



“IN THE CHURCH’S YEAR, TRINITY SUNDAY is the day when we stand back from the extraordinary sequence of events that we’ve been celebrating for the previous five months—Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, Lent, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension, Pentecost—and when we rub the sleep from our eyes and discover what the word ‘god’ might actually mean. These events function as a sequence of well-aimed hammer-blows which knock at the clay jars of the gods we want, the gods who reinforce our own pride or prejudice, until they fall away and reveal instead a very different god, a dangerous god, a subversive god, a god who comes to us like a blind beggar with wounds in his hands, a god who comes to us in wind and fire, in bread and wine, in flesh and blood: a god who says to us, ‘You did not choose me; I chose you.’

You see, the doctrine of the Trinity, properly understood, is as much a way of saying ‘we don’t know’ as of saying ‘we do know.’ The Trinity is not something that the clever theologian comes up with as a result of hours spent in the theological laboratory, after which he or she can return to announce that they’ve got God worked out now, the analysis is complete, and here is God neatly laid out on a slab. The only time they laid God out on a slab he rose again three days afterwards.

On the contrary: the doctrine of the Trinity is, if you like, a signpost pointing ahead into the dark, saying: ‘Trust me; follow me; my love will keep you safe.’ Or, perhaps better, the doctrine of the Trinity is a signpost pointing into a light which gets brighter and brighter until we are dazzled and blinded, but which says: ‘Come, and I will make you children of light.’ The doctrine of the Trinity affirms the rightness, the propriety, of speaking intelligently that the true God must always transcend our grasp, even our most intelligent grasp.” N.T. Wright in *All God’s Worth: True Worship and the Calling of the Church*, p. 24.

OUTREACH

participating in ministries of compassion, justice, and advocacy

{Outward}

CHANGE THE WORLD RVA is one of Ellwood Thompson’s “5% Back” nonprofits this year. On Sunday, June 22, they will donate 5% of all sales to support the afterschool program (for which Boulevard UMC is a partner), McKenny-Vento high school students, and college students who continue to receive from, and give to, this initiative. You can sign up for a 2-hour shift to help bag groceries or you can simply make a list and know that your shopping counts.

THE UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

We make disciples of Jesus Christ for the transformation of the world (Matthew 28).

Boulevard United Methodist Church



Before there was Original Sin, there was Original Blessing. We forget that Genesis 1 is a chapter brimming with goodness and blessing. Would my eyes stop glazing over, would my heart be more pierced, if I really believed that the world’s default setting — my default setting — is not evil but...good?

Dan Clendenin

June 15, 2014

321 N Boulevard
Richmond, Virginia 23220
www.boulevardumc.org

Order of Worship for Trinity Sunday

(UMH) - The United Methodist Hymnal
(TFWS) - The Faith We Sing

* Please stand, as able.

Gathering

Greeting Matthew 28:16-20
*Hymn *Go Make of All Disciples* UMH 571

Words of Welcome
*Hymn *Trinity Hymn* Insert

Prayers of the People
Joys and Concerns
Litany for Father's Day
With those who have welcomed a child into home and heart,
We celebrate.
To those who strive be as a father to some other,
Your devotion lifts our hearts.
To those who are expecting...
Can we anticipate too?
If your father is ill,
We can hold your pain.
If he is gone—or was never really there,
Be not ashamed of your grief.
For all who have given us life or who teach us to live abundantly,
We honor you.

Pastoral Prayer
Interlude *Come Holy Spirit*

Proclamation and Response

Time with Children
*Psalter Psalm 8
First Lesson Genesis 1:1—2:4a
Anthem *How Majestic is Your Name*
Sermon "What Difference Does It Make?" Rev. Rachel G. May

*Affirmation of Faith

Offering Tithes and Gifts

Offertory *Eternal God Transcending Time*
*Doxology (94 UMH)
*The Lord's Prayer (895 UMH)

Sending Forth

*Hymn *Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing* UMH 400
*Benediction

God the Holy Trinity make you strong in faith and love,
defend you on every side, and guide you in truth and peace;
and the blessing of God be among you and remain with you always.
Amen.

NURTURE

caring for one another, for our space, and for our growth as disciples
{Inward}

REVISED COMMON LECTIONARY READINGS typically shape our order of service, including the sermon. If you'd like to prepare:

Next Sunday— 2nd Sunday after Pentecost
Genesis 21:8-21
Psalm 86:1-10, 16-17
Romans 6:1b-11
Matthew 10:24-39

OUR PRAYERS INCLUDE Carolyn Johnson and family, Anne and Bob Wilkinson, Irene and Bill Wagner, Buster Ridell, Jamie and Lanier May, Jim Rickards, and Jay McKinney. Wish to add or to restore a name to this printed list? Use the offering plate or contact the main office to say so.

POLISHING will have to wait. Brasso and rags were in position. The weather made other plans. Regarding the railings out front, we will try again. Speak with Rachel if you are a friend to elbow grease. In the meantime, brass will be brass and all will be well.



Crossing Boulevard

with Rev. Rachel

²⁹ **SEE, I HAVE GIVEN** Genesis 1

On Lorimer Road, my best friend was named Rachel. She was Jewish. Her father was a philosophy professor. Having the Goldstein's for neighbors taught me how *not* to draw lines in the sand before others could teach me that I must.

Some days, Elodie made us three and Elizabeth made us four. When we cooked up the lemonade stand, Elizabeth counted the profit as hers—because we used *her* cashbox. I aim to get over it.

On Lorimer Road, the Swimming Hole was near. I'd ride my bike. With an oatmeal cream pie, two plums, and I can't remember what else, I was where I wanted to be. [They unofficially named the fence around the kiddie pool after yours truly because I was a fish and thought the world should embrace me as such.]

I did not mean to take a trip down memory lane; at least not an-all-the way trip. But I was back for my college reunion and I couldn't help myself. I missed a turn. It was a “might as well” moment.

Toss it up to age; or to a combination of vulnerability and life having been, well, life. The car door ajar, I walked as far as the sidewalk. There I stood before my father having made a way. Every dinner, every trip to Carolina Cones and each pitcher of Five Alive...grace upon grace, he had given (v.29).

It was good. It was precious in my sight, all these years later. The house looked the same. Our family: Not so much. For a superdad, there has been superhell. My, how the years had wreaked their havoc...

All the more reason why I wanted him to know—I needed him to know: This house was a place I learned to love. It was a plot of land upon which holy things happened. And he, like countless other single-for-a-time, or single-forever parents, had done the impossible. He had given me *life*; which is to say, so much more than a pulse.

You don't make friends in the Church, when, as a pastor, you remind folks that Father's Day is not in the Bible. But perhaps you are faithful when you say what you need to say, for no other reason than the fact that it comes up and out like the living water Jesus calls us to gush (Jn 7).

And so here it is: I love you. I've never thought another would do. You're my Dad. I'm your daughter. Thanks be to God. I'll see you soon.