

Advent to Pentecost

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Advent to Epiphany

Praise for God's power Luke 1:46-55

Let us sing the greatness of the Lord
and rejoice because God comes to save us.

All **Praise the Lord of hope.**

God has come down in blessing
to the one who is humble, a person unknown,

A moment of crisis has come,
a time of opportunity and challenge.
Over the centuries we knew this time would come,
a time when we must face reality.

All **Keep us true, O Lord.**

There were years of preparation,
hints of the glory to come;

For peace and unity amongst the people of earth,

Seeing is believing Luke 2:29-32

Thank you, disarming God,
for you have shown me
that my work is done.

Today I have seen
and touched and blessed
the one who will bless us all.
What a joy to be your servant today!
So now I know fulfillment.

So may we see and touch
the gift of your love today!

[We praise you for the gift of the Scriptures
in which we read how
the Lord Jesus on the night he was betrayed
took bread, and when he had given thanks, he broke it and said:
'This is my body which is broken for you.
Do this in remembrance of me.'
In the same way he took the cup also after supper, saying:
'This cup is the new covenant in my blood.
Do this, as often as you drink it, in remembrance of me.
For as often as you eat this bread and drink this cup,
you proclaim the Lord's death until he comes.']
Let us proclaim the mystery of faith:

All **Christ has died. Christ is risen. Christ will come again.**

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We can hardly wait, dear God.

Looking out upon a world





[The Lord Jesus on the night he was betrayed
took bread, and when he had given thanks, he broke it and said:
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For as often as you eat this bread and drink this cup,
you proclaim the Lord's death until he comes.']
Let us proclaim the mystery of faith:

All **Christ has died. Christ is risen. Christ will come again.**

May the Spirit come upon these gifts of bread and wine
that they may strengthen us on our journey
with the food of Christ's own presence.
May the Spirit so increase our faith and our commitment
that we may be Christ's servants in the world,
until he comes again
and all your purpose, Father, is accomplished,
in your eternal glory.

All **Amen.**

Colin Thompson

Christmas Eve

Of all the nights,
in each and every year.
This one is special
time seemingly stands still
remembering when,
 eternity collided with the present,
 this re-shaping history.
Life could never be the same again.
 years of patient expectation,
 prophesies in prose and poetry.
Realised at last.
God in human form.
 A sentimental story,
 just for children,
 some will say,
 tradition and myth mingled together.
 A folk tale that warms the heart.
Yet these avoid the truth
rob the revelation of its power.
The creator chose

A plan of salvation
for this soiled earth,
he who measured our creation
with a surveyor's chain,
and positioned each star,
chose to be re-born,
 as a helpless child
 in a cattle crib
 on that first Christmas night.
Each subsequent year we remember,emembtio



Where are you Lord Jesus, on this special night?
Are you lonely, cold and afraid on some City street?
 Preyed upon by drug dealers.
 Moved on by those to whom you are an inconvenience.
 Despised by the wealthy in their comfortable homes.
 Deafened by the City's noise.

Where are you Lord Jesus, on this special night?
Are you lying in a hospital bed, frightened and in pain?
 Or lonely and sad in your own home.
 Waiting for that one person who will never come.
 Isolated and unnoticed by the busy people all around you.
 Longing for someone to break the lonely silence.

Where are you Lord Jesus, on this special night?
Are you hungry, thirsty and homeless?
 With no idea when you will next get a meal.
 Desperate for a drink of clean water.
 Waiting for a rich World to drop a few pence in the collection box.
 Too exhausted to cry out at the injustice.

Where are you Lord Jesus, on this special night?
Are you there in the workplace, stressed and anxious?
 Pressured to work longer and longer hours in a job you hate.
 Worried that you might lose your job.
 Where decisions are made based on profit and not people.
 Unheard and ignored by those around you.

You are here Lord Jesus, on this special night.
We see you in the face of the street child, the sick and lonely,
 You are the patient in the hospital bed,
 the grief-stricken neighbour we avoid speaking to.
 You are the stressed colleague at the next desk,
 our unemployed neighbour.

