

## Tuesday Midday Worship

### Children of the Heavenly Father *Truggare kan ingen vara*



*Tryg - ga - re kan ing - en va - ra än Guds lil - la bar - na - ska - ra,*  
1 Chil - dren of the heav'n-ly Fa - ther safe - ly in his bo - som gath - er;  
2 God his own doth tend and nour-ish, in his ho - ly courts they flour - ish.  
3 Nei - ther life nor death shall ev - er from the Lord his chil - dren sev - er;  
4 Though he giv - eth or he tak - eth, God his chil - dren ne'er for - sak - eth;



*stjär - nan ej på him - la - fäs - tet, få - geln ej i kän - da näs - tet.*  
nest - ling bird nor star in heav - en such a ref - uge e'er was giv - en.  
From all e - vil things he spares them, in his might - y arms he bears them.  
un - to them his grace he show - eth, and their sor - rows all he know - eth.  
his the lov - ing pur - pose sole - ly to pre - serve them pure and ho - ly.

Text: Carolina Sandell Berg, 1832–1903; tr. Ernst W. Olson, 1870–1958  
Music: TRYGGARE KAN INGEN VARA, Swedish folk tune  
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Let us pray. God Most High, by your Word you created a wondrous universe, and through your Spirit you breathed into it the breath of life. Accept creation's hymn of praise from our lips and let the praise that is sung in heaven resound in the heart of every creature on earth, to the glory of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, now and forever. (Psalm 148)

**Amen.**

## Borning Cry



1 "I was there to hear your born-ing cry, I'll be there when you are old.  
2 "When you heard the won-der of the Word I was there to cheer you on;  
3 "In the mid-dle a - ges of your life, not too old, no lon - ger young,



I re - joiced the day you were bap-tized to see your life un - fold.  
you were raised to praise the liv - ing Lord, to whom you now be - long.  
I'll be there to guide you through the night, com-plete what I've be - gun.



I was there when you were but a child, with a faith to suit you well;  
If you find some-one to share your time and you join your hearts as one,  
When the eve - ning gent - ly clos - es in and you shut your wea - ry eyes,



in a blaze of light you wan-dered off to find where de-mons dwell."  
I'll be there to make your vers - es rhyme from dusk till ris - ing sun."  
I'll be there as I have al - ways been, with just one more sur - prise."



4 "I was there to hear your born-ing cry, I'll be there when you are old.



I re - joiced the day you were bap-tized to see your life un - fold."

### Isaiah 46:3-4

<sup>3</sup>Listen to me, O house of Jacob,  
all the remnant of the house of Israel,  
who have been borne by me from your birth,  
carried from the womb;  
<sup>4</sup>even to your old age I am he,  
even when you turn gray I will carry you.  
I have made, and I will bear;  
I will carry and will save.

## When Memory Fades



1 When mem - 'ry fades, and rec - og - ni - tion fal - ters,  
2 As frail - ness grows, and youth - ful strengths di - min - ish,  
3 With - in your Spir - it, good - ness lives un - fad - ing.



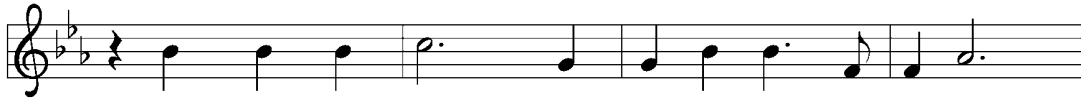
when eyes we love grow dim, and minds con - fused,  
in wea - ry arms which worked their ear - nest fill,  
The past and fu - ture min - gle in - to one.



speak to our souls of love that nev - er al - ters;  
your ag - ing ser - vants la - bor now to fin - ish  
All joys re - main, un - shad - owed light per - vad - ing.



speak to our hearts, by pain and fear a - bused.  
their earth - ly tasks, as fits your mer - cy's will.  
No val - ued deed will ev - er be un - done.



O God of life and heal - ing peace, em - pow'r us  
We grieve their wan - ing, yet re - joice, be - liev - ing,  
Your mind en - folds all fi - nite acts and off - rings.



with pa - tient cour - age, by your grace in - fused.  
your arms, un - wea - ried, shall up - hold us still.  
Held in your heart, our death - less life is won.

Text: Mary Louise Bringle, b. 1953

Music: FINLANDIA, Jean Sibelius, 1865–1957

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### **Every Beginning**

Every beginning brings an ending.  
Every ending brings a beginning.

Ancient One,  
This is the joy and the grief,  
The plenty and the famine,  
The dance and the dirge  
Of life  
Alive and awake  
In Your world.

How wonderful is this living?  
How glorious the light from heaven?  
How stunning the radiance that surrounds you  
My beloved,  
Holy and new, luminous with wonder?  
How marvelous this place where earth and sky touch?

How strange is this dying?  
How melancholy that one day we will  
No longer hear sweet voices,  
See sweet faces,  
Share whispers and secrets,  
Laughter and heartbreak?  
How much more, my darlings,  
Should we love today?  
How much more, my children,  
Should we savor and rejoice?

Every beginning brings an ending.  
Every ending brings a beginning.  
Blessed is G-d's Holy Name.

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May the peace of God enfold us,  
The love of God uphold us,  
The wisdom of God control us.

**Amen**