

The Sunday Missive – September 4, 2022 The Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost

NOTE: Padre Sid is out of town this Sunday. Lenny Erickson's Homily was not available at "press time."

Hymn 484 Praise the Lord through every nation

Praise the Lord through every nation;
His holy arm hath wrought salvation;
Exalt him on his Father's throne.
Praise your King, ye Christian legions,
Who now prepares in heavenly regions
Unfailing mansions for his own:
With voice and minstrelsy extol his majesty: Allelujah!
His praise shall sound all nature round,
And hymns on every tongue abound.

Jesus, Lord, our Captain glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell victorious,
Wisdom and might to thee belong:
We confess, proclaim, adore thee;
We bow the knee, we fall before thee;
Thy love henceforth shall be our song.
The cross meanwhile we bear, the crown ere long to wear:
Allelujah! Thy reign extend world without end;
Let praise from all to thee ascend.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LIQDAVVnpSk>

The Collect of the Day

Grant us, O Lord, to trust in you with all our hearts; for, as you always resist the proud who confide in their own strength, so you never forsake those who make their boast of your mercy; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. *Amen.*

Deuteronomy 30:15-20

Moses said to all Israel the words which the Lord commanded him, "See, I have set before you today life and prosperity, death and adversity. If you obey the commandments of the Lord your God that I am commanding you today, by loving the Lord your God, walking in his ways, and observing his commandments, decrees, and ordinances, then you shall live and become numerous, and the Lord your God will bless you in the land that you are entering to possess. But if your heart turns away and you do not hear, but are led astray to bow down to other gods and serve them, I declare to you today that you shall perish; you shall not live long in the land that you are crossing the Jordan to enter and possess. I call heaven and earth to witness against you today that I have set before you life and death, blessings and curses. Choose life so that you and your descendants may live, loving the Lord your God, obeying him, and holding fast to him; for that means life to you and length of days, so that you may live in the land that the Lord swore to give to your ancestors, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob."

Psalm 1

Happy are they who have not walked in the counsel of the wicked*
Nor lingered in the way of sinners, nor sat in the seats of the scornful!

Their delight is in the law of the Lord* ***And they meditate on God's law day and night.***

They are like trees planted by streams of water, bearing fruit in due season* ***With leaves that do not wither; everything they do shall prosper.***

Not so with the wicked; not so* ***They are like chaff which the wind blows away.***

Therefore the wicked shall not stand upright when judgment comes* *Nor sinners in the councils of the righteous.*

For the Lord knows the way of the righteous* *But the way of the wicked is doomed.*

Philemon 1-21

Paul, a prisoner of Christ Jesus, and Timothy our brother,

To Philemon our dear friend and co-worker, to Apphia our sister, to Archippus our fellow soldier, and to the church in your house:

Grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

When I remember you in my prayers, I always thank my God because I hear of your love for all the saints and your faith toward the Lord Jesus. I pray that the sharing of your faith may become effective when you perceive all the good that we may do for Christ. I have indeed received much joy and encouragement from your love, because the hearts of the saints have been refreshed through you, my brother.

For this reason, though I am bold enough in Christ to command you to do your duty, yet I would rather appeal to you on the basis of love-- and I, Paul, do this as an old man, and now also as a prisoner of Christ Jesus. I am appealing to you for my child, Onesimus, whose father I have become during my imprisonment. Formerly he was useless to you, but now he is indeed useful both to you and to me. I am sending him, that is, my own heart, back to you. I wanted to keep him with me, so that he might be of service to me in your place during my imprisonment for the gospel; but I preferred to do nothing without your consent, in order that your good deed might be voluntary and not something forced. Perhaps this is the reason he was separated from you for a while, so that you might have him back forever, no longer as a slave but more

than a slave, a beloved brother-- especially to me but how much more to you, both in the flesh and in the Lord.

So if you consider me your partner, welcome him as you would welcome me. If he has wronged you in any way, or owes you anything, charge that to my account. I, Paul, am writing this with my own hand: I will repay it. I say nothing about your owing me even your own self. Yes, brother, let me have this benefit from you in the Lord! Refresh my heart in Christ. Confident of your obedience, I am writing to you, knowing that you will do even more than I say.

Hymn 416 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.
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,
Christ our God, to thee we raise this our hymn of grateful praise.

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.
Christ our God, to thee we raise this our hymn of grateful praise.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dGt4-KyFwe4>

Luke 14: 25-33

Now large crowds were traveling with Jesus; and he turned and said to them, "Whoever comes to me and does not hate father and mother, wife and children, brothers and sisters, yes, and even life itself, cannot be my disciple. Whoever does not carry the cross and follow me cannot be my disciple. For which of you, intending

to build a tower, does not first sit down and estimate the cost, to see whether he has enough to complete it? Otherwise, when he has laid a foundation and is not able to finish, all who see it will begin to ridicule him, saying, 'This fellow began to build and was not able to finish.' Or what king, going out to wage war against another king, will not sit down first and consider whether he is able with ten thousand to oppose the one who comes against him with twenty thousand? If he cannot, then, while the other is still far away, he sends a delegation and asks for the terms of peace. So therefore, none of you can become my disciple if you do not give up all your possessions."

Hymn 594 God of grace and God of glory

God of grace and God of glory, on thy people pour thy power;
Crown thine ancient Church's story;
Bring her bud to glorious flower.
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage, for the facing of this hour,

Lo! the hosts of evil round us scorn thy Christ, assail his ways!
From the fears that long have bound us
Free our hearts to faith and praise:
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage, for the living of these days,

Cure thy children's warring madness, bend our pride to thy control;
Shame our wanton, selfish gladness, rich in things and poor in soul.
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage, lest we miss thy kingdom's goal,

Save us from weak resignation to the evils we deplore;
Let the gift of thy salvation be our glory evermore.
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage, serving thee whom we adore,

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lpabk2796xI>

To the Thawing Wind

Come with rain, O loud Southwester!
Bring the singer, bring the nester;
Give the buried flower a dream;
Make the settled snowbank steam;
Find the brown beneath the white;
But whate'er you do tonight,
Bathe my window, make it flow,
Melt it as the ice will go;
Melt the glass and leave the sticks
Like a hermit's crucifix;
Burst into my narrow stall;
Swing the picture on the wall;
Run the rattling pages o'er;
Scatter poems on the floor;
Turn the poet out of door.

Robert Frost