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## The Good News for the Hurting: A Service of Scripture and Song

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# The Good News for the Hurting: A Service of Scripture and Song

Calvin College Chapel

4:15–5:00 p.m., Thursday and Friday, January 28 and 29, 2016

\* Please rise, in body or spirit.

## COME TO ME . . .

Prelude: *Tiento (Suite Medievale)*

Jean Langlais

Call to Worship and Opening Sentences

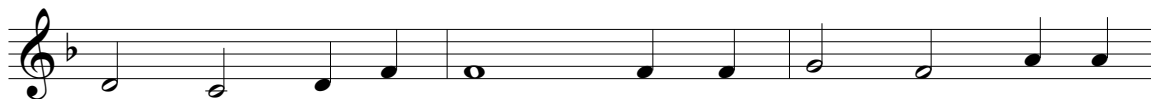
Scripture: Isaiah 55

\* Hymn Concertato: *Come to Me, All Pilgrims Thirsty*

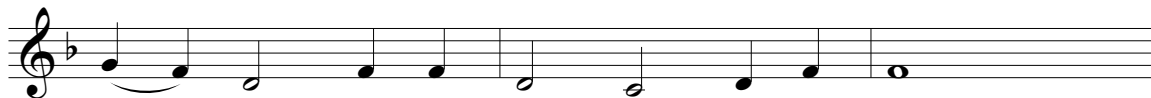
arr. Zebulon M. Highben



Choir 1 "Come to me, all pil - grims thir - sty; drink the  
All 2 "Come to me, all trav - 'lers wea - ry; come that  
Women 3 "Come to me, be - liev - ers bur - dened; find re -  
Men 4 "Come to me, re - pen - tant sin - ners; leave be -  
Choir 5 "Come to me, dis - tressed and need - y; I would  
All 6 "Come to me, a - ban - doned, or - phaned; lone - ly



wa - ter I will give. If you knew what gift I  
I may give you rest. Drink the cup of life I  
fresh - ment in this place. Come, re - ceive the gift I  
hind your guilt and shame. Come and know di - vine com -  
be your trust - ed friend. Come and seek the gift I  
ways no long - er roam. Come and take the gift I



of - fer, you would come to me and live."  
of - fer; at this ta - ble be my guest."  
of - fer, turn to me and seek my face."  
pas - sion, turn to me, I call your name."  
of - fer; let me make in you my home."  
of - fer; let me make in you my home."



Je - sus, ev - er - flow - ing foun - tain, give us wa - ter from your



well. In the gra - cious gift you of - fer, there is joy no tongue can tell.

Words: Delores Dufner, OSB © 1992, 1996 Liturgical Press

Music (BEACH SPRING): *The Sacred Harp*, 1844; arr. Zebulon M. Highben © 2008 Augsburg Fortress Press.

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Scripture: Psalm 130

Psalm 130 and Psalm 131: *For You, My God, I Wait*

Adam M. L. Tice



1 For you, my God, I wait with hope born of the  
 2 Lord, hear my plead - ing voice, and let me know you  
 3 If you should list my faults, the sins of heart and  
 4 For ev - en from the deep I know you hear my  
 5 And once my soul is still, in you I find my  
 6 O God, you are my hope; I know that you for -

Word. Like sleep - less ones who long to  
 hear! As sleep - less ones feel rest ap -  
 hand, like sleep - less ones who groan at  
 cries. Like sleep - less ones who dream at  
 rest, at peace as though a child up -  
 give. Your love re - deems me from the

dream I wait and call my Lord.  
 proach, I know my God is near.  
 dawn I know I could not stand.  
 last, I ease my wear - y eyes.  
 on a gen - tle moth - er's breast.  
 depths so I may rise and live.

Words: Adam M. L. Tice © 2011 GIA Publications, Inc.

Music (SPRINGTIME): David Ward © 2011 David Ward, admin. Faith Alive Christian Resources

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A Prayer of Hope

based on Psalm 130

Out of the depths of my soul I cry to you,  
 in times of need, doubt, and fear,  
 sorrow and loneliness,  
 pain and powerlessness.

There, in the depths of my despair,  
 marked by my sin and shortcomings,  
 you hear my voice and attend to my cries.

You meet me with forgiveness and steadfast love.

Even in the depths, I can wait in confidence,  
 trusting that you are journeying with me from darkness to light,  
 for with you is transformation and redemption.

My soul waits for you,  
 and in your word I hope.

## GOOD NEWS FOR THE "BRUISED REED" AND THE "DIMLY BURNING WICK"

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Scripture: Isaiah 42:1–4

\* Hymn Concertato: *Lift Up Your Heads, All You Bowed Low*

arr. Zebulon M. Highben

The musical score is written on five staves of treble clef, key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and various time signatures (3/2, 3/4, 2/4, 3/2, 3/4, 3/2). The lyrics are as follows:

All 1 Lift up your heads, all you bowed low,  
 All 4 Be - hold, the Spir - it here a - bides,  
 hear the liv - ing wa - ter flow: quench - ing spring and  
 bear - ing God's a - bun - dant life: peace be - tween you,  
 cleans - ing pool, heal - ing riv - er, clear and cool.  
 love with - in, grace be - side you loos - 'ning sin.  
 How fresh it falls up - on your face,  
 Be - lov - ed, Christ a - mong you stands,  
 stream - ing from the font of grace.  
 mov - ing through your hearts and hands.

