



EPIPHANY II
1.18.2026

In the Name of Love

Announcements – Jim Hamilton

- Share the love - welcoming Baby Felix and Baby Adrienne
- January 25 - Bystander Training by Sanctuary Cities
- February 7 - Across the Harbor Music on the Square 4pm & 8pm. Volunteers welcome! Talk to Amy for info. Also helpful - please spread the word. Thank you!
- February 11 - Sunday School Safety Training on Zoom - please register ahead:
 - <https://onrealm.org/CotSBaltimore/PublicRegistrations/Event?linkString=YzY0MGlwMmQtOGM3YS00NjVklTgxYjEtYjNkNTAxMjQzZDg2>
- Coming up for Lent: Food, Learning, Art! Help us plan some art - talk to Amy or Rachel
- Coming up for Lent: Bluegrass vespers with Breath of God. Want to help lead music? Talk to Amy

Greeting & Orientation – Fred Curtis

But somewhere I read of the freedom of assembly. Somewhere I read of the freedom of speech. Somewhere I read of the freedom of press. Somewhere I read that the greatness of America is the right to protest for right.

-- Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Song – Get Up, Stand Up - Bob Marley – The Band

Get up stand up, stand up for your rights
Get up stand up, don't give up the fight
Get up stand up, stand up for your rights
Get up stand up, don't give up the fight

Preacher man don't tell me
heaven is under the earth
I know you don't know
what life is really worth
It's not all that glitter is gold and
Half the story has never been told
So now you see the light, ay
Stand up for your right. Come on

Get up stand up, stand up for your rights
Get up stand up, don't give up the fight
Get up stand up, stand up for your rights
Get up stand up, don't give up the fight

Most people think
great God will come from the sky

Take away everything,
and make everybody feel high
But if you know what life is worth
You would look for yours on earth
And now you see the light
You stand up for your right, yeah

Get up stand up, stand up for your rights
Get up stand up, don't give up the fight
Get up stand up, stand up for your rights
Get up stand up, don't give up the fight.

We're sick and tired
of your ism and schism game
Die and go to heaven in Jesus' name, Lord
We know and we understand
Almighty God is a living man
You can fool some people sometimes
But you can't fool all the people all the time
So now we see the light
We going to stand up for our right

Get up stand up, stand up for your rights
Get up stand up, don't give up the fight
Get up stand up, stand up for your rights
Get up stand up, don't give up the fight

Children's Message - Jim Hamilton

God be in my head
God be in my words

God be in my heart
God be in my hands
God be in my whole self

Passing of the Peace

Reading One – Resistance by Tracy Brimhall

I must be the heavy globe
of hydrangea, always bowing
by summer's end. Must be salt,
like sadness at a burning city,
an ethical disobedience. I must be
a violet thorn of fire. These days
I don't taste good, but I must
be singing and boneless, a lily.
I must beg for it, eyes flashing
silver as a fish. Must be a rosary
of listening. This is how I know
to love. I must hide under desks
when the forecast reads: leaves red
as meat, sleeping lions, chandelier
of bone, moon smooth as a worry
stone. I must want my life and fear
the thin justice of grass. Clouds
hunt, wound the rising tide. I must
be paradised. On my knees again.

Psalm 19 - Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Around

Refrain: Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around,
 Turn me around
 Turn me around

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around
I just keep on walking, keep on talking,
Marching on to freedom land

The sky tells the glory of God,
tells the genius of God's work.
Day carries the news to day,
night brings the message to night,

without a word, without a sound,
without a voice being heard,
yet their message fills the world,
their news reaches its rim.

Refrain

There God has pitched a tent
for the sun to rest and rise renewed
like a bridegroom rising from bed,
an athlete eager to run the race.

It springs from the edge of the earth,
runs a course across the sky
to win the race at heaven's end.
Nothing on earth escapes its heat.

Refrain

God's perfect law
revives the soul.
God's stable rule
guides the simple

God's just demands
delight the heart.
God's clear commands
sharpen vision

Refrain

God's faultless decrees
stand for ever
God's right judgements
keep their truth.

Their worth is more than gold,
the purest gold;
their taste richer than honey,
sweet from the comb.

Refrain

Keeping them makes me rich,
they bring me light;
yet faults hide within us,
forgive me mind.

Keep my pride in check,
break its grip;
I shall be free of blame
for deadly sin.

