

Hannah Service

A Service of Grief, Hope, and Worship

Prelude

Invocation

Hymn – Precious Lord, Take My Hand

Precious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, let me stand, I am tired, I am weak, I am worn; through the storm, through the night, lead me on to the light, Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home.

When my way grows drear, precious Lord, linger near, when my life is almost gone, hear my cry, hear my call, hold my hand lest I fall: Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.

When the darkness appears and the night draws near, and the day is past and gone, at the river I stand, guide my feet, hold my hand: Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.

Statement of Worship

Litany From Psalm 69

ALL: Save me, O God, for the waters have come up to my neck!

Leader: In the abundance of your steadfast love, answer me! With your faithful help, rescue me!

People: Precious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, let me stand.

Leader: In your abundant mercy, turn to me. Do not hide your face from me.

People: I am weak, I am tired, I am worn!

Leader: Do not let the flood sweep over me. Do not let the Pit close its mouth over me.

People: Through the storm, through the night, lead me on to the light.

Leader: Come quickly to answer me in my distress. Draw near to me. Redeem me.

People: Precious Lord, take my hand, lead me home.

Message of Hope

Response - Kyrie Eleison (Taize)

Candle Lighting

Time of silence

Hymn - How Firm a Foundation

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, is laid for your faith in God's excellent word!
What more can be said than to you God has said, to you who for refuge to Jesus have fled!

Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed, for I am thy God, and will still give thee aid.
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, upheld by my righteous,
omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go, the rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
for I will be near thee, thy troubles to bless, and sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, my grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply.
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose, I will not, I will no desert to its foes' that soul,
though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

Closing Prayer

Postlude