

# Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> April

Streamed Worship Service Sheet

In response to the Coronavirus (COVID-19) pandemic and the cancellation of worship services, the District will be broadcasting a worship service at 10:30am on Sunday morning via Facebook Live and it will also be available on the District Website:

<https://www.facebook.com/Birminghammethodistdistrict/>  
<http://www.birminghammethodist.org.uk/>

If you are unable to join us on your computer, tablet or phone, this sheet will enable you to journey with us as we worship together in our homes around the District.

## Reading: Psalm 116 v1-4

I love the LORD, because he has heard  
my voice and my supplications.  
Because he inclined his ear to me,  
therefore I will call on him as long as I live.  
The snares of death encompassed me;  
the pangs of Sheol laid hold on me;  
I suffered distress and anguish.  
Then I called on the name of the LORD:  
'O LORD, I pray, save my life!'

## Song: I love the Lord

I love the Lord because he hears me,  
he always listens to my prayer.  
He listens to me ev'ry time I call,  
ev'ry time I call on him.

The danger of death was all around,  
the horrors of the grave close in on me.  
Filled with fear I called to the Lord,  
I beg you, Lord, save me.

Text & Music Roger Jones, (1985) from: 'From Pharaoh to Freedom'  
[www.cmm.org.uk](http://www.cmm.org.uk)

## Welcome and explanation

### Lighting of the Candle

We light this candle, and encourage you to light a candle at home if it is safe and you are able to do so, as a sign of the light and love of God reaching out into the places of fear and pain in our world and in our own situations.

## Hymn: StF 296 Christ has risen while earth slumbers – *tune Abbots Leigh*

Christ has risen while earth slumbers,  
Christ has risen where hope died,  
as he said and as he promised,  
as we doubted and denied.  
Let the moon embrace the blessing;  
let the sun sustain the cheer;  
let the world confirm the rumour.  
Christ is risen, God is here!

Christ has risen for the people  
whom he loved and died to save;  
Christ has risen for the women  
bringing flowers to grace his grave.  
Christ has risen for disciples  
huddled in an upstairs room.  
He whose word inspired creation  
is not silenced by the tomb.

Christ has risen to companion  
former friends who fear the night,  
sensing loss and limitation  
where their faith had once burned bright.  
They bemoan what is no longer,  
they expect no hopeful sign  
till Christ ends their conversation,  
breaking bread and sharing wine.

Christ has risen and forever  
lives to challenge and to change  
all whose lives are messed or mangled,  
all who find religion strange.  
Christ is risen. Christ is present,  
making us what he has been –  
evidence of transformation  
in which God is known and seen.

John L. Bell (b. 1949) and Graham Maule (b. 1958)  
Reproduced from Singing the Faith Electronic Words Edition,  
number 296  
Words and Music: From Enemy of Apathy (c) 1988, WGRG, Iona  
Community, Glasgow G2 3DH Scotland. <www.wgrg.co.uk>

## **Prayers of praise and adoration – Ruda Mvundura**

### **Hymn: StF 443 Come let us sing of a wonderful love**

Come, let us sing of a wonderful love,  
tender and true;  
out of the heart of the Father above,  
streaming to me and to you:  
wonderful love  
dwells in the heart of the Father above.

Jesus, the Saviour, this gospel to tell,  
joyfully came;  
came with the helpless and hopeless to  
dwell,  
sharing their sorrow and shame;  
seeking the lost,  
saving, redeeming at measureless cost.

Jesus is seeking the wanderers yet;  
why do they roam?  
Love only waits to forgive and forget;  
home, weary wanderer, home!  
Wonderful love  
dwells in the heart of the Father above.

Come to my heart, O thou wonderful love,  
come and abide,  
lifting my life, till it rises above  
envy and falsehood and pride;  
seeking to be  
lowly and humble, a learner of thee.

Robert Walmsley (1831-1905)  
Reproduced from Singing the Faith Electronic Words Edition,  
number 443

## **The road to Kenilworth: - Michael Sharman**

### **Song: – StF 560 My eyes be open to your presence**

My eyes be open to your presence,  
my ears to hear your call.  
My heart be open to your love  
and in your arms to fall.

My mind be open to your word,  
my soul to heaven's cure,  
that I be open to you, Lord,  
this day and evermore.

My life be open to your leading,  
my hands to do your will.  
My lips be open in your praise  
and for your truth to tell.

My home be open in your name  
for weary ones and poor,  
that I be open to you, Lord,  
this day and evermore.

My door be open to the other  
wherever we may meet.  
My arms be open to the one  
in whom I am complete.

My self be open to your world  
and in it see your face,  
that I be open to you, Lord,  
held fast in your embrace.

Nick Haigh and Anita Haigh  
Reproduced from Singing the Faith Electronic Words Edition,  
number 560  
Words and Music: (c) 2000, Song Solutions Daybreak, 14  
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Kingdom. <www.songsolutions.org> Used by permission.