You are here Lord Jesus, on this special night.
Waiting for us to offer help

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Blood red

I stopped beside a holly bush
smothered with berries
scarce room for a pin
branches covered
leaves obscured
bright in the winter gloom

All **Blood red**

Gathered for decoration
trim up the church
hang the wreath on the door
links with the distant past
evergreen
tokens in mid-winter
holly berries bright

All **Blood red**

Not just borrowed
but made our own
remembering that holy birth
'the word made fesh'
true humanity on earth
life pulsating in human veins

All **Blood red**

Bethlehem was just the start
a long journey home
Nazareth to Calvary via Gethsemane
living life to the full
all too short
it ebbed away on the Hill

All **Blood red**

Yet put of winter gloom
comes a message of hope
a simple tale
with profound repercussions
not just for travelling scholars
but local labourers too
love that is their life blood

All **Life blood**

Y Mochyn Daear

Eucharistic prayer for Advent

Based on the Great O Antiphons

We thank you, God,
for your wisdom, that from the beginning
ordered the universe and shaped the earth.

We thank you that of old

you showed yourself to Moses in the burning bush
and revealed to him the law on Sinai.

We thank you for your promise spoken through the prophets
of the One who was to come,
to open doors long closed

Let us proclaim the mystery of faith:

All **Christ has died. Christ is risen. Christ will come again.**

We pray that you will send your Holy Spirit
upon these gifts of bread and wine,
that we may taste his death and resurrection
and serve him through our earthly journey.
May he dawn upon the darkness of our time;
may we be ready to receive him when he comes in glory
and you are all in all, one God in Trinity of love.

All **Amen.**

Colin Thompson

Eucharistic prayer for Christmas

Light in our darkness
Guide in our wandering
Friend in our loneliness,
one God of wisdom, power and love:
when the night was half spent
the all-powerful Word leapt from your royal throne
and came to dwell among us in great humility,
to seek and to save the lost.

[The Lord Jesus on the night he was betrayed
took bread, and when he had given thanks, he broke it and said:
'This is my body which is broken for you.
Do this in remembrance of me.'
In the same way he took the cup also after supper, saying:
'This cup is the new covenant in my blood.
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Sting in the tail

There's always that sting in the tail with God.
Just when you think you've got it worked out,
 back he comes with something you hadn't thought of.
Something so blindingly obvious, but still you'd missed it –
 well, I'd missed it –
 and you're pulled up short
 and made to think again.

This Christmas thing, for example.
The carols seemed to say it all.
 'Joy to the World.'
 'Christians awake, salute the happy morn.'
And there's many more, of course.
So very – well, collective, somehow.

God reconciled with all sinners.
Christ came to save the world.
And of course that's right.
God did come to this world for everyone;
 his message is for all people, everywhere.

And somehow, I managed to lose myself in the crowd.
That word: 'Everyone' – such an all embracing term
And so comforting at times.
You don't have to think too much about it;
You know it's large, comprehensive – and that's it.

Perhaps it's a bit impersonal at times,
 but you know what it means;
 it takes in my neighbours, the people in the next road,
 everyone out there in the High Street,
 in the next town or city;
 we know it takes in other countries –
 across the channel, across the oceans,
 other cultures, other continents.
Yes – everyone.

And you think you've got it sussed.

Then God whispers in your ear; quietly, as he always does.
And you realise there's a bit you've missed.
Everyone includes 'me'.
God came for **me**.
Not just me, but I'm part of 'everyone'
And so God came for me.

And that's not always quite so cosy.
I can't hide under this 'everyone' blanket all the time.
The impersonal suddenly becomes very personal.
If God came in his love for all people,
 then he came in his love for me.
And how should I respond to that?
And how **do** I respond to that?

Perhaps I need to think

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For he too loved outcasts and sinners:
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Epiphany

The star was there in the sky for all to see –
but not everyone saw it.
Just those men with open and enquiring minds.

A bit like the shepherds –
only a few heard the message of the angels
and came to see the baby in the crib.

