

Evening Prayer

from Liturgies from Lindisfarne by Ray Simpson

Hymn

From ashes to the living font your Church must journey, Lord.
Baptised in grace, in grace renewed, by your most holy word.

Through fasting, prayer, and charity, your voice speaks deep within,
Returning us to ways of truth and turning us from sin.

For thirsting hearts let waters flow, our fainting souls revive;
And at the well your waters give – our everlasting life.

From ashes to the living font your Church must journey still,
Through cross and tomb to Easter joy, in Spirit-fire fulfilled.

Composer: Alan J Hommerding

Opening

Holy God, you call us to throw off whatever clouds your will.

We will struggle with Christ against wrong.

We will share with Christ his trials.

We will embrace with him the suffering of the world.

Psalm 139 - O God you Search Me and Know Me

O, God, you search me, and you know me
All my thoughts lie open to your gaze
When I walk or lie down, you are before me
'Ever the maker and keeper of my days

You know my resting and my rising
You discern my purpose from afar
And with love everlasting, you besiege me
In ev'ry moment of life or death, you are

Before a word is on my tongue, Lord
You have known its meaning through and through

You are with me beyond my understanding
God of my present, my past and future, too

Although your Spirit is upon me
Still I search for shelter from your light
There is nowhere on Earth I can escape you
Even the darkness is radiant in your sight

For you created me and shaped me
Gave me life within my mother's womb
For the wonder of who I am, I praise you
Safe in your hands, all creation is made new
Mmm, all creation is made new

Bernadette Mary Farrell

Forgiveness

Father Creator, we have raped and spoiled your world,
God, forgive us.

Jesus Saviour, we have ignored your teachings and warnings,
God, forgive us.

Spirit Sustainer, we have tried to live without you,
God, forgive us.

For every sin we have ever thought or done,
God, forgive us.

For every thing we have sought outside your love,
God, forgive us.

For every wasted moment,
God, forgive us.

For every ill intent towards another,
God, forgive us.

For every failure of love towards your creation,
God, forgive us.

Kyrie from Ghana

Kyrie eleison, kyrie eleison, kyrie eleison, kyrie eleison

We will leave behind prejudice and meanness of spirit;
we will play our part in the kingdom of your love.

Reading

Luke 14:25–33

Now large crowds were travelling with him; and he turned and said to them, ‘Whoever comes to me and does not hate father and mother, wife and children, brothers and sisters, yes, and even life itself, cannot be my disciple. Whoever does not carry the cross and follow me cannot be my disciple. For which of you, intending to build a tower, does not first sit down and estimate the cost, to see whether he has enough to complete it? Otherwise, when he has laid a foundation and is not able to finish, all who see it will begin to ridicule him, saying, “This fellow began to build and was not able to finish.” Or what king, going out to wage war against another king, will not sit down first and consider whether he is able with ten thousand to oppose the one who comes against him with twenty thousand? If he cannot, then, while the other is still far away, he sends a delegation and asks for the terms of peace. So therefore, none of you can become my disciple if you do not give up all your possessions.

Intercessions

Using the sung response of:

Jesus remember me when you come into your kingdom x2

Christ of the scars,
into your hands we place the broken and wounded . . .

Christ of the scars,
into your hands we place the victims of violence and false accusation. . .

Christ of the scars,
into your hands we place the refugees and the hungry . . .

Christ of the scars,
into your hands we place these we now name . . .

Closing

May the Christ who walked on wounded feet,
walk with us on the road.

May the Christ who serves with wounded hands,
stretch out our hands to serve.

May the Christ who loves with a wounded heart,
open our hearts to love.

Hymn

Above The Voices Of The World Around Me,
My Hopes And Dreams, My Cares And Loves And Fears,
The Long-Awaited Call Of Christ Has Found Me,
The Voice Of Jesus Echoes In My Ears:
'I Gave My Life To Break The Cords That Bind You,
I Rose From Death To Set Your Spirit Free;
Turn From Your Sins And Put The Past Behind You,
Take Up Your Cross And Come And Follow Me.'

What Can I Offer Him Who Calls Me To Him?
Only The Wastes Of Sin And Self And Shame;
A Mind Confused, A Heart That Never Knew Him,
A Tongue Unskilled At Naming Jesus' Name.
Yet At Your Call, And Hungry For Your Blessing,
Drawn By That Cross Which Moves A Heart Of Stone,
Now Lord I Come, My Tale Of Sin Confessing,
And In Repentance Turn To You Alone.

Lord, I Believe; Help Now My Unbelieving;
I Come In Faith Because Your Promise Stands.
Your Word Of Pardon And Of Peace Receiving,
All That I Am I Place Within Your Hands.
Let Me Become What You Shall Choose To Make Me,
Freed From The Guilt And Burden Of My Sins.
Jesus Is Mine, Who Never Shall Forsake Me,
And In His Love My New-Born Life Begins.

Timothy Dudley Smith