

Second Sunday in Easter

April 12, 2026

10:30 a.m. Worship



Jesus came and stood among them and said, "Peace be with you."

—*John 20:19b*

First Presbyterian Church

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

909.882.3308

www.fpcsb.net

MINISTRY OF WORD AND SACRAMENT: REV. BRIAN S. SYMONDS

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

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, 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.

OUR NEXT COMMUNION will be Sunday, May 3rd.

Morning Worship†

Lector: Mark Adelson

REFLECTION BEFORE THE SERVICE

In the transition between the garden scene and Jesus' appearance to the other disciples, we learn that Mary Magdalene has become "the apostle to the apostles." After she tells the disciples about her encounter with the risen Jesus, Jesus himself appears to the disciples in a locked room and shows them his hands and side. They move from a state of fear to joy as they recognize Jesus and accept his resurrection. Jesus' response is to wish them peace."

--The Working Preacher, *Jennifer Garcia Bashaw*

GATHERING MUSIC

PRELUDE

Andante Cantabile L. Beethoven (1770-1826)

Allow the music to usher you into sacred space and time.

INTROIT

Alleluia

William Zeitler

* CALL TO WORSHIP

Great is the mystery of the faith:

✠ **Christ has died, Christ is risen, Christ will come again.**

Where, O death, is your victory? Where, O death, is your sting?

✠ **The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law.**

**But thanks be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord
Jesus Christ.**

Christ is risen!

He is risen, indeed! Alleluia!

*HYMN 248

Christ Is Risen! Shout Hosanna!

HYMN TO JOY

WELCOME

PRAYER of CONFESSION

The saying is sure and worthy of full acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Let us confess our sin before

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

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

God and one another, trusting in God's gracious promise of forgiveness in Jesus Christ.

✠ **Eternal God, your Word teaches us that whether we live or whether we die, we are yours. Forgive us for forgetting your gracious promise of life. We live in fear, thinking death has the final say. We follow our own ways rather than your life-giving path in Jesus Christ. Help us put our trust in you, our God who has the power of life over death. We believe, Lord; help our unbelief. In the name of Jesus Christ, risen from the dead never to die again, we pray. Amen.**

The scriptures teach: "If you confess with your lips that Jesus is Lord and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved."

✠ **We confess that Jesus is Lord and we believe and celebrate the good news that God raised him from the dead.**

Trust in this promise: In Jesus Christ, your sins are forgiven.

✠ **Thanks be to God! Alleluia!**

(We stand and sing the Response)

***SUNG RESPONSE 587**

Alleluia

CELTIC ALLELUIA

TIME with the YOUNG DISCIPLES

[After Time with the Young Disciples, children are encouraged to worship with us. There are activity bags and books in the Narthex.]

ANNOUNCEMENTS

ANTHEM *Praise, My Soul, The King of Heaven*¹ Gordon Young

Praise my soul, the King of heaven, at God's feet thy tribute bring; Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven, Evermore God's praises sing; Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise the Everlasting King. Fatherlike, God tends and spares us; Well our feeble frame is known; God's great hands will gently bear us, Rescue us from all our foes. Alleluia! Alleluia! Widely yet God's mercy flows. Angels in the heights adoring; Ye behold God face to face; Saints below fall down in homage, Gathered in from every place. Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise with us the God of grace. Amen.

¹ Text: Henry F. Lyte. Music: Gordon Young. © Copyright 1958 by Carl Fischer, Inc. Reprinted with permission under ONE LICENSE #A-7062545. All rights reserved.

PRAYER for ILLUMINATION

Almighty God, we know that all Scripture is inspired by you and is useful for teaching, for reproof, for correction and for training in righteousness, so that everyone who belongs to you may be proficient, equipped for every good work. As we hear the good news this Easter season, may we come to believe more and more that Jesus is the Messiah, your Son and that through believing we may have life in his name. Amen.

SCRIPTURE

John 20:19-23

When it was evening on that day, the first day of the week, and the doors were locked where the disciples were, for fear of the Jews, Jesus came and stood among them and said, "Peace be with you." After he said this, he showed them his hands and his side. Then the disciples rejoiced when they saw the Lord. Jesus said to them again, "Peace be with you. As the Father has sent me, so I send you." When he had said this, he breathed on them and said to them, "Receive the Holy Spirit. If you forgive the sins of any, they are forgiven them; if you retain the sins of any, they are retained."

