



Third Sunday after Pentecost, June 21, 2020 National Indigenous Day of Prayer

Opening Music: Cara Halpin

Gathering of the Community & Welcome: Molly Finlay

Land acknowledgement

We acknowledge that the land on which we worship is the traditional territory of the Huron-Wendat, Haudenosaunee (ho-den-oh-show-nee), and Anishinabek (ah-nish-nah-bek) Nations, and most recently, the territory of the Mississaugas of the Credit. This territory is part of the Dish with One Spoon Treaty, an agreement between the Anishinabek, Haudenosaunee, and allied nations to peaceably share and care for the resources around the Great Lakes.

Today, Toronto is still home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island (North America) and we seek to live in respect, peace, and right relations with them as we meet and worship on this territory. We are grateful for the resources we are using, and honour all the First Nations, Métis, and Inuit people who have been living on this land since time immemorial.

Collect of the Day:

Presider: The Lord be with you.

People: **And also with you.**

Presider: Together, let us pray.

**O God our defender,
storms rage about us and cause us to be afraid.
Rescue your people from despair,
deliver your sons and daughters from fear,
and preserve us all from unbelief;
through your Son, Jesus Christ our Lord,
who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and ever.
Amen.**

Collect for National Indigenous Day of Prayer

Creator God, from you every family in heaven and earth takes its name. You have rooted and grounded us in your covenant love, and empowered us by your Spirit to speak the truth in love, and to walk in your way towards justice and wholeness. Mercifully grant that your people, journeying together in partnership, may be strengthened and guided to help one another to grow into the full stature of Christ, who is our light and our life.

Amen

Reading: Cathy Gibbs

Reader: A Reading from the Book of Genesis

The child grew, and was weaned; and Abraham made a great feast on the day that Isaac was weaned. But Sarah saw the son of Hagar the Egyptian, whom she had borne to Abraham, playing with her son Isaac. So she said to Abraham, "Cast out this slave woman with her son; for the son of this slave woman shall not inherit along with my son Isaac." The matter was very distressing to Abraham on account of his son. But God said to Abraham, "Do not be distressed because of the boy and because of your slave woman; whatever Sarah says to you, do as she tells you, for it is through Isaac that offspring shall be named for you. As for the son of the slave woman, I will make a nation of him also, because he is your offspring." So Abraham rose early in the morning, and took bread and a skin of water, and gave it to Hagar, putting it on her shoulder, along with the child, and sent her away. And she departed, and wandered about in the wilderness of Beer-sheba. When the water in the skin was gone, she cast the child under one of the bushes. Then she went and sat down opposite him a good way off, about the distance of a bowshot; for she said, "Do not let me look on the death of the child." And as she sat opposite him, she lifted up her voice and wept. And God heard the voice of the boy; and the angel of God called to Hagar from heaven, and said to her, "What troubles you, Hagar? Do not be afraid; for God has heard the voice of the boy where he is. Come, lift up the boy and hold him fast with your hand, for I will make a great nation of him." Then God opened her eyes and she saw a well of water. She went, and filled the skin with water, and gave the boy a drink. God was with the boy, and he grew up; he lived in the wilderness, and became an expert with the bow. He lived in the wilderness of Paran;

and his mother got a wife for him from the land of Egypt.

(Genesis 21:8-21)

Reader: Hear what the Spirit is saying to the Church

Homily: Cheryl Palmer

(NB: After the homily, please unmute your phones by pressing *6 if you would like to join the congregational singing and prayers)

Music: Let Streams of Living Justice

**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 power.
Abolish ancient vengeance. Proclaim your people's hour.**

**The dreaded disappearance of family and friend,
The torture and the silence – the fear that knows no end.
The mother with her candle, the child who holds a gun,
The old one nursing hatred – all seek release to come.
Each candle burns for freedom, each light's a tyrant's fall.
Each flower placed for martyrs gives tongue to silenced call.**

**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 life enrol us till the 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 colours with your sun.**

(NB: You can unmute your phones here if not already unmuted here by pressing *6)

Prayers

The Lord's Prayer

The Blessing

Postlude Music

