



5 MAY 2026

Rachel's Day Commemoration

Before and after worship, you are invited to visit the prayer stations located around the Sanctuary.

PRELUDE – "Elegy on Tryggare Kan Ingen Vara"

J. Biery

WELCOME AND LAND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Luther Memorial Church and Academy are located on the original and ancestral homelands of the Haudenosaunee, Mississauga, and Erie people. These lands were ceded by the people of the Six Nations on October 22, 1784 in a treaty ratified by the United States Government in 1785 and never ratified by the people of the Six Nations. We gather in this place indebted to these peoples for their forced generosity. While some peoples were successful in resisting assimilation and genocide, and still live on dwindled homelands now, many were absorbed into other peoples, exiled, or annihilated by the United States government for their land. For those who remain and for the land on which we gather, we give thanks to the Creator and to those who have been custodians of this part of Turtle Island since time immemorial. We also wish to recognize and honor all our Indigenous siblings who have and continue to call this land their home.

CONFESSION

Today we remember those who suffer violence—systemic and interpersonal, profound and mundane, seen and unseen, those who have survived, those who bear the scars, those who mourn. Aching with sorrow
we grieve this pain and death that surrounds and fills us.

Today we remember mass killings in places of prayer, in synagogues, mosques, and churches—and the ways these institutions of your love often perpetuate such violence. Rejecting the viciousness
we give ourselves to one another in love and care.

Today we remember deaths and fears of death rampant in schools, homes, and workplaces. Marching for their lives, young people awaken us to action. Listening at last we rise up to face the horror;
we confess ourselves complicit.

Let us pray together.

Forgive, O God, our wrongful action and our inaction.

Forgive our silence and indifference.

Lead us in love, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

May God who is our hope inscribe our hearts with justice and guide us in the ways of peace.
Amen.

GATHERING HYMN

ELW 711

O Day of Peace



1 O day of peace that dim-ly shines through all our hopes and prayers and dreams,
2 Then shall the wolf dwell with the lamb, nor shall the fierce de - vour the small;



guide us to jus - tice, truth, and love, de-liv-ered from our self - ish schemes.
as beasts and cat - tle calm-ly graze, a lit-tle child shall lead them all.



May swords of hate fall from our hands, our hearts from en - vy find re-lease,
Then en - e-mies shall learn to love, all crea-tures find their true ac-cord;



till by God's grace our war-ringing world shall see Christ's prom-ised reign of peace.
the hope of peace shall be ful-filled, for all the earth shall know the Lord.

Text: Carl P. Daw Jr., b. 1944
Music: JERUSALEM, C. Hubert H. Parry, 1848–1918
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GREETING

Grace, mercy, and peace be yours in the name of Jesus, our Light, our Life, and our Liberation.
And also with you.

PRAYER OF THE DAY

Let us pray.

God, our healer and our refuge, we pray for our children who suffer from systemic violence—from violence in school and at home, from trafficking and abuse, from racism and bullying and phobias and -isms. With your mercy, bind up their wounds, restore their bodies, and heal their hearts. Comfort the mourners and embrace the lonely. With your might, empower us to change this broken world. Make us advocates for a stable society, alive with hope in you. We ask this through the one once wounded for our transgressions and now standing with us in our sorrows, Jesus Christ, our Savior and Lord.

Amen.

Please be seated.

FIRST READING: Jeremiah 31:15-17

translation: The Inclusive Bible: The First Egalitarian Translation

Thus says *ha shem*¹: “A voice was heard in Ramah,
mourning and bitter weeping.

Rachel, weeping for her children,
refuses to be comforted,
for her children are no more.”

Thus says *ha shem*:

“Stop your weeping,
shed no more tears.

Your hardships will be atoned for,”
says *ha shem*,

“and they will return
from the land of the enemy.

There is hope for your future,”
says *ha shem*.

Hear what the Spirit is saying to the churches.

Thanks be to God!

¹ *ha shem* in Hebrew means “The Name.” It is a way of speaking the unspeakable name of God “YHWH” by referencing the name itself—thereby naming God without speaking the actual name.

