

KMarie Tejeda: Good morning.

Congregation: Good morning.

KMarie Tejeda: Welcome to morning prayers. If you please stand as you're able and join me in a responsive reading, which this morning is Psalm 75, found on your black Appleton Psalter book on page 38. "We give you thanks, oh God. We give you thanks. Calling upon your name and declaring all your wonderful deeds.

Congregation: 'I will appoint a time,' says God; 'I will judge with equity'.

KMarie Tejeda: Though the earth and all its inhabitants are quaking. I will make its pillars fast.

Congregation: I will say to the boasters, 'Boast no more,' and to the wicked, 'Do not toss your horns;

KMarie Tejeda: Do not toss your horn so high nor speak with a proud neck'.

Congregation: For judgment is neither from the east nor from the west, nor yet from the wilderness or the mountains.

KMarie Tejeda: You are judge, Oh God, you put down one and lift up another.

Congregation: For in your hand there is a cup, full of spiced and foaming wine, which you pour out, and all the wicked of the earth shall drink and drain the dregs.

KMarie Tejeda: But I would rejoice forever. I will sing praises to you, oh God of Jacob.

Congregation: For you will break off all the horns of the wicked; but the horns of the righteous shall be exalted."

Choir: (Singing)

Euan Tait: A couple of verses from Luke 15. "The youngest son got together all he had and set off for a distant country.

Euan Tait: While he was still a long way off, his father saw him and was filled with compassion for him. He ran to his son, threw his arms around him and kissed him." Good morning. Blessings from Wales. Blessings to you. One of the extraordinary and silent cries of the human heart, and it is a silent and persistent cry, is where is home. Call me home. And home is not a place. Gerald Finzi would have known that very well. Gerald Finzi was an Italian Jewish man of that powerful and beautiful heritage, who is regarded as a classic English composer, but his identity as much richer than that one thing. And his wife, Joy, of whom he sings in that, was a great friend of mine and it's lovely to hear her name and Gerald's music sung so stunningly. "Thou art my joy." And Joy of

course, completely denied that and said, "No, my dear, not at all. Not about me at all". But it was.

Euan Tait: Now home is not a place. It's a place of being. I always feel incredibly at home coming to the United States. It's so exciting going through the night and there are these great cities below me and then arriving here and keeping, encountering great American hearts. That call home partly comes in part from any nations cries. And you have an extraordinary national song that speaks to human hearts of what home could be across the world. And those cries echo in the very words of that national song. "The rocket's red glare" speaks of it. But at Dawn, the flag is there, and the flag is the flag in part of the human spirit.

Euan Tait: And I think also of other cries that call the human spirit home that come from this great nation. A tall man with Marfan syndrome, mourning two of his sons. And that great address it says, "Can this business of freedom long endure?" And hear that great ringing music at the end, that cry of the human heart, that it shall not perish, is one of the things that calls all human hearts home. It shall not perish from the earth. Where are we at home? I think of Sojourner Truth and her great cry, "Ain't I a woman? Look at me! Look at my humanity."

Euan Tait: I think of Ms. Parks refusing to stand up and again saying, "Look at me. Look at me. Do you see me? Do you see me? Do you see my humanity?" I think of a man once shot in a motel balcony whose great speech, even now, many, many decades on still has the power to call the human hearts home.

Euan Tait: It's incredibly poignant for me, speaking of home, to come to a university. As a young man, as a young adult, I was profoundly in exile, in profound self exile. What on earth? At that age, I thought nothing was going to call me home. I didn't know what home was and it was never a place. It was never a place. I feel at home wherever the human heart is. What called me home? Certainly nobody powerful and strong, but a man nailed to a cross at the age of 33 dying of shock and loss of blood and suffocation. It was, he who called me home into a broken, damaged, wounded, crying heart.

Euan Tait: So the heart of home, the place of home is not a place of rest. It's also not a geographical place, but it is a wounded place. It is a broken place. And so often throughout my life, people who are hurting, wounded have called me home because they called me home to the heart of love, of opening up the heart and making the heart a vast and welcoming room. The treasures in heaven consist of being welcomed into the place of the human hearts. And very often they are the most broken people that once life has touched, we are called in some way to be healers. We are call in some way to be healers and it is cries of pain and broken and our own brokenness that becomes a source of healing to others and calls other people home.

Euan Tait: A brief prayer: Lord Jesus, call us home, not through our strength or our might, but through our brokenness, our wounds that become a source of insight and

compassion to others. Make our hearts a vast room where the treasures of our heart are welcome and may everyone we meet this day and on the journey beyond know that they are welcome through our smile, our look in this human heart. In the name of Jesus Christ, our savior, amen.

Congregation: Amen.

KMarie Tejada: Let us pray the Lord's prayers together. Found in the reverse of your order of worship.

Congregation: Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day, our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever and ever, amen.

KMarie Tejada: Please stand as you are able and join together in singing the hymn "Christ is Made the Sure Foundation", found in your crimson hymnal, hymn number 262.

Congregation: (Singing)

KMarie Tejada: May the spirit of joy and peace be with you today and forever, amen.