



July 19, 2026

The Eighth Sunday after Pentecost

Rev. Kenneth Bersche

Maggie Kent, Secretary

Prelude

Processional Hymn *Please Stand*

“My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less”

- ♪ My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
No merit of my own I claim But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
~On Christ, the solid rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand.
- ♪ When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
In ev'ry high and stormy gale My anchor holds within the veil. ~On...
- ♪ His oath, His covenant and blood Support me in the raging flood;
When ev'ry earthly prop gives way, He then is all my hope and stay. ~On...
- ♪ When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found,
Clothed in His righteousness alone, Redeemed to stand before His throne! ~On....

Lutheran Service Book, Hymn 575—Text: Edward Mote, 1797–1874, alt.; Text: Public domain

Invocation

Be strong, and let your heart take courage,

All you who wait for the Lord!

Psalms 31:24

Let us hold fast the confession of our hope without wavering,

For He who promised is faithful.

Hebrews 10:23

And now, O Lord, for what do I wait?

My hope is in You.

Psalms 39:7

In the name of the Father and of the + Son and of the Holy Spirit.

Matthew 28:19b

Amen.

Confession and Absolution

Let us confess to the Lord our sins and trust in His salvation.

“I wait for the Lord, my soul waits, and in His word I hope.”

Psalms 130:5

Almighty God, You spoke a perfect world into being, yet now Your creation bears the stains and scars of our failure.

“I wait for the Lord, my soul waits, and in His word I hope.”

We bear responsibility for the suffering around us, filling the world with evil and failing to do the good we ought.

“I wait for the Lord, my soul waits, and in His word I hope.”

Our hearts are crushed beneath the burden of our sin and with longing for the world to be made right.

“I wait for the Lord, my soul waits, and in His word I hope.”

Forgive us, O God, for You are faithful and just and will cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

“I wait for the Lord, my soul waits, and in His word I hope.” *A Time of Silence*

Your hope is met by the redemption and renewal of our God found in His Son, Jesus Christ, who was given to die for you, and for whose sake God forgives you all your sins. As a called and ordained servant of Christ and by His authority, I therefore forgive you all your sins in the name of the Father and of the + Son and of the Holy Spirit.

Amen.

Prayer

The Lord be with you.

And also with you.

Let us pray. O God, so rule and govern our hearts and minds by Your Holy Spirit that, ever mindful of Your final judgment, we may be stirred up to holiness of living here and dwell with You in perfect joy hereafter; through Jesus Christ, Your Son, our Lord, who lives and reigns with You and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever.

Amen.

Hymn of Praise *Please Be Seated*

“O Worship the King”

- ♪ O worship the King, all-glorious above. O gratefully sing His pow’r and His love;
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.
- ♪ O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- ♪ This earth, with its store of wonders untold, Almighty, Thy pow’r hath founded of old,
Established it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- ♪ Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.
- ♪ Frail children of dust and feeble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail.
Thy mercies, how tender, how firm to the end,
Our maker, defender, redeemer, and friend!
- ♪ O measureless Might, ineffable Love, While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
Thy humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.

Lutheran Service Book, Hymn 804—Text: Robert Grant, 1779–1838, alt.; Text: Public domain

Old Testament Reading

Isaiah 44:6–8

⁶Thus says the Lord, the King of Israel and his Redeemer, the Lord of hosts:

“I am the first and I am the last; besides me there is no god.

⁷Who is like me? Let him proclaim it. Let him declare and set it before me, since I appointed an ancient people. Let them declare what is to come, and what will happen.

⁸Fear not, nor be afraid; have I not told you from of old and declared it?

And you are my witnesses!
Is there a God besides me? There is no Rock; I know not any.”
This is the Word of the Lord.
Thanks be to God.

The Epistle

Romans 8:18–27

¹⁸For I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worth comparing with the glory that is to be revealed to us. ¹⁹For the creation waits with eager longing for the revealing of the sons of God. ²⁰For the creation was subjected to futility, not willingly, but because of him who subjected it, in hope ²¹that the creation itself will be set free from its bondage to corruption and obtain the freedom of the glory of the children of God. ²²For we know that the whole creation has been groaning together in the pains of childbirth until now. ²³And not only the creation, but we ourselves, who have the firstfruits of the Spirit, groan inwardly as we wait eagerly for adoption as sons, the redemption of our bodies. ²⁴For in this hope we were saved. Now hope that is seen is not hope. For who hopes for what he sees? ²⁵But if we hope for what we do not see, we wait for it with patience.

²⁶Likewise the Spirit helps us in our weakness. For we do not know what to pray for as we ought, but the Spirit himself intercedes for us with groanings too deep for words. ²⁷And he who searches hearts knows what is the mind of the Spirit, because the Spirit intercedes for the saints according to the will of God.

This is the Word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.

Gradual Hymn

“For All the Saints” (vv. 1–3, 8)

- ♪ For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest. Alleluia! Alleluia!
- ♪ Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light. Alleluia! Alleluia!
- ♪ Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old
And win with them the victor’s crown of gold! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Please Stand

- ♪ From earth’s wide bounds, from ocean’s farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: Alleluia! Alleluia!

