

Sunday 22 March

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.

Welcome and Explanation

Lighting of the Candle

Do light a candle in your own home if it is safe and you are able to do so.

StF 440 Amazing Grace

Amazing grace -- how sweet the sound --
that saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found,
was blind, but now I see.

God's grace has taught my heart to fear,
his grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come;
God's grace has brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
his word my hope secures;
he will my shield and portion be
as long as life endures.

And, when this heart and flesh shall fail
and mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
a life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten thousand years
bright shining as the sun,
we've no less days to sing God's praise
than when we first begun.

John Newton (1725-1807) (alt.)

Prayer

Let us pray.

Loving God we meet today online gathered from around the District and even further afield united in our worship and brought together by the Holy Spirit in which we are all one regardless of our geographical location, age or health.

We bring to you our praise and worship for all that you are and all that you have done for us, in Christ.

We bring to you our thanks for the love and support of friends, family and strangers alike, as we seek to respond to the changing circumstances.

And we bring our anxiety of what is happening and what is to come. For the grief of our lives of freedom that we are beginning to process and for the unknowing which we continue to wrestle with.

Today and in this time of worship we pray for peace, love and transformation by your Spirit and in the name of Jesus Christ your son.

Amen



Psalm 23 (NRSV)

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

He makes me lie down in green pastures;

he leads me beside still waters;

he restores my soul.

He leads me in right paths

for his name's sake.

Even though I walk through the darkest valley,

I fear no evil;

for you are with me;

your rod and your staff—

they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me

in the presence of my enemies;

you anoint my head with oil;

my cup overflows.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me

all the days of my life,

and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord

my whole life long.

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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Thoughts on Mothering Sunday

Prayer of Lament and Resistance

We grieve with the lonely, friendly visits,
safe social spaces, lunch club lifelines now
out of reach.

We grieve with one another when our
mental health feels fragile and the very
contact that would help is prohibited.

We lament with those suddenly needing
benefits, frustrated by pernicious delays.

We lament with leaders wishing they could
solve things, fix things.

We grieve for those who have died because
of Corona Virus and other more prevalent,
more preventable disease.

We lament any arrogant carelessness that
has under resourced health and social
care, while praying, too for countries less
well served.

We grieve with one another wanting a
Mothering Sunday kiss.

We lament with those whose wedding plans
are in tatters.

We grieve with those whose bereavement is
surely enough to bear without having
difficult decisions about funeral gatherings.

We grieve with musicians and sports men
and women who so enrich our lives but
whose livelihood is threatened.

We long to forget this preoccupation with
contagion.

We long to get back to meaningful work.

We long for a pint with a mate, coffee with
another new parent, a swim, or a great
concert.

We long to go out and play.

We long for carefree hugs.

As we do so, God, deepen our respect and sympathy for the people for whom isolation, poor sanitation, lack of safe space to play, or economic deprivation have been the norm for ever.

Defiant and determined to learn, we dare to thank you that a virus ignores social class, does not notice ethnicity, does not obey national borders. As we put huge energy and ingenuity into making a vaccine, in the meantime may your Spirit begin to heal our prejudices. Work on our hearts to recalibrate our priorities as a church and as a nation. Match resistance to disease with openness to each other. In the hurt of enforced isolation, in the longing for freedom to interact, in the ache of imposed solitude, reveal to us the foolishness of isolationism and individualism, so little questioned when all seems well.

Refresh our confidence that every human being is your precious child;

Help us to see the brothers and sisters you have given us to care for.

Written by Rev'd David Warbrick, Vicar of All Saints, Kings Heath
Birmingham, From Roots

Song for Reflection

Oh Sisters and Brothers – By Joel Payne

John 9:1-12 (NRSV)

As he walked along, he saw a man blind from birth. His disciples asked him, “Rabbi, who sinned, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?” Jesus answered, “Neither this man nor his parents sinned; he was born blind so that God’s works might be revealed in him. We must work the works of him who sent me while it is day; night is coming when no one can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world.” When he had said this, he spat on the ground and made mud with the saliva and spread the mud on the man’s eyes, saying to him, “Go, wash in the pool of Siloam” (which means Sent). Then he went and washed and came back able to see. The neighbours and those who had seen

him before as a beggar began to ask, “Is this not the man who used to sit and beg?” Some were saying, “It is he.” Others were saying, “No, but it is someone like him.” He kept saying, “I am the man.” But they kept asking him, “Then how were your eyes opened?” He answered, “The man called Jesus made mud, spread it on my eyes, and said to me, ‘Go to Siloam and wash.’ Then I went and washed and received my sight.” They said to him, “Where is he?” He said, “I do not know.”

Reflection

StF 451 Open the Eyes of my Heart

Open the eyes of my heart, Lord,
open the eyes of my heart;
I want to see you, I want to see you.
Open the eyes of my heart, Lord,
open the eyes of my heart;
I want to see you, I want to see you.

*To see you high and lifted up,
shining in the light of your glory.
Pour out your power and love;
as we sing holy, holy, holy.*

Holy, holy, holy, holy, holy, holy,
holy, holy, holy, I want to see you.

Paul Baloche
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Prayers of Intercession

*From the South Warwickshire Circuit and the
Birmingham (West) & Oldbury Circuit*

The Lord’s Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy Name;
thy kingdom come; thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who
trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power, and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.

StF 556 Just as I am

Just as I am, without one plea
but that you died to set me free,
and at your bidding, 'Come to me!'
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
with many a conflict, many a doubt,
fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, you will receive,
will welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
because your promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am – your love unknown
has broken every barrier down –
now to be yours, yes, yours alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, of that free love
the breadth, length, depth and height to
prove,
here for a time and then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)
adapted by Jubilate Hymns (alt.)
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Comments from online

StF 545 Be Thou My Vision

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
be all else but naught to me, save that thou art;
be thou my best thought in the day and the night,
both waking and sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,
be thou ever with me, and I with thee, Lord;
be thou my great Father, thy child let me be;
be thou in me dwelling, and I one with thee.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;
be thou my whole armour, be thou my true might;
be thou my soul's shelter, be thou my strong tower:
O raise thou me heavenward, great Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor earth's empty praise:
be thou mine inheritance now and always;
be thou and thou only the first in my heart:
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, thou heaven's bright Sun,
O grant me its joys after victory is won;
Great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

Irish, 8th century
translated by Mary Elizabeth Byrne (1880-1931)
versified by Eleanor Henrietta Hull (1860-1935) (alt.)

Blessing

Give us grace that we may shine the light of Christ today,
that in the darkness, we may be signs of your hope and love.
And may the blessing of God, Creator, Saviour and Sustainer
Be on us and those whom we love, Today and in the days to come. Amen