



North Decatur Presbyterian Church is called by God to be a community of faith and worship, dedicated to Christian education and nurture so that we may go into the world to serve, work for peace and justice and share God's love with all people.

611 Medlock Road, Decatur, GA 30033
www.ndpc.org

SERVICE FOR THE LORD'S DAY

May 30, 2021

First Sunday After Pentecost

10:00AM

PREPARATION & ADORATION

WELCOME SONG *Here in This Place* Glory to God, #401

WELCOME & ANNOUNCEMENTS Rev. David Lewicki
If you are worshiping online, use the comment/chat section to introduce yourself.

PSALM OF THE DAY Psalm 150
Marie Hodgman Schoeneberg, liturgist

SILENCE

PASSING THE PEACE

During the Passing of the Peace, share a socially-distant sign of peace with others. Those who are worshiping online may write messages in the comment/chat section.

GRATEFUL RESPONSE GLORY TO GOD

Glory to God, Whose Goodness Shines on Me

**Glory to God whose goodness shines on me
And to the Son whose grace has pardoned me
And to the Spirit whose love has set me free
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be. Amen.**

**World without end, without end, Amen (x3)
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be. Amen.**

BLESSING FOR THE CHILDREN

PROCLAMATION

SCRIPTURE READING Romans 12:1-2, 9-21

SERMON *Re-boot Your Faith* Rev. David Lewicki

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE Rev. Beth Waltemath

**Our Father [Mother] in heaven, hallowed be your name,
your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.**

**Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us.
Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For yours is the kingdom, the power, and the glory forever. Amen.**

INVITATION TO SERVICE

Rev. David Lewicki

THE OFFERING

*Change for Change contributions in May support the relationship between NDPC and the majority-Black Episcopal Church of the Holy Cross as we create our “Just Neighbors” initiative. Text **‘NDPC C4C \$20 (or any amount)’ to 73256** to give to give to Change for Change.*

2021 pledges can be paid through automatic bank payment or by check. Visitors and those giving outside a pledge may donate to the church’s general fund either by check, through Paypal at ndpc.org, or by texting ‘NDPC \$20’ (or any dollar amount) to 73256.

To make a **pledge for the remainder of 2021**, go to the [giving page](#) on ndpc.org.

CLOSING SONG

Alleluia, the Great Storm is Over

by Bob Franke

BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE

NOTES ON WORSHIP TODAY:

Flowers are provided today by NDPC’s Worship Committee.

Livestream and video are produced by Jason Schoenberg and Tim Merritt.

WELCOME VISITORS

We’re happy that you’ve joined us today. Please introduce yourself to those around you. We come from different backgrounds, traditions, and cultures to worship at NDPC. We invite you to use language and pronouns, both for God and for persons, that is authentic to you.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION:

If you would like to donate flowers, volunteer to serve as an usher or liturgist, or submit comments or suggestions about worship, please email worship@ndpc.org.

All recent worship services are available to watch at ndpc.org. You may also subscribe to our sermon podcast through any of the major podcasting services.

CONTACT NDPC:

Office Phone: 404-636-1429; Office Email: office@ndpc.org

Rev. David Lewicki is available this summer to meet with any person seeking pastoral care or spiritual conversation. Email david@ndpc.org.

For urgent needs, call the co-pastors’ emergency cell phone: 404-981-NDPC (6372).

NDPC STAFF:

Elizabeth Waltemath, *Co-Pastor, head of staff*

David Lewicki, *Co-Pastor*

Mary Anona Stoops, *Pastor for Older Adult Formation*

Erin Reed Cooper, *Director of Children, Youth, and Family Ministries*

Javier Sanchez, *Custodian*

Manifesto: The Mad Farmer Liberation Front

by Wendell Berry

Love the quick profit, the annual raise,
vacation with pay. Want more
of everything ready-made. Be afraid
to know your neighbors and to die.
And you will have a window in your head.
Not even your future will be a mystery
any more. Your mind will be punched in a
card
and shut away in a little drawer.
When they want you to buy something
they will call you. When they want you
to die for profit they will let you know.
So, friends, every day do something
that won't compute. Love the Lord.
Love the world. Work for nothing.
Take all that you have and be poor.
Love someone who does not deserve it.
Denounce the government and embrace
the flag. Hope to live in that free
republic for which it stands.
Give your approval to all you cannot
understand. Praise ignorance, for what man
has not encountered he has not destroyed.
Ask the questions that have no answers.
Invest in the millennium. Plant sequoias.
Say that your main crop is the forest
that you did not plant,
that you will not live to harvest.
Say that the leaves are harvested

when they have rotted into the mold.
Call that profit. Prophecy such returns.
Put your faith in the two inches of humus
that will build under the trees
every thousand years.
Listen to carrion — put your ear
close, and hear the faint chattering
of the songs that are to come.
Expect the end of the world. Laugh.
Laughter is immeasurable. Be joyful
though you have considered all the facts.
So long as women do not go cheap
for power, please women more than men.
Ask yourself: Will this satisfy
a woman satisfied to bear a child?
Will this disturb the sleep
of a woman near to giving birth?
Go with your love to the fields.
Lie easy in the shade. Rest your head
in her lap. Swear allegiance
to what is nighest your thoughts.
As soon as the generals and the politicians
can predict the motions of your mind,
lose it. Leave it as a sign
to mark the false trail, the way
you didn't go. Be like the fox
who makes more tracks than necessary,
some in the wrong direction.
Practice resurrection.

“Manifesto: The Mad Farmer Liberation Front” from *New Collected Poems*, Counterpoint Press, 2012.

Alleluia, The Great Storm Is Over

Words & Music by Bob Franke

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The thunder and lightning gave voice to the night;
the little lost child cried aloud in her fright. .

"Hush, little baby, a story I'll tell,
of a love that has vanquished the powers of hell.

Alleluia, the great storm is over, lift up your wings and fly!
Alleluia, the great storm is over, lift up your wings and fly!

"Sweetness in the air, and justice on the wind,
laughter in the house where the mourners had been.
The deaf shall have music, the blind have new eyes,
the standards of death taken down by surprise.

Alleluia, the great storm is over, lift up your wings and fly!
Alleluia, the great storm is over, lift up your wings and fly!

Release for the captives, an end to the wars,
new streams in the desert, new hope for the poor.
All the little children will dance as they sing,
and play with the bears and the lions in spring.

Alleluia, the great storm is over, lift up your wings and fly!
Alleluia, the great storm is over, lift up your wings and fly!

"Hush little baby, let go of your fear:
the Lord loves his own, and your mother is here."
The child fell asleep as the lantern did burn.
The mother sang on 'till her Bridegroom's return.

Alleluia, the great storm is over, lift up your wings and fly!
Alleluia, the great storm is over, lift up your wings and fly!