

MORNING WORSHIP 23/08/2020

George Gershwin: Rhapsody in Blue

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Call to worship

The trumpets sound, the angels sing,
The feast is ready to begin;
The gates of heaven are open wide,
And Jesus welcomes you inside.

Tables are laden with good things,
O taste the peace and joy he brings;
He'll fill you up with love divine,
He'll turn your water into wine.

*Sing with thankfulness songs of pure delight,
Come and revel in heaven's love and light;
Take your place at the table of the King,
The feast is ready to begin,
The feast is ready to begin*

The hungry heart he satisfies,
Offers the poor his paradise;
Now hear all heaven and earth applaud
The amazing goodness of the Lord.

Prayers and Lord's Prayer

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Give to me, Lord, a thankful heart
And a discerning mind;
Give, as I play the Christian's part,
The strength to finish what I start
And act on what I find.

When, in the rush of days, my will
Is habit bound and slow,
Help me to keep in vision, still
What love and power and peace can fill
A life that trusts in you.

By your divine and urgent claim,
And by your human face,
Kindle our sinking hearts to flame,
And as you teach the world your name
Let it become your place.

Jesus, with all your church I long
To see your kingdom come:
Show me your way of righting wrong
And turning sorrow into song
Until you bring me home.

Readings

Isaiah 51:1-6

Romans 12:1-8

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Come with me, come wander,
Come welcome the world
Where strangers might smile
Or where stones may be hurled;
Come leave what you cling to,

Lay down what you clutch
And find, with hands empty,
That hearts can hold much.

*Sing Hey for the carpenter
Leaving his tools!*

*Sing Hey for the Pharisees
Leaving their rules!*

*Sing Hey for the fishermen
Leaving their nets!*

*Sing Hey for the people
Who leave their regrets!*

Come walk in my company,
Come sleep by my side,
Come savour a lifestyle
With nothing to hide;
Come sit at my table
And eat with my friends,
Discovering that love
Which the world never ends.

Come share in my laughter,
Come close to my fears,
Come find yourself washed
With the kiss of my tears;
Come stand close at hand
While I suffer and die,
And find in three days
How I never will lie.

Come leave your possessions,
Come share out your treasure,
Come give and receive

Without method or measure;
Come loose every bond
That's resisting the spirit,
Enabling the earth
To be yours to inherit.

Sermon: Time to wake up

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Have you heard God's voice; has your heart been stirred?
Are you still prepared to follow?
Have you made a choice to remain and serve,
though the way be rough and narrow?

*Will you walk the path that will cost you much
and embrace the pain and sorrow?
Will you trust in One who entrusts to you
the disciples of tomorrow?*

Will you use your voice; will you not sit down
when the multitudes are silent?
Will you make a choice to stand your ground
when the crowds are turning violent?

In your city streets will you be God's heart?
Will you listen to the voiceless?
Will you stop and eat, and when friendships start,
Will you share your faith with the faithless?

Will you watch the news with the eyes of faith
and believe it could be different?
Will you share your views using words of grace?
Will you leave a thoughtful imprint?

We will walk the path that will cost us much
and embrace the pain and sorrow.

We will trust in One who entrusts to us
the disciples of tomorrow.

Prayers of Intercession and Offertory

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Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore;
Feed me now and evermore.

Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream shall flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield;
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee;
I will ever give to thee.

Benediction

Girolamo Fantini: Saltarello Detto Del Naldi