### **Reading: Gospel Luke 24 v13-35**

Now on that same day two of them were going to a village called Emmaus, about seven miles from Jerusalem, and talking with each other about all these things that had happened. While they were talking and discussing, Jesus himself came near and went with them, but their eyes were kept from recognizing him. And he said to them, 'What are you discussing with each other while you walk along?' They stood still, looking sad. Then one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answered him, 'Are you the only stranger in Jerusalem who does not know the things that have taken place there in these days?' He asked them, 'What things?' They replied, 'The things about Jesus of Nazareth, who was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people, and how our chief priests and leaders handed him over to be condemned to death and crucified him. But we had hoped that he was the

one to redeem Israel. Yes, and besides all this, it is now the third day since these things took place. Moreover, some women of our group astounded us. They were at the tomb early this morning, and when they did not find his body there, they came back and told us that they had indeed seen a vision of angels who said that he was alive. Some of those who were with us went to the tomb and found it just as the women had said; but they did not see him.' Then he said to them, 'Oh, how foolish you are, and how slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have declared! Was it not necessary that the Messiah should suffer these things and then enter into his glory?' Then beginning with Moses and all the prophets, he interpreted to them the things about himself in all the scriptures.

As they came near the village to which they were going, he walked ahead as if he were going on. But they urged him strongly, saying, 'Stay with us, because it is almost evening and the day is now nearly over.' So he went in to stay with them. When he was at the table with them, he took bread, blessed and broke it, and gave it to them. Then their eyes were opened, and they recognized him; and he vanished from their sight. They said to each other, 'Were not our hearts burning within us while he was talking to us on the road, while he was opening the scriptures to us?' That same hour they got up and returned to Jerusalem; and they found the eleven and their companions gathered together. They were saying, 'The Lord has risen indeed, and he has appeared to Simon!' Then they told what had happened on the road, and how he had been made known to them in the breaking of the bread.

### **Sermon – Ian Howarth**

#### **Hymn: StF 308 On the journey to Emmaus**

On the journey to Emmaus with our hearts cold as stone --

the One who would save us had left us alone.

Then a stranger walks with us and, to our surprise,  
he opens our stories and he opens our eyes.

And our hearts burned within us as we talked on the way,  
how all that was promised was ours on that day.

So we begged him, 'Stay with us and grant us your word.'

We welcomed the stranger and we welcomed the Lord.

And that evening at the table as he blessed and broke bread,  
we saw it was Jesus arisen from the dead; though he vanished before us we knew he was near --  
the life in our dying and the hope in our fear.

On our journey to Emmaus, in our stories and feast,  
with Jesus we claim that the greatest is least:  
and his words burn within us -- let none be ignored --  
who welcomes the stranger shall welcome the Lord.

Marty Haugen (b. 1950)

Reproduced from Singing the Faith Electronic Words Edition, number 308

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#### **Reading: Psalm 116 v 15-19**

Precious in the sight of the LORD  
is the death of his faithful ones.

O LORD, I am your servant;

I am your servant, the child of your  
serving-maid.

You have loosed my bonds.

I will offer to you a thanksgiving sacrifice  
and call on the name of the LORD.

I will pay my vows to the LORD

in the presence of all his people,

in the courts of the house of the LORD,  
in your midst, O Jerusalem.

Praise the LORD!

## Reflection – David Butterworth

### Song: StF 481 The Lord's my shepherd

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;  
he makes me lie in pastures green,  
he leads me by the still, still waters,  
his goodness restores my soul.

*And I will trust in you alone,  
and I will trust in you alone,  
for your endless mercy follows me,  
your goodness will lead me home.*

He guides my ways in righteousness,  
and he anoints my head with oil;  
and my cup – it overflows with joy,  
I feast on his pure delights.

And though I walk the darkest path –  
I will not fear the evil one,  
for you are with me, and your rod and staff  
are the comfort I need to know.

Stuart Townend (b. 1963)  
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number 481  
Words and Music: (c) 1996, Thankyou Music. Administered by  
worshiptogether.com Songs, excluding UK & Europe,  
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## Circuit News – Nick Jones, Birmingham

### Prayers of Intercession – Malcolm Oliver, Sutton Park

#### Hymn: StF 636 O love that wilt not let me go

O love that wilt not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul in thee:  
I give thee back the life I owe,  
that in thine ocean depths its flow  
may richer, fuller be.

O light that followest all my way,  
I yield my flickering torch to thee;  
my heart restores its borrowed ray,  
that in thy sunshine's blaze its day  
may brighter, fairer be.

O joy that seekest me through pain,  
I cannot close my heart to thee:

I trace the rainbow through the rain,  
and feel the promise is not vain,  
that morn shall tearless be.

O cross that liftest up my head,  
I dare not ask to fly from thee:  
I lay in dust life's glory dead,  
and from the ground there blossoms red  
life that shall endless be.

George Matheson (1842-1906)  
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number 636

## Blessing