

(church organ music)

- Good morning, and welcome to Duke Chapel. Our guest preacher is the Reverend Dr. John Killinger. Dr. Killinger has often been named one of the most outstanding preachers of our day. He is well-known both as a teacher, a preacher, and an author of more than forty books. Dr. Killinger currently serves as Distinguished Professor of Religion and Culture at Samford University in Birmingham, Alabama. It is our pleasure to welcome Dr. Killinger and his wife Anne to Duke Chapel and we hope you will take a moment to greet them at the end of the service. Now, please stand as we read responsively from the bulletin. Come, believing in one who relieves your thirst and feeds your hunger with living bread.

Congregation: Christ is the bread of life who draws us into God's presence.

- It is frightening to stand before our Creator, before the sovereign ruler of the Universe.

Congregation: God knows everything we do and is aware of all our thoughts.

- Those who trust God shall know life eternal, even in the midst of this world.

Congregation: The Holy Spirit moves among us and within, teaching us the way we should go. (church organ music) ♪ Rejoice, ye pure in heart ♪ ♪ Rejoice, give thanks and sing ♪ ♪ Your glorious banner wave on high ♪ ♪ The cross of Christ, your King ♪ ♪ Rejoice ♪ ♪ Rejoice ♪ ♪ Rejoice, give thanks and sing ♪ ♪ Your clear hosannas raise ♪ ♪ And alleluias loud ♪ ♪ Whilst answering echoes upward float ♪ ♪ Like wreaths of incense cloud ♪ ♪ Rejoice ♪ ♪ Rejoice ♪ ♪ Rejoice, give thanks and sing ♪ ♪ Yes, on through life's long path ♪ ♪ Still chanting as ye go ♪ ♪ From youth to age, by night and day ♪ ♪ In gladness and in woe ♪ ♪ Rejoice ♪ ♪ Rejoice ♪ ♪ Rejoice, give thanks and sing ♪ ♪ At last the march shall end ♪ ♪ The wearied ones shall rest ♪ ♪ The pilgrims find their heavenly home ♪ ♪ Jerusalem the blest ♪ ♪ Rejoice ♪ ♪ Rejoice ♪ ♪ Rejoice, give thanks and sing ♪ ♪ Praise God who reigns on high ♪ ♪ The Lord whom we adore ♪ ♪ The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ♪ ♪ One God forevermore ♪ ♪ Rejoice ♪ ♪ Rejoice ♪ ♪ Rejoice, give thanks and sing ♪

- Let us pray. Hear our prayers, O God and give ear to our supplications. In your faithfulness and righteousness, make response to our cries. We have been pursued by our enemies, both outside us and within, until we feel crushed by life. Do not hide your face from us, lest we sink deeper in agony and despair. Touch us, O God, with the reverent sense of your presence that we may have the assurance of your steadfast love and find courage to face the day. Give us your peace, that we may worship you with all our mind and spirit. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, we pray. Amen. You may be seated.

- Let us pray.

Together: Prepare our hearts, O God, to accept your Word. Silence any voice but your own, that hearing we may also obey your will through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

- The first reading is taken from the Second Book of Samuel. "Then David mustered the men who were with him and set over them commanders of thousands and commanders of hundreds." "The King ordered Joab and Abishai and Ittai, saying, 'Deal gently for my sake with the young man Absalom.' And all of the people heard when the king gave orders to all the commanders concerning Absalom." "Absalom happened to meet the servants of David. Absalom was riding on his mule, and the mule went under the thick branches of a great oak, his head caught fast in the oak, and he was left hanging between Heaven and Earth, while the mule that was under him went on. A man saw it and told Joab, 'I saw Absalom hanging on an oak.' Joab said to the man who told him, 'What? You saw him? Why then did you not strike him there to the ground? I would have been glad to give you ten pieces of silver and a belt.' But the man said to Joab, 'Even if I had felt in my hand the weight of a thousand pieces of silver, I would not raise my hand against the king's son, for in our hearing the king commanded you and Abishai and Ittai, saying, 'For my sake, protect the young man Absalom.' On the other hand, if I had dealt treacherously against his life, and there is nothing hidden from the king, then you yourself would have stood aloof.' Joab said, 'I will not waste time like this with you.' He took three spears in his hand and thrust them into the heart of Absalom while he was still alive in the oak. And ten young men, Joab's armor-bearers, surrounded Absalom and struck him and killed him." This is the word of the Lord.