1 "How long, O God?" the psalm-ist cries, a cry we make our own,
 2 The e - vil lurks with - in, with-out, it threat-ens to de - stroy
 3 Your grace, O God, seems far a - way; will heal - ing ev - er come?
 4 How can we hope? How can we sing? O God, set free our voice
 5 "How long, O God?" the psalm-ist cries, a cry we make our own.

for we are lost, a - lone, a - fraid, and far a - way from home.
 the frag - ile cords that make us one, that bind our hearts in joy.
 Our bro - ken lives lie bro - ken still; will night give way to dawn?
 to name the sor - rows, name the pain, that we might yet re - joice.
 Though we are lost, a - lone, a - fraid, our God will lead us home.

Text: Ralph F. Smith, 1950–1994
 Music: LAND OF REST, North American traditional; arr. hymnal version
 Text © 2003 Augsburg Fortress.
 Arr. © 2006 Augsburg Fortress.

READING: I Samuel 2:1-11

translation: A Women's Lectionary for the Whole Church

Hannah prayed and she said,
 "My heart exults in the HOLY ONE OF OLD;
 my horn is lifted up in my God.
 My mouth opens wide against my enemies,
 for I will rejoice in my victory.
 There is no holy like the MOST HIGH,
 none besides you;
 there is no rock like our God.
 Speak proudly no more, multiplying pride,
 nor let arrogance come from your mouth;
 for the AGELESS GOD is a God of knowledge,
 and by God deeds are accounted.
 The bows of the mighty are broken,
 yet the feeble gird on warrior-strength.
 Those who were full have hired themselves out for bread,
 yet those who were hungry are fat.
 She who was barren has birthed seven children,
 yet she who has many children languishes.
 The CREATOR OF ALL kills and gives like;
 brings down to Sheol and raises up.
 The GRACIOUS ONE makes poor and makes rich;
 brings low and also lifts up.

God raises the poor from the dust,
and lifts the needy from heaps of human waste,
to seat them with nobles and inherit a seat of honor.
For to the CREATOR belong the pillars of the earth,
and on them God has set the world.
God will guard the feet of the faithful who belong to God,
while the wicked perish in shadow;
for it is not by might that one prevails.
The HOLY ONE OF SINAI!
Those who strive against God shall be shattered;
God thunders against them from heaven.
The FOUNT OF JUSTICE will judge the ends of the earth;
God will give strength to God's ruler,
and exalt the power of the anointed of God."

Hear what the Spirit is saying to the churches.

Thanks be to God!

SONG – *Heal the World*

Connie Talbot

The R. Benjamin Wiley Charter School Youth Choir

Elaine Stanton, Director

READING: Luke 1:41-55

translation: First Nations Version: an Indigenous Translation of the New Testament

When Creator Is My Promise (Elizabeth), heard Bitter Tears's (Mary's) greeting, she felt her child jump inside her. She was filled with the Holy Spirit, and with a loud cry she lifted her voice and spoke these blessing words to Bitter Tears (Mary). "The Most Holy One has honored you more than any other woman," she laughed. "The child you carry inside you will bring great blessings to all people. Why is Creator being so kind to me, sending the mother of the Great Chief to visit my home? As soon as I heard your greeting, my baby jumped for joy inside me! You have been chosen by the Maker of Life for a great honor, because you believed his words to you." When Bitter Tears (Mary) heard this, she was filled with gladness, and her words flowed out like a song:

"From deep in my heart I dance with joy to honor the Great Spirit. Even though I am small and weak, he noticed me. Now I will be looked up to by all. The Mighty One has lifted me up! His name is sacred. He is the Great and Holy One. He shows kindness and pity to both children and elders who respect him. His strong arm has brought low the ones who think they are better than others. He counts coup² with arrogant warrior chiefs but puts a headdress of honor on the ones with humble hearts. He prepared a great feast for the ones who are hungry, but sends the fat ones home with empty bellies. He has been kind to the tribes of Wrestles with Creator (Israel) who walk in his ways, for he has remembered the ancient promises he made to our ancestors—to Father of Many Nations (Abraham) and his descendants."

Hear what the Spirit is saying to the churches.

Thanks be to God.

REFLECTION

The Rt. Rev'd. Kristen M. Papson

III Bishop, NWPA Synod, ELCA

² "Counting coup" was a Native American practice among some of the Plains tribes of touching an enemy with a coup stick as an act of courage during battle, to show he could have killed him but chose to spare him instead. Each time the coup stick was used in battle, a mark would be placed on it. It counted the number of victories won.

