



Accompaniment & Sermon Play List available on YouTube at

<http://bit.ly/OUMC06-26-2022>

WELCOME & ANNOUNCEMENTS

CALL TO WORSHIP

Psalm 115 WEB

¹ Not to us, Yahweh, not to us, but to your name give glory, for your loving kindness, and for your truth's sake. ² Why should the nations say, "Where is their God, now?" ³ But our God is in the heavens. He does whatever he pleases. ⁴ Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. ⁵ They have mouths, but they don't speak. They have eyes, but they don't see. ⁶ They have ears, but they don't hear. They have noses, but they don't smell. ⁷ They have hands, but they don't feel. They have feet, but they don't walk, neither do they speak through their throat. ⁸ Those who make them will be like them; yes, everyone who trusts in them. ⁹ Israel, trust in Yahweh! He is their help and their shield.

¹⁰ House of Aaron, trust in Yahweh! He is their help and their shield. ¹¹ You who fear Yahweh, trust in Yahweh! He is their help and their shield. ¹² Yahweh remembers us. He will bless us. He will bless the house of Israel. He will bless the house of Aaron. ¹³ He will bless those who fear Yahweh, both small and great. ¹⁴ May Yahweh increase you more and more, you and your children. ¹⁵ Blessed are you by Yahweh, who made heaven and earth. ¹⁶ The heavens are Yahweh's heavens, but he has given the earth to the children of men. ¹⁷ The dead don't praise Yah, neither any who go down into silence; ¹⁸ but we will bless Yah, from this time forward and forever more. Praise Yah!

INTROIT "Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus"¹ (UMH#462-refrain) <https://youtu.be/C0lOuhpdvQ>

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him!
How I've proved him o'er and o'er!

Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus!
O for grace to trust him more!

OPENING PRAYER

Come among us, O God, to give us ears that do not fail to hear, to give us eyes that do not fail to see, to give us hearts that do not fail to respond. Make us soil, which receives the seeds of truth to bear fruit abundantly; through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

AFFIRMATION of FAITH "Affirmation from I Timothy" **UMH#889**

There is one God and there is one mediator, Christ Jesus, who came as a ransom for all, to whom we testify. This saying is sure and worthy of full acceptance: That Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and was manifested in

the flesh, vindicated in the Spirit, seen by angels, proclaimed among the nations, believed in throughout the world, taken up in glory. Great indeed is the mystery of the gospel. Amen.

GLORIA PATRI

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen. Amen.

1. Oh Lord, my God
 When I, in awesome wonder
 Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made
 I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder
 Thy power throughout the universe displayed

[Refrain]

*Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
 How great Thou art, how great Thou art
 Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
 How great Thou art, how great Thou art*

2. When through the woods and
 forest glades I wander
 And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
 When I look down from
 lofty mountain grandeur,
 And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze.

[Refrain]

3. And when I think that God,
 His Son not sparing
 Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in
 That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing
 He bled and died to take away my sin [Refrain]

4. When Christ shall come,
 with shout of acclamation
 And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart
 Then I shall bow, in humble adoration
 And then proclaim, my God,
 how great Thou art [Refrain]

SPECIAL MUSIC (suggested)**"All Good Gifts"**<https://youtu.be/eQWpnOP7zmQ>

From the musical GODSPELL sung by Jacob Daniel Cummings & Servant Stage

JOYS & CONCERNS and MORNING PRAYER

O God, We gather together in Your presence with expectation, hungry for an encounter with You, eager to hear Your Word. Open our eyes and ears to the presence of Your Holy Spirit.

May the seeds of Your Word scattered among us this morning fall on fertile soil. May they take root in our hearts and lives, and produce an abundant harvest of good words and deeds.

Loving God, we remember with gratitude those people who generously sowed the seeds of faith in our lives so that our faith might be given the opportunity to take root. Lord of the harvest, your Word finds a home in our heart, calls us

into community, and invites us to generous service of the human family.

Almighty God, you have heard the joys and concerns lifted before you this day in our words and in the silence of our hearts. Loving God, place your healing hand upon all these ... bless them according to their needs and show us how we can be a blessing to them in their need.

Empower your people with courage and spirit, that we may fully participate in the life of the Body of Christ. May we continually choose to respond to Your call offered to us through Your Son, our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ ... who taught us to pray ...

