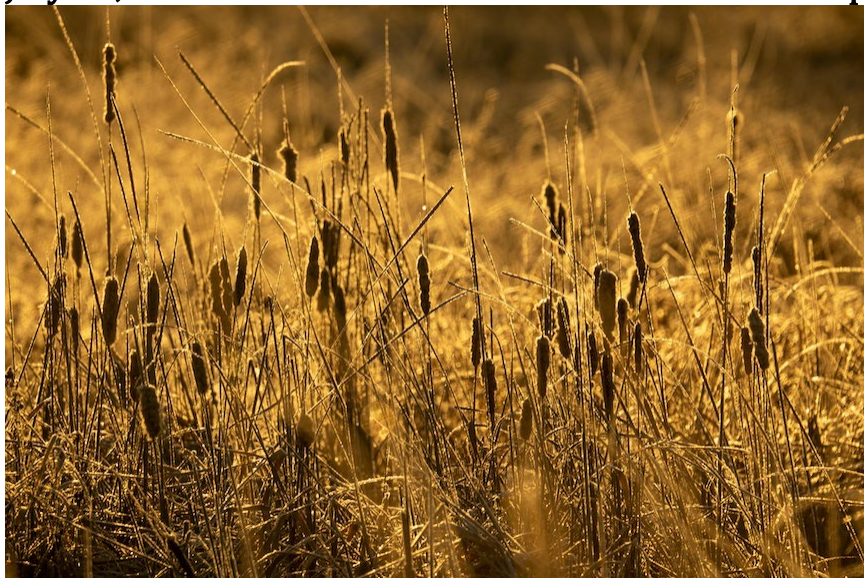


Sixteenth Sunday in Ordinary Time  
July 20, 2025 10:30 a.m. Worship



Tom Fisk, Photo of a Field in Summer, ©Creative Commons

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The Lord has sworn by the pride of Jacob:  
Surely I will never forget any of their deeds.  
Shall not the land tremble on this account,  
and everyone mourn who lives in it.

*--Amos 8:7-8a*

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## First Presbyterian Church

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

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[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, August 3<sup>rd</sup>.**

# Morning Worship†

## REFLECTION BEFORE THE SERVICE

God of justice,  
your word is light and truth.  
Let your face shine on us to restore us,  
that we may walk in your way,  
seeking justice and living your Love. Amen.

## GATHERING MUSIC

### WELCOME

**PRELUDE**                      *An Exaltation of Larks*                      *William Zeitler*  
*Allow the music to usher you into sacred space and time.*

**INTROIT**                      *Be Still*                      *Denise Martin*

**\*CALL to WORSHIP**                      *Steve Garnaas-Holmes*  
Creating God, the rising sun proclaims your goodness.  
**The flowing river speaks of your grace.**  
The fruit of the earth feeds us with your love.  
**We worship you with humble gratitude.**  
Bless us that we may live in harmony with all living beings,  
as members of the Body of Christ, one in your Holy Spirit,  
to your glory and delight. Amen.

**\*HYMN 664**                      *Morning Has Broken*                      BUNESSAN

## PRAYER of CONFESSION

✠ **Loving God, from the beginning your Love overflowed into all creation, connecting all life together through your generous grace. But we have confused ourselves as separate from nature and seen ourselves as more important than your living Earth. We have lost our identity as created in your image and bearers of your Love.**  
*(Moment for silent reflection and confession)*

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

**\* Stand if you are able**      **✠ The congregation will read.**

- ✘ With your steadfast Love, turn us around. Re-member us as kin with all your creation. Remind us of your covenant that knits all of creation together, and have mercy on us in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

*(We remain seated for the kyrie, an ancient song of the church. We will sing it through in Greek first and then in English.)*

## 577 Lord, Have Mercy

Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son. Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son.  
Lord, have mer - cy. Lord, have mer - cy.

Note: Lower voices may hum.

Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son. Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son.  
Lord, have mer - cy. Lord, have mer - cy.

TEXT: Trad. liturgical text  
MUSIC: Dinah Reindorf, 1987; arr. Sing! A New Creation, 2001  
Music © 1987 Dinah Reindorf  
Music Arr. © 2001 Faith Alive Christian Resources

KYRIE ELEISON (Reindorf)

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## ASSURANCE of FORGIVENESS

Friends, believe the good news of the gospel:

- ✘ In Jesus Christ we are forgiven and are being made whole. Amen.

*(We stand and sing Alleluia)*

## \*ALLELUIA

William Zeitler

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia.  
lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia.

## TIME with the CHILDREN

*[Children are always welcome in worship. There are activity bags and books in the back of the room.]*

**ANTHEM**

***Stand in That River***

*Moira Smiley*

**PRAYER for ILLUMINATION**

✠ God of mercy,  
you promised never to break your covenant with us.  
Amid all the changing words of our generation,  
speak your eternal Word that does not change.  
Then may we respond to your gracious promises  
with faithful and obedient lives;  
through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

**SCRIPTURE Amos 7:7-9, 8:1-12**

This is what he showed me: the Lord was standing beside a wall built  
with a plumb line, with a plumb line in his hand. And the Lord said  
to me, “Amos, what do you see?” And I said, “A plumb line.” Then  
the Lord said,

“See, I am setting a plumb line  
in the midst of my people Israel;  
I will spare them no longer;  
the high places of Isaac shall be made desolate,  
and the sanctuaries of Israel shall be laid waste,  
and I will rise against the house of Jeroboam with the sword.”

This is what the Lord God showed me: a basket of summer fruit. He  
said, “Amos, what do you see?” And I said, “A basket of summer  
fruit.” Then the Lord said to me,

“The end has come upon my people Israel;  
I will spare them no longer.

