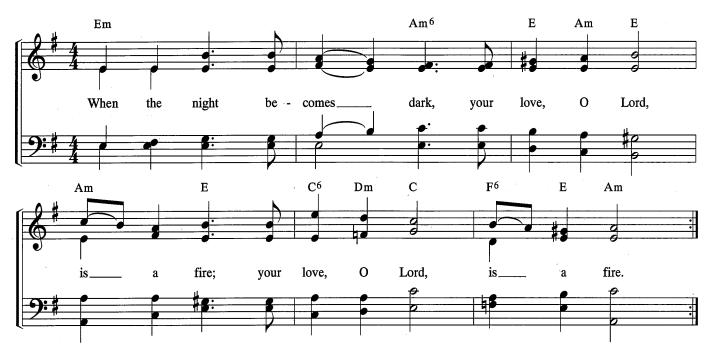
First United Methodist Church of Saginaw CONTEMPLATIVE SERVICE IN THE STYLE OF TAIZÉ November 6, 2024 7:00 p.m.

----The beginning of the service will be denoted by the ringing of a bell.-----

Song: "WHEN THE NIGHT BECOMES DARK"

w/m by Jacques Berthier, c 1991 Ateliers et Presses de Taizé, Taizé Community



Scripture: 1 Corinthians 13: 8-10, 12-13

Love never ends. As for prophecies, they will come to an end. As for tongues, they will cease. As for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part. But when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part, but then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

Reading: A Litary For All the Saints - by John Birch

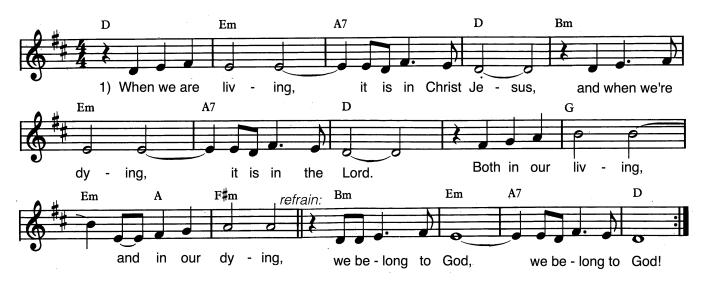
Saints of days long gone standing on the seashore and mountain top considered the might of the elements that you had created the roar of the wind and waves the constancy of the tides and seasons. To them, Lord, it was evidence enough that your creative Spirit was still empowering this fragile world, encircling their lives as the very wind and mist that swirled around them. We have so little time to contemplate this world

and complain when wind and rain conspire to spoil our day
Yet in doing so we often fail
to gain the comfort and reassurance
that your saints felt in their isolation.
We forget that it was your creative breath
that set this universe in motion
and still moves across the world
Not always predictably,
but there to be seen and felt;
there to offer the comfort and reassurance
of a God who is constant and eternal.
Thank you, Creator God
for the constancy and ample evidence
of your love for this world.

Silence (2 minutes)

Song: "WHEN WE ARE LIVING"

verse 1 only - words anon. translated by Elise S Eslinger, music traditional Spanish, c1989 The United Methodist Publishing House



Scripture: Romans 8: 38-39

I am convinced that nothing can ever separate us from God's love. Neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither our fears for today nor our worries about tomorrow – not even the powers of hell can separate us from God's love. No power in the sky above or in the earth below – indeed, nothing in all creation will ever be able to separate us from the love of God that is revealed in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Reading: All Saints Day - Steve Garnaas-Holmes

I praise the Saints who have graced us: the Great Saints, Francis and Teresa and the gang; but especially the Lesser Saints, those who have humbly, perhaps unknowingly, shed light in our lives. I am grateful for the people who have blessed you – yes, you, dear reader, who have loved you more than necessary, who have taught you and forgiven you and shown you what love is possible. I give thanks for those who endured silently and those who showed you how to rise up and shout. I bless those who didn't yell at you, and showed you a new path. I thank God for the saints whose brokenness, whose imperfections, faults and failures showed you what a glorious light can shine in a cracked lantern. For all who have helped you know your own belovedness I give thanks, because now you, dear one, are sanctified, too: chosen as Love's vessel, no more deserving or adequate or worthy than others, but loved, and chosen as Love's vessel. May you know with certainty that you can't know who you have blessed, but that, like all Saints, you have.

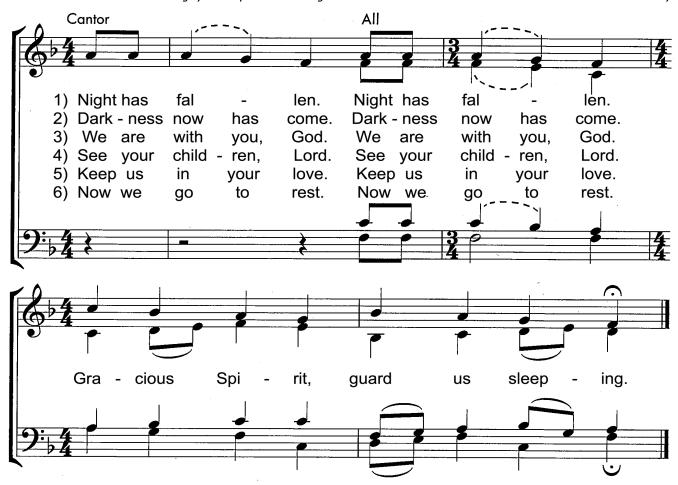
Song: "LORD, JESUS CHRIST" w/m Jacques Berthier, c1998 Ateliers de Presses de Taizé, Taizé Community
During this song, in honor of someone having gone before, you may come forward to light your candle and place it in the sand.



Silence (10 minutes)

Song: "NIGHT HAS FALLEN"

words Malawi evening hymn, adapted Tom Colving, music traditional Malawi, arr John L Bell, c 1997 WGRG, Iona Community



Benediction - Jan L Richardson

God of the generations,
when we set our hands to labor,
thinking we work alone,
remind us that we carry
on our lips, the words of prophets,
in our veins, the blood or martyrs,
in our eyes, the mystics' visions,
in our hands, the strength of thousands.