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. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

HYMN UMH #451**"Be Thou My Vision"**<https://youtu.be/5a39JU5kg4c>

1. Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart
 Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art
 Thou my best thought, by day or by night
 Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light

2. Be Thou my wisdom, and Thou my true word
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord
Thou and Thou only first in my heart
Great God of heaven, my treasure Thou art

3. Great God of heaven, my victory won
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's sun
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall
Still be my vision, O ruler of all

SCRIPTURE LESSON

Mark 4: 1 - 9 WEB

¹ Again he began to teach by the seaside. A great multitude was gathered to him, so that he entered into a boat in the sea, and sat down. All the multitude were on the land by the sea. ² He taught them many things in parables, and told them in his teaching, ³ "Listen! Behold, the farmer went out to sow, ⁴ and as he sowed, some seed fell by the road, and the birds came and devoured it. ⁵ Others fell on the rocky ground, where it had little soil, and immediately it sprang up, because it had no

depth of soil. ⁶ When the sun had risen, it was scorched; and because it had no root, it withered away. ⁷ Others fell among the thorns, and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit. ⁸ Others fell into the good ground, and yielded fruit, growing up and increasing. Some produced thirty times, some sixty times, and some one hundred times as much." ⁹ He said, "Whoever has ears to hear, let him hear."

MESSAGE

"There Just MIGHT Be a Harvest There!"

Rev Jim Canody

<http://bit.ly/Sermon06-26-2022>

I grew up in a household that was rather frugal...waste not want not...we would think twice before throwing anything away...one of the jokes we had around our house was Mom saying, "I really feel sorry for you boys when you have to go thru the attic"...then Dad would always say, "...but the attic is nothing compared to my shed."

Dad's shed was a shrine to the phrase..."Waste not want not."

Dad's shed started out when we moved to 7010 Carlton Ave in 1963 as an outbuilding that was 4'X4'X (about) 10 foot tall. Then he decided that he needed a bigger shed, so he built another shed that was 8' X 8' X (about) 10 foot tall (and of course he left the old shed too...can never have enough shed space...right guys!). AS the years passed, he needed more shed space, but mom would not allow him to build another shed (two shed is plenty!), so Dad tore down the two smaller sheds and built a shed that was 24'X 8'X about 12' tall. But time went by and soon he built another shed behind the existing shed for the kid's "bikes." And we kids put our bikes in the bike shed! Then the kids all moved away and their bikes no longer needed a

shed, and so Dad knocked out the back wall of his shed and annexed the bike shed. But still that was not enough shed space (OH NO!)...his final building project ...was to raise the roof from 12 to around 15 feet. So he was freer than ever to waste not and want not!!!

A Pastor who was setting up his office after moving to a new parish found a box on the top shelf in a closet labeled "ball point pens that don't work."

WASTE NOT AND WANT NOT

One of my favorite book titles comes from a box label a woman found in her in-laws 'home as they cleared it out... the label was marked: "String too short to save."

WASTE NOT AND WANT NOT

In today's parable from Mark's gospel ... a sower goes forth to sow. Seed is slung in all directions, which we are told leads to a lot of waste. Some falls on the packed ground of the path, some on ground full of rocks, then ground that is thick with thorns, and finally good fertile ground. What a lot of seed is wasted.

I know most of us have focused on the types of soil on which the seed falls as the message of

the parable--indeed the interpretation that Mark includes provides just that.

If you have ever seen this parable acted out in a production of the musical "Godspell," you may have seen actors dressed like clowns playing the seeds, each of them meeting a different fate.

The seed that is cast on the path no sooner hits the ground than other actors making crow noises flap down and peck him to death.

The seed that is cast on rocky ground comes to life with a bang, waving her arms around and dancing in place, then an actor carrying a big yellow cardboard sun stands over her until she grows limp and crumples to the stage.

The seed cast among thorns barely has time to get to his knees before he is surrounded by prickly looking characters who get their hands around his neck and choke him.

The seed that is cast on good soil comes to life gracefully and stays alive bowing to the applause of the other actors and the audience.

Some of us grew up hearing this parable and being asked what kind of ground we were. "How many birds are in your field?" the preacher might ask. "How many rocks? How many thorns?"

WELL, You better clean up your ground so that you will become a well-tilled, well-weeded, well-fertilized field for the sowing and growing of God's word.

