



May 31, 2020

Melville United Church

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Worship prepared today by
Rev. Tom Watson

Words of Welcome and Introduction

Good morning! For those of you whom I haven't had the privilege of meeting before, my name is Tom Watson, and I will be filling in on a few Sundays while Marion Loree is away on her sabbatical.

I was formerly a minister at Trinity United in Guelph, so have known Marion as she began her journey toward ministry in that congregation. She, John Solberg and I have also done quite a bit of music together, the last time being in February when we were part of the concert here at Melville.

So, it's good to be with you—not exactly in person as I have been used to doing for years, but across this virtual medium.

Sharing the Light (take a moment to light a candle and centre yourself to prepare to enter in to a time of worship and prayer. As you light the candle repeat the following words)

I light a candle
in the name of the God who creates life,
in the name of the Christ Presence who loves life,
in the name of the Spirit who is the fire of life.

Call to Worship:

As a way of centering, and as a call to worship, I am going to read the words of a poem I wrote. It pertains to the season of spring, and is called "The Greening Time."

The buds appear upon the trees
And all surrounding nature wakes,
And breaks into a lively dance
Announcing spring's bright countenance.

Over on the distant hill
A hint of forming daffodil
Bright's the landscape, while on high
Some geese return to grace the sky,
And course the air beside a cloud
That wanders lazy...yet majestic...proud.

It is the greening time of year—
A time when, daily, there appear
Fresh wonders in this world of God—
So much to cause us to applaud
The beauty that embraces life.

It stills the mind to thankful thoughts...
and gently holds the soul...in tranquil awe.

Come, let us worship God.

Opening Prayer:

Holy, ever-renewing God, on this Pentecost Sunday we are called to be filled with the power of your spirit, to embrace the new opportunities that await us each day. Widen our love, strengthen our faith, invigorate our hope. Amen.

**Organ Meditation "The Holy Presence" – Gilbert M. Martin
(by Colleen Weber)**

Scripture Reading: Acts 2:1-13

When the day of Pentecost had come, they were all together in one place. And suddenly from heaven there came a sound like the rush of a mighty wind, and it filled the entire house where they were sitting. Divided tongues, as of fire, appeared among them, and a tongue rested on each of them. All of them were filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other languages, as the Spirit gave them ability.

Now there were devout Jews from every nation under heaven living in Jerusalem. And at this sound the crowd gathered and was bewildered, because each one heard them speaking in the native language of each. Amazed and astonished, they asked, "Are not all these who are speaking Galileans? And how is it that we hear, each of us, in our own native language? Parthians, Medes, Elamites, and residents of Mesopotamia, Judea and Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, Egypt and the parts of Libya belonging to Cyrene, and visitors from Rome, both Jews and proselytes, Cretans and Arabs—in our own languages we hear them speaking about God's deeds of power." All were amazed and perplexed, saying to one another, "What does this mean?" But others sneered and said, "They are filled with new wine."

Message: Waiting For Just The Right Wind

Those early Christians were a very hardy lot. They had believed so strongly in the man, Jesus—what he stood for, the changes that he could do to make the world a better place.

But then, it all came crumbling down when Jesus was crucified.

What to do now? How to hope again? How to dream again? How to live again?

Do you know what that's like? To see your dreams evaporate? To see everything that life meant change in the twinkling of an eye? And then to try and figure out how to keep going?

Of course you do. It's part of the human condition.

But there's something else that's part of the human condition—that piece of us that refuses to give up.

So those early folks didn't give up. They continued to gather. When they could. Where they could. They continued to hope. They continued to believe. They kept going in spite of.

Then came the day we know as Pentecost. The story says they were all gathered together. And there came a mighty wind. It filled them with fresh spirit...brought them all together. Brought them together so strongly that they went on from there to live with new strength and courage.

There came a mighty wind. Wind is such a powerful force.

I want to talk now, for a few minutes, about kites. Something has always fascinated me about what wind can do with kites. To see a kite rise majestically, dip and dive with the currents, float high above everything simply because of the power of the wind.

Last summer I was visiting at daughter Sandra's home. She has two children, Kennedy and Clark. A friend had given them a kite, so we went to a park to fly the kite.

It was the first time that I had anything to do with flying a kite for more than 65 years. Back when I was a young boy growing up on my southwestern Ontario farm my dad made one for me. Trouble was that kite wouldn't fly. It was too heavy, too cumbersome, so it couldn't get airborne.

In some senses, it was like those early Christians prior to Pentecost. There just wasn't any spirit in that kite.

So, for me to go with Kennedy and Clark to the park that day was to relive a piece of my childhood. I wanted to see if we could get their kite to fly.

That particular day, the winds were light, so it was difficult to get the kite up high enough. It was interesting, though, to watch other people trying different approaches, in an attempt to compensate for the lack of sufficient wind.

One approach...run like the dickens, absolutely certain that with the right amount of effort and strategy you could get the kite to fly. Run back and forth until you were totally out of puff, determined that you could do it, that even if there wasn't quite enough wind you could generate enough from your own steam.

A typical Type A personality approach—I can make this happen.

Second approach...run back and forth just a little bit, a few times, and then give up and go over to the swing set for a swing, convinced that the kite is never going to fly today no matter what you do. And even if it might, it's just not worth the effort. "If at first you don't succeed...give up."

Third approach...One young boy stood back and studied the whole thing for a while, watched the winds, how they came up a bit and then died down, considered that if he waited for just the right wind—just enough to get the kite up above the level of the house tops—then he could make the kite fly.

And then did. He waited patiently. Then, with very little effort at all, he launched the kite onto the little tufts of up-lifting air. Up, up it went, above the rooftops, and there it caught the more steady winds higher up...and then he was able to make that kite do all the things the rest of us wished we could have made happen.

It was fascinating to watch. The one who was patient enough to wait for just the right moment when the wind was favourable was the one who succeeded where the rest failed.

I don't know what's happening in any of our lives. But I do know that

we can take a lesson from that one boy in the park when I went that day with my grandchildren:

Watch, wait, be patient, be ready to be borne aloft on the right winds when they come.
And they will come. They always do. Because they are a gift from God. And when the right winds come, the kites of our lives will fly.

Amen.

Prayers

Antiphonal Lord's Prayer

This morning, I am going to do The Lord's Prayer in an antiphonal way. What happens is that I will break The Lord's Prayer up into short phrases, and each time you will repeat the phrase that I have just sung. Colleen and I will work together on this. She will sing your part—the repeated phrases.

Closing Hymn - Spirit of the Living God (Voices United 376)

Spirit of the Living God, fall afresh on me.
Spirit of the Living God, fall fresh on me.
Melt me, mold me, fill me, use me.
Spirit of the Living God, fall afresh on me.

Spirit of the Living God, move among us all,
Make us one in heart and mind, make us one in love.
Humble, caring, selfless, sharing.
Spirit of the living God, fill out lives with love!

Departing Prayer

May God's spirit be with us every day of our lives...
Lifting, comforting, offering hope...
Offering new ways of coping...
New words to live by...
New ways to live gracefully.
We go now in peace.
Amen.