. Families sleeping in the cars in the southwest. No home, no job, no peace, no rest. Well the highway is alive tonight. But nobody's kidding nobody about where it goes. I'm sitting down here in the campfire light. Waiting for the ghost of Tom Joad. He pulls a prayer book out of his sleeping bag. Preacher lights up a butt and he takes a drag. Waiting for when the last shall be first and the first shall be last. In a cardboard box 'neath the underpass. You got a one-way ticket to the promised land. You got a hole in your belly and a gun in your hand. Sleeping on a pillow of solid rock. Bathing in the city's aqueduct. Well the highway is alive tonight. Where it's headed everybody knows. I'm sitting down here in the campfire light. Searching for the ghost of Tom Joad. Now Tom said, 'Mom, wherever there's a cop beating a guy. Wherever a hungry newborn baby cries. Where there's a fight against the blood and hatred in the air. Look for me, Mom, I'll be there. Wherever somebody's fighting for a place to stand. Or a decent job or a helping hand. Wherever somebody's struggling to be free. Look in their eyes, Ma, and you'll see me' "*

**PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING**

**BENEDICTION**

TC Anderson

**HYMN 36**

“For the Fruit of All Creation”

Ar Hyd Y Nos

**POSTLUDE**

“Trumpet Tune”

*Nicholas Bowden*

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**Worship led by:** Alex Lang, TC Anderson

**Music:** Adam Hendrickson and Chris Urban