



Blue Christmas

First United Methodist Church of Gilbert | 331 S. Cooper Rd. | 480-892-9166 | gilbertumc.org
December 21, 2021 | Liturgy by Rev. Sarah Speed | A Sanctified Art LLC | sanctifiedart.org

Gathering Music "The First Noel/Emmanuel" Jeff Hendrickson, piano

Ringing of the Bell

Introduction to the Service

Pastor Rick

Bringing in the Light of Christ "I Want to Walk As a Child of the Light"
WORDS and MUSIC: Kathleen Thomerson

Opening Poem (See next page)

Opening Hymn "In the Bleak Midwinter" vs. 1, 4 #221
UM Hymnal #221 WORDS: Christina G. Rossetti MUSIC: Gustav Holst

Prayer for Illumination

Scripture Readings Isaiah 40: 1-2 Lamentations 3:21-24 John 14:27-29 Psalm 121

Prayer of the People

Sung Response *Refrain from "O Come, O Come, Emmanuel"* #211
UM Hymnal #211 WORDS: Henry Sloane Coffin and Laurence Hull Stookey MUSIC: Thomas Helmore

The Lord's Prayer

Individual Prayer "The Hurting Times"
written by Becky Bliss, performed by Barnaby Bright, produced by Nathan Bliss, Gus Berry, & Hugo Dunn-Vereker

Candle Lighting "Wherever You Are"
written and produced by Barnaby Bright, produced by Nathan and Becky Bliss

Communal Sending—"We See One Another"

Call and Response

Benediction

Postlude "Who Is He In Yonder Stall"
WORDS and MUSIC: Benjamin R. Hanby

READERS: Jan Casebolt Janelle Chiricuzio Sharon Kotsonas Nate Pierce Matt Roberts

OFFICIATING: Pastor Rick Casebolt Pastor Diamond Pate

Opening Poem

by Rev. Sarah Are Speed

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We are raw nerves, exposed and tender.
We are weary bones, hunched and fragile.
We are silent prayers, lips saying your name.
We are wedding rings we can't take off, even though time has passed.
We are the same pew, but it feels different now.
We are a brave face when we have to be strong.
We are tears in the shower when grief roars its head.
We are setting the table, but there are empty seats.
We are stuck in the swell, caught in the storm.
We are moving on, caught in our guilt.
We are okay some days, but some days we're not.
We are familiar with the night, we know it by name.
We are night-walkers, dream-makers, star-chasers.
We are close to home, but home has changed.
We are close to the surface, but the waters are rising.
We are all of this, plus everything else, and we are here.
We are here.
Grief is here.
God is here.
The night is here.
And all of this is true,
and we are not alone.
Take my hand.
Take these words.
Let them be your life raft.
Let this be the longest night,
and let it be
whatever you need it to be.
We are here.
Grief is here.
God is here.
Take what you need.
Amen.