

* Stand if able

We extend a warm welcome to our guests and visitors and we are delighted to have you worship with us. Please fill out a visitor's card found in the pew and place it in the offering plate.

Today we welcome the Rev. Rupert "Bo" Harris as our guest pastor. Reverend Harris lives Cambridge, New York. A graduate of Lehigh University and Princeton Seminary, he is a member of the Presbytery of Albany. Rev. Harris has served congregations in Colorado, Oregon, Scotland, New Jersey, and New York. He and his wife, Janice, have three children and three grandchildren. He enjoys birding, hiking, and singing.

Deacons on call this month are Janet Van Derpoel-Andrea and Mary Elizabeth Groupé. Ushers and greeters for today's service are David Roberts and Deborah Turner.

Please join us for fellowship and refreshments in the foyer after the service. Our thanks to Sandy Bechtel and Joyce Goeke for providing coffee hour this morning.

Thank you to Betsy Ehrenfreund for providing flowers for worship this morning in memory of her husband Hal on what would have been their 72nd wedding anniversary, which took place here at the Old First Church!

If you are interested in discussing matters of faith and want to inquire about Christian membership in the church, please contact Rev. Clarke. We welcome the chance to have you join us in our historic, but active-in-the-world, community of faith!

To maintain the healthiest standards for public gathering, indoor air is constantly being exchanged with fresh air with a LifeBreath circulation system operating during the service today.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

(OLD FIRST CHURCH)

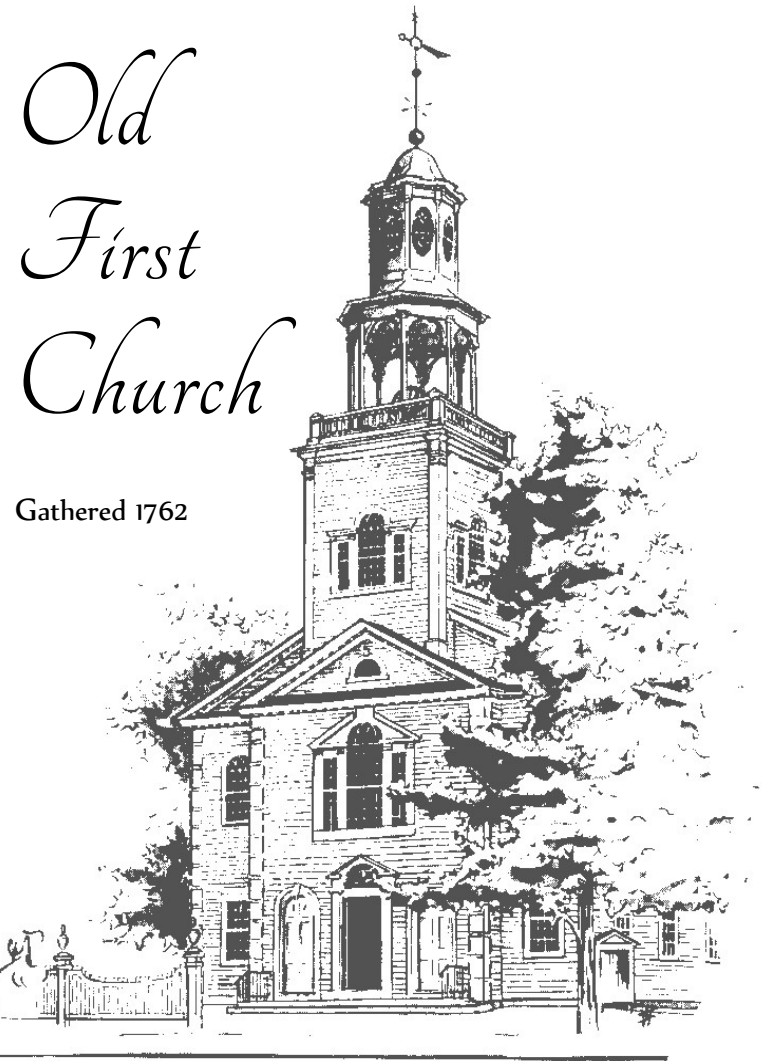
VT RTE. 9 AND MONUMENT AVENUE

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Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
in light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds, which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all, life Thou givest, to both great and small;
in all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
we blossom and flourish like leaves on the tree,
then wither and perish; but naught changeth Thee.

