

Independence Day Celebration Service: Sunday, July 3rd, 2022



Today's Service is Sponsored by: Hank & Sandy Bertelkamp Natalie & Jim Haslam Mary Ann Rinearson

Opening music:

Battle Hymn of the Republic
UT Herald Trumpets
Fanfare for Fenway by John Williams
America the Beautiful

God of our fathers, whose almighty hand

God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
leads forth in beauty all the starry band
of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
our grateful songs before thy throne arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
in this free land by thee our lot is cast;
be thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay,
thy word our law, thy paths our chosen way.

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
be thy strong arm our ever sure defense;
thy true religion in our hearts increase,
thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

Refresh thy people on their toilsome way,
lead us from night to never-ending day;
fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
and glory, laud, and praise be ever thine.

Fanfare for the Common Man Aaron Copland

The Very Reverend John C. Ross

Galatians 5: 1, 13-14

For freedom Christ has set us free. Stand firm, therefore, and do not submit again to a yoke of slavery. For you were called to freedom, brothers and sisters; only do not use your freedom as an opportunity for self-indulgence, but through love become slaves to one another.

Prayers

Response: Lord in your mercy, Hear our prayers

Anthem: Simple Gifts

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free
'Tis the gift to come down where we ought to be,
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

Simple Gifts - continued

When true simplicity is gain'd,
to bow and to bend we shan't be asham'd,
to turn, turn will be our delight,
Till by turning, turning we come 'round right.

O beautiful for spacious skies

O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain;
for purple mountain majesties, above the fruited plain!

**[Refrain] America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
and crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea!**

O beautiful for heroes proved, in liberating strife,
who more than self their country loved, and mercy more than life!
[Refrain]

O beautiful for patriot dream, that sees beyond the years
thine alabaster cities gleam, undimmed by human tears! **[Refrain]**

Communion

For the beauty of the earth

For the beauty of the earth, for the beauty of the skies,
for the love which from our birth, over and around us lies.

**[Refrain]: Christ our God, to thee we raise
this our hymn of grateful praise.**

For the beauty of each hour, of the day and of the night,
hill and vale and tree and flower, sun and moon and stars of light,
[Refrain]

For the joy of ear and eye, for the heart and mind's delight,
for the mystic harmony linking sense to sound and sight, **[Refrain]**

For the joy of human love, brother, sister, parent, child,
friends on earth, and friends above, for all gentle thoughts and mild,
[Refrain]

For the Church which evermore lifteth holy hands above,
offering up on every shore thy pure sacrifice of love, **[Refrain]**

For each perfect gift of thine to the world so freely given,
faith and hope and love divine, peace on earth and joy in heaven
[Refrain]

Prayer of St. Francis

Lord, make us instruments of your peace. Where there is hatred, let us sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is discord, union; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; where there is sadness, joy. Grant that we may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love. For it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are pardoned; and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life. Amen.

My country, 'tis of thee

My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing;
land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride,
from every mountainside, let freedom ring.

My native country thee, land of the noble free, thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills;
my heart with rapture thrills like that above.

Let music swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees
sweet freedom's song; let mortal tongues awake,
let all that breathe partake, let rocks their silence break,
the sound prolong

Our fathers' God, to thee, author of liberty, to thee we sing;
long may our land be bright, with freedom's holy light;
protect us by thy might, great God, our King.

Closing music:

The Stars and Stripes Forever John Philip Sousa
