



FAIRLAWN

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Palm Passion Sunday



Maundy Thursday



Good Friday



Easter Sunday



EASTER SUNDAY

**Fairlawn Avenue United Church
Sunday, March 31, 2024 10:30am
Easter Sunday Communion**

Rev. Dr. Cameron Watts
Rev. Jean Ward
Eleanor Daley, Director of Music
Fairlawn Avenue Senior Choir

2.

*Indicates when the congregation is to stand, as able.

Congregational responses, singing and readings in unison are indicated in bold text.

Guest Musicians:

Trumpets – Scott Harrison, Sam Cancellara

Trombone – Rupert Price

Bass Trombone – Isabelle Lavoie

Timpani and percussion – Lorne Grossman

Pre-Service Music

Welcome and Acknowledgement

Lighting of the Christ Candle[1]

God of terror and joy,
you arise to shake the earth.
Open our graves and give us back the past;
so that all that has been buried
may be freed and forgiven,
and our lives may return to you.
Open our hearts and give us the future
so that all may live in the Light of your Presence.

***Processional Hymn** Jesus Christ is Risen Today

VU #155

**Jesus Christ is risen today, hallelujah!
our triumphant holy day, hallelujah!
who did once upon the cross, hallelujah!
suffer to redeem our loss. Hallelujah!**

**Hymns of praise then let us sing, hallelujah!
unto Christ, our heavenly King, hallelujah!
who endured the cross and grave, hallelujah!
sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah!**

**But the pains which he endured, hallelujah!
our salvation have procured, hallelujah!
now above the sky he's King, hallelujah!
where the angels ever sing. Hallelujah!**

**Sing we to our God above, hallelujah!
 praise eternal as God's love, hallelujah!
 praise our God, ye heavenly host, hallelujah!
 praise the Son and Holy Ghost. Hallelujah!**

***Prayer[2]**

Jesus, You told us this would happen;
 that we would know that death
 was not an ending,
 but rather a beginning.
 You promised that no tomb would hold You
 and that we would see You again
 alive and glorified

***But, we didn't believe it - we still don't
 We still face the little deaths which fill our lives
 with fear and dread and despair.
 We still look away from Your resurrected glory
 believing ourselves to be beyond the reach
 of Your grace & life***

But, now in this place, we gather to be reminded
 Resurrection has happened - it happens still
 grace and life can find us anywhere, and bring us home
 And so we worship, with joy and relief
 and with awe and trembling

***Stand among us again now, Jesus
 and let Your life flood our weary and doubting souls.
 For we pray this in Your Name.
 Amen.***

***Introit**

Rejoice, Heav'nly Powers!

E. Daley

Rejoice, heav'nly powers! Sing, choirs of angels!
 Jesus Christ is arisen!
 (adapted from the Easter *Exsultet*)

Passing the Peace

A Story of Rosemary

***Hallelujah Chorus** (from *Messiah*)

G. F. Handel (1685-1759)

Hallelujah: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Hallelujah!
 The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of his
 Christ;
 and he shall reign forever and ever.
 King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.
 And he shall reign forever and ever. Hallelujah!

Scripture

Isaiah 25:1-10

O ETERNAL ONE I am yours;
 I will exalt you; I will praise your name,
 for you have done wonderful things,
 plans formed of old, faithful and sure.

At your hand the fortresses of our adversaries
 are brought to ruin,
 they are heaps of stones.

Opressors fear you.
 They will learn to glorify you.

You have been a refuge to the poor,
 a refuge to the needy in their distress,
 a shelter from the rainstorm and a shade from the heat.
 When the blast of the ruthless was like a winter rainstorm,
 the noise of oppressors like heat in a dry place,
 you filled the sky with clouds;
 the song of the ruthless was stilled.

We live on the peaks of life where you will make for all peoples
 a feast of rich food, a feast of well-aged wines,
 a delight to our senses and nourishment for our souls.

Here you will destroy
 the shroud that is cast over all peoples,
 the covering that is spread over all nations;
 you will swallow up death forever.

The Ancient One will wipe away the tears from all faces,
and the disgrace of people will be erased from all the earth,
for the HOLY ONE has spoken.

