

Christian Pre-Assembly  
Evening Worship  
August 10

Musical Preparation  
Silence

*Things*

*clay pots or containers, which we can smash as well as the tray that we used in the first service. metal containers into which people can throw their stones. These might be something as simple as big salad bowls or even large kitchen pots. They can be old even, because I would worry about damaging these with the stones. The reason for the metal would be that they would make more sound with the stones. Something to make or mark the stations where the containers are.*

*A strong person comes to the altar. They must carry within themselves either anger or deep grief. They carry a stone and are also burdened by it. When they get to the altar they go the place where we have the stones, and with great force smash the clay pot on top of the stones. This is violent and unexpected. We need someone with a lot of presence to do this.*

Person who smashed the pot: My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

One: The cry from the bed soaked with sweat.

Person who smashed the pot: My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

One: The cry from the crossed pile of stones as a daughter mourns her mother and father,

Person who smashed the pot: My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

One: The cry from the church where strangers are praying at odd hours, so no one will notice their presence.

Person who smashed the pot: My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

from Psalm 22

Why are you so far from helping me,  
***from the words of my groaning,***  
O my God, I cry by day, but you do not answer;  
***and by night, but find no rest.***

Song My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

In you our ancestors trusted, they trusted and you delivered them.

***They called to you for help and were saved.***  
They did not trust you in vain.  
***Yet here I am, now more worm than human,***

Song My God, my God,

I am scorned by others, and despised by the people.

***All who see me jeer at me.***  
***They toss their heads and sneer:***

"You relied on God, Let God save you!  
If God is your friend, let God rescue you!"

*I am like water draining away,  
My bones are all disjointed,  
And my heart is like wax melting inside me.*

My throat is drier than baked clay and my tongue sticks to my mouth.  
*I can count every one of my bones;*

Song My God, my God

Prayer

Many souls languish for your salvation, God,  
they hope in your word.  
Their eyes fail with watching for your promise.  
They ask "When will you comfort me?"  
Guarantee your servant's well-being;  
do not let the godless (nor the godly) oppress them.  
Their eyes fail from watching for your salvation  
and for the fulfillment of your righteous promise.  
Deal with your servants according to your steadfast love.  
It is time for you to act for your law has been broken.  
Save us. Save your people. Amen.  
(adapted from Psalm 119:81-82, 122-124a, 126)

Sung Kyrie

Reading Psalm 31:9-12

Be gracious to me, O Lord, for I am in distress; my eye wastes away from grief, my soul and body also.  
For my life is spent with sorrow, and my years with sighing; my strength fails because of my misery, and my bones waste away.  
I am the scorn of all my adversaries, a horror to my neighbors, an object of dread to my acquaintances; those who see me in the street flee from me.  
I have passed out of mind like one who is dead; I have become like a broken vessel.

Litany

When a Hollywood movie can cost a hundred million dollars  
but we can't find enough for the medicine to keep a mother from transmitting HIV to her infant,  
*the promise is broken.*

Response Strong song of Lament (originally Höre mich by Fritz Baltruweit)

*During the response one people with a clay pot goes to a station. When the song ends, the pot is crashed into the bowl.*

When a faithful wife gets HIV from an unfaithful husband  
and is judged a loose women by her church,  
*the promise is broken.*

Response

*During the response one people with a clay pot goes to a station. When the song ends, the pot is crashed into the bowl.*

When a government promises aid,  
but then puts so many restrictions on the funds that people who need it can't get help,  
***the promise is broken.***

Response

*During the response one people with a clay pot goes to a station. When the song ends, the pot is crashed into the bowl.*

When officials take money intended for AIDS prevention and spend it on themselves.  
***the promise is broken.***

Response

*During the response one people with a clay pot goes to a station. When the song ends, the pot is crashed into the bowl.*

When, due to superstitions surrounding HIV and AIDS, women, young girls, children and infants are raped by both strangers and their own relatives,  
***the promise has been broken.***

Response

*During the response a person with a clay pot goes to one of the stations. When the song ends, they crash the pots into the bowls.*

Response to the Word

Broken promises mean broken lives. Lives full of promise are lost. In the words of Psalm 31, they "become like a broken vessel." In a moment you will be invited to take a stone and go to one of the stations. You are invited to drop the stone onto the broken pottery. Some of us might drop it gently saying aloud the name of someone whose promise is now known only to God because their lives have been cut short by AIDS. Some of us might throw the stone angrily naming the injustices that keep promises unfulfilled and deadly. But all of us will hear the sound of promises broken, betrayed, smashed, lost, gone. We pray with all those who sense themselves broken vessels, with those angry at systems which have become broken vessels.

*The people at the front model this to get it going. Then the people go to a station near them and drop or throw their stones into the metal bowls with broken clay pots in them.*

Song Oye Señor or perhaps O Lord hear my prayer

The Lord's Prayer (in our many languages)

Sending forth

As once the winged energy of delight carried you over childhood's dark abysses,  
now beyond your own life build the great arch of unimagined bridges.

Wonders happen if we can succeed in passing through the harshest danger;  
but only in a bright and purely granted achievement can we realize the wonder.

To work with Things in the indescribable relationship is not too hard for us;  
the pattern grows more intricate and subtle, and being swept along is not enough.

Take your practiced powers and stretch them out until they span the chasm between two contradictions.  
For God wants to know God's own self in you. Rilke

Song Pelas dores deste mundo Brazil  
(from the last Assembly of the World Council of Churches) or other song.)