

St. James Worship Service



15th Sunday after Pentecost

September 21, 2025

Serving Today

Minister

Pastor Don Knowles

Organist/Pianist

Dr. John Hildreth

Worship Assistant

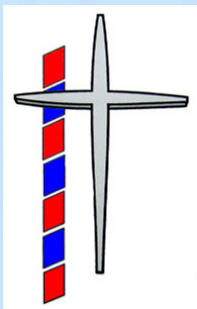
Stacy Miles

Lector

Linda Ryden

Video

Dave Renneke



Today's Music

685	<i>Take My Life, That I May Be</i>
710	<i>Let Streams of Living Justice</i>
669	<i>Rise Up, O Saints of God!</i>

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685

Take My Life, That I May Be

**1. Take my life, that I may be
consecrated, Lord, to thee;
take my moments and my days;
let them flow in ceaseless praise.**

**2. Take my hands and let them move
at the impulse of thy love;
take my feet and let them be
swift and beautiful for thee.**

**3. Take my voice and let me sing
always, only, for my King;
take my lips and let them be
filled with message from thee.**

**4. Take my silver and my gold,
not a mite would I withhold;
take my intellect and use
ev'ry pow'r as thou shall choose.**

**5. Take my will and make it thine,
it shall be no longer mine.**

**Take my heart, it is thine own,
it shall be thy royal throne.**

**6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour
at thy feet its treasure store;
take myself, and I will be
ever, only, all for thee.**

Text: Frances R. Havergal, 1836-1879, alt.

710

Let Streams of Living Justice

**1. Let streams of living justice
flow down upon the earth;
give freedom's light to captives,
let all the poor have worth.
The hungry's hands are pleading,
the workers claim their rights,**

**the mourners long for laughter,
the blinded seek for sight.
Make liberty a beacon,
strike down the iron pow'r;
abolish ancient vengeance:
proclaim your people's hour.**

**2. For healing of the nations,
for peace that will not end,
for love that makes us lovers,
God grant us grace to mend.
Weave our varied gifts together;
knit our lives as they are spun;**

**on your loom of time enroll us
till our thread of life is run.**

**O great weaver of our fabric,
bind church and world in one;
dye our texture with your radiance,
light our colors with your sun.**

**3. Your city's built to music;
we are the stones you seek;
your harmony is language;
we are the words you speak.
Our faith we find in service,
our hope in others's dreams,**

**our love in hand of neighbor;
our homeland brightly gleams,
Inscribe our hearts with justice;
your way—the path untried;
your truth—the heart of stranger;
your life—the Crucified.**

Text: William Whitla, b. 1934

669

Rise Up, O Saints of God!

1. Rise up, O saints of God!

From vain ambitions turn;

**Christ rose triumphant that your hearts
with nobler zeal might burn.**

2. Speak out, O saints of God!

**Despair engulfs earth's frame;
as heirs of God's baptismal grace,
the word of hope proclaim.**

3. Rise up, O saints of God!

**The kingdom's task embrace;
redress sin's cruel consequence;
give justice larger place.**

4. Give heed, O saints of God!

Creation cries in pain;

stretch forth your hand of healing now,

with love the weak sustain.

**5. Commit your hearts to seek
the paths which Christ has trod;
and, quickened by the Spirit's pow'r,
rise up, O saints of God!**

Text: Norman O. Forness, b. 1936

Go in peace. Live by the Spirit.
Thanks be to God.

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