

Alleluia



The Resurrection of Our Lord  
April 20, 2025 10:30 a.m. Worship



*Close-up from Alleluia Banner. Alleluia Banner (cover) made by Tommy Roberts, Merry Beth Grindahl, Robin Edwards, and Amy Smith.*

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Jesus said to her, "Mary!"  
And she recognized his voice and said, "Teacher!"

*John 20:16*

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**First Presbyterian Church**

Mailing address: P.O. Box 2729; San Bernardino, California 92406

**909.882.3308**

[www.fpcsb.net](http://www.fpcsb.net)

**COMMISSIONED PASTOR:** DR. WENDY L. LAMB

**MINISTRY OF PASTORAL SUPPORT:** REV. DR. STEPHEN W. SMITH

**MINISTRY OF VISITATION:** LAURIE STAFFORD

**MINISTRY OF MUSIC:** CURTISS ALLEN, JR., DIRECTOR OF MUSIC;

WILLIAM ZEITLER, ORGANIST;

AMY GANO, BELLS

**PASTOR EMERITUS:** REV. JAMES C. HUFFSTUTLER

# Welcome to Worship at First Presbyterian Church

**This service is being livestreamed** and can be viewed on our YouTube channel in real time or as a recording. **Large-print copies of this order of service**, as well as **audio enhancement devices** are available **from the ushers**.

## **We gather on Sunday for 3 reasons:**

- **To seek God**- whom we find in sacred text and sacrament, in music and in song, in prayer, in the beauty of this space, in the stillness where we can hear our hearts. We offer God our thanks and praise, our lament and longing, and our resources. We let go of burdens and receive grace and forgiveness. We see the One our hearts love.
- **To practice Community** – rejoice with those who rejoice, weep with those who weep. To break bread with those whom we love and those whom we need to love more fully. We practice things our culture does not emphasize: resting, forgiving, sharing. Jesus asked us to love one another as he loved us, and we cannot do so without practice.
- **To listen for our Call**- often an invitation to go out and be or do or remember. God is speaking all the time: through conscience, nature, friends, and certainly scripture. We gather to listen for that Call and to recommit ourselves to discipleship.

Information on our common life can be found on our website [www.fpcsb.net](http://www.fpcsb.net), along with sermons and newsletters. You can participate in our work by supporting us financially with a one-time or sustaining donation.

Children are welcome in worship. Younger children may go to the Nursery at any time.

**OUR NEXT COMMUNION will be Sunday, May 4<sup>th</sup>.**  
**Our deacons will set the table so all may be made welcome.**

# Morning Worship†

Lector: Lynda Savage

## REFLECTION BEFORE THE SERVICE

The gospel means that every small story is part of a sweeping story, every ordinary life part of an extraordinary movement. God is busy making all things new, and the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus has opened that work to everyone who wants in on it. The church is not a group of people who believe all the same things; the church is a group of people caught up in the same story, with Jesus at the center.

--Rachel Held Evans, *Inspired*

*(Those who wish to join the choir in singing the Hallelujah chorus are invited to begin the service in the choir loft with the choir. Music is waiting for you there.)*

## GATHERING MUSIC

*Please find your seats during the gathering music as we begin this service without words.*

## PROCESSION of the CROSS and BANNER

*When the cross and banner have been placed,  
please stand for the Hallelujah Chorus.*

### \*INTROIT

*Hallelujah from Messiah*

*G. F. Handel*

Hallelujah! For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world is become the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ; and He shall reign forever and ever. King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah!

### \*EASTER ACCLAMATION

Christ is risen!

✠ He is risen indeed!

Christ is risen;

✠ He is risen indeed!

Christ is risen; Christ is risen!

✠ Christ is risen indeed!

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† The symbols you will see in this order of worship mean:

\* Stand if you are able

✠ The congregation will read.

*Christ Is Risen! Shout Hosanna!*<sup>1</sup>  
Christ is risen! Shout Hosanna!  
Celebrate this day of days!  
Christ is risen! Hush in wonder:  
all creation is amazed.  
In the desert all-surrounding,  
see, a spreading tree has grown.  
Healing leaves of grace abounding  
bring a taste of love unknown.  
  
Christ is risen! Raise your spirits  
from the caverns of despair.  
Walk with gladness in the morning.  
See what love can do and dare.  
Drink the wine of resurrection,  
not a servant, but a friend.  
Jesus is our strong companion.  
Joy and peace shall never end.  
  
Christ is risen! Earth and heaven  
nevermore shall be the same.  
Break the bread of new creation  
where the world is still in pain.  
Tell its grim, demonic chorus:  
"Christ is risen! Get you gone!"  
God the First and Last is with us.  
Sing Hosanna everyone!

