

MORNING SERVICE AUGUST 2ND 2020

Antonin Dvorak: Stabat Mater: 1 Quartetto, Coro, Andante Con Moto. "Stabat Mater Dolorosa"

Call to Worship

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Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise;
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
a second Adam to the fight
and to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
which did in Adam fail,
should strive afresh against the foe,
should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace
should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very self,
and essence all-divine.

O generous love! that he, who came
as man to smite the foe,
the double agony for us
as man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
and on the cross on high,
should teach his followers, and inspire
to suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise;
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.

Prayers and Lord's Prayer

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King of kings, majesty,
God of Heaven living in me.
Gentle Saviour, closest Friend,
Strong deliverer, Beginning and End,
all within me falls at your throne,

*Your majesty, I can but bow;
I lay my all before you now.
In royal robes I don't deserve,
I live to serve your majesty.*

Earth and Heaven worship you,
love eternal, faithful and true,
who bought the nations, ransomed souls,
brought this sinner near to your throne;
all within me cries out in praise.

Readings

Isaiah 55:1-5

Matthew 14:13-21

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Come, sinners, to the gospel-feast,
Let every soul be Jesu's guest;
You need not one be left behind,
For God has called all humankind.

Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all;
Come all the world and witness how
All things in Christ are ready now.

Come, all you souls by sin oppressed,
You restless wanderers after rest,
You poor, and maimed, and sick, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

His love is mighty to compel;
His conquering love consent to feel;
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

See him set forth before your eyes;
Behold the bleeding sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

This is the time; no more delay!
This is the Lord's accepted day;
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

Sermon: Food for thought

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God it was who said to Abraham.
"Pack your bags and travel on."
God it was who said to Sarah,
"Smile and soon you'll bear a son."
Travelling folk and aged mothers
Wandering when they thought they'd done -
This is how we find God's people
Leaving all because of one.

God it was who said to Moses,
"Save my people, part the sea."
God it was who said to Miriam,
"Sing and dance to show you're free."
Shepherd-saints and tambourinists
Doing what God knew they could -
This is how we find God's people,
Liberating what they should.

God it was who said to Joseph,
"Down your tools and take your wife."
God it was who said to Mary,
"In your womb, I'll start my life!"
Carpenter and country maiden
Leaving town and trade and skills-
This is how we find God's people,

Moved by what their Maker wills.

Christ it was who said "Zacchaeus,
I would like to eat with you."
Christ it was who said to Martha,
"Listening's what you need to do"
Civil servants and housekeepers,
Changing places at a cost -
This is how Christ summons people,
Calling both the loved and lost.

In this crowd which spans the ages,
With these saints whom we revere,
God wants us to share their purpose
Starting now and starting here.
So we celebrate our calling,
So we raise both heart and voice,
As we pray that through our living
More may find they are God's choice.

Prayers and Offertory

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Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious measure
Sung by flaming tongues above.
O the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my lord's unchanging love.

Here I find my greatest treasure;
"Hither by thy help I've come."

And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood;

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, lord, like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

Benediction

Louis-Antoine Dornel: Sonata no2 in D major "La Triomphante", 5
Gavotte