Congregation: Thanks be to God.

- Will the congregation please stand and sing responsively the song found on page 856 of the hymnal?
(church organ music) ♪ Hear my prayer, O Lord ♪ In your faithfulness ♪ Give ear to my supplications ♪ In your righteousness, answer me ♪ Enter not into judgment with your servant ♪ For no one living is righteous before you ♪ For enemies have pursued me ♪ They have crushed my life to the ground ♪ They have made me sit in darkness ♪ Like those long dead ♪ Therefore my spirit faints within me ♪ My heart within me is appalled ♪ I remember the days of old ♪ I meditate on all that you have done ♪ I muse on what your hand hath wrought ♪ I stretch out my hands to you ♪ My soul thirsts for you like a parched land ♪ Make haste to answer me, O Lord ♪ My spirit fails ♪ Hide not your face from me ♪ Lest I be like those who go down to the pit ♪ In the morning, let me hear of your steadfast love ♪ For in you, I put my trust ♪ Make me know the way I should go ♪ For you I lift up my soul ♪ All glory be to you ♪ O God, and to Jesus Christ, our Savior ♪ Save me O Lord from my enemies ♪ As it was, since time began ♪ Let your good spirit lead me on a level path ♪

- This reading is from Paul's letter to the Ephesians. "So then, putting away falsehoods, let all of us speak the truth to our neighbors, for we are members of one another. 'Be angry, but not sin': do not let the sun go down on your anger and do not make room for the devil. Thieves must give up stealing, rather let them labor and work honestly with their own hands so as to have something to share with the needy. Let no evil talk come out your mouths, but only what is useful for building up as there is need so that your words may give grace to those who hear. And do not grieve the Holy Spirit of God, with which you are marked with the seal for the day of redemption. Put away from you all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and wrangling, and

slander, together with all malice and be kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, as God in Christ has forgiven you. Therefore, be imitators of God as beloved children and live in love as Christ loved us and gave himself up for us, a fragrant offering and sacrifice to God." This is the word of the Lord.

Congregation: Thanks be to God. (church organ music) ("Behold, the Tabernacle of God" by William H. Harris)

- The gospel lesson is taken from the Book of John. "Jesus said to them, 'I am the bread of life; whoever comes to me will never be hungry and whoever believes in me will never be thirsty.' Then the Jews began to complain about him because he said, 'I am the bread that came down from heaven.' They were saying, 'Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? How can he now say, 'I have come down from Heaven?' Jesus answered them, 'Do not complain among yourselves. No one can come to me unless drawn by the Father who sent me. And I will raise that person up on the last day. It is written in the Prophets, 'And they shall all be taught by God.' Everyone who has heard and learned from the Father comes to me, not that anyone has seen the Father except the one who is from God, he has seen the Father. Very truly, I tell you, whoever believes it has eternal life. I am the bread of life. Your ancestors ate the manna in the wilderness and they died. This is the bread that comes down from Heaven so that one may eat of it and not die. I am the living bread that came down from Heaven. Whoever eats of this bread will live forever. And the bread that I will give for the life of the world is my flesh." This is the word of the Lord.

Congregation: Thanks be to God.

- In 1962, two years before her untimely death at the age of 39, Flannery O'Connor, the great American novelist, received a letter from a student at Emory University where she had recently spoken. The student was too shy and retiring to approach her at the university, so he wrote her the letter. In the letter, the student confessed that he was afraid he was losing his faith at the university. O'Connor drafted a long and thoughtful response. The college curriculum, she told him, was designed to stimulate his intellectual life. The more successful it was, the more his imaginative life was neglected and left behind. As faith is more allied to the imagination than to the intellect, she said, it was natural that he should experience a loss of faith. O'Connor offered two recommendations to the young man. First, that he engage in some act of charity or philanthropy, such as giving alms to the poor. She said often we discover God unawares when we are doing something like this. The other suggestion was that he read Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, the famous paleontologist and religious philosopher who always sort of skirted being on the index of the Roman Catholic Church because O'Connor believed that he would stretch this young man's mind, his capacities for receiving the wonders of the universe and would increase his sense of doubt about intellectual matters. It's a terrible indictment of universities, in a setting like this especially, but it is true, isn't it? Our strong predilection for learning, for memorization, for indoctrination, for experimentation does not always leave much room during the important formative years we spend at a university for training and exercising the imagination. The faculty at the university where I teach has been busily engaged for the last two years at trying to develop a core curriculum that will adequately induct students into the modern world and give them a sense of global awareness. There's been a major hooaha on the campus as every department has lobbied for its particular interest and agenda. And in all of this, the one thing that has suffered has been the