This is the word of faith that we proclaim.

✠ **Thanks be to God.**

SERMON *Close Encounters of the Divine Kind:* Rev. Brian S. Symonds
Peace Behind Locked Doors (Healing)

DEACONS' MINUTE for MISSION

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 basket in front or give it to the usher. You may always send gifts by mail or online.)

OFFERTORY

***PRAYER OF THANKS**

Gracious and loving God, we bring our tithes and offerings to you in celebration and thanksgiving for the good news of Easter. Give us your wisdom and grace to use what you have given us for ministries of love and compassion that will share the love of Jesus Christ. Accept what we give in response to what you have so freely given to us, your indescribable gift of your Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.

✠ **Amen.**

CELEBRATION of HOLY COMMUNION

INVITATION to the LORD'S TABLE

Friends, it would have been easy on that Easter morning for Jesus to roll away the stone, walk to the city center, and declare that death had not won. Instead, Jesus waited in the garden. He waited for the people who needed him most. He waited for Mary. He called her by name. He stopped her crying. He gave her a reason to hope. So, if you have ever doubted that God's love for you is personal and specific, may the truth of this day remind you otherwise. The God you seek will meet you in the garden on your hardest days. And that same God has a seat saved at this Table, specifically for you. So, come. Come, whether you are dancing for joy, or like Mary, still feeling a little lost. Come with your questions. Come with your hunger. Come, whether this is your first time or your hundredth. Come, because this feast is a reminder that God's Table is big enough for all of us. Jesus Christ is risen and he rose for you. So, come. All are welcome.

SURSUM CORDA

The Lord be with you.

✘ **And also with you.**

Lift up your hearts.

✘ **We lift them to the Lord.**

Let us give thanks to the Lord our God.

✘ **It is right to give our thanks and praise.**

GREAT PRAYER of THANKSGIVING

Resurrecting God, Mary went to the garden looking for you. Two thousand years later, we follow in her footsteps. We seek after you, hungry for a garden moment where we might hear you say our name or feel you in our midst. So, before the hallelujahs begin, we empty our pockets of our prayers and remember where we've been.

With gratitude, we recall Maundy Thursday. We are grateful for the tables we gather around, for the friends that feel like family, and for this church—which acts as our band of disciples. We hold onto the reminder of you washing the disciples' feet that night, and trust that that same love extends to us.

With sorrow, we recall Good Friday. We grieve the depths of cruelty woven into that day— a cruelty so many in this hurting world know. So, for those who are still caught in grief and loss, for those whose days

have turned to night, relieve them of their suffering. Find them in the crowd. Wipe their tears. Hold their grief for them and point them toward peace.

Now, with hope we enter into this Easter season, to find ourselves face-to-face with your good news. Thank you for giving us reason to hope. Thank you for the sunrise after a long night, for the healing of bones and hearts, for laughter that is contagious, and for the joy felt in community. Tether every gratitude and joy in our life back to you.

SANCTUS

James C. Huffstutler

✠ **Holy, holy, Lord Almighty, God of power and might.
Heaven and earth are full of your glory, Glory in the highest.
Blessed, blessed,
blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna, hosanna,
Hosanna in the highest.**

And now, as we come to the Table, just as Mary came to the tomb, we ask that in every stage of our seeking, you would be near to us. Pour out a double portion of your Spirit on this bread and cup that we might see you as clearly as Mary did. And may this meal nourish us to build your kingdom here. Until that promised day, we pray together using the words you taught us to pray, saying,

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.**

PRAYER of CONSECRATION

Spirit of the living God, present with us now,
breathe in us and on these your gifts of bread and wine,
that sharing your blessing and your broken life,
we may share in your presence and reality,
and together, as your body, remain in your love!

THE WORDS of INSTITUTION

Among friends gathered around a table,
Jesus took bread, blessed and broke it,

and gave it to his disciples, saying,
“This is my body which is given for you.
Do this to remember me.”

Later, after they’d eaten, he took a cup
and said, “This cup is our new relationship,
made possible by my life and death.
Whenever you drink it, remember me.”

Look, here is your Lord, coming to you in bread and cup.
The gifts of God for the people of God.

WE SHARE GOD’S GIFTS

(Communion will be served by intinction at two stations. As you feel ready, please come up the center aisle to a station, receive a piece of bread, dip it in the cup, eat it, and return to your seat by the side aisle. The cup is non-alcoholic. Gluten-free bread can be found at the station by the pulpit. There will be rovers to bring the elements to you if you do not wish to come forward. We sing as we commune.)

