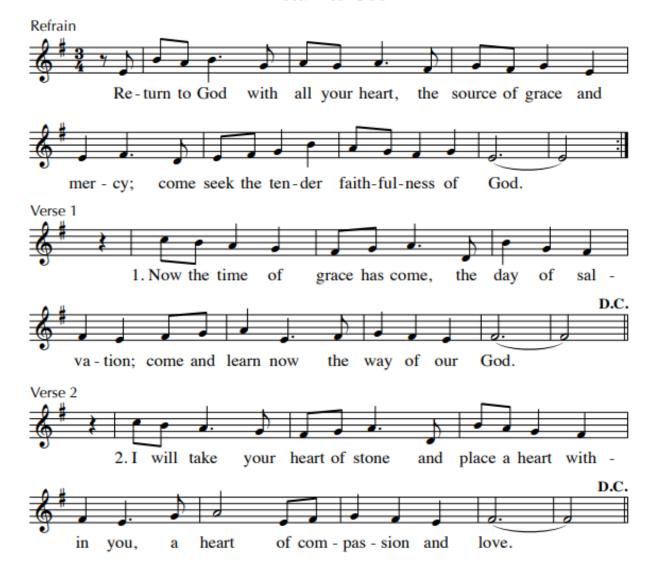
September 20, 2020 25th Sunday in Ordinary Time

Return to God



Text: Marty Haugen, b.1950 Tune: Marty Haugen, b.1950 © 1990, 1991, GIA Publications, Inc.

Celebrant: Have mercy on us O Lord.

All: For we have sinned against you.
Celebrant: Show us, O Lord, your mercy.
All: And grant us your salvation.

Celebrant: May Almighty God have mercy on us, forgive us our sins,

and bring us to everlasting life. Amen.

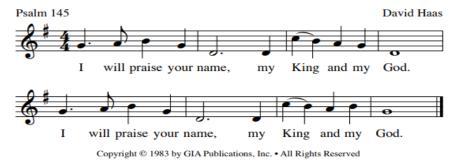
READING 1 IS 55:6-9

Seek the LORD while he may be found, call him while he is near.

Let the scoundrel forsake his way, and the wicked his thoughts; let him turn to the LORD for mercy; to our God, who is generous in forgiving.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, nor are your ways my ways, says the LORD. As high as the heavens are above the earth, so high are my ways above your ways thoughts. and my thoughts above your thoughts.

I WILL PRAISE YOUR NAME



READING 2 PHIL 1:20C-24, 27A

Brothers and sisters:

Christ will be magnified in my body, whether by life or by death.

For to me life is Christ, and death is gain.

If I go on living in the flesh,

that means fruitful labor for me.

And I do not know which I shall choose.

I am caught between the two.

I long to depart this life and be with Christ,

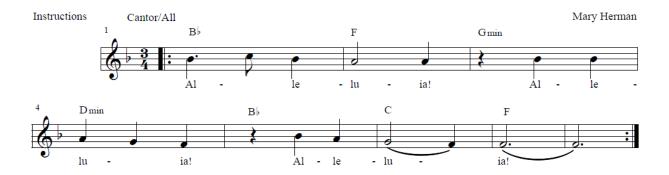
for that is far better.

Yet that I remain in the flesh

is more necessary for your benefit.

Only, conduct yourselves in a way worthy of the gospel of Christ.

