



Saints Faith, Hope & Charity Parish  
**Thirteenth Sunday in Ordinary Time**  
June 27, 2021

**OPENING HYMN**

*All Creatures of our God and King*

All creatures of our God and King,  
Lift up your voice and with us sing:  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
O burning sun with golden beam  
And silver moon with softer gleam:  
Sing your praises! Alleluia!  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

O rushing wind and breezes soft,  
O clouds that ride the winds aloft:  
Sing your praises! Alleluia!  
O rising morn, in praise rejoice,  
O lights of evening, find a voice.  
Sing your praises! Alleluia!  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Text: Altissimu, omnipotente bon Signore; Francis of Assisi, 1182-1226; tr. by William H. Draper, 1855-1933, alt.

**INTRODUCTORY RITES**

**GLORIA**

**LITURGY OF THE WORD**

**FIRST READING**

*Wis 1:13-15; 2:23-24*

God did not make death,  
nor does he rejoice in the destruction of the living.  
For he fashioned all things that they might have being;  
and the creatures of the world are wholesome,  
and there is not a destructive drug among them  
nor any domain of the netherworld on earth,  
for justice is undying.  
For God formed man to be imperishable;  
the image of his own nature he made him.  
But by the envy of the devil, death entered the world,  
and they who belong to his company experience it.

**RESPONSORIAL PSALM** 30:2, 4, 5-6, 11, 12, 13

**Refrain:** I will praise you, Lord, for you have rescued me.

I will extol you, O LORD, for you drew me clear  
and did not let my enemies rejoice over me.  
O LORD, you brought me up from the netherworld;  
you preserved me from among those going down into the pit.

Sing praise to the LORD, you his faithful ones,  
and give thanks to his holy name.  
For his anger lasts but a moment;  
a lifetime, his good will.  
At nightfall, weeping enters in,  
but with the dawn, rejoicing.

Hear, O LORD, and have pity on me;  
O LORD, be my helper.  
You changed my mourning into dancing;  
O LORD, my God, forever will I give you thanks.

**SECOND READING** 2 Cor 8:7, 9, 13-15

Brothers and sisters:

As you excel in every respect, in faith, discourse,  
knowledge, all earnestness, and in the love we have for you,  
may you excel in this gracious act also.

For you know the gracious act of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
that though he was rich, for your sake he became poor,  
so that by his poverty you might become rich.  
Not that others should have relief while you are burdened,  
but that as a matter of equality  
your abundance at the present time should supply their needs,  
so that their abundance may also supply your needs,  
that there may be equality.

As it is written:

*Whoever had much did not have more,  
and whoever had little did not have less.*

**GOSPEL ACCLAMATION**

**GOSPEL** Mk 4:35-41

When Jesus had crossed again in the boat  
to the other side,  
a large crowd gathered around him, and he stayed close to the sea.  
One of the synagogue officials, named Jairus, came forward.  
Seeing him he fell at his feet and pleaded earnestly with him, saying,  
“My daughter is at the point of death.  
Please, come lay your hands on her  
that she may get well and live.”  
He went off with him,  
and a large crowd followed him and pressed upon him.  
While he was still speaking, people from the synagogue official’s house arrived and said,

“Your daughter has died; why trouble the teacher any longer?”  
Disregarding the message that was reported,  
Jesus said to the synagogue official,  
“Do not be afraid; just have faith.”  
He did not allow anyone to accompany him inside  
except Peter, James, and John, the brother of James.  
When they arrived at the house of the synagogue official,  
he caught sight of a commotion,  
people weeping and wailing loudly.  
So he went in and said to them,  
“Why this commotion and weeping?  
The child is not dead but asleep.”  
And they ridiculed him.  
Then he put them all out.  
He took along the child’s father and mother  
and those who were with him  
and entered the room where the child was.  
He took the child by the hand and said to her, “*Talitha koum,*”  
which means, “Little girl, I say to you, arise!”  
The girl, a child of twelve, arose immediately and walked around.  
At that they were utterly astounded.  
He gave strict orders that no one should know this  
and said that she should be given something to eat.

## HOMILY

### PROFESSION OF FAITH

### LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

OFFERTORY HYMN            *There Is a Balm in Gilead*

There is a balm in Gilead  
To make the wounded whole;  
There is a balm in Gilead  
To heal the sin-sick soul.

Sometimes I feel discouraged  
And think my work's in vain,  
But then the Holy Spirit  
Revives my soul again.

Don't ever be discouraged,  
For Jesus is your friend;  
And if you lack for knowledge,  
He'll ne'er refuse to lend.

*Text: Jeremiah 8:22, African American spiritual*

## HOLY, HOLY, HOLY - THE LORD'S PRAYER - SIGN OF PEACE - LAMB OF GOD - COMMUNION

### COMMUNION HYMN      *Healer of Our Every Ill*

#### Refrain

Healer of our ev'ry ill,  
light of each tomorrow,  
give us peace beyond our fear,  
and hope beyond our sorrow.

You who know our fears and sadness,  
Grace us with your peace and gladness.  
Spirit of all comfort, fill our hearts.

In the pain and joy, beholding  
How your grace is still unfolding,  
Give us all your vision, God of love.

Give us strength to love each other,  
Ev'ry sister, ev'ry brother.  
Spirit of all kindness, be our guide.

You who know each thought and feeling,  
Teach us all your way of healing.  
Spirit of compassion, fill each heart.

*Text: Marty Haugen, b. 1950, © 1987, GIA Publications, Inc.*

### CONCLUDING RITES

#### BLESSING AND DISMISSAL

### CLOSING HYMN      *Longing for Light*

Longing for light, we wait in darkness.  
Longing for truth, we turn to you.  
Make us your own, your holy people,  
light for the world to see.

Christ, be our light! Shine in our hearts.  
Shine through the darkness.  
Christ, be our light!  
Shine in your church gathered today.

Many the gifts, many the people,  
many the hearts that yearn to belong.  
Let us be servants to one another,  
making your kingdom come.

*Text: Bernadette Farrell, b. 1957*

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