

CENTERING

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS CHILD

W & M:
Traditional African American Spiritual
Sung by Odetta (Holmes)

SCRIPTURE & WITNESS

Psalm 22:1-7; 9-11; 12-15; 19-21

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?
Why are you so far from helping me,
from the words of my groaning?
O my God, I cry by day, but you do not answer;
and by night, but find no rest.

O God, you are holy, ...
In you our ancestors trusted;
they trusted, and you delivered them.
To you they cried, and were saved;
in you they trusted and were not put to shame.

But I am treated as a worm, and not a human being;
I am scorned by others, and despised by the people.

Yet it was you who took me from the womb;
you kept me safe on my mother's breast.

On you I was cast from my birth,
and since my mother bore me
you have been my God.
Do not be far from me,
for trouble is near and there is no one to help.

Many bulls encircle me,...
they open wide their mouths at me,
like a ravening and roaring lion.

My mouth is dried up like a potsherd,
and my tongue sticks to my jaws;
I am laid in the dust of death.

They stare and gloat over me;
they divide my clothes among themselves,
and for my clothing they cast lots.

But you, O Lord, do not be far away!
O my help, come quickly to my aid!
Deliver my soul from the sword,
my life from the power of the dog!
Save me from the mouth of the lion!

Readers: and Witnesses

Valerie Boyer, Laity, Michigan Annual Conference

Theon Johnson, Clergy, California-Nevada Annual Conference

Clara Esther, Deaconess, Alabama-West Florida Annual Conference

Valerie Bridgeman, Dean, Methodist Theological School in Ohio

Israel (Izzy) Alvaran, Clergy, Philippines Annual Conference

Kennetha Bingham-Tsai, Chief Connectional Officer, Connectional Table

Chebon Kermell, Executive Director, Native American Comprehensive Plan

Ronnie Miller Yow, Clergy, Arkansas Annual Conference

DISMANTLING RACISM: PRESSING ON TO FREEDOM

I. THE CALL

*I can hear my Savior calling, I can hear my Savior calling,
I can hear my Savior calling, take thy cross and follow, follow me.*

W: E. W. Blandy; M John S. Norris "Where He Leads Me"
United Methodist Hymnal #338
Sung by Mark Miller, Laity, Greater New Jersey Annual Conference

Luke 4:18-19 (The Inclusive Bible)

Read in English and American Sign Language by Leo Yates,
Clergy, Baltimore-Washington Annual Conference

The spirit of our God is upon me:
because the Most High has anointed me
to bring good news to those who are poor.

God has sent me to proclaim liberty to those held captive,
recovery of sight to those who are blind,
and release to those in prison
To proclaim the year of our God's favor.

The Call

Bishop Tracy S. Malone
Resident Bishop, Ohio East Episcopal Area
& Secretary Council of Bishops

II. THE UNITED METHODIST RESPONSE

*Walk together children don't you get weary,
Walk together children don't you get weary,
Walk together children don't you get weary,
There's a great camp meeting in the promised land.*

"Walk Together Children" African American Heritage Hymnal #541
W & M: Traditional African American Spiritual
Sung by DeLyn Celec, Clergy, Worship Arts Coordinator
and Campus Minister, Shenandoah University

Luke 4:18-19

Read in Korean by Susan Kim, Laity,
New England Annual Conference

**THE UMC RESPONSE:
PRAY – CONNECT – SHOW UP - ACT**

Bishop Thomas J. Bickerton
Resident Bishop, New York Episcopal
Area & President-designate, Council of Bishops

III. THE JOURNEY

*I do not know how long t'will be, nor what the future holds for me;
But this I know, if Jesus leads me, I shall get home someday.*

"Beams of Heaven (Some Day)"
United Methodist Hymnal #524
W & M: Charles A. Tindley
Sung by Helen Cha-Pyo,
Laity, Greater New Jersey Annual Conference

Luke 4:18-19

Read in Hatian Creole (Kreyòl) by Judith Pierre Okerson,
Deaconess, Florida Annual Conference

The Journey

Bishop Cynthia Fierro Harvey Resident Bishop,
Louisiana Episcopal Area & President, Council of Bishops

HOLY COMMUNION

INVITATION

Beloved, come to the table of the Lord with hearts open to repentance,
confession and change.