It will be said on that day,
"See, our Creator has not disappointed us;
we have waited, so that we might be saved.
This is the ONE for whom we have waited;
let us be glad and rejoice in salvation."
For the hand of the ETERNAL ONE rests on us.

Anthem

Christ the Lord is Ris'n Today

E. Daley

"Christ the Lord is ris'n today!"
Sons of men and angels say, alleluia!
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
sing, ye heav'ns and earth reply, alleluia!

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of Hell, alleluia!
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ has opened Paradise. Alleluia!

Soar we now where Christ has led,
following our exalted Head,
made like him, like him we rise,
ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n, alleluia!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
hail, the Resurrection thou. Alleluia!
(Charles Wesley, 1707-1788)

Reflection

Stilling the Song of the Ruthless

Rev. Dr. Cameron Watts

Anthem

Christ Rising Again

K. Lee Scott (b. 1950)

*Christ rising again dies no more,
Death has no strength, no power over him;
For in that he lives, he lives to God.*

6.

Now death with all its dread o'er us no longer reigns,
For Jesus rising from the tomb has burst its iron chains. *R*

Destruction is destroyed by Christ, our Lord and King,
Whose rising forth with life restored removes death's dreadful sting. *R*

Victorious Lord of Life, who sets our hearts aflame,
Through deadly pain and fearful strife, we triumph in his name. *R*

Now lift your heart and voice in praise of him who died.
In Christ let all the earth rejoice, our Lord, once crucified. *R*

Alleluia!
(K. Lee Scott, Romans 6: 9-10)

Introduction of Offering

Offertory Hymn

The Strife is O'er

VU #159 (sung seated)

**The strife is o'er, the battle done;
the victory of life is won;
the song of triumph has begun,
hallelujah!**

**The powers of death have done their worst,
but Christ their legions has dispersed;
let shouts of holy joy outburst,
hallelujah!**

**He closed the ancient gates of hell,
the bars from heaven's high portals fell;
let songs of praise his triumph tell,
hallelujah!**

**On the third morn he rose again,
glorious in majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain,
hallelujah!**

***Presentation of the Offering**

In gratitude and humble trust
 We bring our best today,
 To serve your cause and share your love
 With all along life's way.
 O God, who gave yourself to us
 In Jesus Christ, your Son,
 Teach us to give ourselves each day
 Until life's work is done.

The Sacrament of Communion

The Lord's Prayer Kitchen Mother Version^[3]

Our Mother Who Art in the kitchen
 cooking us up hallowed
 may we see
 all that is Your kingdom here
 delivered into our hands—
 Your will in children
 and trees leaping out
 on earth—
 as if it were Heaven.

Give us this day
 bread we could feed
 the world
 and snatch us bald-headed
 if we try to swallow it all.
 Don't forgive us
 till we learn it is all for giving.

That salve you've got in a pot
 on the back of the stove
 only heals when everybody has some.

And heed us not
 if we believe You look like us
 and love us best
 and gave us the True Truth

8. **with a license to kill Others
writ inside.**

**Deliver us from this evil.
for it is Yours,
this kitchen we call Universe
where you stir up our favorite treat,
the Milky Way,
folding deep into sweet
our little sphere
with its powerful glory
of rainforests and oceans and mountains in feather-boa mist**

**forever
if we don't blow it up
and ever
if we don't tear it down
Amen**

**(Ah women
Ah children
Ah reckon She's about fed up.
We better make room at the table
for everybody
before She yells - OUT!
and turns our table over,
before She calls it off
this banquet we've been hoarding
this paradise
we aim to save.)**

Invitation to the Table

Sharing of the Elements

Communion Anthem Now From Ev'ry Christian Steeple

E. Daley

Now from ev'ry Christian steeple comes the sound of Easter bells,
while the song of Christian people Jesus' resurrection tells.

*Ding dong, ding dong, ding-a ding-a ding dong, unto heav'n the music swells,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding-a ding-a ding dong, "He is risen", clang the bells.*

Sing ye then with heart and voices; send to heav'n each eager chord,
where the angel host rejoices with the living, living Lord. *R*

Tell it out to ev'ry nation, how the Prince of Life was slain;
and repeat with exaltation that he walked the earth again. *R*

When our song has fully sounded, on our knees bow we to pray,
thanking him, who death confounded on the first great Easter Day. *R*
(Edwin Cox)

Prayers of the People

Reading

Gospelstitch[4] by Buddy Wakefield

I pray thanks
for the woman's heels
I heard on the way here tonight-
they sounded like salt.