imagination of the students. There has been no place put in the new curriculum for developing the powers of the imagination. And I sometimes wonder what good it will do if the students gain the whole world of knowledge and then don't know what to do with it. What if they are masters of microbiology and Russian social history and the multifold variations of the English sonnet, yet never write a sonata or carve a whistle? What if they can explain the intricacies of the double helix and read Sanskrit but can never produce a play or invent a superior microchip? Now, I must say I'm optimistic and I don't think we shall ever completely eradicate the powers of imagination that young people bring to the college campus, especially as imagination relates to the need for some excuse for missing a class or failing an exam or failing to turn in an assignment on time. I was proofing my term paper in the shower stall at midnight, said one student, so I wouldn't wake my roommate, and someone came in and turned on the water. My friend just had an operation, said another student, but she couldn't miss this important exam she had, so I had to cut class and go along with her to carry her IV bottle. My uncle is an astronaut, said another student, and he was showing me how the capsule looks from the inside when somebody accidentally touched the ignition button and we didn't get back until the day after the test. Wouldn't it be great, though, if we valued the imagination enough to give it equal time and emphasis in preparing people for living? You really need some imagination for getting in to the Gospel of John in our text today. All that business about Jesus being the bread of life and how people who eat his flesh will never hunger again. Try putting your left brain CPA mentality around that. The fourth gospel is, of course, quite different from the other gospels. In the others, the Jesus of history struggles to become the Christ of faith. In the fourth gospel, the Christ of faith no longer even remembers the struggle. He is it, baby, no questions asked or allowed. The Pantocrator Christ, the Immaculate God, the Universal Mystery, the Creator of Everything That Is, period. The intellect really hangs up here, doesn't it? What does Jesus mean, he's the bread of life come down from Heaven so everybody can stop looking for whatever it was they were looking for, the big man is here? Surely, such a thought is an insult, at least in a world where half the people go to bed hungry every night. Some will find the statement arrogant and blasphemous. Who did he think he was, saying he came down from Heaven and was superior to the manna which the Jews had eaten in the wilderness? This flouted their traditions, their sense of the holy, their respect for the past. And worst of all, it was a silly, pretentious thing to say because what kind of egomaniac claims to be what the world hungers for when it so clearly knows otherwise? But maybe hanging up the intellect is precisely what the author of the Gospel is hoping to achieve here. He has this Jesus making such outlandish claims through the gospel, as I am the source of living water. I am the bread of life, I am the light of the world, I am the resurrection and the life, I am the good shepherd. I am the gateway, I am the way, the truth and the life. So many claims that he forces us out of the territory of the rational mind into the territory of the imagination in order to follow him. And if we cannot do it, it is a judgment upon us. Ten demerits for our faulty, lackluster imaginations. The question is not nearly so literal as we would like it to be. Do you think Jesus could possibly be the bread of Heaven come down from God? It is instead a question for the imagination. Do you believe that Jesus is the son of the living God and as such, capable of being whatever he claims to be? If the imagination answers yes, Jesus is the son of the living God, then he can be Coors Beer or Italian marble or North Carolina kudzu or whatever he wants to be. It doesn't matter. The only thing that counts is that he is the Lord and we are to fall down and worship him. All of this is staggeringly hard for the modern imagination, isn't it? An imagination now starved and dwarfed by several generations of empiricism, secularism and religious sophistication. We have our showcase models of fantasy, to be sure. Star Wars, Nintendo, Stephen King, Dean Koontz, and the like. But for most of us, it is merely surrogate

