



THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

Full to the Brim { *You are worthy*

Call to Worship

Come, all who are thirsty.

Come, all who are seeking.

Come, all who are waiting.

Come, all who labor.

Come, all who need rest.

Come, all who dream dreams.

Come—

whether you're young or old,

confident or curious,

lonely or hopeful.

This is God's house. All are welcome here.

Let us worship holy God.

Call to Confession

There is something so healing, so life-giving, about telling our stories.

In the prayer of confession, that is what we get to do.

The mask comes off. Any pretense of perfection is removed.

We let the pressure to perform slip away and we sit here, face to face with God, sharing honestly who we long to be.

Friends, there is healing here.

There is life to be gained here.

So join me in this moment of honesty. Join me in the prayer of confession.

Prayer of Confession

Holy God,

we treat our self-worth like something that can be bought at a store;

but you know this even better than we do.

Instead of trusting that we are made good,

instead of trusting that we are loved exactly as we are,

we stockpile our value in earthly things—

in trophies and awards, in likes and follows, in wealth and power.

Forgive us for creating our own measuring stick.

Heal our open wounds and tell our hearts that we won't be forgotten if we slow down.

We won't be forgotten if we rest. Gratefully we pray, amen.

Words of Forgiveness

Friends, take a deep breath.

Release the tension in your jaw.

There is good news here.

For even when we stumble,

even when we take the easy way out,

even when we forget our own self-worth,

even when we lose our way—we belong to God.

Say it with me—

We are loved. We are claimed. We are

under God's wing. We are worthy of grace.

We belong to God. Amen.



THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

Full to the Brim { *You are worthy* (cont.)

Prayer for Illumination

God of fig trees and foxes,
of today and tomorrow,
we would like to ask that you scoop us up.
Pick us up like a great gust of wind.
Startle us awake like a first love.
Light a fire in us like tomorrow depends on today.
Do all of this to get our attention and then turn us toward you.
We are a scattered people, God.
The world is moving faster than we can keep up.
So we pray—scoop us up.
Catch our eye.
Open our ears.
Capture our attention.
We are here. We long to be close to you.
Amen.

Affirmation of Faith

We believe
that the God of the cosmos is at work here.
We believe that God is fertilizing the soil.
We believe that God is planting roots.
We believe that God is growing fruit that is yet to be tasted.
But until that promised day
when the fig tree stands tall and swords are beaten into plowshares,
we believe:
when our work does not bear fruit,
God still loves us.
When our soil grows dry and cracked,
God still longs for us.
When all seems hopeless here on earth,
God holds hope for us.
The God of the cosmos is at work here.
We believe. Help our unbelief.
In Christ's name we pray. Amen.