*Choir*

*2 Lift up your hands, your voices raise,  
 bold in pleading, bright with praise.  
 Weep no more, your God has come;  
 greet the wounded, risen One,  
 who blesses you with joy complete,  
 dwelling in the Word of peace.*

*Choir*

*3 Lift up your hearts, your great Amen;  
 Mercy feeds her guests again:  
 bread enough to break and share,  
 festive wine that scents the air.  
 Oh, taste and see what once was lost  
 rising in this feast of love.*

Scripture: Matthew 11:25–30

Anthem: *Beautiful Savior*

*Lift Up Your Hearts, 17*  
arr. Michael Burkhardt

- Stanza 1: All, unison
- Stanza 2: Choir
- Stanza 3: Choir
- Stanza 4: All, unison

Scripture: Hebrews 4:1–4

Anthem: *Walk with Me*

arr. Zebulon M. Highben

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger,  
a traveling through this world of woe,  
and there's no sickness, toil, or danger  
in that bright world to which I go.

I want Jesus to walk with me.  
All along my pilgrim journey,  
I want Jesus to walk with me.

I know dark clouds will gather over me,  
I know my way is dark and steep,  
yet Jesus walked this road before me,  
and in his love my path he keeps.

Words and Music: African American spiritual, North American folk song, adapt.; arr. Zebulon M. Highben © 2010 Augsburg  
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Scripture: Revelation 21:1–5

\* Hymn: When the King Shall Come Again

*Lift Up Your Hearts, 475*

**LORD, MAKE ME AN INSTRUMENT OF YOUR PEACE:  
THE CHURCH OF THE SERVANT CHRIST**

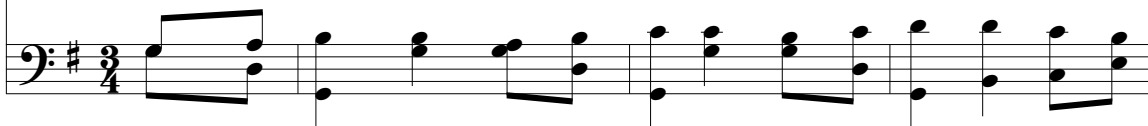
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Prayers of the People

\* Charge

\* *Where the Joys and Hopes of Living*

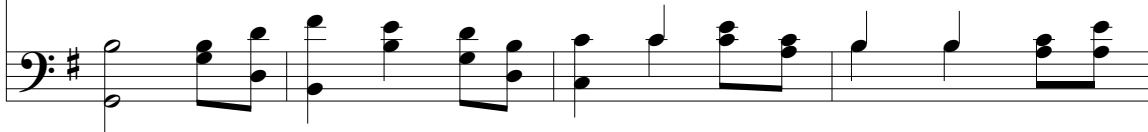
1 Where the joys and hopes of liv - ing loose the shack - les of des -  
 2 Where the na - tions join to - geth - er, turn - ing from their war - ring  
 3 Where the world is sore and bro - ken, crushed by thirst for pow'r and



pair, where the home - less and af - flict - ed find the warmth of hu - man  
 force, where the path of peace with jus - tice leads a - way from use of  
 greed, where the might - y seem in - diff - 'rent to the weight of hu - man



care; here, O Christ, you move a - mong us, here your church takes to the  
 force, here, O Christ, you move a - mong us, here your church is called to  
 need. Here, O Christ, you move a - mong us, here your church will count - er



street, as we fol - low by ex - am - ple, bind - ing wounds and wash - ing feet.  
 dwell as the heal - ing dawn of heav - en breaks in - to the depths of hell.  
 wrong, as we an - swer e - vil's dis - cord with the har - mo - ny of song.



\* Blessing

\* Blessing Anthem: *Saint Teresa's Blessing*

arr. Zebulon M. Highben

Let nothing aggrieve you.  
Let nothing affright you.  
For all things are passing.  
God never falters.

Patience garners everything.  
Who has God lacks nothing.  
Patience lacks for nothing.  
Who has God gains everything.  
God alone suffices.

Let nothing disturb you.  
Let nothing dismay you.  
For all things are passing.  
God never falters.  
God never fails us.  
God alone suffices.

Words and Music: St. Teresa of Avila; tr. and adapt. Zebulon M. Highben © 2012 Birnamwood Publications, a division of MorningStar Music Publishers, Inc.  
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Postlude: *Beautiful Savior*

arr. Michael Burkhardt

*Please leave the sanctuary quietly.*

*This service is led by Michael Burkhardt; the Choral Scholars; Zebulon Highben; members of the Western Theological Seminary community: Jeremy Bork, Megan Dalman, Sue Rozeboom, and Seth Vander Broek; and features texts by Adam Tice.*