Thou reignest in glory, Thou rulest in light,
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
All praise we would render; O help us to see
“Tis only the splendor of light hideth Thee!

FIRST LESSON

Isaiah 55:6-11

Seek the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near; let the wicked forsake their way, and the unrighteous their thoughts; let them return to the Lord, that he may have mercy on them, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, nor are your ways my ways, says the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts. For as the rain and the snow come down from heaven, and do not return there until they have watered the earth, making it bring forth and sprout, giving seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goes out from my mouth; it shall not return to me empty, but it shall accomplish that which I purpose, and succeed in the thing for which I sent it.

Thou I May Speak

Though I may speak with bravest fire,
And have the gift to all inspire,
And have not love, my words are vain;
As sounding brass, and hopeless gain.

Though I may give all I possess,
And striving so my love profess,
But not be given by love within,
The profit soon turns strangely thin.

Come, Spirit, come, our hearts control,
Our spirits long to be made whole.
Let inward love guide every deed;
By this we worship and are freed.

SECOND LESSON

Matthew 13:24-30; 36-43

He put before them another parable: “The kingdom of heaven may be compared to someone who sowed good seed in his field; but while everybody was asleep, an enemy came and sowed weeds among the wheat, and then went away. So when the plants came up and bore grain, then the weeds appeared as well. And the slaves of the householder came and said to him, ‘Master, did you not sow good seed in your field? Where, then, did these weeds come from?’ He answered, ‘An enemy has done this.’ The slaves said to him, ‘Then do you want us to go and gather them?’ But he replied, ‘No; for in gathering the weeds you would uproot the wheat along with them. Let both of them grow together until the harvest; and at harvest time I will tell the reapers, Collect the weeds first and bind them in bundles to be burned, but gather the wheat into my barn.’” Then he left the crowds and went into the house. And his disciples approached him, saying, “Explain to us the parable of the weeds of the field.” He answered, “The one who sows the good seed is the Son of Man; the field is the world, and the good seed are the children of the kingdom; the weeds are the children of the evil one, and the enemy who sowed them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the age, and the reapers are angels. Just as the weeds are collected and burned up with fire, so will it be at the end of the age. The Son of Man will send his angels, and they will collect out of his kingdom all causes of sin and all evildoers, and they will throw them into the furnace of fire, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Then the righteous will shine like the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Let anyone with ears listen!

Lord, I want to be a Christian

Lord, I want to be a Christian
in-a my heart, in my heart,
Lord, I want to be a Christian in-a my heart.
In-a my heart, in my heart,
Lord, I want to be a Christian in-a my heart.

Lord, I want to be more loving
in-a my heart, in-a my heart.
Lord, I want to be more loving in-a my heart.
In-a my heart, in-a my heart,
Lord, I want to be more loving in-a my heart.

Lord, I want to be more holy
in-a my heart, in-a my heart.
Lord, I want to be more holy in-a my heart.
In-a my heart, in-a my heart,
Lord, I want to be more holy in-a my heart.

Lord, I want to be like Jesus
in-a my heart, in-a my heart.
Lord, I want to be like Jesus in-a my heart.
In-a my heart, in-a my heart,
Lord, I want to be like Jesus in-a my heart.

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

Come, ye thankful people, come,
raise the song of harvest home:
all is safely gathered in,
ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
for our wants to be supplied:
come to God's own temple, come,
raise the song of harvest home.

All the world is God's own field,
fruit unto God's praise to yield;
wheat and tares together sown,
unto to joy or sorrow grown;
first the blade, and then the ear,
then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
and shall take the harvest home;
from each field shall in that day
all offenses purge away;
give the angels charge at last
in the fire the tares to cast,
but the fruitful ears to store
in God's garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come
to thy final harvest home;
gather Thou Thy people in,
free from sorrow, free from sin;
there forever purified,
in Thy presence to abide:
come, with all Thine angels, come,
raise the glorious harvest home.