During the singing of the song, you are invited to light a candle for those you hold in your heart who experience the Herods of the world.

Canticle of the Turning



1 My soul cries out with a joy - ful shout that the
 2 Though I am small, my . . . God, my all, you . . .
 3 From the halls of pow'r to the for - tress tow'r, not a
 4 Though the na - tions rage from . . age to age, we re -



God of my heart is great, and my spir - it sings of the
 work great . . things in me, and your mer - cy will last from the
 stone will be left on stone. Let the king be - ware for your
 mem - ber who holds us fast: God's mer - cy must de -



won - drous things that you bring to the ones who wait.
 depths of the past to the end of the age to be.
 jus - tice tears ev - 'ry ty - rant . . . from his throne.
 liv - er us from the con - quer - or's crush - ing grasp.



You fixed your sight on your ser - vant's plight, and my
 Your ver - y name puts the proud to shame, and to
 The hun - gry poor shall . . weep no more, for the
 This sav - ing word that our fore - bears heard is the



weak - ness you did not spurn, so from east to west shall my
 those who would for you yearn, you will show your might, put the
 food they can nev - er earn; there are ta - bles spread, ev - 'ry
 prom - ise which holds us bound, till the spear and rod can be



name be blest. Could the world be a - bout to turn?
 strong to flight, for the world is a - bout to turn.
 mouth be fed, for the world is a - bout to turn.
 crushed by God, who is turn - ing the world a - round.



Refrain
 My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the fires of your jus - tice burn.



Wipe a - way all tears, for the dawn draws near, and the world is a - bout to turn.

PRAYER, LAMENT, AND CANDLE LIGHTING

God, giver of life, you intend for humans to live together in peace. In our grieving over the wounds our children wear—violence in their schools and homes, trafficking and abuse, bullying, racism, phobias and -isms, we pray for your presence among us. That, trusting in your mighty and gentle healing, we may live in hope, we pray: **make us instruments of your peace.**

God of resurrection, we remember before you those who have died. We commend them to your eternal love. Grant healing and wholeness to the survivors who are wounded or traumatized, and restore all whose spirits are maimed by such violence. That we may serve as your arms of care for those in distress, we pray: **make us instruments of your peace.**

God of righteousness, you have laid on our elected leaders the responsibility to protect our land. Strengthen their devotion to our common life, and guide legislators to enact policies that address our society's plagues of gun violence, human trafficking, bullying, and domestic violence. That our government may support our search for domestic harmony, we pray: **make us instruments of your peace.**

God of compassion, we give you thanks for first responders, for police officers, firefighters, EMTs, chaplains, social workers, and all who offer compassionate aid in situations of tragedy. Keep them safe from harm, and give them courage and sound judgment as they act. That we may join in support of those who risk their lives for others, we pray: **make us instruments of your peace.**

God of forgiveness, we ask your mercy on those who fire weapons of word or deed. With your grace, transform those who from malice or illness inflict violence and abuse on others. Console their families. Believing in your power to make all things new, we pray: **make us instruments of your peace.**

God of true might and redemptive mercy, receive our prayers, and grant us to become your instruments of peace, through Jesus Christ, our Savior and Lord. **Amen.**

SONG – *Be Alright*

Evan Craft
The R. Benjamin Wiley Charter School Youth Choir
Elaine Stanton, Director

PRAYER OF RESOLVE

A reading from the Gospel of Matthew. An angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream and said, “Get up, take the child and his mother, and flee to Egypt . . . for Herod is about to search for the child, to destroy him.” When Herod saw that he had been tricked . . . he sent and killed all the children in and around Bethlehem. . . . Then was fulfilled what had been spoken through the prophet Jeremiah: “A voice was heard in Ramah, wailing and loud lamentation, Rachel weeping for her children; she refused to be consoled, because they are no more.”

Out of fear and in silence, we have left ourselves and our children victims to gun violence.

We are determined to raise our voice in loud resolve.

Our children are trafficked and face abuses in their homes and the world seems to turn a blind eye.

We are determined to raise our voice in loud resolve.