Refrain

Prayers of the People – Fred Curtis

Song – Mending – Frida Touray - The Band

What will become of me if my water is calm
And I've lost my mind many times before
Seeking the thrills that my body provides
Mindless hunting, as far as I'm concerned

Come happy, go lucky, you'll never know
What my hearts been mending on the low
And I long for peace, when I've been at war
And when I finally come home
All I want is freedom

How we've longed to be free
To feel the wind against the palm of our
hands reaching out
Going somewhere
Going nowhere at all

What will be left of me, if I leave it at the door
All my flaws and painful missteps lying heavy
Maybe I'll fly, like a feather towards the sky
Find the light in hidden spaces
Let it guide me as I go

How we've longed to be free
To feel the wind against the palm of our
hands reaching out
Going somewhere
Going nowhere at all

Grace, you'll see the dawning of another day
Guilt, sever all your ties to me
Oh love, your flight is oh so heavenly
Come kiss me sweetly

Going somewhere
Going nowhere at all

How we've longed to be free
To feel the wind against the palm of our
hands reaching out
Going somewhere
Going nowhere at all

Going somewhere
Going nowhere at all

Reading Two: John 2:13-25 (CEB) - Jim Hamilton

It was nearly time for the Jewish Passover, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem. He found in the temple those who were selling cattle, sheep, and doves, as well as those involved in exchanging currency sitting there. He made a whip from ropes and chased them all out of the temple, including the cattle and the sheep. He scattered the coins and overturned the tables of those who exchanged currency. He said to the dove sellers, “Get these things out of here! Don’t make my Father’s house a place of business.” His disciples remembered that it is written, *Passion for your house consumes me.*

Then the Jewish leaders asked him, “By what authority are you doing these things? What miraculous sign will you show us?”

Jesus answered, “Destroy this temple and in three days I’ll raise it up.”

The Jewish leaders replied, “It took forty-six years to build this temple, and you will raise it up in three days?” But the temple Jesus was talking about was his body. After he was raised from the dead, his disciples remembered what he had said, and they believed the scripture and the word that Jesus had spoken.

While Jesus was in Jerusalem for the Passover Festival, many believed in his name because they saw the miraculous signs that he did. But Jesus didn’t trust himself to them because he knew all people. He didn’t need anyone to tell him about human nature, for he knew what human nature was.

Song – Amazing Grace - The Band

Amazing grace,
How sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost,
But now am found,
Was blind, but now I see

When we’ve been there
Ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We’ve no less days
To sing God’s praise
Than when we’d first begun.

Through many dangers
Toils and snares
I have already come;
It’s grace that’s brought
Me safe this far,
And grace will lead me home.

Sermon – Fred Curtis

Celebration and Offering

Song – Gut it to the Studs - Letitia VanSant – The Band

Like sand caught in my bedsheets
it is rubbing raw my chest
Makes me pace in all these circles,
wakes me nightly in a sweat
These darker hours before the dawn
are where I keep my regrets
My mind says everything is fine
but my heart chomps at the bit

Well what it is I’m not quite sure but
something's all messed up
I am knocking down the walls tonight
gotta gut it to the studs
I know that I must sacrifice
all the sentimental stuff
Gotta get the wires a-running right
'fore the dry wall goes back up

Is it wrong to want what I want?
To find what's right gotta, gut it to the studs

Is it wrong to want what I want?
To find what's right, gotta gut it to the studs

There are people risking all they have
in fragile little boats
But me I lay here in my bed
reading Wendell Berry quotes
Well he has something figured out,
yes he knows how to hope
And that's a skill that I might need
in a fragile little boat

Is it wrong to want what I want?
To find what's right gotta, gut it to the studs

Have we got the gumption to believe
that we could start anew
It could be called naivety
or the foolishness of youth

But only fools can sleep in homes
with the cracks a-running through
Yes we must build from the very studs
something level something true

Is it wrong to want what I want?
To find what's right gotta, gut it to the studs

Is it wrong to want what I want?
To find what's right gotta, gut it to the studs

Gotta gut it to the studs
Gotta gut it to the studs

Eucharist & Post Communion Prayer – Jim Hamilton

All are welcome at the Eucharistic table. If you do not wish to participate, feel free to take this time for meditation or personal reflection.

Prayer and Blessing – Jim Hamilton

Closing Announcement:

- Cleanup: altar, hospitality, name tags, chairs

Song – Lift Every Voice and Sing - The Band

Lift every voice and sing,
Till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty,
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the list'ning skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
Let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod
Bitter the chast'ning rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
Yet with a steady beat
Have not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered
We have come, treading our path thro' the blood of the slaughtered,

Out from the gloomy past, till now we stand at last
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years,
God of our silent tears,
Thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;
Thou who hast by Thy might,
Led us into the light, Keep us forever in the path, we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we meet Thee,
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world we forget Thee;
Shadowed beneath Thy hand, may we forever stand,
True to our God, true to our native land.

Dismissal – Jim Hamilton
