

The Dedication

Blessing of the Ground

Almighty God, you are the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end.

We gather in this place, professing that our help is in the name of the Lord who made heaven and earth.

We give thanks that out of the ground you made us, and into us you breathed your life; and that in death we return to you, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

We trust in your love of us now and beyond our vision.

We are grateful for the one who walked this earth as one of us; through whose body our bodies are hallowed;

through whose death and resurrection we gain eternal life.

We come in thanksgiving for the faith of those who've gone before us;

who have dreamed dreams and seen holy visions; who have heard your voice and responded with courage and perseverance;

who have followed you in life and trusted you with their death.

We pray this day for your blessing of this ground, this garden where children have played and learned; where stewards of your good earth have planted and nurtured; where your disciples have prayed and struggled, and taken comfort in your promises. God of grace and mercy, assure all who come here that in life and in death we belong to you;

that Christ will take us to himself, so that where he is, we will be also.

Fill us with a living hope, and peace beyond our understanding; for we pray in the name of our Savior and Lord, Jesus Christ.

Amen.

Hymn *Our God, Our Help in Ages Past*
(back page)

John Roark, accordion

Benediction

Our God, Our Help in Ages Past

ST. ANNE CM

Isaac Watts, 1719; alt.

Attr. William Croft, 1708

1. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
 2. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived its frame,
 3. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;
 4. Time, like an ev - er roll - ing stream, Soon bears us all a - way;

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home:
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
 We fly for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the o - pening day.

5. Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
 And our eternal home.

For All the Saints Who from Their Labors Rest

(FIRST TUNE)

William Walsham How, 1864

In unison

SINE NOMINE: 10. 10. 10. 4.
 R. Vaughan Williams, 1906; alt., 1927

1. For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by faith be -
 2. Thou wast their Rock, their For - tress, and their Might; Thou, Lord, their Cap - tain
 3. O may Thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true, and bold, Fight as the saints who
 4. O blest com - mun - ion, fel - low - ship di - vine! We fee - bly strug - gle,
 5. And when the fight is fierce, the war - fare long, Steals on the ear the
 6. From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's far - thest coast, Through gates of pearl streams

fore the world con - fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus, be for - ev - er blest.
 in the well - fought fight; Thou, in the dark - ness drear, their one true Light.
 no - bly fought of old, And win with them the vic - tor's crown of gold.
 they in glo - ry shine; Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
 dis - tant tri - umph song, And hearts are brave a - gain, and arms are strong.
 in the count - less host, Sing - ing to Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.