

Community of Christ  
Sunday, February 9, 2025  
**“Into the Deep Water”**

Prelude		AV
Welcome		Sylvia Elrod
Welcoming Hymn	“Earth and All Stars,” # 102	Roger Hintzsche
Call to Worship		Sylvia Elrod
Hymn	“Of All the Spirit’s Gifts to Me,” # 45	Roger Hintzsche
Invocation		Becky Burns
Response		Roger Hintzsche
Scripture Reading	Luke 5:1-3	Sylvia Elrod
Reflection	Madelyn Smith, Jean Hedrich, Sylvia Elrod	
Prayer for Peace		Madelyn Smith
Peace Hymn	“Put Peace into Each Other’s Hands,” # 309	Roger Hintzsche
Peace Prayer		
Congregational Hymn	“You Walk Along our Shoreline,” # 598	Roger Hintzsche
Scripture Reading	Luke 5:4-6	Sylvia Elrod
Reflection	Madelyn Smith, Jean Hedrich, Sylvia Elrod	
Scripture Reading	Luke 5:7-11	Sylvia Elrod
Sharing in the Spoken Word		Daniel Harmon
Meditation Music		Roger Hintzsche
Disciples’ Generous Response		Jayne Ackley
Scripture Reading	Doctrine and Covenants 153:9b	
Statement		
Blessing of Mission Tithes		
Reflection	Madelyn Smith, Jean Hedrich, Sylvia Elrod	
Closing Hymn	“You Have Come Down to the Lakeshore,” #582	Roger Hintzsche
Closing Prayer		Bill Hedrich
Postlude		AV

## **Earth and All Stars**

Earth and all stars, loud rushing planets  
sing to the Lord a new song!  
Hail, wind, and rain, loud blowing snowstorm  
sing to the Lord a new song!

*God has done marvelous things. We will sing praises with a new song!*

Trumpet and pipes, loud clashing cymbals  
sing to the Lord a new song!  
Harp, lute, and lyre, loud humming cellos  
sing to the Lord a new song!

Steel and machines, loud pounding hammers  
sing to the Lord a new song!  
Limestone and beams, loud building workers  
sing to the Lord a new song!

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## **Of All the Spirit's Gifts to Me**

Of all the Spirit's gifts to me, I pray that I may never cease  
to take and treasure most these three: love, joy, and peace, love, joy, and peace.

The Spirit shows me love's the root of every gift sent from above,  
of every flower, of every fruit, that God is love, that God is love.

The Spirit shows if I possess a love no evil can destroy,  
however great is my distress, then this is joy, then this is joy.

Though what's ahead is mystery, and life itself is ours on lease,  
each day the Spirit says to me, "Go forth in peace, go forth in peace!"

We go in peace, but made aware that, in a needy world like this,  
our clearest purpose is to share love, joy, and peace, love, joy, and peace.

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## **Put Peace into Each Other's Hands**

Put peace into each other's hands and like a treasure hold it;  
protect it like a candle flame, with tenderness enfold it.

Put peace into each other's hands with loving expectation;  
be gentle in your words and ways, in touch with God's creation.

Put peace into each other's hands like bread we break for sharing;  
look people warmly in the eye: our life is meant for caring.

Give thanks for strong—yet tender—hands, held out in trust and blessing.  
Where words fall short, let hands speak out, the heights of love expressing.

Reach out in friendship, stay, with faith, in touch with those around you.  
Put peace into each other's hands: the Peace that sought and found you.

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## **You Walk along Our Shoreline**

You walk along our shoreline where land meets unknown sea.  
We hear your voice of power, "Now come and follow me.  
And if you still will follow through storm and wave and shoal,  
then I will make you fishers, but of the human soul."

You call us, Christ, to gather the people of the earth.  
We cannot fish for only those lives we think have worth.  
We spread your net of gospel across the water's face,  
our boat a common shelter for all found by your grace.

We cast our net, O Jesus; we cry the kingdom's name;  
we work for love and justice; we learn to hope through pain.  
You call us, Lord, to gather God's daughters and God's sons,  
to let your judgment heal us so that all may be one.

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## You Have Come Down to the Lakeshore

You have come down to the lakeshore  
seeking neither the wise nor the wealthy,  
but only asking for me to follow.

*Sweet Lord, you have looked into my eyes;  
kindly smiling, you've called out my name.  
On the sand I have abandoned my small boat;  
now with you, I will seek other seas.*

You know full well what I have, Lord:  
neither treasure nor weapons for conquest,  
just these my fish nets and will for working.

You need my hands, my exhaustion,  
working love for the rest of the weary—  
a love that's willing to go on loving.

You who have fished other waters;  
you, the longing of souls that are yearning:  
O loving Friend, you have come to call me.