

20th September 2020

Hearsall at Home

Hello, and welcome to Hearsall at Home.

It's great that you are joining us today. May God bless you as we read, sing and listen together.

Our time of fellowship this Sunday is on Zoom from 11:30am.

Please go to:

Join Zoom Meeting

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/85454368639>

Meeting ID: 854 5436 8639

No password is required for this session.

Today we share in Holy Communion together. If you've not anticipated that, you may like to press pause now and rustle up some bread and wine or juice.

We draw near to the God who draws near to us.

Order of Service 20th September 2020 (Communion)

When Grace Gets Annoying

Call to Worship

Psalm 145: 1 - 8

- 1 I will exalt you, my God the King;
I will praise your name for ever and ever.
- 2 Every day I will praise you
and extol your name for ever and ever.
- 3 Great is the Lord and most worthy of praise;
his greatness no one can fathom.
- 4 One generation commends your works to another;
they tell of your mighty acts.
- 5 They speak of the glorious splendour of your majesty –
and I will meditate on your wonderful works.
- 6 They tell of the power of your awesome works –
and I will proclaim your great deeds.
- 7 They celebrate your abundant goodness
and joyfully sing of your righteousness.
- 8 The Lord is gracious and compassionate,
slow to anger and rich in love.

We sing of our desire to spread an awareness of God's amazing love right across our world. *Far and near, hear the call!*

Song (WT 82) **Far and Near**

Verse 1

Far and near hear the call,
Worship Him Lord of all.
Families of nations come
Celebrate what God has done.

Chorus

Say it loud, say it strong!

Tell the world what God has done.

Say it loud, praise His name,

Let the earth rejoice, the Lord reigns!

Verse 2

Deep and wide is the love

Heaven sent from above.

God's own Son for sinners died,

Rose again, He is alive!

Chorus

Verse 3

At His name let praise begin,

Oceans roar, nature sing,

For He comes to judge the earth

In righteousness and in His truth.

Chorus x 2

Confession

Lord sometimes your love for us seems too much to bear. We shy away from the purity of your gaze. We feel too grubby to enter your presence. Forgive us for being slow to trust in your abundant goodness, and for not trusting that you are gracious and compassionate and rich in love. Perhaps all our other failings stem from this one. And so we sit still in your presence for a moment. We name any particular sin which troubles us. We acknowledge that we are always in need of grace. And we open our hearts to your Holy Spirit once more. Amen.

Adoration

As we rest in you, so our hearts begin to respond to your love, to worthiness, greatness, wonder and power. We adore you as the great God above all pretensions to greatness. We bless you as the source of all love. We praise you as the giver of every good gift.

Amen.

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father in heaven,

hallowed be your name,

your kingdom come, your will be done,

on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us today our daily bread.

Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us.

Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil.

For the kingdom, the power and the glory are yours now and forever. Amen.

We are delighted that our dear friend, Audrey Coulson, has agreed to share her thoughts in **Door Ajar** this week.

Hello to all my Hearsall friends - I hope you are keeping well. I miss seeing you all but as I listen to the Sunday service, I can picture you all in my mind's eye. During this time of taking care to stay safe from the virus, I've come to appreciate all the things I used to take for granted: the robin that comes down my garden path every morning; the birds singing in the trees; children playing in adjoining gardens and all the colourful flowers, as I sit and admire.

Fortunately, I have a big garden, so friends and family can visit and still stick to the rules. I miss socialising so I really enjoy having a chat and a cup of tea. The weather has been so lovely. I had the pleasure of seeing my great granddaughter, Sophie, aged four, as she started her first day at school. She looked so cute in her school uniform and was so excited!

We also have a new bus route now which goes all the way to Cannon Park. I went on a trial run and was so pleased to do some shopping myself. My son, Alan, has been very good and he shops for me and two of his elderly neighbours. When I asked him why he didn't bring me a treat, he said it wasn't on the list, so now I put CHOCOLATE in capital letters! I miss all my friends at lunch club but keep in touch by telephone.

Finally, a great big thank you to everyone who works so hard behind the scenes at Hearsall; you all work so hard and it is much appreciated. I look forward to the discovery of a vaccine for Covid 19 and we can have the church doors wide open

and we can all get together and worship as we did back in times that I call normal.
Many thanks and I would be pleased to see anyone who wants to call in.

Thanks Audrey for sharing with us today. We may sometimes feel separated from each other right now, but, wherever we may be, we belong together in God's family.
Let's sing, *In Christ there is no East of West*.

Hymn (BPW 482) *In Christ there is no East or West*

In Christ there is no east or west,
In Him no south or north,
But one great fellowship of love
Throughout the whole wide earth.