When I pray
I pray thanks for the small things,
for flowers and other natural holidays,
for my eight-year-old niece flying her kite
like an umbilical cord.

When I was eight
I prayed for a chest of kites.
Now I pray for You to open
my chest of kites.

Lord, let me write,
leave me autistic and typing
until my windows bust into a thousand silver doves
and I know the poem is done.

And when the words break too much glass inside me
I run when I pray.
I run when I pray on trails
watching the branches blur
to the sun's Holy Sanskrit.
I carry your forests
in my heart.

10.

Your fields
are on my back.
I have not fit your ocean into my chest
yet
but I *have* fit its sound.
Like trees,
like lightning,
our prayers come
from the ground up.

My God's abridged book
is a children's story
where the lessons are simple
and the smiles lift like first grade watercolors.

When I pray
I pray in museums.
I pray over sweat-stained stages.
I pray with vinyl prayer wheels.
I pray by reading math, eating pocket-watches
to suck the chain back to your chest.

You are the men and their saws.
You are silence.
You are gospels.
You are the shoulders of woman
whose name I never learned.
You are the fire returned back to itself
with every
burnt
book.

When we pray
our chests peel back
like open love letters the size of tide,
the way tide sounds
when it crashes your tympanum,
the way tympanum sounds
when it turns the word eardrum into a cymbal.
We play percussion when we pray.
We sing when we pray.
We laugh when we pray.

When I pray I move my feet
 for the goosebump
 in the heartbeat...

And I drop my jaw at fire when it's flyin' out my eyes, Lord
 I plunge my coiling wires in the water till I rise
 above frogs
 and pop rocks
 and boxes
 of roof tops
 and the noises I can't outrun
 even when I'm running twice the speed of sound already
 and three times the speed of my blood

'cause everybody's got voices
 and everybody's got some they can't contain
 like my need to be redeemed
 at any time
 in any place.

So you can bring on your boogiemán loading his fuss
 and gunning his fattening desire
 'cause we've got bees on flowers
 with honey on hold
 for those made of gold
 but wrapped in wires
 who keep themselves inspired
 by the way they feel their spines
 screaming, sparkling gods
 who gotta live by the way they shine.

And this is not a dot-to-dot plot
 or a battle on your god
 of the makers of money (odd mockers of the drum)
 who all peel and staple great gobs of large labels
 to a god they just wanna slum.

No,
 this is *my* time and place.
 This is *me* saving *my* saved face.
 So if my heart starts to radiate bold broken glass,
 y'all,

12.

relax...

it always pumps this fast.

So get thee behind me blindness
and come to me quietly light.
Our god loves people like poems,
loves poems like prayers,
and loves prayers even when they are silent.

We pray until our words run out,

and Yours

linger

still.

***Recessional Hymn** Thine is the Glory

VU #173

**Thine is the glory, risen, conquering Son:
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
kept the folded graveclothes where the body lay.**

***Thine is the glory, risen, conquering Son:
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.***

**Lo, Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb!
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom.
Let the church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
for the Lord now liveth: death hath lost its sting. R**

**No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;
life is nought without thee: aid us in our strife;
make us more than conquerors, through thy deathless love;
bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above. R**

***Sending Out**[5] True encounter with Christ
liberates something in us,
a power
we did not know we had,

a hope,
 a capacity for life,
 a resilience,
 an ability to bounce back
 when we thought
 we were completely defeated,
 a capacity to grow
 and change,
 a power
 of creative transformation.

*Choral Alleluia and Amen

E. Daley

Alleluia! Amen.

Postlude

[1] Rex A. E. Hunt, adapted, with permission

[2] John van der Laar, with permission

[3] George Ella Lyon, with permission

[4] From *"Live For A Living,"* Write Bloody Publishing, 2007, with permission

[5] Thomas Merton, *"He is Risen"*

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In Memory of Denise Graham and Anna Hux

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In Memory of Donald Corkill, wonderful son, brother, friend
and husband

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In Memory of our Son, Nicholas Eric McCann Hoicka, baptized
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