



Community Mennonite Church of Lancaster

2.14.24

Ash Wednesday

Welcome & Opening Prayer

Reading

The Summer Day, by Mary Oliver

Who made the world?
Who made the swan, and the black bear?
Who made the grasshopper?
The grasshopper, I mean-
the one who has flung herself out of the grass,
the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,
who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down-
who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.
Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.
Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.
I don't know exactly what a prayer is.
I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down
into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,
how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,
which is what I have been doing all day.
Tell me, what else should I have done?
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?
Tell me, what is it you plan to do
with your one wild and precious life?

Hymn

Bless Now, O God, the Journey

Reading

Changer, by Adrienne Trevelyan

As a Native American (Port Gamble S'Klallam) and United Methodist,
Adrienne is currently looking for new ways to weave traditions
together as a part of her teaching and work in the church.

Visio Divina

Cycles of Time, watercolor image by Brenda Sauder

Imposition of Ashes

Compass Cards

Scripture

Psalm 51:10-12, 15-17
Isaiah 58: 8-12

Hymn

Bless Now, O God, the Journey (Reprise)

Benediction

Bless Now, O God, The Journey

Sung to the tune of Aurelia/The Church's One Foundation

Bless now, O God, the journey
That all your people make
The path through noise and silence
The way of give and take
The trail is found in desert
And winds the mountain round
Then leads beside still waters
The road where faith is found

Bless sojourners and pilgrims
Who share this winding way
Your hope burns through the terrors
Your love sustains the day
We yearn for holy freedom
While often we are bound
Together we are seeking
The road where faith is found

Divine eternal lover
You meet us on the road
We wait for lands of promise
Where milk and honey flow
But waiting not for places
You meet us all around
Our covenant is written
On roads, as faith is found