SUNG PRAYERS

As we go forward, as we wait and pray before & after, we sing our prayers together. The refrains are sung over & over as we make them our own.

SUNG REFRAIN 544 *Bless the Lord, My Soul*² Jacques Berthier
Bless the Lord my soul, and bless God’s holy name
Bless the Lord my soul, who leads me into life...

SUNG REFRAIN 527 *Eat This Bread*³ Jacques Berthier
Eat this bread, drink this cup,
come to me and never be hungry
Eat this bread, drink this cup,
trust in me and you will not thirst

SUNG REFRAIN 466 *Come and Fill Our Hearts*⁴ Taizé
Come and fill our hearts with your peace;
You alone, O God, are holy.
Come and fill our hearts with your peace; Alleluia.

² Text & Music: Jacques Berthier/Taizé Community. ©1991 GIA/Taizé, Ateliers et Presses de Taizé, F-71250 Taizé Community. Reprinted by permission under ONELICENSE #A706254. All rights reserved.

³ Text: Robert J. Batastini & the Taizé Community. Music: Jacques Berthier. ©1984 Les Presses de Taizé, GIA Publications, agent. Printed by permission under ONELICENSE #A-706254. All rights reserved.

⁴ ©1991 GIA/Taizé, Ateliers et Presses de Taizé, F-71250 Taizé Community. All rights reserved. Both songs used by permission of OneLicense #A706254.

PRAYER after COMMUNION

✘ Where don't we seek after you, God? We look for you in the mirror, in strangers, in sunrises, on mountain tops, in the laughter of children, and in meals shared together. We look for you on the city streets, in hospital rooms, in jail cells, in poetry, and hymn melodies. We look for you everywhere! Sometimes the seeking is hard, but then at other times, we come to this Table and all are fed, and all are welcomed, and there is room for everyone, and no one is turned away, or made to feel unworthy. And in those moments, we see you clearly. So, thank you for meeting us in our seeking. Please don't stop seeking us. Gratefully we pray, amen.

***HYMN 238**

Thine Is the Glory

JUDAS MACCABEUS

***MOMENT for REFLECTION**

***CHARGE and BENEDICTION**

***RESPONSE**

Sevenfold Amen

John Stainer

POSTLUDE

GREETER: Robin Edwards

USHERS: Katie Smith, Dave Thomas, *Lead Ushers*

Chris Thomas, Rick Rodriguez, *Hospitality Ushers*

SOUND ENGINEERS: Dan Direen, Brent Nord, Brandon Turner

LIVESTREAM TEAM: James Welte, Kevin Lamb,

Oliver Lamb, Tim Usher

REMEMBER IN PRAYER THIS WEEK

Debora Holk, Ron & Ruby Kraft

Elders: Jeanne Clark, Kathy Showman, Norm Wallis

Deacons: Rick Rodriguez, Jim Siergmund, Kyle Smith

This Weeks' Celebrations

Apr 12 Frederick Star

Apr 13 Cassidy Wright

Apr 15 Kelsey Adelson

Jennifer Mantei

Apr 16 Marilyn Karnig

Apr 18 Michelle Lea Babcock

Don Dudley

Oliver Andrew Lamb

Deacon Fun-Raiser! The Deacons are having another fun-raiser **Wednesday, Apr 15th at Red Robin**, 27476 Lugonia Avenue in Redlands. 20% of food sales will be donated to the Deacons. You may show the flyer (available in Fellowship Hall, or just mention it to your server to have your order counted toward our donation. You can also order take-out on that day and have it counted.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Thank you for your generous support of our food participants. Thank you for your generous donations of shelf-stable foods. A suggestion list is available at reception, and on our website. We encourage bargain shopping since all donations can be put to good use. **Currently we would especially appreciate pouches or pop-top cans of meat, fish, or fruit.**

Per Capita Apportionment. The annual Per Capita Offering for 2026 requires that we pay \$44 for each member of our congregation to our national organization. This amount is requested from you above and beyond your regular pledge offering.

Checks should be made payable to First Presbyterian Church (please make a note on your check that the donation is for the Per Capita Offering). Thank you so much for being faithful stewards of our denomination!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Music Box

He had, by his own quiet estimation, everything in order.

