

Shepherd of the Hill Presbyterian Church USA

August 31, 2025 – 10:00 a.m.

** Please stand in body or in spirit.*

Bold print indicates congregational response.

We acknowledge that our church is on the traditional homelands of the Puyallup Tribe.
The Puyallup people have lived on and stewarded these lands since the beginning of time,
and continue to do so today. We recognize that this land acknowledgment is one small step
toward true allyship and we commit to uplifting the voices, experiences,
and histories of the Indigenous people of this land and beyond.

The Prelude to Worship

Welcome

*** Call to Worship**

Sally Schneider

Come, you who thirst for grace.

Come, you who hunger for justice.

Come, you who are a stranger in a strange land.

Come, you who are like a child at home.

Come, for Christ welcomes you to this time and place.

We have come to worship God.

Then let us worship well.

*** Song**

"Great Is the Lord"

(see screen)

Sharing Our Burdens Prayer

Sally Schneider

Holy God, we confess to you our pain:

The pain we have inflicted on others,

The pain that keeps us awake at night,

The pain of strangers across the world whose lives we cannot touch,

And the pain of systems unyielding and unforgiving.

We invite you into our pain

**We invite you to heal us, and forgive us,
To undo what is crushing and wrong,
To bring peace and even joy.
We ask this in your mercy,
Amen.**

**Friends, hear the Good News: the mercy of God is from everlasting to everlasting. In
Jesus Christ, we are forgiven.
Thanks be to God! Alleluia, amen.**

Hymn #525

"Here I Am, Lord"

Sermon

"Bible Stories - Foreigners and Strangers"

Brad Maxa

Scripture

Various Selections

Hymn #332

"Live into Hope"

Offering

Doxology

**Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Christ all people here below;
Praise Holy Spirit evermore;
Praise Triune God, whom we adore. Amen.**

Prayer of Dedication

Community Life

* Song

"I Will Sing of the Mercies"

(see screen)

* Benediction

* Postlude

Kindness

A poem by Naomi Shihab Nye

Before you know what kindness really is
you must lose things,
feel the future dissolve in a moment
like salt in a weakened broth.

What you held in your hand,
what you counted and carefully saved,
all this must go so you know
how desolate the landscape can be
between the regions of kindness.

How you ride and ride
thinking the bus will never stop,
the passengers eating maize and
chicken will stare out the window
forever.

Before you learn the tender gravity of
kindness you must travel where the
Indian in a white poncho
lies dead by the side of the road.

You must see how this could be you,
how he too was someone who
journeyed through the night with plans
and the simple breath that kept
him alive.

Before you know kindness as the
deepest thing inside,
you must know sorrow as the other
deepest thing.

You must wake up with sorrow.
You must speak to it till your voice
catches the thread of all sorrows
and you see the size of the cloth.
Then it is only kindness that makes
sense anymore,

only kindness that ties your shoes
and sends you out into the
day to gaze at bread,
only kindness that raises its head
from the crowd of the world to say
It is I you have been looking for,
and then goes with you everywhere
like a shadow or a friend.

Hear the author share the real-life story that inspired this poem at:

<https://go.sothpres.com/kindness>