This interpretation presents the parable as a challenge to improve our lives so that we might, like the good soil, produce an abundant harvest. Certainly the explanation that Mark includes could support such emphasis. But then why not call this the parable of the soils rather than the parable of the sower?

The parable of the sower is one of the parables of the kingdom -- "The kingdom of heaven is like a mustard seed," Jesus tells the crowds on the shore of the lake,

The kingdom of heaven is ...

➤ "like a treasure lying buried in a field,

- like yeast,
- like a pearl of great price,
- like a net let down in the sea."

What Jesus gives the crowds are more like poems where images of God's kingdom are drawn using the things that his hearers handle everyday--like seeds flung to the four winds.

Standing alone, Jesus' parables conceal his meaning even as they reveal meaning. This "thick" nature of parable, this many layered, meaning is one of the reasons I love the parables.

The multiple meaning, some suggest, is how Jesus stayed out of jail. He could have been arrested for talking heresy and treason, but for talking about seeds and thorns, good soil and bad? His followers nodded and smiled while his critics scratched their bewildered heads. Jesus tells his followers that he speaks in parables so that only certain kinds of listeners can hear him--those who listen with their spirit.

So if we look at the parable before the "explanation" the first thing we see is a story about waste. Seeds flung everywhere. Think about how many parables can be viewed as favoring extravagance and waste.

❖ There was the shepherd who risked the welfare of the 99 sheep in order to search for the one lost sheep until he found it.

❖ A man gives an invitation to a banquet, and, because the invited guests refuse to come he "wastes" the feast on people pulled off the street.

❖ There was the Samaritan who gave all that he had to bandage the wounds of a man lying in the ditch whom he did not even know.

Are these parables not stories of extravagance, recklessness and waste?

William Willimon says that he once overheard a woman say, "I only get something out of about one in three sermons." What? Two-thirds of sermons are wasted? Well, the more he thought of it the less appalled he was. Perhaps

that wasn't too bad an average given all that listeners have to think about these days.

He recalls a time when the religious activities committee brought a distinguished speaker to campus. The committee blitzed the campus with publicity but only 30 people showed up. One of his friends expressed disappointment with the turnout. "Well," Willimon replied, "we got about twice as many as followed Jesus."

Indeed, Jesus spoke to "multitudes" but ended up with only a dozen at the last supper and none after the garden.

The farmer in today's parable has a great deal working against him--lousy soil, rocks, weeds--and there's a great deal working against the gospel these days.

We live in a violent, greedy, anxious world, and the gospel invites us to join Jesus in peace, self-giving, and grace.

Does it not occasionally seem a waste of time and energy to follow Jesus, to work for the good against so many odds? How often have you thought, "I put so much time and energy into that project and nobody cared -- what a waste!"

But there is another part of the parable besides the waste. When the story ends some of the seeds have taken root and have yielded a harvest that is more bountiful than the farmer could have imagined. The parable ends in joy, celebration of a great harvest. There is waste, yes, much futile effort, ruined seed, disappointing results. But there is an astounding harvest.

Years ago a young man named John came to America from England. Everyone predicted the brightest future for him as a brilliant scholar. He died within a year of his arrival. What a waste. Everyone agreed. He left 700 pounds and a collection of 200 books to a new university in America -- the school took as its name the last name of this young scholar -- John Harvard. What looked like a waste produced an abundant harvest.

The director of a center of continuing education for teachers once remarked, "The chief positive characteristic that a good teacher must have is this--good teachers must be in love with the art of sowing the seed, but not have the need to be there for the harvest."

WE can look at the focus in this parable as being about us and our sowing. Or WE can look at the focus being on the generosity of our maker, the prolific sower who does not obsess about the conditions of the fields, who is not stingy with the seed, but who casts it everywhere, who is not cautious or judgmental or even very practical, but who seems willing to keep reaching into his seed bag for all eternity, covering the whole creation with the fertile seeds of truth... because there just MIGHT be a harvest there!

God sows his seed...his word ...far and wide ... he sows his seeds into areas and into people that we look at and say ... no seeds will grow there ... why bother?

But God in his extravagance says ... but there just might BE a harvest there!

We are too quick to write folks off! That seed fell on the path ... there is no hope there ... Shout out to all seeds growing through concrete! [Oh, if you could only see the pictures ... Google, if you are able ... "plants growing thru concrete" ... and behold the power of a seed sown ... of a hope hoped ... of a life lived].

