

You are Gifted by God

Today marks the first week of our Spiritual Gifts Campaign. Over the next three worship services, we will be exploring the many ways each of us have been uniquely gifted by a gracious God, and how we are each called to express those gifts for the work of the church.

Please be sure to be in worship on March 21, when we will be taking a spiritual gifts inventory during the morning service. Until then, please be in prayer that you might be open to the guidance of the Holy Spirit as God shows you your unique gifts for ministry.

The following is a hymn to help you in your meditation:

Take My Life, and Let it Be

Words: Frances Havergal

Music: Louis Herold

Take my *life*, and let it be consecrated, Lord to thee
Take my *moments* and my *days*; let them flow in ceaseless praise
Take my *hands*, and let them move at the impulse of the love.
Take my *feet*, and let them be swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my *voice*, and let me sing always, only, for my King.
Take my *lips*, and let them be filled with messages from thee.
Take my *silver and my gold*; not a mite would I withhold.
Take my *intellect*, and use every power as thou shalt choose.

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

“Parable of the River”

Bonnie and Don Keen

There once was a kingdom in the fairest of lands
Fed by a river so true
And all of the kingdom drew life from its water
In beauty and wisdom it grew
For high in the mountains the tiniest brook
Gave its life to a stream
The streams flowed together and came to the river
To join and sing

Flow to the river
Hear the waters cry
We must flow to the river
To keep this kingdom alive

Outside the kingdom lay dry barren land
In spite of the river so true
The life in its water was there for the taking
No one drew
So the river cried out to the brooks and the streams
Come carve out a pathway to me
And together we'll rush through this dry desert land
With the song of spring

Chorus

My soul longs to flow with the tiniest brook
I'll give my life to receive
My place in the river that feeds the kingdom
And calls to me

Chorus

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