

Fallow the Field

St. John's Church
November 12, 2023

WELCOME

We are so happy you are with us.

All you need to worship with us is in this bulletin. Please greet the person near you, stand and sit as you are comfortable, and bring your voice and heart to the service.

Quiet Rest

Fallow farmland is plowed or tilled but left unsown for a period to restore fertility.

Agricultural science tells us that fallowing raises levels of carbon, nitrogen and organic matter, improves moisture-holding capacity, and increases beneficial microorganisms in the soil.

Fallowing is described in the Torah as a field left unplanted to rest and regenerate, to replenish nutrients depleted from the top soil by crop production. It is strongly advised throughout scripture: “Six years you may sow your field and six years you may prune your vineyard and gather in the yield. But in the seventh year the land shall have a sabbath of complete rest, a sabbath of the Eternal” (Lev. 25:2-5).

Things happen when we slow down and rest with purpose. We actually may be doing something very important when we stop doing anything at all. Spiritual fallow time might be a time when we are not insistent on doing solitary inner work, but quietly letting God help us move away from the things that devastate us: overproduction, too many chemicals, the stones of unjust anger, lack of forgiveness, the hard clods of self-centeredness.

When we move away from that which deadens, we clearly see the poetry that is in our souls. Fallow time is what gives us the space to intentionally rest, to savor the friendships, the waning light, and all those other small moments and gestures that nurture our trust in the cycle of seasons.

To intentionally rest is not a time-out to discipline yourself. The fallow season is an invitation from the Creator to spend time letting micronutrients develop, letting what is small and invisible rise from within your deepest places.

God is doing something in the fallow field, so small, so magnificent, so intricate, and so miraculous, it is astounding. But on the surface, it may look like hardened, untended, infertile, and cold acres of dirt.

Don't despair. Light will come again. We will look for new life soon enough.

These days are for soundless, invisible, undisturbed regeneration and restoration. Let it do its work in you.

Ministers

Altar Guild	Charlotte Patrick
Sound	Oscar Trevino
Hospitality Greeter	Diana Anderson
Liturgy Greeter	Kathy Riley
Worship Leader	Kim Dillivan
Reader	Barb Morales
Preacher	Charlotte Patrick
Intercessor	Jessica Smith
Presider	
Communion Server	
Communion Server	Tim Glatzer
Communion Bread	Jessica Smith
Coffee Hour	Marlynn Riker

Prayers

Anglican Cycle of Prayer: The Anglican Church of Mozambique and Angola
 Diocesan Cycle of Prayer: Diocesan Standing Committee; Diocesan Staff ;
 St. Andrew's in the Pines, Pinedale

<p>Nelson & Nancy; Carolyn & Family; Laurel & Rusty; Hugh B. & Marge; Hunter, Charlotte & Mike; Lee & Kelly; Richmond & Rich; Shirley & Deb; Richard & Jennifer; Tim & Lynnae; Robin & Mark; Margie & Josey; Bobbi & Bentley; Tim & Alex; Bob & Charlotte; Brandon & Diedre; Carra, Deb S., Rob R., Kathy E., Martha, Tammy, Rob K., Bobby B., Larry, Irene, Nancy, Alan, Katy, Marlynn, Sue, Kahli, Ron and Jane</p>	<p>Justin, Jacob, Patrick, Reece, Coleman, Bryce and Nathan who are serving in the military.</p> <p>Ann, Josephine and Don who reside in care centers.</p>
--	---

Celebrations

Birthday: Monte Nickles—13th, Abigail Yvonne Trevino—16th
 Anniversary: Tom & Kathy Walker—12th

Prelude

“Birds Fly South,” Jeff Zentner.

Hymn *Verses 1, 2 and Doxology*



1. From all that dwell be - low the skies,
2. E - ter - nal are your mer - cies, Lord;
3. Your loft - y themes, all mor - tals, bring;
4. In ev - 'ry land be - gin the song;

Doxology Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow;



1. Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter - nal truth at - tends your word:
3. In songs of praise di - vine - ly sing;
4. To ev - 'ry land the strains be - long;
Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low;



1. Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung,
2. Your praise shall sound from shore to shore,
3. The great sal - va - tion loud pro - claim,
4. In cheer - ful sounds all voic - es raise,
Praise him a - bove, you heav'n - ly host:



1. Through ev - 'ry land by ev - 'ry tongue.
2. Till suns shall rise and set no more.
3. And shout for joy the Sav - ior's name.
4. And fill the world with loud - est praise.
Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

Text: LM; based on Psalm 117; verses 1–2, Isaac Watts, 1674–1748, alt; verses 3–4, anon., ca. 1781;
Doxology, Thomas Ken, 1637–1711. Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; attr. to Louis Bourgeois, ca. 1510–1561, alt.

Gathering

God of stillness, God of rest,
 We gather this day to embrace the changing seasons of creation.
 God of mystery, God of fallowness,
 Create in us those empty spaces,
 Where we wait for you,
 Listen for you,
 Long for your replenishing love.