imagination, like the old feely-movies of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* where you didn't have to do anything but sit there and have things done for you. The truth is, that as we have learned more and more about the micro universe, we have forgotten more and more about the macro universe, have surrendered the ability to think mythically and poetically, have lost touch with our inner beings and the meaning of human existence. Witness the current clamor over Robert Bly's *Iron John* and the silly tribal meetings in which men from the city trek out into the country for prepackaged weekends of sauna baths, drum beating, and primal screaming around the campfire. Poor, deprived modern men, brought up on TV and taco chips, easy sex and confused relationships, out there trying to find some magic door into the mythological past and the universal psyche. Women, too. There's fully as much posturing and lostness and stupidity in the Women's Movement. I saw her a couple of weeks ago, *Modern Woman*, cruising along on Highway 62 entering Oak Ridge, Tennessee, just above the intersection of Interstate I-40. Short, fat, gray-haired, a four-inch cigarette dangling from her mouth, busting the speed limit in a Ford Tempo and on her license plate as she scooted around me, ELVIS 2. Oh, ye Gods and Goddesses, ye little tree frogs and little brown toadstools. It's awfully hard in such a world to leap enthusiastically into this picture of a first-century Jew standing prophetically before his countrymen to declare himself the bread of life. We're simply not prepared for such divine hyperbole and the irrational commitment required to buy into it. We smile or look away. We pass. We cannot fall down on our knees and worship without reservation, that is alien to who we are, to this university setting, to the intellectual climate of our time. And even as we admit it, we realize how the gospel passes judgment on us, how we pass judgment on ourselves as those who lack the capacity to follow him in our time. That's the trick of the fourth gospel, of course. The one old C.H. Dodd, the Cambridge don, pointed out to us fifty years ago that that gospel breathes what the Greeks call "krisis," crisis or judgment on every page, that it is a mirror wherein we see ourselves, measure ourselves and find ourselves wanting at every turn. We don't have to wait for some apocalyptic judgment in eschatological times, it is here now, written into the very tone and texture of our being. And we read it out in these confrontations with the Jesus of the imagination in the Gospel of John. He says, "I am the bread of life." And we can't buy it. We can't leap in to devour this bread, we can only stand back with the soupçon of a smile on our lips and look stupid before such a cosmic declaration. For we have lost in our time the power to make ultimate commitments, to say, "Yea, Lord, and I will give up everything to follow you." We are Eliot's *Hollow Men* or *Prufrock*, measuring out life in coffee spoons, or perhaps in empty beer cans, Big Mac cartons, and discarded condoms. We're like the Jews in our texts. We are manna people who like our bread in small, manageable forms and are completely unprepared to buy into the maniacal claim of a Galilean madman to represent the full-blown presence and will of the Eternal Deity. No, thank you, we are too intelligent for that. More's the pity. I'm right, aren't I? It is an affront to our intelligence, our rationality, our sophistication. Maybe as we began our thoughts with O'Connor's comments to the young man at Emory, we should move toward completing them with an allusion to something else O'Connor wrote. I'm thinking about a short story called *Parker's Back*, which she wrote in the last days of her life. Mr. Parker, Obadiah Elihue Parker, though he never called himself anything but Parker, is a bit of a rounder. He's a former Navy career man who has seen the world and has gotten himself tattooed in most parts of it and in almost all the parts of his body. His arms, his chest, his legs, presumably his buttocks, everything covered by tattoos except his back. Hence the title, *Parker's Back*. Everything covered with tattoos. He didn't have any tattoos put on his back because he couldn't see his back. Parker marries a stern, unattractive woman who happens to be the daughter of a holiness preacher primarily because he wants to please her and doesn't seem to be able to do so. And it's almost as if he wants