Lady Anne Grimston was proud and unbelieving, and she said to her friends, who on her death bed once again tried to get her to accept the resurrection promised through Jesus: "I shall not continue to live. It is as unlikely that I shall continue to live as that a tree will grow out of my body." She went so far as to make a challenge to Heaven, saying "If, indeed, there is life hereafter, trees will render asunder my tomb."

Lady Anne Grimston died as unrepented as she lived, and was buried in a strong tomb made of marble -- buried and forgotten. But not quite, for one day, many years after, the marble

slab over her grave was found to have moved from its position. The builders fixed it firmly back in its place and left it, thinking it quite secure.

Again the heavy marble slab tilted slightly on one side, and in the middle was a crack, with a tiny bunch of leaves bursting through. The crack was closed with cement, and the slab put back. But again the slab was lifted up, the crack opened wider than ever, and the thin trunk of a tree appeared. They repaired the crumbling tomb and built tall iron railings around it to hold the masonry together. But the young tree made its way, breaking the masonry in two, destroying the walls of the tomb, and tearing the heavy iron railings out of the ground.

And today, growing right from the heart of Lady Anne Grimston's grave in St. Peter's churchyard in Herfordshire County is a very large tree ... with four trees growing from one

root. The trunk of the tree has grown fast through heavy iron railing, which cannot be moved. The marble masonry of the tomb has shattered to pieces, and today Lady Anne Grimston's grave is a heap of broken stone and twisted iron bars.

God says, "I bother because my love covers everyone ... EVERYONE!!! My love covers everywhere! ... the path ... the shallow soil ... the thickets and thorns ... as well as the good soil ... EVERYWHERE!!! ... My love is given for everyone everywhere ... and you just never know ...

... THERE JUST MIGHT BE A HARVEST THERE!

"Those who have ears to hear, let them hear"

... In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

HYMN UMH #454

"Open My Eyes, That I May See"⁴

<https://youtu.be/Pt0E84tRhhc>

1. Open my eyes, that I may see
glimpses of truth thou hast for me;
place in my hands the wonderful key
that shall unclasp and set me free.
Silently now I wait for thee,
ready, my God, thy will to see.
Open my eyes, illumine me, Spirit divine!

2. Open my ears, that I may hear
voices of truth thou sendest clear;
and while the wavenotes fall on my ear,
everything false will disappear.
Silently now I wait for thee,
ready, my God, thy will to see.
Open my ears, illumine me, Spirit divine!

3. Open my mouth, and let me bear
gladly the warm truth everywhere;
open my heart and let me prepare
love with thy children thus to share.
Silently now I wait for thee,
ready, my God, thy will to see.
Open my heart, illumine me, Spirit divine!

BENEDICTION

God has placed the seed of love and forgiveness in your heart. Go into God's world with joy, telling of the good news of God's abundant, lavish love for all creation. Go to be

a witness to all the miraculous possibilities for hope and peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior. AMEN.

RESPONSE

"'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus"⁵ (UMH#462 - refrain)

<https://youtu.be/woknPjMwG-c>

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
let the earth hear his voice!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
let the people rejoice!

O come to the Father thru Jesus the Son,
and give him the glory,
great things he hath done!

^{1.5} **Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus**, UMH#462, Author: Louisa M.R. Stead, Composer: William J. Kirkpatrick © Public Domain

² **How Great Thou Art**, UMH #77, Author and composer: Stuart K. Hine, © Copyright 1949 and 1953 Stuart Hine Trust CIO Stuart K. Hine Trust, CCLI Song#14181

³ **Be Thou My Vision**, UMH#451, Old Irish Hymn Translated by Mary E. Byrne, Versifier: Eleanor H. Hull © Public Domain

⁴ **Open My Eyes, That I May See**, UMH#454 Author and composer: Clara H. Scott; Words & Music © Public Domain

