

Sabbath Moments
A Service of Healing and Wholeness
Sunday, May 3, 2009, 6 p.m.
Southport Presbyterian Church
The Toney Chapel

One Day at a Time...

In the face of death, live humanly.
In the middle of chaos, celebrate the Word.
Amidst Babel, speak the truth.

Confront the noise and verbiage and falsehood of death
with the truth and potency and the efficacy of the Word of God.

Know the Word.
Teach the Word.
Nurture the Word.
Preach the Word.
Defend the Word.
Incarnate the Word.
Do the Word.
Live the Word.

(William Stringfellow, *An Ethic for Christians and Other Aliens in a Strange Land*)

This is the day which the LORD has made; Let us rejoice and be glad in it.
(Psalm 118:24)

A mother I know has a different way of asking the same question ["How was your day?"]. As she tucks her children into bed each night... she asks them a question: "Where did you meet God today?" And they tell her, one by one: a teacher helped me, there was a homeless person in the park, I saw a tree with lots of flowers in it. She tells them where she met God, too. Before the children drop off to sleep, the stuff of this day has become the substance of their prayer. (Dorothy C. Bass, *Receiving the Day*)

Because of the LORD's great love we are not consumed, for his compassions never fail. They are new every morning; great is your faithfulness.
(Lamentations 3:22-23)

Day by day, dear God, of you three things we pray:
to see you more clearly,
love you more dearly,
follow you more nearly,
day by day.
Amen.

(Richard of Chichester, c. 1197-1253)

**Your statutes stand firm; holiness adorns your house for endless days, O Lord.
(Psalm 93:5)**

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
soon bears us all away.
We fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the opening day.

(Isaac Watts, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past")

Lord, you have been our dwelling place throughout all generations. Before the mountains were born or you brought forth the earth and the world, from everlasting to everlasting you are God. You turn men back to dust, saying, "Return to dust, O sons of men." For a thousand years in your sight are like a day that has just gone by, or like a watch in the night. (Psalm 90: 1-4)

New Every Morning,

(a poem by Susan Coolidge which hangs on the wall of a hospice in the UK)

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen my soul to the glad refrain.
And, spite of old sorrows
And older sinning,
Troubles forecasted
And possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

God be with you as you enter a new week.