The systems and societies in which we live are full of bullying, or racism and phobias and -isms that traumatize our youth.

We are determined to raise our voice in loud resolve.

The Herods of the world are seeking out our little ones to destroy them.

We are determined to raise our voice in loud resolve.

Our children need us to stand for them. Keep us from giving up and giving in.

We are determined to raise our voice in loud resolve.

With each act of violence, our children's lives, our lives, and society is changed forever.

We are determined to raise our voice in loud resolve.

Rachel shows us the way to justice, to be heard, to make a difference.

We are determined to raise our voice in loud resolve.

Help us to get up and move all that stands in our way of keeping our children safe.

Our resolve is in you, O God.

Help us to be consumed only by the joy of our children when they feel safe.

Our resolve is in you, O God.

Help us to turn to you when we are overwhelmed and don't have the answers.

Our resolve is in you, O God.

Help us rejoice in anticipation of the day when every gun, every source of violence, every Herod is no more.

Our resolve is in you, O God.

Let us pray.

O God of justice, give us determination and resolve, so that we can do the work of beating our weapons—physical and metaphorical, words, actions and inactions, guns and so much more—into swing sets and give hope to our children. This we ask through your Son, the Prince of Peace, Jesus, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever.

Amen.

BLESSING

SENDING HYMN

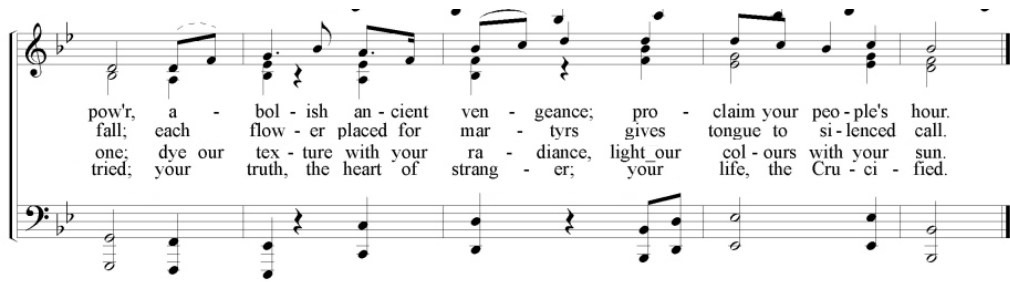
LET STREAMS OF LIVING JUSTICE

Let streams of liv - ing jus - tice flow down up - on the earth; give
The dread - ed dis - ap - pear - ance of fam - i - ly and friend; the
For heal - ing of the na - tions, for peace that will not end; for
Your ci - ty's built to mu - sic; we are the stones you seek; your

free - dom's light to cap - tives, let all the poor have worth. The hun - gry's hands are
tor - ture and the si - lence; the fear that knows no end; the moth - er with her
love that makes us lov - ers, God grant us grace to mend. Weave our va - ried gifts to -
har - mo - ny is lan - guage; we are the words you speak. Our faith we find in -

plead - ing, the work - ers claim their rights, the mourn - ers long for laugh - ter, the
can - dle, the child who holds a gun, the old one nurs - ing ha - tred; all
geth - er; knit our lives as they are spun; on your loom of time en - roll us 'til our
ser - vice, our hope in oth - er's dreams; our love in hand of neigh - bour; our

blind - ed seek for sight. Make lib - er - ty a bea - con, strike down the ir - on
seek re - lease to come. Each can - dle burns for free - dom; each lights a ty - rant's
thread of life is run. O great Weav - er of our fab - ric, bind Church and world in
home - land bright - ly gleams. In - scribe our hearts with jus - tice, your way, the path un -



William Whitla, 1989
Thaxted (Gustav Holst, 1921)

DISMISSAL

Go in peace. Act for peace. Act for justice. Act for equity.

Go in peace. Act.

Thanks be to God. And we will.

ALL ARE INVITED TO THE PARLOR FOR A TIME OF FELLOWSHIP.

THERE IS A FREE WILL DONATION TO **TABLE OF GRACE – MAKEOVER MINISTRY**

LEADING IN WORSHIP

Preaching and Presiding Minister

Assisting Minister

Lectors

Candlelighter

Musician

The Rt. Rev'd Kristen M. Papson

The Rev. Jay C. Mitchell

Marni Brown, JoAnn Shomer, Pat Bellingham

Karen Hollinsworth

Cantor Bryan M. Timm, F.A.I.O.

