Service of Loss and Remembrance

A simple service of reflection, prayer and music for those who grieve losses of any kind.

Sunday, December 11, 2022 at 3pm
Saint John's Episcopal Church

SERVICE OF LOSS & REMEMBRANCE

Prelude Prelude in D Major, Op. 87, No. 5 Dmitri Shostakovich (1906-1975)

Presider Light and Peace, in Jesus Christ our Lord.
People **Thanks be to God**.

Presider "If I say, 'Surely the darkness will cover me, and the light around me turn to night,' darkness is not dark to you; the night is as bright as the day; darkness and light to you are both alike." Psalm 139:10-11

Dear people of God:

We gather this day for a service of loss and remembrance. Some of us come to mourn the loss of a loved one who died in the last year or many years ago. Some come because of the sense of loss about the thing we never had, or because of a broader sense of loneliness, fear, or sadness. But no matter how or why we come, God brings us together in community as we grieve and remember. We lift our grief and pain to God, because we know that when we cry out to God for help, God hears us. We know that we are bound together by love—both the love we have for those we have lost, and our love for one another, and God's own unfailing and everlasting love for us.

May we find peace as we worship together, embraced in the overwhelming love of God.

Presider The Lord be with you.
People **And also with you.**

Presider Let us pray.

Silence.

Jesus, stay with us, for evening is at hand and the day is past; be our companion in the way, kindle our hearts, and awaken hope, that we may know you as you are revealed in Scripture and the breaking of bread. Grant this for the sake of your love. **Amen.**

Hymn There's a wideness in God's mercy

Text: Frederick William Faber (1814-1863), alt.
Music: *St. Helena*, Calvin Hampton (1938-1984)
Music © 1977 GIA Publications, Inc. Reprinted under ONE LICENSE #A-704070

Reading Isaiah 49:14-16

But Zion said, "The Lord has forsaken me, the Lord has forgotten me." "Can a mother forget the baby at her breast and have no compassion on the child she has borne? Though she may forget, I will not forget you! See, I have engraved you on the palms of my hands; your walls are ever before me.

Reader Hear what the Spirit is saying to God's people.
People **Thanks be to God.**

Anthem *23rd Psalm* (dedicated to my Mother) Bobby McFerrin (b. 1950)

The Lord is my Shepherd, I have all I need,
She makes me lie down in green meadows
Beside the still waters she will lead.
She restores my soul, She rights my wrongs,
She leads me in a path of good things,
And fills my heart with songs.
Even though I walk through a dark and dreary land,
There is nothing that can shake me,
She has said She won't forsake me, I'm in Her hand.
She sets a table before me, in the presence of my foes,
She anoints my head with oil and my cup overflows.
Surely Surely, goodness and kindness will follow me all the days of my life,
And I will live in her house for ever, for ever and ever.
Glory be to our Mother and Daughter and to the holy of holies,
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Reading Romans 8:31, 35-39

What then are we to say about these things? If God is for us, who is against us? Who will separate us from the love of Christ? Will hardship, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, 'For your sake we are being killed all day long; we are accounted as sheep to be slaughtered.'

No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Reader Hear what the Spirit is saying to God's people.
People **Thanks be to God.**

Reflection Lisa Wiens Heinsohn

Lighting of the Candles and Remembering Loss

You are invited to commemorate losses or grief of any kind
in the lighting of candles during the music and in the silence that may follow.

Music *Romance,* Op. 97a, No. 8 Dmitri Shostakovich
(1906-1975)

Reading of the Names

Anthem There is a balm in Gilead African American Spiritual
Arr. William L. Dawson
(1899-1990)

There is a Balm in Gilead, to make the wounded whole,
There is a Balm in Gilead, to heal the sin-sick soul.

Some times I feel discouraged, and think my work's in vain,
But then the Holy Spirit revives my soul again.

There is a Balm in Gilead, to make the wounded whole,
There is a Balm in Gilead, to heal the sin-sick soul.

If you cannot sing like Angels, if you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the lover of Jesus, and say "He died for all."

There is a Balm in Gilead, to make the wounded whole,
There is a Balm in Gilead, to heal the sin-sick soul.

