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The final consequence was to move the central focus of Christian worship for Protestants from worship—which, for lay people, had been almost entirely the sacraments—to one in which the sacraments became occasional intruders on a normal pattern of worship. No greater shift has ever occurred in Christian worship, either East or West.

JAMES F. WHITE, *PROTESTANT WORSHIP: TRADITIONS IN TRANSITION* (LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY: WESTMINSTER/JOHN KNOX PRESS, 1989), 37.

There is not the preaching of the Word of God and the sacrament; there is the preaching of the Word of God and sacrament of the Word of God. That is to say that Word of God is given to us in two forms: it is both preached and signified, and it becomes valid through this dual testimony (cf. Deuteronomy 17:6; 19:15; etc.). This duality echoes the incarnation.

JEAN-JACQUES VON ALLMEN, "THE SERMON IN WORSHIP," CHAPTER 3 IN *PREACHING AND CONGREGATION* (RICHMOND, VIRGINIA: JOHN KNOX PRESS, 1962), 40.

The task of hymns sung during worship as well as the planned worship experience as a whole is to help those present to orient their lives by triggering their imaginations. To accomplish this task requires of the worship planners both good theology and a genuine desire to elicit participation on the part of those worshipping.

TED PETERS, "WORSHIP WARS" IN *WORSHIP* (SUMMER 1994) 33:3:69.

LAMENT FOR A LOST LITURGY

T. M. Moore

There is a longing in my soul
for quiet. All around, the whole
assembly, in electrified
excess, continues to abide
the noise that overwhelms their own
attempts at praise. Am I alone
in pining for that stillness sweet,
in which our Savior's face we'd meet?
In missing those exalted rhymes
and soaring tones that other times
employed in service to our King?
And can these palsy prayers we bring
to God almighty hope to catch
His holy ear, or can they match
the psalmists' lexicon of praise
and thanks? Oh, how I miss those ways
that faithful generations gone
found adequate to lean upon
in worship! I am told I'll learn
to like it, I'll adjust, discern

the value of this form to reach
our Christless neighbors and to teach
them how to know the Savior in
familiar ways. This worldly din,
these unconvicting liturgies
and folksy, Christless homilies
may suit the lost among us fine;
they do not flame this heart of mine
with passion for the King of Grace
who bids our presence in this place.
Must we, who glow with saving fire,
against God's holy worth conspire
by wallowing in this world's dust,
forsaking our traditions, just
so those who sail in earthly ships
can take his covenant on their lips?
God help us! We have taken that
which you defined, directed at
yourself, and through the ages long
refined, in preaching, prayer, and song,
to suit your pleasure and we've turned
it to man's leisure! We have spurned
your purposes for worship, Lord,
and turned this precious time toward
the whims of those whose hearts are hot
for one thing only, and it's not
to please you, but themselves instead.

We've geared our worship to the dead
of this corrupt and dying age!
How long before your holy rage
lays bare our folly? Must our love
for those yet lost prevail above
our love for you, which, in this hour
of worship, we with the Spirit's power
and changeless truth would demonstrate?
And yet I fear it is too late;
the world into our holy space
has come, and to our great disgrace,
is setting the agenda for
our worship. And, as numbers soar,
our leadership congratulates
itself, the volume escalates
each passing week, the prayers become
more trifling still, the sermons hum
along in hortatory dress,
seducing every man's distress
or fear, and silence disappears
into a memory; while my tears
flow, not, as some might think, in sweet
response to this week's rockin' beat,
but for the loss-of focus, form,
and substance-that's become the norm
in worship. He alone will cheer
for whom this soothes his itching ear.