Please share your joys and concerns with Pastor Jim at :

jimcanody@vaumc.org or call the parsonage at 757-787-3150

OUR PRAYER JOYS & CONCERNS from June 19, 2022

- The United States of America, other countries around the world, and our leaders
- Americans serving in the armed forces and in dangerous foreign diplomatic posts.
- Our missionary in Cambodia, Clara Mridula Biswas.
- Persecuted Christians
- Members in assisted living: Dottie Milliner, Rose Moore and Gene Bushong.
- Fred & Sandy Savage
- Ada Jo Amadeo
- Jonez Capella
- Jim Rittenour - Chesapeake Regional for testing
- Joan Recore
- Jessie Caldwell
- Roland and Daphine Major
- Paul White
- Joseph Roddy
- The Bowlings
- The Downings
- Camp Occohannock on the Bay
- Jake Canody - OOTB counselor
- Charolet Baird - COVID
- Laurie Campbell
- Community in Uvalde, TX and the loved ones of those who lost their lives.
- Rochelle Gray's son who is dying from cancer
- Jeff Johnson
- Stumpy Gray
- Bobby Wood
- Rev. Bert Cloud
- Susanne Taylor
- Mary Kline
- Joanne Parks
- Ginny Powell
- Jayne Wikoff
- Hugh Ashley
- Russ Frasier
- June Evans
- Annette Byrum
- George Bryant
- Revell Lewis
- Rosalie Lewis
- Jack Lavelle
- Richard Marshall
- Debbie Coulboure
- Oscar Taylor
- Wayne Green
- Kenneth Martin
- E. A. McMath
- Laurie McMann
- Janey Johnson
- Inez Nock
- Lisa Bundick
- Roger and Ann Weinheimer
- Praise Linda Beasley doing better
- Andy Johnson
- Denny Williams
- Ms. Gibbins
- Gayle Hardy
- Stephanie Lilliston
- Patsy Beach
- Joyce Hiers
- The family of Betty Bramlett
- The family of Lila Marsh
- The family of Herbert Mears
- The family of Rev. Cathy Fielding
- Bobby Mears & family
- The Family of Tim Killmon
- The Family of Walt Colonna
- The family of Shirley Lewis
- The loved ones of Linda Ferebee
- The family of Ruth Benedetti

ANNOUNCEMENTS



Remember your Offerings

Thank you! We greatly appreciate your gifts, tithes, and prayers. Your contributions are important to the life and mission of OUMC.

Checks, made payable to OUMC should be mailed to:
Sandra Savage, P. O. Box 513, Exmore, VA 23350



Birthdays

Paige Ross (June 1)	Linda Beasley (June 27)
Frances Courtney (June 10)	Bill Bradford (June 27)
Jimmy Bergquist (June 11)	Elizabeth Vincent (June 28)
Butch Harmon (June 24)	Gina Savage (June 30)



PRAYERS FOR CAMP!

Join in praying daily for the ministry that will happen at Camp Occohannock on the Bay this summer.

Together we're committing to praying daily for the staff, volunteers, campers, spaces and activities. We know that God is here in this place and we pray for His mercies, grace and guidance in all that will happen at camp in the coming weeks.

[Click for Prayer Calendar](#)



Finance Committee

July 7 @ 7pm

SPRC

July 12 @ 7pm

ANNUAL CONFERENCE REPORT

(A few comments from your delegate)

Thank you for sending me to the 240th Session of the Virginia Annual Conference! The preaching and music for worship was uplifting; you could feel the Spirit moving. ❤️

The Eastern Shore District will be combining with the Elizabeth River District to create the Coastal Virginia District. Our new DS will be the Rev. Cecelia Brooks who has been serving at Franktown UMC the last year.

As a commitment to the future of the church, the annual conference will include 3 youth ages 12-18 and 3 young adults 18-30 from each district. A special impromptu pledged offering of over \$66,000 was received for the Youth Service Fund. So far \$122,000 was collected for the conference offering to be used to sponsor the D.Min Program at Wesley Seminary and towards the Partnerships of Hope project of leadership development

42 persons were part of the 2022 Retirement Class. 50 persons were ordained or licensed during the Ordering Service.

The Southeast Jurisdictional Conference elections are set for November 2022. We endorsed the Rev Tom Berlin, from Floris UMC, as a candidate to be a Bishop. General Conference is now scheduled for 2024.

UMCOR Kits totals as of Friday, June 17 were 18,560 total kits valued at \$298,724. Some 12,611 pounds have also been collected for food banks across the conference.

KEEP IN TOUCH



KEEP IN TOUCH!



Website: <https://www.onleyumc.org/>

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Join our email chain: onleymethodist@gmail.com