The songs of the temple shall become wailings on that day,”  
says the Lord God;

“the dead bodies shall be many,  
cast out in every place. Be silent!”

Hear this, you who trample on the needy,  
and bring to ruin the poor of the land,  
saying, “When will the new moon be over  
so that we may sell grain,  
and the Sabbath,

so that we may offer wheat for sale?

We will make the ephah smaller and the shekel heavier  
and practice deceit with false balances,

buying the poor for silver  
and the needy for a pair of sandals  
and selling the sweepings of the wheat.”  
The Lord has sworn by the pride of Jacob:  
Surely I will never forget any of their deeds.  
Shall not the land tremble on this account,  
and everyone mourn who lives in it,  
and all of it rise like the Nile,  
and be tossed about and sink again, like the Nile of Egypt?  
On that day, says the Lord God,  
I will make the sun go down at noon  
and darken the earth in broad daylight.  
I will turn your feasts into mourning  
and all your songs into lamentation;  
I will bring sackcloth on all loins  
and baldness on every head;  
I will make it like the mourning for an only son  
and the end of it like a bitter day.  
The time is surely coming, says the Lord God,  
when I will send a famine on the land,  
not a famine of bread or a thirst for water,  
but of hearing the words of the Lord.  
They shall wander from sea to sea  
and from north to east;  
they shall run to and fro, seeking the word of the Lord,  
but they shall not find it.

This is the word of faith that we proclaim

✠ **Thanks be to God.**

**SERMON**

*Emulsified*

*Rev. Dr. Nancy S. Wiens*

**HYMN 37**

*Let All Things Now Living*

ASH GROVE

**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 place your offering in the plates as they are passed. 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.

**PRAYERS of the PEOPLE, 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 20**                      *All Things Bright and Beautiful*

ROYAL OAK

**\*MOMENT for REFLECTION**

**\*CHARGE and BENEDICTION**

**\*RESPONSE**                      *As You Go*                      *Kri Schlafer*  
(If you would like to follow along, this response can be found on the  
next page of the order of worship.)

**POSTLUDE**                      *Hymn*

**The Rev. Dr. Nancy Wiens is our guest preacher today.** She says:  
Following the form of introduction I have learned from Grandmother  
Mona Polacca of the 13 Indigenous Grandmothers, I will introduce  
myself by telling you about those upon whom I am dependent for my  
life—my matrilineal line, including Mother Earth.

I was born in the lands of the Serrano people and in the Oak Glen  
creek watershed. I am the daughter of Marion Draper Wiens, who  
was born in the lands of the Meherrin, Saponi, Skaurhreh/Tuscarora,  
Lumbee, and Kauwets'a ka peoples and in the Roanoke River  
watershed. Today, I live on the lands of the Coast Miwok people in  
the Mt. Tamalpais watershed. My ancestors came from Russia,  
England, and Scotland to settle on this land, now known as the  
United States. I follow the Way of Jesus, son of Mary, born on the  
lands of the ancient Palestinians and in the Sea of Galilee watershed.





**GREETER:** Shelby Obershaw

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

Jim Siegmund, *Security Usher*

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

**LIVESTREAM ENGINEER:** James Welte

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

**REMEMBER IN PRAYER THIS WEEK**

**Noe Falconi, Marianna Fowles, Sandy Garza**

***Elders:*** Margaret Doane, Jon Horstmann, Phyllis Hough

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

***Pastor Nominating Committee:***

**Susan Addington, Mary Bolaños, John-Paul Fletcher**

**This Weeks' Celebrations**

***Jul 20*** Ryan Nord

***Jul 21*** Donna Garza

Ezra Joseph Morales

***Jul 22*** Helen Babcock

Dennis & Laurie

Stafford

***Jul 23*** Cheryl Direen

Kevin Lamb

***Jul 24*** Larry Marona

Elizabeth

Franklin-Morales

Gary Saenz

***Thank you for your generous support of our food participants.*** We continue to accept donations of any shelf-stable foods. A suggestion list is at reception and on our website. If you want to shop with a focus, bargain cereal is always needed, and rice or pasta help stretch limited food into more meals.

***News and announcements are available*** in your Friday *Keeping in Touch* emails. If you are not receiving these, and you would like to, contact Mimi in the church office.

## *Music Box*

There was once a tailor who lived on the edge of a city that was always on fire.

Not literal — but as if people were running from flames day and night: in the racing footsteps, the wild, panicked eyes over market stalls, the fevered cacophony of deals struck in haste.

The people lived fast, spent fast, aged fast.

And whoever slowed down was swept away like ashes.

The tailor kept her shop quiet. There was no sign. Those who found her did so because they were ready.

She did not sew ordinary garments. She wove cloaks from a thread that did not burn.

“Is it fireproof?” they would ask.

“No,” she’d reply. “But it remembers water.”

Her clients were few. A musician who had lost his sound. A judge who forgot what mercy felt like. A courier who could no longer tell direction from speed. Each came ragged, scorched by the world. Each left wrapped in something strangely plain, but soft, and oddly heavy — like memory.

The cloaks did not stop the fire.

But they kept the wearers from catching.

The musician found himself humming again in alleyways.

The judge wept behind the bench, just once, and pardoned the boy.

The courier slowed down, and in doing so, began to see.

Soon whispers spread. Others came.

A merchant offered her a fortune to mass-produce her cloaks.

She declined.

“They’re not made with machines,” she said. “Each one must be spun with compassionate hands.”

One day, a youth came with soot in his lungs and fury in his bones.

“How can you just sit here while the city burns?”

The tailor met his gaze gently.

“Because if I burn too, who will weave?”

He didn’t answer, but he sat beside her a long while, watching her hands.

She gave him no cloak.

Only a single thread, and a spool of silence.

— *William Zeidler*