

# 14th Sunday in Ordinary Time

July 4th, 2021

## Processional Hymn

THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY

IN BABILONE



1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy Like the wide-ness  
2. For the love of God is broad-er Than the mea-sures  
3. Trou-bled souls, why will you scat-ter Like a crowd of



1. of the sea; There's a kind-ness in his jus-tice  
2. of our mind, And the heart of the E-ter-nal  
3. fright-ened sheep? Fool-ish hearts, why will you wan-der



1. Which is more than lib-er-ty. There is plen-ti-ful re-  
2. Is most won-der-ful-ly kind. If our love were but more  
3. From a love so true and deep? There is wel-come for the



1. demp-tion In the blood that has been shed; There is  
2. sim-ple We should take him at his word, And our  
3. sin-ner And more grac-es for the good; There is



1. joy for all the mem-bers In the sor-rows of the Head.  
2. lives would be thanks-giv-ing For the good-ness of our Lord.  
3. mer-cy with the Sav-ior, There is heal-ing in his blood.

Text: 87 87 D; Frederick W. Faber, 1814–1863, alt.  
Music: *Oude en Nieuwe Boerenliedjes*, c. 1710.

## First Reading

### Ez 2:2-5

As the LORD spoke to me, the spirit entered into me and set me on my feet, and I heard the one who was speaking say to me:

Son of man, I am sending you to the Israelites, rebels who have rebelled against me; they and their ancestors have revolted against me to this very

day.

Hard of face and obstinate of heart are they to whom I am sending you.

But you shall say to them:

Thus says the LORD GOD!

And whether they heed or resist—for they are a rebellious house—they shall know that a prophet has been among them.

### PSALM 123: 14TH SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME, YEAR B



¶ Our eyes are fixed on the Lord, plead-ing for his mer-cy.

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**1**To you I lift up my eyes who are enthroned in heaven — As the eyes of servants are on the hands of their masters.

**2**As the eyes of a maid are on the hands of her mistress, So are our eyes on the LORD, our God, till he have pity on us.

**3**Have pity on us, O LORD, have pity on us, for we are more than sated with contempt; our souls are more than sate with the mockery of the arrogant, with the contempt of the proud.

## Second Reading

### 2 Corinthians 12:7-10

Brothers and sisters:

That I, Paul, might not become too elated, because of the abundance of the revelations, a thorn in the flesh was given to me, an angel of Satan, to beat me, to keep me from being too elated.

Three times I begged the Lord about this, that it might leave me, but he said to me, “My grace is

sufficient for you, for power is made perfect in weakness.” I will rather boast most gladly of my weaknesses, in order that the power of Christ may dwell with me.

Therefore, I am content with weaknesses, insults, hardships, persecutions, and constraints, for the sake of Christ; for when I am weak, then I am strong.

## Gospel

### Mk 6:1-6

Jesus departed from there and came to his native place, accompanied by his disciples. When the sabbath came he began to teach in the synagogue, and many who heard him were astonished. They said, “Where did this man get all this? What kind of wisdom has been given him? What mighty deeds are wrought by his hands!

Is he not the carpenter, the son of Mary, and the brother of James and

Jose and Judas and Simon? And are not his sisters here with us?”

And they took offense at him.

Jesus said to them, “A prophet is not without honor except in his native place and among his own kin and in his own house.” So he was not able to perform any mighty deed there, apart from curing a few sick people by laying his hands on them. He was amazed at their lack of faith.

## FOR THE SAKE OF CHRIST

Ken Canedo



For the sake of Christ, I will-ingly ac-cept my weak-ness and my trials,



for when I am pow-er-less, then I am strong. strong.



1. Al-though in God's — love my life was blest, my faith — was  
2. And so when I am weak, then I am free. The pow-er of



1. giv-en to the test. For mer-cy did I pray, and then I heard God say,  
2. Christ will rest in me. Throughall that I en-dure, the love of God is sure.



1. “My grace is e-nough for you. My grace is e-nough for you.”  
2. His grace is e-nough for me. His grace is e-nough for me.



3. He died for all, that those who live might live no long-er for them-selves.



3. Oh, live for Christ who gave his life, and now is raised on high.

Text: Based on 2 Corinthians 5:15; 12:7–10. Text and music © 1995, 2005, Ken Canedo.  
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# TASTE AND SEE

James E. Moore, Jr.

## Communion

Refrain: 1st time: Cantor, All repeat; thereafter: All

Taste and see, taste and see the good-ness of the Lord. O  
 taste and see, taste and see the good-ness of the Lord, of the Lord.

Verses: Cantor

1. I will bless the Lord at all times. \_\_\_\_\_ His  
 2. Glo - ri - fy the Lord with \_\_\_\_\_ me. \_\_\_\_\_ To -  
 3. Wor-ship \_\_\_\_\_ the Lord, all you peo-ple. \_\_\_\_\_ t

1. praise \_\_\_\_\_ shall al-ways be on my lips; my  
 2. geth-er \_\_\_\_\_ let us all \_\_\_\_\_ praise his name. |  
 3. You'll \_\_\_\_\_ want for noth-ing \_\_\_\_\_ if you ask. 7

1. soul shall glo-ry \_\_\_\_\_ in the Lord for  
 2. called the Lord \_\_\_\_\_ and he an-swered me; from  
 3. Taste and see \_\_\_\_\_ that God is good; in

1. he has been \_\_\_\_\_ so good to me.  
 2. all my trou-bles he set me free.  
 3. him we need \_\_\_\_\_ put all our trust.

to Refrain

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## Recessional

# AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

MATERNA

1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,  
 2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress  
 3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-at-ing strife,  
 4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years

1. For pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain!  
 2. A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness!  
 3. Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life!  
 4. Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam, Un-dimmed by hu-man tears!

1. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed his grace on thee,  
 2. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw,  
 3. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine,  
 4. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed his grace on thee,

1. And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.  
 2. Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law.  
 3. Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vine.  
 4. And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.

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Text: CMD; Katherine L. Bates, 1859-1929. Music: Samuel A. Ward, 1848-1903.