

**ELIZABETHTOWN CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN**  
**October 20, 2024, 10:30 a.m.**

Gathering Music

Welcome

Moment for Meditation

\*Call to Worship and Invocation Prayer

\*Hymn

***Praise the Lord, sing hallelujah, #50***

Parent/Child Dedication

Sam, Kelly, and Parker Epps

Children's Time

Poem Reading

*If-*, by Rudyard Kipling

Choir Anthem

*If*, by Marta Keen  
arranged by Jay Althouse

Prayer Time

Response Song

***If the war goes on***  
see page 2

Scripture

Ephesians 6:10-18

Sermon

"Stand Firm," Liz Bidgood Enders

Offering Reflection

Offertory

\*Hymn

***Go, my friends, in grace***  
see page 3

\*Benediction

Sending Music

**Worship Leadership:** Doug Gehr

**Poem Reader:** Tom Longenecker

**Welcome, families!** Nursery care is available for children up to age 2, and our Shine program cares for children ages 3 through pre-K. Kids' Club, for grades K-3, exits the sanctuary after Children's Time until the end of the worship service.

*\*Please rise as able*

# If the war goes on

THE ROAD TO BASRAH 58. 57. 58. 5

Dm Gm7 A

Solo 1 If the war goes on and the chil - dren die of hun - ger,  
Tenor/Bass 2 If the war goes on and the truth is tak - en hos - tage,  
Soprano/Alto 3 If the war goes on and the dai - ly bread is ter - ror,  
All 4 If the war goes on and the rich in - crease their for - tunes,

Dm Gm7 A

1 and the old men weep, for the young men are no more,  
2 and new ter - rors lead to the need to eu - phe - mize;  
3 and the voice - less poor take the road as ref - u - gees;  
4 and the arms sales soar as new weap - ons are dis - played;

Gm7 C FM7 Bb

1 and the wom - en learn how to dance with - out a part - ner,  
2 when the calls for peace are de - clared un - pa - tri - ot - ic,  
3 when a na - tion's pride des - tines mil - lions to be home - less,  
4 when a fer - tile field turns to no - man's - land to - mor - row,

Gm7 A Gm7 A

1 who will keep the score?  
2 who'll ex - pose the lies?  
3 who will heed their pleas?  
4 who'll ap - prove such trade?

Text: John L. Bell and Graham Maule, 1997, revised 2002

Music: John L. Bell, 1997

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# Go, my friends, in grace

BENEDICTUS DEUS 56. 66

1 Go, my friends, in grace, be - neath the  
2 Walk, my friends, in peace, with - in this  
3 Serve, my friends, in love, your neigh - bors  
4 Come a - gain, my friends, to wor - ship

bless - ed sky. Where you go, God is  
fall - en world. Where you walk, God is  
and your foes. Where you serve, God is  
and to pray. When we meet, God is

1-3  
there, be - neath the bless - ed sky.  
there, with - in this fall - en world.  
there, in neigh - bors and in foes.

4  
here. Ben - e - dic - tus De - us.\*

\*Translation: Blessed be God

Text: David Wright, 2004, *A Field of Voices*, 2007

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Music: James E. Clemens, 2004, *A Field of Voices*, 2007

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If–

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

By Rudyard Kipling