

Bangor & Holyhead Methodist Circuit

Sunday Worship Sheet for Sunday 25th September 2022

Prepared by Keith Alexander, a Visiting Preacher from

Amlwch Methodist Church

You will find it helpful to have a Bible to refer to.

Please note the hymns are now on the last page. CCLI licence 556292

Call to Worship:

“God is our refuge and strength, an ever-present help in trouble.”

Hymn: 39 Angel voices ever singing

Prayers of Adoration, Confession & Thanksgiving:

Adoration:

God our Fortress, protection through storm and trouble, strength when courage fails, accept our offering of praise. God our saviour, deliverer from the life that snares us, the forgiveness that we seek, accept our offering of praise. God our refuge, foundation on which we depend, blessing that we now share, accept our offering of praise.

Confession:

The blessings of each day.- food to eat, clothes to wear, contentment with all we have, whether rich or poor- this is life in your Kingdom. How difficult it is to walk along this road when the world tempts us with so much that we desire but do not need. Forgive our weakness and teach us again to know the contentment of having just enough and of sharing not only from our riches but from our poverty.

Thanksgiving:

For all who have gone before, walked the path we tread and, by their example, encouragement, wise words and teaching, have led others into your Kingdom, we offer our grateful thanks. For all who, through their actions, put others before self, demonstrating the meaning of generosity and love, giving from their riches and from their poverty, we offer our grateful thanks. We pray in the name of the one who gave everything, that we might understand the true value of this life and gain the riches of the one to come, Jesus Christ our lord. Amen

Readings: Amos 6:1a, 4-7; 1 Timothy 6:6-19; Luke 16:19-31

Hymn: 489 All I once held dear

Reflection:

When I was a child of Junior School age I remember hearing our minister, in a Children's Address, tell the story of a rich lady and her coachman. The lady lived in a beautiful mansion and, in the grounds, in a tumbledown old cottage lived her coachman. One night the lady had a vivid dream in which she died and met St Peter at the gates of heaven. He greeted her and said "I am now going to take you to your new home here." They walked along and suddenly the lady exclaimed, "Oh, there's my house, identical to the one I had when I was alive! There is even the old cottage the coachman had in the grounds." Shaking his head, St. Peter said, "No. I am sorry but you have got it wrong. The big house is where your coachman lives now. You will be living in the old cottage."

He explained: "in life you did not care about your servant and left him to live in an old house with rising damp and a leaky roof. Yet he rose every day and brought the coach round for you each time you called. He never grumbled but humbly served you. You see, every good deed you do in life counts as a brick for your heavenly home."

We have all seen the man or woman sleeping on the street, covered in newspapers or cardboard. How they got there we do not know. Next time we pass that way we wonder where they are because someone else has got the pitch. Should we have offered help the first time round? We know all about the great gap between rich and poor. It used to be highlighted by the street children of South America. Today it is graphically present in our own country. Food banks were unheard of a few years ago. Today they are permanent features of life. So someone is doing something to help. It is vital that the poor, who Jesus said would always be with us, have a hand let down in their struggle for existence.

Read the following poem entitled "Indifference" by Rev Geoffrey Studdert-Kennedy:

***When Jesus came to Golgotha, they hanged him on a tree,
They drove great nails through hands and feet and made a Calvary;
They crowned him with a crown of thorns, red were his wounds and deep,
For those were crude and cruel days, and human flesh was cheap.***

***When Jesus came to Bangor, they simply passed him by.,
They never hurt a hair of him, they only let him die,
For men had grown more tender, and they would not give him pain,
They only just passed down the street, and left him in the rain.***

***Still, Jesus cried, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do",
And still it rained the wintry rain that drenched him through and through;
The crowds went home and left the street without a soul to see,
And Jesus crouched against a wall and cried for Calvary.***

Amen.

Intercessory Prayer:

We pray for the communities to which we belong,
that we may be good citizens.
Make us willing to accept responsibility
when we are called to it;
make us willing also to give place to others,
that they too may have their opportunity.
Grant that our influence may be good and not evil.

We pray for the generation to which we belong,
those with whom we share a common fund of memory,
common standards of behaviour
and a common attitude to the world.
Grant that the presence of Christ may be so real to us that we may
be able to help our generation to see him also as our contemporary.

Father, into whose world we come
and from whose world finally we must go:
we thank you for all those people,
great and humble,
who have maintained the fabric of the world's life in the past
and left us a great inheritance.
May we take up and encourage what is good,
and hand it on to those who come after,
believing that our work in your name will not be wasted.

Amen.

Hymn: 696 For the healing of the nations

The grace of our Lord, Jesus Christ, the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us all. Amen

Hymn 39

- 1 Angel voices ever singing
round thy throne of light,
angel-harps for ever ringing,
rest not day nor night ;
thousands only live to bless thee
and confess thee
Lord of might.
- 2 Thou who art beyond the farthest
mortal eye can scan,
can it be that thou regardest
sinful woman, man ?
Can we know that thou art near us,
and wilt hear us ?
yea, we can.
- 3 Lord, we know that thou rejoicest
o'er each work of thine ;
thou didst ears and hands and voices
for thy praise design ;
maker's art and music's measure
for thy pleasure
all combine.
- 4 In thy house, great God, we offer
of thine own to thee ;
and for thine acceptance proffer
all unworthily
hearts and minds and hands and voices
in our choicest
psalmody.
- 5 Honour, glory, might, and merit
thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
blessèd Trinity.
Of the best that thou hast given
earth and heaven
render thee.

Hymn 489

- 1 All I once held dear,
built my life upon,
all this world reveres,
and wars to own,
all I once thought gain
I have counted loss ;
spent and worthless now,
compared to this.
*Knowing you, Jesus,
knowing you,
there is no greater thing.
You're my all, you're the best,
you're my joy, my righteousness,
and I love you, Lord.*

- 2 Now my heart's desire
is to know you more,
to be found in you
and known as yours.
To possess by faith
what I could not earn,
all-surpassing gift
of righteousness.
 - 3 Oh, to know the power
of your risen life,
and to know you in
your sufferings.
To become like you
in your death, my Lord,
so with you to live
and never die.
- Graham Kendrick (*b.* 1950)

Hymn 696

- 1 For the healing of the nations,
Lord, we pray with one accord ;
for a just and equal sharing
of the things that earth affords.
To a life of love in action
help us rise and pledge our word.
- 2 Lead us forward into freedom ;
from despair your world release,
that, redeemed from war and hatred,
all may come and go in peace.
Show us how through care and goodness
fear will die and hope increase.
- 3 All that kills abundant living,
let it from the earth be banned ;
pride of status, race, or schooling,
dogmas that obscure your plan.
In our common quest for justice
may we hallow life's brief span.
- 4 You, Creator-God, have written
your great name on humankind ;
for our growing in your likeness
bring the life of Christ to mind ;
that by our response and service
earth its destiny may find.