Praise

For
 For
 For
 For

all that is our life we sing our thanks and praise; for
 needs which oth - ers serve, for ser - vic - es we give, for
 sor - row we must bear, for fail - ures, pain, and loss, for
 all that is our life we sing our thanks and praise; for

all life is a gift which we are called to use to
 work and its re - wards, for hours of rest and love; we
 each new thing we learn, for fear - ful hours that pass: we
 all life is a gift which we are called to use to

build the com - mon good and
 come with praise and thanks for
 come with praise and thanks for
 build the com - mon good and

1, 2, 3.
 make our own days glad.
 all that is our life.
 all that is our life.
 make our own days glad.

glad.

Prayer of the Day

God be with you.

And also with you.

Let us pray.

Good and gracious Creator of all,

Be with us this day as we embrace this changing season into stillness, quiet, rest.

It is hard for us to be still, listening to the land as it slows.

May we hear the call of the birds as they migrate south, bidding us farewell.

May we find delight in the golden orange-yellow leaves dancing to the ground,
as the ground comes to rest after this season of harvest.

May we find courage in letting go, in not knowing what the future holds,
in making room for your generous presence, your enveloping stillness,
in this time of restoration. Amen.

Scripture

We sit.

After the reading

Word of God, word of hope.

Thanks be to God.

Sermon

Prayers

God of all seasons, as we welcome the crisp air and falling leaves of autumn,
help us to remember that this season of fallow ground is a time of rest, release,
reflection, restoration, and renewal.

As we come before you with open hearts and open minds,
meet us we pray in the stillness saying, God of fallow ground, **hear us.**

The intercessor continues, closing with

God of all seasons, allow us to be fallow,
to be human beings rather than humans doing.

Help us to seek quiet, peace, and stillness. Then let us rest in those spaces.

Help us to discern what we need to release. Help us to pause,
to be still and to make room for your restorative grace and everlasting peace.

Amen.

The Lord's Prayer

We pray as Christ taught us.
Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your Name,
your kingdom come,
your will be done, on earth as in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us.
Save us from the time of trial, and deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power,
and the glory are yours,
now and for ever. Amen.

Confession of Need

We stand.

Gracious, changing God,
we confess that we have stumbled through our days,
with corrupt thoughts, harmful words, and careless actions.
We have harvested what was not ours to take;
we have not pulled the weeds in our own acre.

We acknowledge that what stirs within us
is no great welling straining to flood forth,
but an emptiness, waiting to be filled.
We are not orchards ready to be harvested,
but fields, rough and barren
waiting to be tilled.

Work in us.

May the earlier setting of the sun remind us to take time to rest.
May the brilliant colors of the trees
remind us of the wonder of your creation.
May the vapor of our breath in the cool air
remind us that it is you who gives us the breath of life.
May the harvest from the fields remind us of the abundance we have been given
and of the bounty we are to share with others.
Help us remember, remember,
remember all that you do in this fallow season.
Your beautiful guiding hand in all of the seeming nothing,
in the dying of summer's spirit is your great promise
that death is a season and life after the tomb is eternal. Amen.

The Peace

May the peace of the Lord be always with you.

And also with you.

We greet one another in the name of God.

Announcements

Offertory

There is a time for everything and a season for every activity under the heavens:
a time to plant and a time to till.

To give thanks to God for both the work and the rest,
we give from what we have stored.

Music

“Blackbird,” Beatle Grass.

The Great Thanksgiving

The Lord be with you.

And also with you.

Open your heart to the presence of God.

Our hearts rest in our God.

Let us give thanks to the Lord.

It is right to give our thanks and praise.

We offer our praise to you this day, Creator of all, God of our seasons.

In the beginning, you called forth from the darkness both light and life,
spreading forth the expanses of both space and time
over which our days would unfold.

Stillness and motion, rest and action, silence and joyful shout –
all these you created, O Lord, as you planted us in the garden of your creation.

You beheld the beauty of creation and blessed it, proclaiming it good.

Therefore we praise you, joining our voices with the unending hymn of the angels
who, embraced in your glory, sing your unending praise.

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,

God of power and might,

heaven and earth are full of your glory.

Hosanna in the highest.

Blessed is the One who comes in the name of the Lord.

Hosanna in the highest.

We remember this day, that we turned away from the light and life, retreating into darkness. Yet, as we waited without hope, O Lord, your voice broke the silence in the words of prophets and the cries of conscience that called your people to new life. You offered us rest and you offered purpose to our movement.

In due season, through your beloved son, you experienced with us emptiness and death. Yet, even in the stillness of the tomb, you were at work. The darkness of death was but a pause, an intermission, during which the previous world and its fallenness were rolled away to be replaced by the redemptive splendor of resurrection. From the dirt of the grave, your root reached into us, grafting us in, uniting us in your presence.

On the night before he entered into death, our Lord Jesus Christ took bread, and when he had given thanks to you, he broke it and gave it to his disciples saying

“Take, eat: This is my Body, which is given for you.