## WELCOME

## TIME with the CHILDREN

## BELL ANTHEM

*Jubilant Fanfare*

*Kevin McChesney*

## SCRIPTURE: John 20:1-18

This is the word of faith that we proclaim

✠ **Thanks be to God.**

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<sup>1</sup> Words by Brian Wren. © 1986 Hope Publishing Company. Reprinted with permission under ONELICENSE #A706254. All rights reserved.

*(Note instructions for who sings each verse.)*

Solo: Woman, weeping in the garden,/who has pushed the stone  
aside?/Who has taken Jesus' body,/Jesus Christ the crucified?

Choir: Woman, waiting in the garden,/after men have come and  
gone,/after angels give their witness,/silently you watch the dawn.

*All Higher Voices:* **Woman, walking in the garden,  
Jesus takes you by surprise;  
when the gardener calls you, "Mary!"  
faith and joy meet in your eyes.**

*All Lower Voices:* **Woman, weeping in the garden,  
weep for joy, for you have seen  
Jesus, the Messiah, risen;  
Christ, of whom the prophets dream.**

*All:* **Woman, dancing from the garden,  
find the others and proclaim  
Christ is risen as he promised;  
tell the world he knew your name!**

## REFLECTION

*Pastor Wendy Lamb*

## ANTHEM

***Easter Fantasia <sup>3</sup>***

*arranged by Mark Hayes*

Low in the grave He lay, Jesus, my Savior! Waiting the coming day, Jesus, my Lord! Vainly they watch His bed, Jesus, my Savior! Vainly they seal the dead, Jesus, my Lord! Up from the grave He arose, With a mighty triumph o'er His foes; He arose a victor from the dark domain, And He Lives forever with His saints to reign. He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ Arose! Christ the Lord is ris'n today—Alleluia! Sons of men and angels say, Alleluia! Raise your joys and triumphs high, Alleluia! Sing, ye heav'ns and earth, reply, Alleluia! Soar we now where Christ has led, Alleluia! Foll'wing our exalted Head, Alleluia! Made like Him, like Him we rise, Alleluia! Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts to heav'n and voices raise; Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to God a hymn of praise. He who on the cross as Savior for the world's salvation bled, Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, now is risen from the dead! Alleluia!

<sup>2</sup> Text: Daniel Charles Damon, 1991. ©1992 Hope Publishing Company. Reprinted with permission under ONELICENSE #A706254. All rights reserved. Music: V. Earle Copes, 1959.

<sup>3</sup> Text: Robert Lowry, Charles Wesley, Christopher Wordsworth. Music: Robert Lowry, Ludwig van Beethoven; adapt. and arr. Mark Hayes. © 2002 Beckenhorst Press, Inc. Reprinted with permission under ONELICENSE #A706254. All rights reserved.

## **The OFFERING of OUR TITHES and GIFTS**

*(We offer our tithes and gifts to be part of God's purposes in the world, and we invite you to take part. You may bring forward your gifts and place them in the basket. You may always send gifts by mail or online.)*

## **OFFERTORY**

### **\*DOXOLOGY**

OLD HUNDREDTH

- ✠ Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise God all creatures here below;  
Praise God above, ye heavenly host;  
Creator, Christ and Holy Ghost, Amen.

## **MORNING PRAYER and OUR LORD'S PRAYER**

- ✠ Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread;  
and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors;  
and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever.  
Amen.

### **\*HYMN 246**

*Christ Is Alive! <sup>4</sup>*

TRURO

*Verses 1-4*

Christ is alive! Let Christians sing.  
The cross stands empty to the sky.  
Let streets and homes with praises ring.  
Love, drowned in death, shall never die.

Christ is alive! No longer bound  
to distant years in Palestine,  
but saving, healing, here and now,  
and touching every place and time.

In every insult, rift, and war  
where color, scorn, or wealth divide,  
Christ suffers still, yet loves the more,  
and lives, where even hope has died.

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<sup>4</sup> Text: Brian Wren. © 1975, rev. 1995 Hope Publishing Company. All rights reserved. Used by permission of ONELICENSE #A706254.

Women and men, in age and youth,  
can feel the Spirit, hear the call,  
and find the way, the life, the truth,  
revealed in Jesus, freed for all.

**\*MOMENT for REFLECTION**

**\*CHARGE and BENEDICTION**

**\*RESPONSE**

*Christ Is Alive! <sup>4</sup>*

TRURO

*Verse 5*

*All Sing:*

Christ is alive, and comes to bring  
good news to this and every age,  
till earth and sky and ocean ring  
with joy, with justice, love, and praise.

