**OPENING SCRIPTURE** Isaiah 25:1-10 (MSG)

God, you are *my* God. I celebrate you. I praise you.
You've done your share of miracle-wonders, well-thought-out plans, solid and sure.
Here you've reduced the city to rubble, the strong city to a pile of stones.
The enemy Big City is a non-city, never to be a city again.
Superpowers will see it and honor you, brutal oppressors bow in worshipful reverence.
They'll see that you take care of the poor, that you take care of poor people in trouble, provide a warm, dry place in bad weather, provide a cool place when it's hot.
Brutal oppressors are like a winter blizzard and vicious foreigners like high noon in the desert. But you, shelter from the storm and shade from the sun, shut the mouths of the big-mouthed bullies.

But here on this mountain, God-of-the-Angel-Armies will throw a feast for all the people of the world, a feast of the finest foods, a feast with vintage wines, a feast of seven courses, a feast lavish with gourmet desserts.
And here on this mountain, God will banish the pall of doom hanging over all peoples, the shadow of doom darkening all nations.
Yes, he'll banish death forever. And God will wipe the tears from every face.
He'll remove every sign of disgrace from his people, wherever they are.
Yes! God says so!

Also at that time, people will say, "Look at what's happened! This is our God! We waited for him and he showed up and saved us!
This God, the one we waited for! Let's celebrate, sing the joys of his salvation. God's hand rests on this mountain!"

As for the Moabites, they'll be treated like trash, waste shoveled into a cesspool.
Thrash away as they will, like swimmers trying to stay afloat, they'll sink in the sewage.
Their pride will pull them under. Their famous fortifications will crumble to nothing, those mighty walls reduced to dust.

***Call to Worship**

One: Some of the disciples would have sent us away. “We cannot feed you,” they insisted.

**Many: But the friend said, “Stay with us, and you shall eat.”**

One: Come, let us open our baskets and combine the little food we have brought on our different journeys.

**Many: To the crowds we give our fish from the river and fowl from the air.**

One: To the multitudes we offer bread from the field and fruit from the tree.

**Many: Lift up the food; look up to heaven and bless it!**

**All: Let us share with our brothers and sisters, that all the world may behold the power of God’s name!**

**UNISON PRAYER OF INVOCATION**

**Have Compassion on us, Friend. We have traveled a far distance to meet you. We are tired, and our homes are in another place. Some of us are sick, others carry heavy burdens. We seek a resting place and a healing word. Stay with us Friend. We ask no more than this.  AMEN.**