Do this for the remembrance of me.”

After supper he took the cup of wine; and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them, and said,

“Drink this, all of you: This is my Blood of the new Covenant, which is shed for you and for many for the forgiveness of sins. Whenever you drink it, do this for the remembrance of me.”

Therefore we proclaim the mystery of faith:

Christ has died.

Christ is risen.

Christ will come again.

We celebrate anew our redemption, O source and soil of every living being! Recalling that Christ emptied himself for us and how he turned emptiness to fullness, despair to grateful praise, and death to life itself, we offer you these gifts, Almighty God.

Sanctify them by your Holy Spirit to be for your people the Body and Blood of your Son, the holy food and drink of new and unending life in him.

Sanctify us also that we may faithfully receive this holy Sacrament; take root in us, O Holy Spirit, that from our fallowness, we may come to bear fruit and from our fruitfulness, we may rest fully in you when we live in the eternal kingdom.

All this we ask through your Son Jesus Christ: By him, and with him, and in him, in the unity of the Holy Spirit all honor and glory is yours, Creator God, now and for ever. **AMEN.**

The leader breaks the bread. There is silence.

Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us;

Therefore let us keep the feast.

The Gifts of God for the People of God.

Communion

Please come to the table, whether you are single, married or divorced, drinking, using or sober, abled, disabled, or ill, gay, straight, or discovering, wealthy, getting by or in debt. Christ meets us all.

Approach the rail from the left aisle and take a cup; used cups go on the tray on the right. You may receive only bread or only wine. Our Eucharistic bread is handmade and robust. If you prefer a wafer, please tell your server.

Music

“Still/Sound,” Sophie Hutchings & Ólafur Arnalds.

“Something Told the Wild Geese,” Kirstin Nusser

Gratitude

We stand.

Let us pray.

Eternal, gracious, and loving God,

You have joined us in Christ’s life, death, and resurrection.

You sustain us in our darkness and strengthen us in our waiting.

Send us now into the world with faith, with peace, and with hope.

Help us to see your light in dark places, your dancing joy in stillness

That driven by our joy in your presence, we love and serve you:

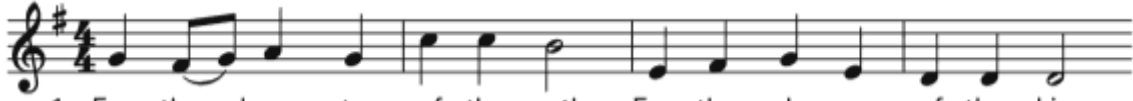
In every person we meet

In every action and in all stillness

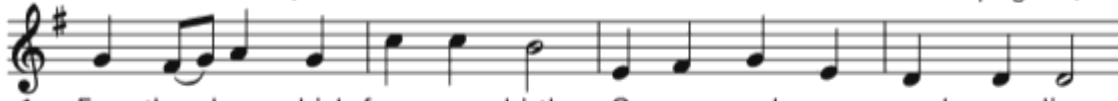
In the world beyond our doors.

Amen.

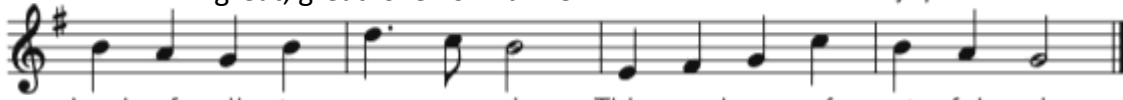
Hymn



1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,
2. For the beau - ty of each hour Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,
4. For Your - self, best Gift Di - vine To our world so free - ly giv'n,



1. For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies:
2. Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon, and stars of light:
3. Friends on earth and friends a - bove; For all gen - tle thoughts and mild:
4. For that great, great love of thine Peace on earth and joy in heav'n:



Lord of all, to you we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.

Text: 77 77 77; *Lyra Eucharistica*, 1864; Folliot S. Pierpoint, 1835–1917, alt. Music: Conrad Kocher, 1786–1872; adapt. by William H. Monk, 1823–1899.

Sending

Go now, rest with purpose,
trust in God and create space for new growth, new beginnings.
Welcome the stillness, embrace change,
Savor relationships, share God's love.
We go in the name of Christ. Alleluia.

Postlude

“Birds,” Imagine Dragons.

Cover

“Field Below Polecat Bench,” Jane V. Woods.

Sources

The words for this service were written collectively by St. John’s Worship Committee: Diana Anderson, Tim Glatzer, Susan McEvoy and Megan Nickles. They drew heavily on poetry and reflections from the following:

“My Work is Loving the World,” Mary Oliver

“Autumn Meditation,” Ken Phillips

“The Spiritual Meaning of Fall,” spiritualityshepherd.com

“Prayers for the Season of Autumn,” faith&worship.com

“Tillage,” Michael R. Burch

“Winter Grief,” David Whyte

Music

The hymns printed in this bulletin are copyrighted and used with permission from onelicense A-708236.

All music played during the service is available from Amazon Music.