Lutheran Service Book, Hymn 677—Text: William W. How, 1823–97, alt.; Text: Public domain

The Holy Gospel

Matthew 13:24–30, 36–43

The Holy Gospel according to St. Matthew, the thirteenth chapter.

Glory to You, O Lord.

²⁴He put another parable before them, saying, “The kingdom of heaven may be compared to a man who sowed good seed in his field, ²⁵but while his men were sleeping, his enemy came and sowed weeds among the wheat and went away. ²⁶So when the plants came up and bore grain, then the weeds appeared also. ²⁷And the servants of the master of the house came and said to him, ‘Master, did you not sow good seed in your field? How then does it have weeds?’ ²⁸He said to them, ‘An enemy has

done this.’ So the servants said to him, ‘Then do you want us to go and gather them?’ ²⁹But he said, ‘No, lest in gathering the weeds you root up the wheat along with them. ³⁰Let both grow together until the harvest, and at harvest time I will tell the reapers, “Gather the weeds first and bind them in bundles to be burned, but gather the wheat into my barn.”’”

³⁶Then he left the crowds and went into the house. And his disciples came to him, saying, “Explain to us the parable of the weeds of the field.” ³⁷He answered, “The one who sows the good seed is the Son of Man. ³⁸The field is the world, and the good seed is the sons of the kingdom. The weeds are the sons of the evil one, ³⁹and the enemy who sowed them is the devil. The harvest is the end of the age, and the reapers are angels. ⁴⁰Just as the weeds are gathered and burned with fire, so will it be at the end of the age. ⁴¹The Son of Man will send his angels, and they will gather out of his kingdom all causes of sin and all law-breakers, ⁴²and throw them into the fiery furnace. In that place there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. ⁴³Then the righteous will shine like the sun in the kingdom of their Father. He who has ears, let him hear.

This is the Gospel of the Lord.

Praise to You, O Christ.

Nicene Creed

Children’s Message *Please Be Seated*

The Hymn

“Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me”

- ♪ Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood, From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure: Cleanse me from its guilt and pow’r.
- ♪ Not the labors of my hands Can fulfill Thy Law’s demands;
Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- ♪ Nothing in my hand I bring; Simply to Thy cross I cling.
Naked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly; Wash me, Savior, or I die.
- ♪ While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.

Lutheran Service Book, Hymn 761—Text: Augustus M. Toplady, 1740–78; Text: Public domain

Proclamation of the Word

“Redemption in the Rock”

Isaiah 44:6–8

Offering and Musical Offering

Prayer of the Church *Please Stand*

Each petition is concluded with the following:

Let us pray to the Lord.

Lord, have mercy.

Preface

The Lord be with you.

And also with you.

2 Timothy 4:22

Lift up your hearts.

We lift them to the Lord.

Colossians 3:1

Let us give thanks to Lord our God.

It is right to give Him thanks and praise.

Psalms 136

Proper Preface

Lord's Prayer

Words of Our Lord

The Peace of the Lord

The peace of the Lord be with you always.

Amen.

Distribution Hymn *Please Be Seated*

“Crown Him with Many Crowns”

- ♪ Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark how the heav'nly anthem drowns All music but its own,
Awake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless king Through all eternity.
- ♪ Crown Him the virgin's Son, The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won Which now His brow adorn:
Fruit of the mystic rose, Yet of that rose the stem,
The root whence mercy ever flows, The babe of Bethlehem.
- ♪ Crown Him the Lord of love. Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above, In beauty glorified.
No angels in the sky Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bend their wond'ring eyes At mysteries so bright.
- ♪ Crown Him the Lord of life, Who triumphed o'er the grave
And rose victorious in the strife For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing, Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring And lives that death may die.
- ♪ Crown Him the Lord of heav'n, Enthroned in worlds above,
Crown Him the king to whom is giv'n The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns As thrones before Him fall;
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns, For He is king of all.

Lutheran Service Book, Hymn 525—Text (sts. 1–3, 5): Matthew Bridges, 1800–94, alt.; (st. 4):
Godfrey Thring, 1823–1903; Text: Public domain

Benediction

The Lord bless you and keep you.

The Lord make His face shine on you and be gracious to you.

The Lord look on You with favor and + give You peace.

Numbers 6:24–26

Amen.

Recessional Hymn

“The Lord, My God, Be Praised”

- ♪ The Lord, my God, be praised, My light, my life from heaven; My maker, who to me
Has soul and body given; My Father, who will shield And keep me day by day
And make each moment yield New blessings on my way.
- ♪ The Lord, my God, be praised, My trust, my life from heaven, The Father’s own dear Son,
Whose life for me was given, Who for my sin atoned With His most precious blood
And gives to me by faith The highest heav’nly good.
- ♪ The Lord, my God, be praised, My hope, my life from heaven, The Spirit, whom the Son
In love to me has given. His grace revives my heart And gives my spirit pow’r,
Help, comfort, and support In sorrow’s gloomy hour.
- ♪ The Lord, my God, be praised, My God, the ever-living, To whom the heav’nly host
Their laud and praise are giving. The Lord, my God, be praised, In whose great name I boast,
God Father, God the Son, And God the Holy Ghost.

*Lutheran Service Book, Hymn 794—Text: Johann Olearius, 1611–84;
tr. August Crull, 1845–1923, alt.; Text: Public domain*

Postlude