CONFESSION AND REPENTANCE

IT IS ENOUGH

W & M: R. DeAndre Johnson
Sung by R. DeAndre Johnson,
Clergy, Texas Annual Conference

There are no words that can contain
the depth of sorrow, grief and pain
That mothers, sons, and all exclaim:
Kyrie eleison!
"It is enough!", the prophets cry
yet still Black men are doomed to die
by those who wish to vilify:
Kyrie eleison!

It is enough! The harm must cease
from warring madness by police
who are sworn to protect, keep peace:
Kyrie eleison!

It is enough! We cannot wait!
No more excuse for bias, hate!
Your savagery we cannot take:
Christe eleison!

It is enough! We cannot breathe!
Will you stand there and watch us bleed?
Are you not moved by cries and pleas?
Christe eleison!

O my soul, it aches and yearns
For a day when passions burn
For others with deep love, concern:
Kyrie eleison!

I've had enough of these charades,
of clichés and hasty crusades
whose triteness wounds and cuts like blades:
Kyrie eleison!

There are no words that can contain
the depth of wounds our souls sustain
each time a grieving heart exclaims:
Kyrie eleison!

Prayer of Confession

Holy God, we come before you with hearts full of pain,
and our bones crushed by the weight of sin.
We come in confession and repentance.
Lord have mercy!

For the comfort we have secured with our silence,
For our lack of action in the face of racism,
white supremacy and privilege
We come in confession and repentance.
Lord, have mercy.

For our refusal to move from acts of mercy to acts of justice,
For our refusal to engage the discomfort of biblical obedience,
For our refusal to name and dismantle personal and institutional racism,
We come in confession and repentance.

Lord, have mercy.

For creating and sustaining a system
that places its value in counting numbers.
For the hypocrisy of touting our creeds, and claiming our diversity
while continuing to be a church that is 93% white,
We come in confession and repentance.

Lord, have mercy.

For the commodification - historic and present - of our siblings in Africa,
using them as bargaining tools and expendable resources.
For denying your image in them, and impeding their ability to
express their thoughts, and share their wisdom.
We come in confession and repentance.

Lord, have mercy.

For the abandonment of our cities and urban centers,
leaving congregations of Black and Brown people
to deal with massive debt and crumbling church buildings.
For the duplicity and dishonesty of holding congregations of people of color
accountable for self-sustainability,
even as their communities choke on minimum wages.
We come in confession and repentance.

Lord, have mercy!

For our insidious and endless theological debates,
while people of color are dehumanized
by racist policing, profiling, discrimination and transphobia.
We come in confession and repentance.

Lord, have mercy!

For our failure to be an obedient church,
For not having done your will,
For breaking your law and rebelling against your love,
For not loving our neighbors,
And not hearing the cry of the needy,

Forgive us, we pray.
Free us for joyful obedience,
through Jesus Christ our Lord,
Amen.

ASSURANCE OF PARDON

This is the day of new beginnings.
The grace of God, that goes before us,
is able to transform all things and make us new.
We are called to lean into the sanctifying grace of God,
that calls us to peace with one another.

Will you share that peace now.

*(Leader offers instruction on how this peace sharing
will take place in the midst of social distancing)*

THE GREAT THANKSGIVING

“I Can’t Breathe”

The Lord be with You
And also with You
Lift up your hearts

We lift up our hearts to the Lord

Let it breathe on me, let it breathe on me, let the
breath of the Lord now breathe on me. Let it
breathe on me, let it breathe on me, let the
breath of the Lord now breathe on me.

Let It Breathe On Me – United Methodist Hymnal # 503
Sung by Lydia Munoz, Clergy, Eastern Pennsylvania Annual Conference

Holy Breath. Moving Breath. Creating Breath.
You moved on the face of the waters to create all that is life, and life-giving.
You breathed into us the breath of life,
so that with it we may love you and love each other as ourselves.

Yet, even when we have failed to value this sacred breath,
you do not leave us breathless or alone.
You call us into reconciliation and the work of peace.

Please repeat after me:

Until ALL can breathe,
Until ALL can breathe,
WE cannot breathe.
WE cannot breathe.