to form this union so that he will have a lifetime to work at making her smile. It's the challenge before him. One day, Parker knows what he must do. He must get a tattoo on his back that will please his wife, Sarah Ruth. But what tattoo? He ponders and ponders. It finally comes to him one day when he's out riding a tractor in the field and the tractor runs under some low-hanging branches of an apple tree and for some reason he upsets the tractor. The tractor catches on fire, it sets fire to the apple tree, the soles of his shoes catch on fire and in the conflagration itself, he knows what he must do. He must have tattooed on his back the face of God. He goes to the tattoo parlor, he spends an hour or two looking through all the suggested cartoons and caricatures and tattoos of the tattoo artist and he finally comes to the page that he knows is the right one, he feels led to it. And it's a picture of the Byzantine Christ. Regal, imperious, demanding, with eyes that just seem to look right through you. Parker tells the artist that's what he wants. It takes two days for the artist to inscribe the intricate and difficult picture of this stern-faced Christ. After the two days, Parker gets in his truck, and drives home to his wife. He feels different with the eyes of Christ on his back. It's almost as if he is a stranger to himself, driving through a country where everything he sees is different from the way it was before. Sarah Ruth must surely be pleased with what he has done because she's the daughter of a holiness minister. It isn't yet daylight when he arrives at the farm. He rouses Sarah Ruth from sleep to show her the tattoo. "Another picture," she growls. "I might have known you was off putting some more trash on yourself." "Look at it," demands Parker. "I done looked," she said, "it ain't anybody I know." "It's Him," says Parker. "Him, who?" She says. "God!" Says Parker. "That ain't God," she said, "God don't look like that." "How do you know what God looks like, you ain't never seen God," says Parker. She says, "No, and nobody else has either. You can't make no picture of God, that's blasphemy," she said, "I will not tolerate having idolatry in my house." And she takes up a broom and begins to beat up on Parker. And Parker is so stunned that he sits there and lets her beat until there are great welts rising on the face of Christ on his back. Finally, he gets up and staggers out through the door, out into the yard where he stands under the lone pecan tree in the yard and weeps. Now, our intelligence, I would guess, sides with Sarah Ruth. God is a spirit and no one can see God's face. But O'Connor, who was a stauncher Christian than most of us, didn't agree. It was Sarah Ruth, she said in a letter to a friend, who was the heretic for even holding the notion that you can worship in pure spirit. We can't worship in pure spirit, can we? And the irony of Christianity is that it grew out of the Jewish faith, which said exactly what Sarah Ruth said, that no one can see God's face. And yet, Christianity dared to insist that Christ is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of all creation by whom all things were created in Heaven and on earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or authorities. That's what his being the bread of life is about. Whatever the metaphor: water, wine, bread, light, shepard, even life itself, he is the center and substance of everything, God touching life in the flesh, materializing in our very midst so that he can tell us how much he loves us and what we must do to change our lives and resonate forever to this love, letting it become both the melody and harmony of all existence. And if, if your intellect can't buy it, if your education has stifled your imagination so that you are no longer capable of embracing the truth nakedly and fearlessly to the point where you are consumed by it, well, there is no point in your being here. You're wasting your time here where he is worshiped and adored. You might as well be studying or writing a book or conducting an experiment. One of my bright young students at Vanderbilt University a few years ago was also a professional wrestler. Big fellow. Studied all week and then paid the bills by putting on a mask and throwing and being thrown around by opponents on the weekend. I said something to him once about all the noise that rises from the audiences at wrestling matches, that I didn't think my nerves could take it. "Oh, you have

to expect that," he said, "at a wrestling match, you're nothing if you're not fanatic!" Nothing if not fanatic. I hate to be the one to tell you this, but that's the way it is in Christianity, too. You're nothing if you're not fanatic. You're nothing if you're not totally committed. You're nothing if Jesus says, "I am the bread of life," and you do not rise up instantly to say, "Yes, Lord, let me eat you and live forever!" You're nothing if he says, "Follow me," and you can't do it. You're nothing if he says, "I am the resurrection and the life," and you don't instantly feel a strange new energy surging through your life. He doesn't really have any tepid, pusillanimous, once in a while, when it is convenient followers. A lot of us delude ourselves into thinking we are his disciples. But O'Connor was right and a lot of us are wrong. It isn't thinking that leads to our redemption. It is imagination that does it. For it is only when we imagine that he really is the bread of life that the world moves, that the world shifts on its axis and everything is thrown into a new perspective. And I'm sorry if it hasn't happened for you. Let us pray. O Christ, whose being is awesome, whose vision of the world is terrifying, and whose demands upon us are total and unrelenting. Give us in your mercy the power to imagine that you are the one sent by God for the redemption of all that is. And let us be transformed by the vision. For yours are the Kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen. (church organ music) ♪ Christ is alive, let Christians sing ♪ ♪ His cross stands empty to the sky ♪ ♪ Let streets and homes with praises ring ♪ ♪ His love in death shall never die ♪ ♪ Christ is alive, no longer bound ♪ ♪ To distant years in Palestine ♪ ♪ He comes to claim the here and now ♪ ♪ And conquer every place and time ♪ ♪ Not throned above, remotely high ♪ ♪ Untouched, unmoved by human pains ♪ ♪ But daily in the midst of life ♪ ♪ Our Savior with the Father reigns ♪ ♪ In every insult, rift and war ♪ ♪ Where color, scorn or wealth divide ♪ ♪ He suffers still, yet loves the more ♪ ♪ And lives, though ever crucified ♪ ♪ Christ is alive, His Spirit burns ♪ ♪ Through this and every future age ♪ ♪ Till all creations lives and learns ♪ ♪ His joy, his justice, love and praise ♪

Priest: The Lord be with you.

