

RESPONSE: DAKOTA PRAYER

O Almighty God,
you have always been,
and before you nothing has been.

There is no one to pray to but you.
The stars of the heavens are yours,
and yours are the grasses of the earth,
and the depths of the seas.

You are older than all need,
older than all pain and prayer.

Great God, fill us with light.
Give us strength to understand and eyes to see.
Teach us to walk the soft earth
as relatives to all that live.

Help us,
for without you we are nothing. Amen.

God Bless America

God bless America, land that I love,
Stand beside her, and guide her
Thru the night with a light from above.
From the mountains to the prairies
To the oceans white with foam,
God bless America, my home sweet home.
God bless America, my home sweet home.

BENEDICTION: Go Out With Joy

You will go out with joy
and be led forth in peace;
the mountains and hills
will burst into song before you,
and all the trees of the field
will clap their hands.

Isaiah 55:12



CT Yankee Council POWDER HORN 2006 Scouts Own

Sunday May 7, 2006

CALL TO WORSHIP

Leader: God calls us together to worship this morning. From our work and play within the world, God gathers us to give thanks for creation's goodness, for the strength to labor, for the wisdom to relax.

SONG: Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken like the first morning,
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird.
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!
Praise for them springing Fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall Sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dew fall On the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness Where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning,
Born of the one light Eden saw play!
Praise with elation, Praise ev'ry morning,
God's recreation of the new day!

A Prayer of Thanks (read together)

We thank You, O God, for this day, for morning sun and evening star: for flowering of trees and flowing of streams, for life-giving rains and cooling breeze; for the earth's patient turning, the changing of seasons, the cycle of growth and decay, of life and death. When our eyes behold the beauty and grandeur of your world, we see the wisdom, power and goodness of its Creator. We awake and, behold! It is a great day!

A SCRIPTURE READING

For Everything There is a Season

Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8

There is a time for everything,
and a season for every activity under heaven:

A time to be born and a time to die,
A time to plant and a time to uproot,

A time to kill and a time to heal,
A time to tear down and a time to build,

A time to weep and a time to laugh,
A time to mourn and a time to dance,

A time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,
A time to embrace and a time to refrain,

A time to search and a time to give up,
A time to keep and a time to throw away,

A time to tear and a time to mend,
A time to be silent and a time to speak,

A time to love and a time to hate,
A time for war and a time for peace.

RESPONSIVE PRAYER: God is the Eternal One (Adon Olam)

Leader: *God is the Eternal One,
Who reigned before any being had yet been created;
When all was done according to God's will,
Already then God's Name was Sovereign.*

**All: And after all has ceased to be,
Still will God reign in solitary majesty;
God was, God is, God shall be in glory.**

Leader: *And God is One, without compare, without being,
without end;
To God belongs power and dominion.*

**All: And the Sovereign of all is my own God,
My living Redeemer,
My rock in time of trouble and distress;
My banner and my Refuge,
My benefactor, to whom, in anguish, I can call.**

**All: Into God's hands I entrust my spirit,
Both when I sleep as when I wake;
And with my spirit, my body also:
God is with me,
I will not fear**

[This is an eleventh century Hebrew prayer composed by the Jewish poet and philosopher Solomon Ibn Gibirol]

REFLECTION: The Duty of Prayer

In the life of the Indian, there was only one inevitable duty – *the duty of prayer* – the daily recognition of the Unseen and Eternal. His daily devotions were more necessary to him than daily food. He wakes at daybreak, puts on his moccasins and steps down to the water's edge. Here he throws handfuls of clear, cold water into his face, or plunges in bodily. After the bath, he stands erect before the advancing dawn, facing the sun as it dances upon the horizon, and offers his unspoken orison. His mate may precede or follow him in his devotions, but never accompanies him. Each soul must meet the morning sun, the new sweet earth and the Great Silence alone!

Whenever, in the course of the daily hunt the red hunter comes upon a scene that is strikingly beautiful or sublime – a black thundercloud with the rainbow's glowing arch above the mountain, a white waterfall in the heart of a green gorge, a vast prairie tinged with the blood-red of sunset – he pauses for an instant in the attitude of worship. He sees no need for setting apart one day in seven as a holy day, since to him all days are God's.

[Please take a few moments now for personal reflection.]