ABOUT THE BULLETIN ART

On the cover: *Contours of Mary's Song* – Lauren Wright Pittman -- From the artist: *As I read Mary's song this year, I felt a sting of grief, one that I hadn't felt in response to this text before. In the wake of George Floyd's murder, artist Titus Kaphar created an image for Time magazine devoted to Black mothers. In his image, "Analogous Colors," he depicts a Black mother fiercely and lovingly holding her child. However, her child is cut out of the image, leaving a harsh, blank hole with shadows where the child should be. Reflecting on his piece, Kaphar wrote: 'In her expression, I see the Black mothers who are unseen, and rendered helpless in this fury against their babies. As I listlessly wade through another cycle of violence against Black people, I paint a Black mother... eyes closed, furrowed brow, holding the contour of her loss.'*

When I read the Magnificat, Kaphar's image came into sharp relief. How could I image Mary holding the contours of her dreams for the world, while also holding the contour of her loss? Mary's son would be publicly murdered at the hands of the State. Mary's song reverberates for all mothers who have had dreams for their children shattered by senseless violence.

I have this instinct to read the Magnificat alongside the first Creation narrative in Genesis. I imagine Christ taking form in Mary's womb much like I imagine all of Creation emerging at the Creator's voice. I collaged macro photography of patterns, textures, and colors from Creation—such as sunsets, bird's feathers, fish scales, galaxies, leaves, planets, fur, water, etc.—and wove them into her hair. Jesus, the thread of Creation, is being knit together in her womb. God's dream for all Creation is materializing as cells divide in her body; all the while she sings of a dream, still unrealized.

Inside the front cover: Rachel Weeping for Her Children (Jeremiah 31:15) – Jacob Steinhardt -- Rachel weeping for her children is among the tragic biblical figures who carried his message. In this work, the focus is on the matriarch: her tilted head angled downward, cupped by her hands; her gaping mouth, raised eyebrows, closed eyes, and wrinkled forehead. There is no distinct background as found in other tragic scenes of Steinhardt. The mother's pained look channels Steinhardt's horrified reaction to the Holocaust. Like Jeremiah during the Babylonian exile, Steinhardt faces the widespread peril endangering his people. The artist looks inward and visualizes his angst through an ancient biblical figure: Rachel weeping for her children. Her symbolic significance continues long after her first appearance in Genesis and Jeremiah.

After the First Reading: Christ Breaks the Rifle – Kelly Latimore -- After the Work by Otto Pankok: Thoughts and Prayers are not enough. We must stand with the most vulnerable among us. Call your representatives. A portion of all sales of this icon will be distributed between verified fundraisers for people affected by the Robb Elementary School shooting in Uvalde, Texas.

At the reflection: Christ: Swords in Ploughshares – Kelly Latimore -- The icon writer would have us ponder: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." -- Isaiah 2:4 AND "At its inception and in its best moments, the church as Christ's body offered the world communion where there was previously animosity, ploughshares and pruning hooks from swords and spears, the peaceable kingdom come alive. The church not only welcomes the stranger, but is the stranger, constituted as she is entirely by migrants, herself a migrant through the world." --Stanley Hauerwas

On the back cover: Our Lady of the Journey: Mothers – Kelly Latimore -- From the icon writer: Inspired by the work of Käthe Kollwitz and third icon in a series of images with the same name, "Our Lady of the Journey" was inspired by a trip to the St. Ines mission while visiting our dear friend Jeff and the Novices of the Franciscan Novitiate community in California. Tucked behind a corner is a tiny statue called "La Peregrina" or "The Pilgrim". The date it was created and artist are unknown, however the community called it 'Our Lady of the journey' It got me thinking about all of the women in the world on a journey. The millions of Refugees fleeing Ukraine because of a senseless war, young women walking miles upon miles for drinking water, Mother's trying to find shelter and a better life for their families. Just as Mary did 2,000 years ago. The gospel imagery of the Mother Hen isn't used enough. These women are signs of protection, strength, hope and love, and the beauty of Motherhood.