Congregation: And also with you.

- Let us pray. O God, we have come to this place, this morning for many reasons. Some of us are traveling. Some of us are weary. Some of us are sick. Some of us are confused. Some of us are angry and feel betrayed by life. We stand before you for many reasons, knowing that you offer safe passage for the traveler, rest for the weary, comfort and healing for the sick, direction for the confused, and peace for the angry and betrayed. We pray that you will respond to us, for you know our needs better than we can express them. Lord, in your mercy, hear our prayer. Although we are unworthy to approach you or to ask anything at all, you have given us the assurance of your steadfast love through Jesus Christ. O God of mercy, we thank you that whenever we come before you, you are there waiting for us with outstretched arms to heal, comfort, and renew. Thank you for reaching out to us, even as we reach out to you. Lord, in your mercy, hear our prayer. O God of grace, you have given us the promise of eternal life through Jesus Christ yet we find it so difficult to believe in your promises. Our twentieth-century mentality is a block to us. We want the bread of life, but wish there was an easier way to have it. We wonder what it means to believe in Christ's claim, what it will cost us to accept the gift of Christ's offering for the world, what demands you will make of us if we eat the bread of life. We want the blessings of faith but not the cost of commitment. What Jesus offers and demands is nothing if not radical. We pray that you will nudge us from our narrow, little world, enlarge our imagination, give us the courage to accept Christ's gift and to follow Christ's example of irrational, radical

obedience to you. Lord, in your mercy, hear our prayer. O God, we know that the bread of life is not given for our benefit alone. You offered Christ as bread for the world, that we who partake of that bread might in turn offer ourselves wholly, without reservation in service to you. You feed us that we might in turn feed one another, for the whole world is hungry for the bread of life. We thank you that you have given us the bread which truly satisfies through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Feed us with your bread. Fill us with your spirit. And send us forth in radical obedience to you. We pray these things in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen. As we have been fed, we are sent to feed others. Whatever their need, we know that God is the source of food to nourish them. God supplies the resources that we have to give. Let us participate in God's redeeming activity through our offerings of self and substance. (church organ music) ("Sanctus" by Tomas Luis de Victoria) (choir sings in foreign language)

- Let us pray. O God of grace, as recipients of the bread of life, we offer bread to the hungry for the gift of living water, we reach out to those who are thirsty. In the name of Jesus Christ, who shared our flesh and put life itself on the line that we might have abundant life, we gladly dedicate our time, talents, and treasure. Draw us near to you as we imitate your generosity to us. And now let us pray together as Jesus taught us to pray.

Together: Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not in to temptation but deliver us from evil, for thine is the Kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

- Depart to serve the one who relieves your thirst and feeds your hunger with living bread. Christ, the bread of life, sends us forth to live by God's purposes in the world. God blesses us with eternal life here and now and empowers our service as beloved children. Our creator goes forth with us wherever we go. Let us go forth rejoicing in the power of God. Now may the grace of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you all. ♪ Amen ♪ ♪ Amen ♪ ♪ Amen ♪ ♪ Amen ♪ ♪ Amen ♪ ♪ Amen ♪ ♪ Amen ♪ ♪ Amen ♪ (church organ music) ♪ Stand up and bless the Lord ♪ ♪ Ye people of His choice ♪ ♪ Stand up and bless the Lord, your God ♪ ♪ With heart, and soul, and voice ♪ ♪ Tho' high above all praise ♪ ♪ Above all blessing high ♪ ♪ Who would not fear His holy name ♪ ♪ And laud and magnify ♪ ♪ O for the living flame ♪ ♪ From His own altar brought ♪ ♪ To touch our lips, our mind inspire ♪ ♪ And wing to heav'n our thought ♪ ♪ God is our strength and song ♪ ♪ And His salvation ours ♪ ♪ Then be His love in Christ proclaimed ♪ ♪ With all our ransomed pow'rs ♪ ♪ Stand up and bless the Lord ♪ ♪ The Lord your God adore ♪ ♪ Stand up and bless His glorious Name ♪ ♪ Henceforth for evermore ♪ (organ music crescendos) (church organ music)