



A MESSAGE FROM TIM - February 22, 2024

Visiting with me this week is my former student and dear friend, Gabe Evans, along with his husband, Joe. Gabe is an incredible organist and choral director and now Director of Music and Organist at Rutgers Presbyterian Church in New York City where he leads a wonderful program. I'm very proud of him and this Sunday, I've asked him to play the opening and concluding voluntaries at the 10 am service as well as accompany the anthems. I'm excited to welcome Gabe to our 10 am service and it will be a treat to have him play alongside me!

The Choir of St. Gregory's will be singing the hauntingly beautiful "*Cause Us O Lord*" by Ron Nelson. This beautiful prayer is especially poignant this time of year as we make our journey through the season of Lent. "*Cause us, O Lord our God, to lie down each night in peace, and to awaken to renewed life and strength...Lord, help us to order our lives by Thy Council, lead us in the paths of righteousness. Lord, be Thou our shield about us, protect us, save our world from sorrow, from hate, and from war. Curb Thou within us the will to do evil. Shelter us beneath the shadow of Thy wings...*"

In this week's Gospel of Mark, we hear Jesus say "If any want to become my followers, let them deny themselves and take up their cross and follow me..." Our Communion Anthem will be a stirring arrangement by Gilbert Martin of the old hymn by Isaac Watts (1674-1748), "*When I Survey the Wondrous Cross*." First published in 1707, this hymn has provided guidance and inspiration to the faithful for over 300 years. May its words and music continue to be our banner as we attempt to take up our own cross and follow Christ.

"When I survey the wondrous cross on which the Prince of glory died, my richest gain I count but loss, and pour contempt on all my pride. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, save the death of Christ, my God! All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sorrow and love flow mingled down! Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, or thorns compose so rich a crown? Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were a present far too small; Love, so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all! Amen!"

I'll see you on Sunday!

Blessings,

Tim