



Becoming a beloved community of God where all belong.

Easter Day March 31, 2024

ALLELUIA!!

Opening Hymn: H-207 | *Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia!* | Trumpet accompaniment arr. by R. E. Martin | Logan Paschall, trumpet

Offertory Anthem: *This Joyful Eastertide* | Words: G R Woodward | Music: Dutch, 1685, arr. Vernon Hoyle

This joyful Eastertide, away with sin and sorrow!
My love, the Crucified, hath sprung to life this morrow!

REFRAIN: Had Christ, that once was slain, ne'er burst his three-day prison,
Our faith had been in vain:
But now hath Christ arisen, arisen, arisen, arisen.

My flesh in hope shall rest, and for a season slumber:
Till trump from east to west shall wake the dead in number. REFRAIN

Death's flood hath lost its chill, since Jesus cross'd the river:
Lover of souls, from ill my passing soul deliver. REFRAIN

Communion Anthem: *Bread of the World* | Words: by Reginal Heber | Music: by John Abdenour

Bread of the world, in mercy broken, wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken, and in whose death our sins are dead.

Look on the heart, by sorrow broden, look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token that by thy grace our souls are fed.

Postlude: *Marches Heroique Heldenmusik, No.5 Die Rustung-L'Armement* | Georg Philipp Telemann | Arr. Ernst Patzold and Gustav Schluter

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Easter Egg Hunt – The Easter Egg Hunt will take place immediately following the dismissal.

Plastic Easter Eggs – Please return empty plastic eggs to St. Nick's so that we can reuse them next year. Thanks!

Congratulations to Dawn Booth – Dawn, our Deacon Intern, has been approved by the EDOW Standing Committee for Ordination to the Vocational Diaconate. Dawn will be ordained on Saturday, October 26 at the Washington National Cathedral. Dawn's last Sunday with us is Pentecost, May 19, 2024. If you would like to make a donation to Dawn's gift please write a check to **St. Nicholas** and write Dawn Booth on the memo line.

“Messenger”

My work is loving the world.
Here the sunflowers, there the hummingbird—
equal seekers of sweetness.
Here the quickening yeast; there the blue plums.
Here the clam deep in the speckled sand.

Are my boots old? Is my coat torn?
Am I no longer young, and still half-perfect? Let me
keep my mind on what matters,
which is my work,

which is mostly standing still and learning to be
astonished.

The phoebe, the delphinium.
The sheep in the pasture, and the pasture.
Which is mostly rejoicing, since all the ingredients are
here,

which is gratitude, to be given a mind and a heart
and these body-clothes,
a mouth with which to give shouts of joy
to the moth and the wren, to the sleepy dug-up clam,
telling them all, over and over, how it is
that we live forever.

+ Mary Oliver from *Thirst*