Litany of Remembrance

Reader In the rising of the sun and its going down,
People **We remember them.**

Reader In the blowing wind and the chill of Winter,
People **We remember them.**

Reader In the opening of buds and the rebirth of Spring,
People **We remember them.**

Reader In the blue sky and the warmth of Summer,
People **We remember them.**

Reader In the rustling of leaves and the beauty of Autumn,
People **We remember them.**

Reader In the beginning of the year and when it ends,
People **We remember them.**

Reader When we are weary and in need of strength,
People **We remember them.**

Reader When we are lost and sick at heart,
People **We remember them.**

Reader When we have joys we yearn to share,
People **We remember them.**

Reader So long as we live, they too shall live, for they are part of us,
People **as we remember them. Amen.**

Presider Keep watch, dear God, with those who work, or watch, or weep this night, and give your angels charge over those who sleep. Tend the sick, O Christ; give rest to the weary, bless the dying, soothe the suffering, pity the afflicted, shield the joyous; and all for your love's sake. **Amen.**

Reading

Blessing for the Brokenhearted

Jan Richardson
(b. 1967)

"There is no remedy for love but to love more."
– Henry David Thoreau

Let us agree for now
that we will not say
the breaking
makes us stronger
or that it is better
to have this pain
than to have done
without this love.

Let us promise
we will not tell ourselves
time will heal the wound,
when every day
our waking
opens it anew.

Perhaps for now
it can be enough
to simply marvel
at the mystery
of how a heart so broken
can go on beating,
as if it were made
for precisely this—

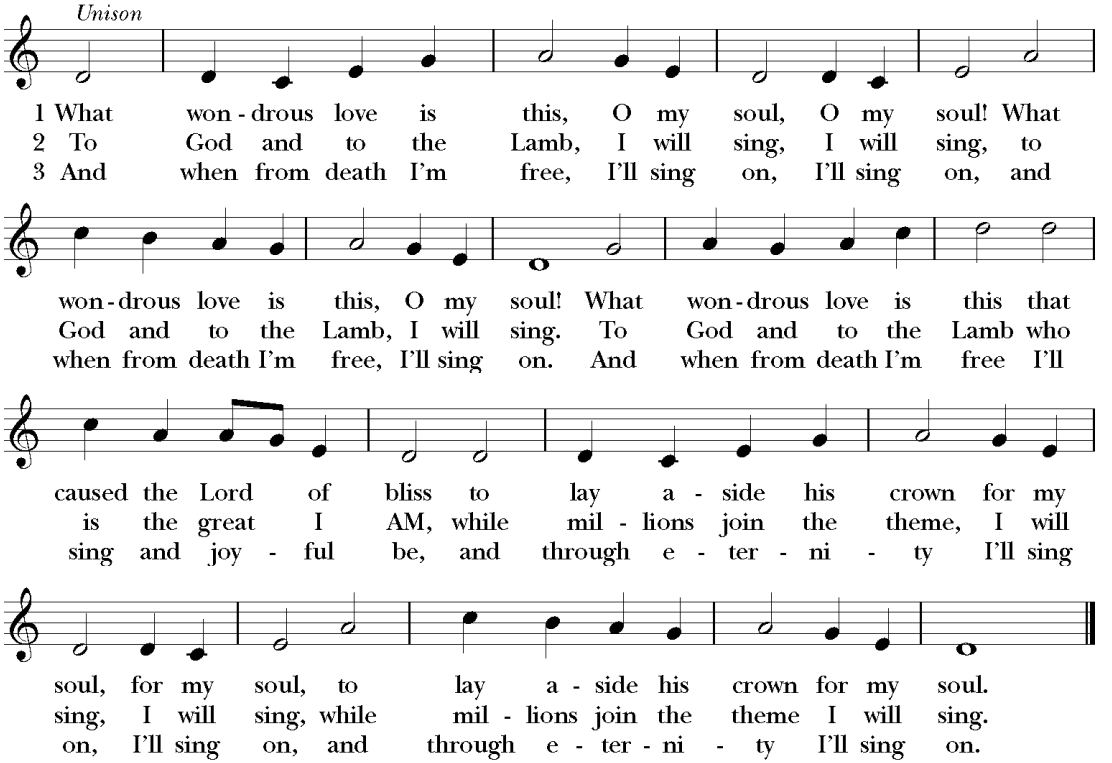
as if it knows
the only cure for love
is more of it,

as if it sees
the heart's sole remedy
for breaking is to love still,

as if it trusts
that its own persistent pulse
is the rhythm of a blessing
we cannot begin to fathom
but will save us
nonetheless.

© Jan Richardson. Janrichardson.com

Hymn What wondrous love is this



Text: American folk hymn, ca. 1835; music: Wondrous Love, from The Southern Harmony, 1835. Public domain

Postlude French Suite No. 5 in G Major, BWV 816 J. S. Bach
III. Sarabande (1685-1750)

You are invited to remain in the sanctuary for as long as you like.

PREACHER/PRESIDER
Lisa Wiens Heinsohn

DEACON
Rex McKee

MUSICIANS
Andrew Vaaler, bass/accordion
Aliese Hoesel, soprano
Wendy Smith, alto
Russ Stephens, tenor
Chad Smith, bass/piano

Permission to podcast/stream the music in this service obtained from
One License with license #A-704070; and from CCLI with license #20589193