



**Milwaukee  
Mennonite  
Church**

February 17, 2019

**BLEST ARE THOSE..BLEST ARE YOU...**

**EPIPHANY 6**

## **GATHERING**

Welcome!

Scripture: Jeremiah 17:5-10

Song: STS 116 *I saw a tree by the riverside*

Scripture: Psalm 1

Song: HWB 117 *Fairest Lord Jesus* (offering)

## **CONFESSING AND BEING RECONCILED**

Scripture: Luke 6:17-26.

Prayer

Song: STJ 94 *Blest are they*

Greet each other in peace

## **HEARING**

Children's Time

Scripture: Matthew 5:1-12

Reflection: Mark Loudon

## **RESPONDING**

Song: HWB 372 *O healing river*

Sharing our lives and what we have heard

Praying: HWB 358 *Oyenos, mi Dios*

## **SENDING**

Blessing

Announcements

## *Amish Economy*

We live by mercy if we live.  
To that we have no fit reply  
But working well and giving thanks,  
Loving God, loving one another,  
To keep Creation's neighborhood.

And my friend David Kline told me,  
"It falls strangely on Amish ears,  
This talk of how you find yourself.  
We Amish, after all, don't try  
To find ourselves. We try to lose  
Ourselves" – and thus are lost within  
The found world of sunlight and rain  
Where fields are green and then are ripe,  
And the people eat together by  
The charity of God, who is kind  
Even to those who give no thanks.

In morning light, men in dark clothes  
Go out among the beasts and fields.  
Lest the community be lost,  
Each day they must work out the bond  
Between goods and their price: the garden  
Weeded by sweat is flowerbright;  
The wheat shocked in shorn fields, clover  
Is growing where wheat grew; the crib  
Is golden with the gathered corn,

While in the world of the found selves,  
Lost to the sunlit, rainy world,  
The motor-driven cannot stop.  
This is the world where value is  
Abstract, and preys on things, and things  
Are changed to thoughts that have a price.  
Cost + greed – fear = price:  
Maury Telleen thus laid it out.  
The need to balance greed and fear  
Affords no stopping place, no rest,  
And need increases as we fail.

But now, in summer dusk, a man  
Whose hair and beard curl like spring ferns  
Sits under the yard trees, at rest,  
His smallest daughter on his lap.  
This is because he rose at dawn,  
Cared for his own, helped his neighbors,  
Worked much, spent little, kept his peace.

—Wendell Berry