Not arrogantly. He would have been the first to say so. He simply had a gift for clarity — for seeing through the fog of sentiment that obscured so much of parish life and getting to what actually needed doing. His professors had noted it. His rector had noted it. He had been assigned the inventory precisely because he could be trusted to see clearly when others couldn't.

The side chapel lay beyond a narrow arch off the north transept — a place that had once been carefully kept and was now abandoned to the cobwebs. Plaster cracked in long, branching lines. Dust blanketed the floor. The niche at the center stood empty, marked only by a cleaner patch of stone where something had stood for years and then been taken away.

He stepped in, glanced once around — and stopped.

A small red lamp was burning in the corner.

Not brightly. Not enough to light the room. Just a steady, contained glow, as though it belonged to another order of light altogether.

The lamp hung from a simple bracket beside the empty niche — the sort of sanctuary lamp one might expect before a reserved sacrament. But there was no altar, no baptismal font, no sign that the chapel had served any liturgical purpose in years. He reached up and turned the glass gently. The flame did not flicker. And there didn't seem to be any oil in it.

He made a note — then paused, pencil still touching the page.

If the rector heard about this before he had a sensible explanation, it could become something. A sign. The chapel would fill with people lighting candles and leaving flowers, and the whole business of clearing it out before Pentecost would dissolve into precisely the kind of muddle he had been sent to prevent.

He closed the notebook. He would handle it quietly.

He asked around that afternoon — carefully, sideways, the way he had learned to ask things without planting ideas. The sacristan shook his head. No oil had been ordered for that chapel in a long time. Perhaps before Father Martin, rest his soul. Maybe even before that. Two older parish women he consulted looked at him with mild surprise, neither hinting at a secret.

That evening, he returned and looked again — checking for a flask, a feed line, anything he might have missed. The flame did not flicker when he leaned near it. The housing was closed and ordinary.

He went to bed telling himself something would turn up. A pious parishioner. A forgotten arrangement. Something accountable.

The next evening, he checked again. It was still burning.

On the fourth day, he brought his toolbox.

He worked the bracket loose, lifted the lamp carefully from the wall, and carried it to the window where the light was better. The mount was smooth — no orifice, no fitting, no sign of any feed mechanism.

He opened the housing and examined the interior. Empty. No reservoir, no wick beyond the one that had no business burning. The wall behind was smooth too, except for the two bracket holes.

He stood there a moment, the lamp in his hands.

Then he remounted it, deliberately left it unlit, and opened his notebook.

Lamp examined. No fuel source. Remounted. Extinguished.

Clean. Accountable. He closed the notebook and left.

He slept poorly.

Before dawn, he was awake, and — without quite deciding to — he was dressed, then walking, then inside.

The nave was still dark. Early Mass would not begin for another hour. He walked directly to the north transept, passed beneath the narrow arch, and entered the side chapel.

The lamp was burning.

Exactly where he had left it. Exactly as it had always been.

He felt no rush of certainty. No revelation. No triumphant collapse into belief. Only the quiet failure of all the explanations he had been so eager to produce — and beneath that, something older and less comfortable: the recognition that the world did not, in fact, feel any need to conform to his understanding.

He approached slowly. He reached toward the glass — then stopped.

There was nothing left to test. Nothing to expose. Nothing to correct.

He let his hand fall.

The first gray light of morning had begun to touch the upper windows. The dust lay as before. The cracked plaster, the empty niche, the broken kneeler. Nothing had changed.

Only the light.

For the first time in years, he knelt.

-- William Zeidler



The seal of the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.) is a symbolic statement of the church's heritage, identity, and mission in contemporary form. Its power depends on both its simplicity and complexity, as well as its traditional and enduring qualities.

The basic symbols in the seal are the cross, Scripture, the dove, and flames.

As a church of the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.), our congregational life is governed by the Ruling Elders of our current Session:

Sue Alexander, Jeanne Clark, Kathy Showman, Norm Wallis,
Pat Morris, Susan Skoglund, Katie Smith, Neal Williams,
Robin Edwards, John-Paul Fletcher, Jon Horstmann, Lynda Savage,
and Clerk of Session Amy Smith

and supported by our Board of Deacons:

Kristine French, Joyce Lyons, Joanna Nord, Mindy Rueda,
Amy Gano, Rick Rodriguez, Jim Siegmund, Kyle Smith,
Rebecca Allen, Brent Nord, Dave Thomas, and Chris Wright-Thomas.