**POSTLUDE**

*Toccata from C.-M. Widor (1844-1937)*  
*Organ Symphony No. 5*

The Easter Acclamation, "Christ is risen! He is risen indeed!" is possibly the oldest element in the Christian liturgy, as all liturgies, originally, were Easter liturgies. The paschal candle will burn throughout the "Great Fifty Days" of Eastertide to symbolize the presence of the Risen Christ among us.



*Our brass musicians for today are:*

*Trumpet 1: Jerry Green*

*Trumpet 2: Caitlin Curran*

*French Horn: Victor Torres*

*Trombone: James Bauchert*

*Tuba: Asher Gano*

**GREETER:** Shelby Obershaw

**USHERS:** Brad Smith, *Lead Usher*

Dave Thomas, Marilyn Kraft, *Security Ushers*

**SOUND ENGINEERS:** Brent Nord, Dan Direen

**VIDEO ENGINEER:** James Welte

**CAMERA OPERATORS:** Kevin Lamb, Lynn Usher

**REMEMBER IN PRAYER THIS WEEK**

**Nancy Sellas, Judy Steppins, Lorraine Bishop**

*Elders: Amy Smith, Lily Bolanos, Margaret Doane*

*Deacons: Kyle Smith, Christian Usher, Steve Smith*

*Pastor Nominating Committee:*

**Shelby Obershaw, Christa Wallis, Neal Williams**

***This Weeks' Celebrations***

***Apr 20*** Cliff Cummings

Joseph Ramirez

***Apr 24*** Harlan Leonard Wright

***Photos in our Easter Garden!*** As we prepare for a new pastor, photos of congregation members and friend and family will be super helpful. If your family or friend group (or just yourself) would like to have a photo taken in our Easter garden, we will have photographers ready to take your picture! Just come up after the service. We will take a photo for the church archive and your photos will be made available for you. We're also happy to take "phone photos" along with the church ones.

## *Music Box*

They called it the Weeping Cave.

Long ago—or perhaps only yesterday—a sorrowful soul had sealed himself inside. At least that was the story. Some claimed he had been wronged, exiled unjustly. Others whispered that he had chosen his own exile, unable to bear what he had done, or failed to do. Over time, the tale became a warning: enter not the hollow where despair keeps watch.

And so the cave was left alone. Children dared each other to approach its mouth, but none lingered long. Travelers made signs of protection when passing by. Moss overtook the path, and silence settled thick as dust.

But there was one who did not turn away.

A wanderer—neither young nor old, clothed in sun-faded gray—came to the village and heard the story in fragments over meals and under stars. She listened, not with the ears of gossip, but of sadness. For she, too, carried silence.

One dawn, before the crows stirred, she took the overgrown path to the cave.

The entrance yawned like a forgotten mouth, rimmed with ivy and shadow. The stone door—smooth, round, weather worn—stood as it always had, leaning against the opening like a sentinel.

She sat before it and listened.

Nothing.

She leaned closer. Pressed her ear to the stone. A faint sound—barely more than breath. Then a whisper, or perhaps a sob. Or was it her own breath, mirrored back?

She stayed until twilight. The air grew cool. Still, she waited. And as dusk deepened, a strange dream touched her mind—not asleep, not awake.

In her reverie she stood before the same stone door. But now it was slightly ajar.

Not cracked. Not broken. Just... unlatched.

The next morning, she arose and placed both hands on the stone.

It slid open without resistance.

Inside, the cave was shallow. Not dark, but dim with an inner blue—like light seen through closed eyes. The air was thick with time. Along the walls were old markings, made by fingertip or flame. And in the center: a shape, cloaked and kneeling. Still.

She did not speak. She stepped forward and knelt, matching his posture. Minutes passed. Or hours. The cloaked figure remained unmoving. Then, softly, she said, “The door was never locked.”

Nothing.

More silence.

Then—a shudder. A breath. He trembled.

Slowly, as if rising from water, he lifted his head. Beneath the hood, a face—lined, tender, astonished.

“I thought... I couldn’t leave,” he said, voice hoarse with disuse. “I thought it was sealed.”

“It was not,” she said. “You were waiting for permission.”

He nodded, eyes wet. “And you brought it?”

“No,” she said. “You brought yourself. I only reminded you where the door was.”

The two sat together until the light changed.

When they emerged from the cave, the sun had already begun to set. But the sky was wide and clear, and the path—though tangled—was still there.

The villagers never saw the wanderer again. But they noticed something strange: birds nested near the cave now, and wildflowers bloomed around its mouth. The moss no longer grew over the trail. Some said the cave had healed. Others said it had emptied.

But a few—those who knew the ache of pausing at an unknown threshold—began to make pilgrimages. Not to be rescued, but to sit. To listen. To remember:

Sometimes the heaviest weight  
is waiting for a door  
that was never locked—  
and a permission  
that was never withheld..

*-- William Zeidler*