Gospel Acclamation Mass of the Divine Savior

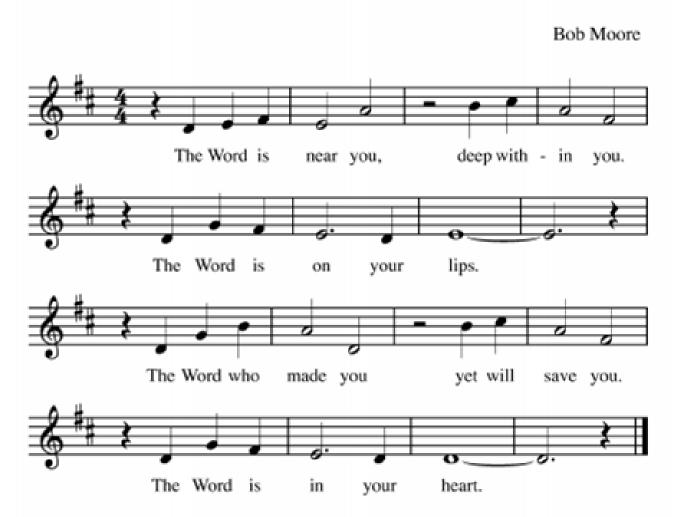


GOSPEL MT 20:1-16A

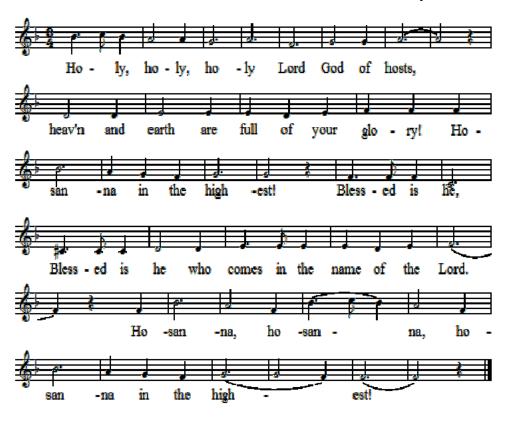
Jesus told his disciples this parable: "The kingdom of heaven is like a landowner who went out at dawn to hire laborers for his vineyard. After agreeing with them for the usual daily wage, he sent them into his vineyard. Going out about nine o'clock, the landowner saw others standing idle in the marketplace, and he said to them, 'You too go into my vineyard, and I will give you what is just.' So they went off. And he went out again around noon, and around three o'clock, and did likewise. Going out about five o'clock, the landowner found others standing around, and said to them, 'Why do you stand here idle all day?' They answered, 'Because no one has hired us.' He said to them, 'You too go into my vineyard.' When it was evening the owner of the vineyard said to his foreman, 'Summon the laborers and give them their pay, beginning with the last and ending with the first.' When those who had started about five o'clock came, each received the usual daily wage. So when the first came, they thought that they would receive more, but each of them also got the usual wage. And on receiving it they grumbled against the landowner, saying, 'These last ones worked only one hour, and you have made them equal to us, who bore the day's burden and the heat.' He said to one of them in reply, 'My friend, I am not cheating you. Did you not agree with me for the usual daily wage? Take what is yours and go. What if I wish to give this last one the same as you? Or am I not free to do as I wish with my own money? Are you envious because I am generous?'

Thus, the last will be first, and the first will be last."

THE WORD IS IN YOUR HEART



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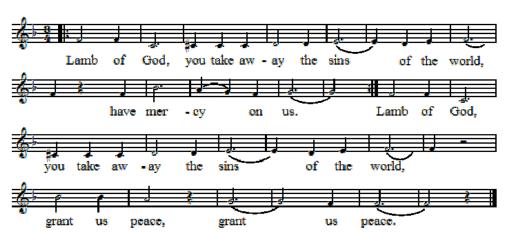
We Proclaim Your Death



Amen



Lamb of God



We place upon your table, a gleaming cloth of white

The weaving of our stories, the fabric of our lives.

The dreams of those before us, the ancient hopeful cries,

The promise of our future, our needing and our nurture, lie here before our eyes

We come to your feast, we come to your feast

The young and the old, the frightened the bold, the greatest and the least.

We come to your feast, we come to your feast

With the fruit of our lands and the work of our hands, we come to your feast.

We place upon your table a humble loaf of bread

The gift of field and hillside, the grain by which we're fed

We come to taste the presence, of hime on whom we feed

To strengthen and connect us, to challenge and correct us, to love in word and deed

We come to your feast, we come to your feast

The young and the old, the frightened the bold, the greatest and the least.

We come to your feast, we come to your feast

With the fruit of our lands and the work of our hands, we come to your feast.

We place upon your table a simple cup of wine

The fruit of human labor, the gift of sun and vine

We come to taste the presence, of him we claim as Lord,

His dying and his living, his leading and his giving, his love in cup outpoured

We come to your feast, we come to your feast

The young and the old, the frightened the bold, the greatest and the least.

We come to your feast, we come to your feast

With the fruit of our lands and the work of our hands, we come to your feast.

We gather round your table, we pause within our quest

We stand beside our neighbors, we name the stranger, "guest"

The east is spread before us; you bid us come and dine

In blessing we'll uncover, in sharing we'll discover your substance and your sign.

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WE WILL SERVE THE LORD

Rory Cooney



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