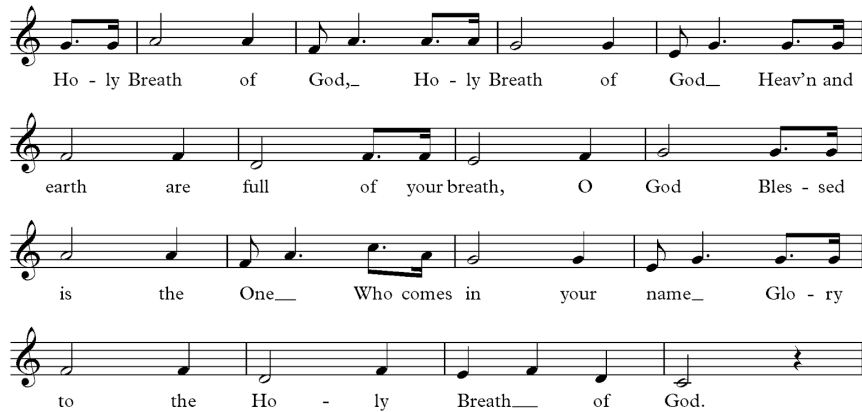
While I'm work - ing Lord, in your vine - yard
here I can do naught if Thou aren't near. Oh,
come bles - sed Lord just so close to me that
I may feel you brea - on me.

In spite of all this, like a mighty rushing wind that cannot be stopped,
your love sweeps into our dried and dead hearts.
Our bones are rattled, and once again we breathe in deep
from the well of your forgiveness, compassion, and transformation.
Mercy without measure. Grace beyond compare.
Breath upon breath upon breath.

Now, we join together with all of heaven and earth,
and with all the saints that go before us.
Like our brothers George Floyd, Ahmaud Arbery, and our sister Breonna Taylor,

DISMANTLING RACISM PRESSING ON TO FREEDOM

along with so many others who now breathe in the light of your love
and walk with us in the midst of our pain and grief as we praise your name:



Ho - ly Breath of God, Ho - ly Breath of God, Heav'n and
earth are full of your breath, O God Bles - sed
is the One Who comes in your name Glo - ry
to the Ho - ly Breath of God.

Sanctus (*Let it Breathe On Me*)
W: Liturgical text, adapted by Lydia Muñoz
M: Magnolia Lewis-Butts
Sung by Lydia Munoz, Clergy,
Eastern Pennsylvania Annual Conference

Life-Giving Breath and Fire Divine, you are holy and holy is Jesus,
the one you sent to breathe upon us and call us your children.
He lived where we lived, walked where we walked, and ate where we ate.
He also lived where many of us don't care to live.
He walked where far too many of us don't care to walk,
and he ate with those we would never think of inviting to our table.

Jesus shared the pain and suffering of those
who were being crushed by the weight of racism, oppression and greed
that leave so many gasping for air and clinging to life.
Jesus not only shared in their pain but called them blessed.

Please repeat after me:

Blessed are the ones who can't breathe
Blessed are the ones who can't breathe,

For they will be comforted.
For they will be comforted.

DISMANTLING RACISM PRESSING ON TO FREEDOM

It was his message of love, radical inclusion, liberation and peace
that caused the crowds to take the streets of Jerusalem
shouting "Hosanna!"

It was his actions with the poor and marginalized
that caused the powerful to try to quell their voices
by falsely accusing him and sentencing him to death,
the death of an asphyxiating and dehumanizing cross.

We remember that as Jesus hung on the cross,
his desperate words could be heard for air,
in solidarity with the breathless crying,

"I am thirsty!"
"I can't breathe!"
"Mama!"
"It is finished!"

On the night before his betrayal and death,
Jesus gathered with his friends and shared with them the Passover.
He took the bread, blessed, broke and gave it to his disciples saying,
"Take and eat, this is my body given for you."

He also took the cup, and after giving thanks shared it saying,
"This is the cup of a new covenant made with you and with all the world.
Eat and drink in remembrance of me."

And so, in remembrance and in thanksgiving for these acts of love and sacrifice,
we proclaim from our pulpits to our prisons,
from our sanctuaries to our streets,
from this table to the halls of power—the faith we now live:

Please repeat after me:

Christ has died.
Christ has died.

Christ is Risen.
Christ is Risen.

Christ is with us.
Christ is with us.

Christ will come again.
Christ will come again.

(Sung)

*When the pathway, Lord, I cannot see,
When the way is dark, Lord, breathe on me.*

(Celebrant continues)

Breathe once again, Holy God,
and pour out your Spirit on your breathless people,
gathered here and everywhere.

Breathe once again, Holy God,
and pour out your Spirit on these gifts of bread and wine.
Make them be for us your body and blood
so that we can be your breath-filled body throughout the world.

