

God, We've Known Such Grief and Anger

Written by Rev. Carolyn Winfrey Gillette for the anniversary of September 11th, this hymn can also be used to support Hurricane Katrina relief efforts.

IN BABILONE 8.7.8.7 D ("There's a Wideness in God's Mercy")

God, we've known such grief and anger
As we've heard your people cry.
We have asked you, "How much longer?"
We have sadly wondered, "Why?"
In this world of so much suffering,
May we hear your word anew:
"I will never leave you orphaned;
I will not abandon you."

By your grace comes resurrection;
By your love, you cast out fear.
You give strength and sure direction
As we seek to serve you here.
You give comfort to the grieving,
And you bless the ones who mourn.
May we trust in you, believing
Out of chaos, hope is born.

Hope is ours for, God, you love us!
You have claimed us by your grace.
And through Jesus, you have called us
To bring hope to every place.
In each rescue worker's caring,
In each faithful volunteer,
In each Christian's love and sharing,
God, we glimpse your kingdom here.

Biblical References: John 14:18; I John 4:18; Matthew 5:11, 28:16-20; and John 17:18
Tune: Dutch melody, arranged by Julius Rontgen (1855-1933) Hymn tune is in the public domain. **Text:** Copyright © 2002 by Carolyn Winfrey Gillette. All rights reserved.

This hymn was commissioned by Presbyterian Disaster Assistance, Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.) for the congregational resource *Out of the Depths: Voices of the Presbyterian Faith Community at Work After September 11*, an anniversary publication. Permission is granted for this hymn's free use by churches that support Church World Service.

O God of Mighty Wind and Flame

A Hymn in Response to the Fires in California
ELLACOMBE CMD (“I Sing the Mighty Power of God “ or “Hail to the Lord’s Anointed”)

A hymn in response to the fires in California, by Carolyn Winfrey Gillette.

O God of mighty wind and flame who fills your church with power,
We gather here in Jesus’ name, to ask your help this hour.
When nature’s might seems far too strong and flames are swirling high,
When days bring fear and nights are long, Lord, hear your people’s cry.

Some, having not the time to pack, lost all they left behind;
We pray that when they can go back, your strength is what they’ll find.
As they are grieving, bending low to sift through ash and stone,
We pray that soon, again, they’ll know the comfort of a home.

Some labor hard for little pay; their blessings seem so few.
They don’t have homes to save this day—God, keep them close to you.
Some risk their lives and give up sleep, to fight the fires so long;
In this, the vigil that they keep, God, keep them safe and strong.

O God in whom we live and move-- when lives are torn apart,
Give us, your church, abundant love to heal each broken heart.
And when we see our neighbors’ pain, give us the grace to share,
Till like a gentle, needed rain, new hope will fill the air.

Tune: *Gesangbuch der Herzogl, Wirtembergischen Katholischen Hofkapelle* , 1784; alt. 1868

Text: Copyright © 2007 by Carolyn Winfrey Gillette. All rights reserved.

Carolyn Winfrey Gillette gives free one-time use of this hymn to congregations that support Church World Service.

Carolyn Winfrey Gillette is the co-pastor of the [Limestone Presbyterian Church](#) in Wilmington, Delaware and author of [Gifts of Love: New Hymns for Today's Worship](#) is a collection of 45 new hymns published by Geneva Press. A complete list of her 150+ hymns with a lectionary index can be found at <http://www.carolynshymns.com/>.

Email: bcgillette@comcast.net

O God, Our Words Cannot Express

(Tune: ST. ANNE CM "O God, Our Help in Ages Past")

O God, our words cannot express
The pain we feel this day.
Enraged, uncertain, we confess
Our need to bow and pray.

We grieve for all who lost their lives...
And for each injured one.
We pray for children, husbands, wives
Whose grief has just begun.

O Lord, we're called to offer prayer
For all our leaders, too.
May they, amid such great despair,
Be wise in all they do.

We trust your mercy and your grace;
In you we will not fear!
May peace and justice now embrace!
Be with your people here!

Tune: Attr. William Croft, 1708. Tune is in public domain.

Text: Copyright © 2001 by Carolyn Winfrey Gillette. All rights reserved.

305 South Broadway, Pitman, NJ 08071 Phone: (856)-589-8444 Email: Bruce.Gillette@ecunet.org

Permission for free one-time use of this hymn is given. Please include the above copyright and contact information (in smaller type) when copying the hymn text.

Carolyn Winfrey Gillette is the co-pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Pitman, NJ and author of *Gifts of Love: New Hymns for Today's Worship* (Geneva Press, 2000).

Black Saturday
Tune: Amazing Grace
Norman Habel, 2009

Amazing flames that scorch the sky,
Like hurricanes of fire,
Alive with eucalyptus oil,
Are roaring higher and higher.

These swirling balls of oil ablaze,
That leap o'er trees at will,
Descend on fields and flock and homes,
Explode and burn and kill.

Where's God in all this swirling ash?
Where's God in all this pain?
Awaiting somewhere in the sky
To one day send some rain?

The face of God is burnt and black;
The hands of God are red!
The God we know in Jesus Christ
Is bleeding with the dead.

Is this, O God, the shock we need
To face our life ahead,
Adjusting to a Greenhouse Age
When we must share our bread?

Christ, show us now your hands and feet,
The burns across you side
To show you suffer with the Earth,
By fires crucified!

"In Times Like These"
Paul Janssen
(tune: Was Mein Gott Will)

In times like these, we strain to sing a hymn of exaltation.
Our voices fill with bitter tears; our souls, with lamentation.
The seas have swelled; we wonder where you were 'midst nature's violence.
We long to sing with joy and praise, but shudder at your absence.

Creating God, you spoke your Word and guided this world's making.
Where was your voice to turn the tide, to calm the deep earth's quaking?
We have no words to understand the scope of human sorrow.
So speak through us and give us strength to make a new tomorrow.

Redeeming Christ, you raised your hand, and winds and waves were quiet.
But now we see no miracle when oceans go ariot.
The tidal wave rekindles fears, reminds us of our weakness.
Awake, O Lord, and calm our souls! Cast out despair and bleakness!

O Spirit, once you brooded o'er the face of formless waters.
So comfort those whose lives are rent, who've lost their sons and daughters.
And stir our hearts, though numbed by pain, to newfound depth of feeling.
And make us agents of your love, your grace, your hope, your healing.

(Please email p.janssen@att.net if you use this hymn)

MAY HOPE RISE OUT OF TRAGEDY

Eternal Father, strong to save,
The cyclone's fury has been grave,
We've seen the pictures, felt the pain,
Of all those caught in flood and rain.
O hear us as we cry to thee
for those engulfed in tragedy.

O Savior, whose almighty hand
protects all those in every land.
Send help and aid of every kind
grant we a way to serve may find.
O hear us as we cry to thee
may hope rise out of tragedy.

O Holy Spirit, work your art
in every place and every heart.
Stir great compassion, healing, love
pour down your blessings from above.
O hear us as we cry to thee
may hope rise out of tragedy.

O Trinity of love and power,
bless all your servants in this hour.
To bring relief, to find a way
to rebuild and to heal today.
O hear us as we cry to thee
may hope rise out of tragedy!

Tune: Melita 88 88 88 (Navy Hymn)\
Words by Paul Mittermaier
Permission granted for congregational use.