Breathe on Us, Holy God!
Breathe on Us, Justice-making God!
Breathe on Us, Life-lifting God!
Fill us with the courage, the power, the passion
to make true the Holy Spirit's message we hear on our streets today:
BLACK LIVES MATTER!

Please say it with me:
BLACK LIVES MATTER!
BLACK LIVES MATTER!
(repeat as the Holy Spirit leads)

When Black voices rise, all voices rise and abundant life is available to all.

(Sung)

*Lift every voice and sing, till earth and heaven ring,
ring with the harmonies of liberty;
let our rejoicing rise high as the listening skies,
let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us;
sing a song full of hope that the present has brought us;
facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
let us march on till victory is won.*

(Celebrant continues)

THE LORD'S PRAYER

I invite you to pray the prayer Jesus taught us, but in a different and perhaps uncomfortable way.

In remembrance of Jesus' death and in solidarity with the last minutes of our brother George Floyd's life, let us center on the Lord's prayer for 8 minutes and 46 seconds using any posture you choose. You may kneel, lay on the ground, walk in a circle—whatever you need to do to hold this silence.

(8 minutes 46 seconds of silence)

*Stony the road we trod, bitter the chastening rod,
felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
yet with a steady beat, have not our weary feet
come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered;
we have come, treading our path thru the blood of the slaughtered,
out from the gloomy past, till now we stand at last
where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.*

*God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,
thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;
thou who hast by thy might led us into the light,
keep us forever in the path, we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met thee;
lest our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we forget thee;
shadowed beneath thy hand, may we forever stand,
true to our God, true to our native land.*

"Lift Every Voice and Sing (Black National Anthem)"
United Methodist Hymnal #519
Sung by Cynthia A. Wilson, Clergy,
Great Plains Annual Conference

BREAKING THE BREAD

(Celebrant continues)

The broken bread of a broken body, for a broken world.
The cup of life for a world that longs to breathe new life.

For those of you joining us virtually, we acknowledge that we are in a season that little is clear in the world including the decision of virtual consecration of

elements. We invite you to follow your heart's conviction as you consider the spiritual leadership of your episcopal leader. Some of you may choose to partake in the bread and cup, and others may choose to witness only.

For those of us here in person, in The United Methodist Church we observe an open table, which means all are invited, all are welcome.

GIVING THE BREAD AND CUP

THERE IS A BALM IN GILEAD

W & M: African American Spiritual
sung by **Lydia Muñoz**, Clergy,
Eastern Pennsylvania Annual Conference

Communion Celebrants:

Bruce Ough, Resident Bishop Dakotas-Minnesota Episcopal Area

David Graves, Resident Bishop Alabama-West Florida Episcopal Area

Latrell Easterling, Resident Bishop Washington Episcopal Area

Grant Hagiya, Resident Bishop Los Angeles Episcopal Area

SENDING FORTH

BENEDICTION

Cynthia Fierro Harvey Resident Bishop,
Louisiana Episcopal Area & President, Council of Bishops

Receive now this blessing as first spoken
by Bishop Woodie White at the 1996 General Conference:

May the Lord continue to torment you.
May the Lord keep before you the faces of the hungry,
the lonely, the rejected and the despised.
May the Lord afflict you with pain for the hurt,
the wounded, the oppressed, the abused,
the victims of violence.

May God grace you with agony,
a burning thirst for justice and righteousness.
May the Lord give you courage and strength
and compassion to make ours a better world,
to make your community a better community,
to make your church a better church.

And may you do your best to make it so,
and **AFTER** you have done your best,
may the Lord grant you peace.

CLOSING SONG

AIN'T GONNA LET NOBODY TURN ME AROUND

W & M: African American Spiritual,
arr. **Cynthia A. Wilson & Jessie Boyce**

WORSHIP DESIGN TEAM

Dr. Cynthia A. Wilson, Clergy, Discipleship Ministries/Executive Director,
Worship Resources, Director for Liturgical Resources

Jorge Lockward, Laity, New York Annual Conference/
General Commission on Religion and Race

Lydia E. Munoz, Clergy, Eastern Pennsylvania Conference/
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Dr. Derek Weber, Clergy, Discipleship Ministries/
Director for Preaching Resources

Cynthia Moore-Koikoi, Episcopal Representative, Resident Bishop Pittsburgh
Episcopal Area; General Commission on Religion and Race.