In Him shall true hearts everywhere
Their high communion find:
His service is the golden cord
Close binding all mankind.

Join hands, then, people of the faith,
Whate'er your race may be!
Who serves my Father as His child
Is surely kin to me.

In Christ now meet both east and west,
In Him meet south and north,
All Christian souls are one in Him,
Throughout the whole wide earth.

Offering

Let's continue in worship as we remember the joy of giving.
Loving Lord, your generosity to us is boundless and your love for us is eternal. Help us to reflect your generosity and love in our giving, and use all our gifts to the honour and glory of your name.
Amen.

Our prayers of intercession this week are led by our own Roger Woodward.

The first prayer this morning was compiled by Baptist Minister Amanda Pink which I found helpful and I hope you will. If you have a printed copy of the Order of Service you may like to join in with the words in **heavy** type. Amanda introduced the prayer in the following way.

Remind Me, This is the Desert

This was written at a time when a number of pressures and challenges were getting the better of me, and I began to question what it was all for. And then God prodded me with a gentle reminder that the route to the place of blessing is often through the desert, and hope sparked back into life...

Remind me that this is just the desert;

That on the other side lies the Promised Land.

Remind me that this 'aimless wandering'

Really is part of a bigger plan.

For the journey from slave to free is not just A to B,

But learning to understand.

So though it feels like running on sand,

Remind me:

This is just the desert.

I wasn't ready, God.

We weren't ready.

I had plans;

Things we thought you wanted us to do.

This loss hurts, God.

How do we bear these pains?

The curtain of loneliness hangs heavy around me.

How can our hearts connect when our hands cannot touch?

I feel lost, God.

Our landmarks have disappeared.

The uncertainty ahead frightens me.

We feel vulnerable here.

I feel so small and helpless God.

We don't know what to do.

Are you here in this dark place?

What are you calling us to do?

*"Let the same mind be in you that was in Christ Jesus,
who, though he was in the form of God,
did not regard equality with God as something to be exploited,
but emptied himself, taking the form of a slave,
being born in human likeness.
And being found in human form,
he humbled himself
and became obedient to the point of death— even death on a cross*

Creative Spirit of God -

Before you now we wait

with nothing to bring

except our dark, empty, formless voids.

May you sweep over us

and speak into being

new light,

order

and life.

Amen

And so we come to this desert place bringing little positive but with many questions and concerns.

We remember all nations who are battling with Covid19. Those people on the front line of nursing care with all the emotional stress. Those in research seeking a vaccine to combat this virus. Give to them all an insight in realising their own strengths and an honesty and integrity in the use of these gifts. Prompt us in our daily lives to live in such a way that we do not increase the spread of this awful disease.

We remember all nations of this world and we pray that they may continually seek ways to build better relationships, and develop a more just world for all. We particularly remember our own country, its internal relationship with the devolved governments of these islands and the new relationship being formed with the countries of the European Community. Give insight, understanding and humility to all involved in these discussions.

In a moment of quiet let each of us remember before God those people and situations that are on our hearts today. *Silence*

Jesus has no hands or feet or voice in this world except ours. Let each one of us commit ourselves afresh to be his hands, his feet, his voice. *silence*

Amen

We're grateful to Roger for leading us in prayer. And now for our Bible readings from Jonah and from Matthew.

Jonah 3:10 - 4:11

¹⁰ When God saw what they did and how they turned from their evil ways, he relented and did not bring on them the destruction he had threatened.

4 But to Jonah this seemed very wrong, and he became angry. ² He prayed to the LORD, 'Isn't this what I said, LORD, when I was still at home? That is what I tried to forestall by fleeing to Tarshish. I knew that you are a gracious and compassionate God, slow to anger and abounding in love, a God who relents from sending calamity. ³ Now, LORD, take away my life, for it is better for me to die than to live.'

⁴ But the LORD replied, 'Is it right for you to be angry?'

⁵ Jonah had gone out and sat down at a place east of the city. There he made himself a shelter, sat in its shade and waited to see what would happen to the city. ⁶ Then the LORD God provided a leafy plant and made it grow up over Jonah to give shade for his head to ease his discomfort, and Jonah was very happy about the plant. ⁷ But at dawn the next day God provided a worm, which chewed the plant so that it withered. ⁸ When the sun rose, God provided a scorching east wind, and the sun blazed on Jonah's head so that he grew faint. He wanted to die, and said, 'It would be better for me to die than to live.'

⁹ But God said to Jonah, 'Is it right for you to be angry about the plant?'

'It is,' he said. 'And I'm so angry I wish I were dead.'

¹⁰ But the LORD said, 'You have been concerned about this plant, though you did not tend it or make it grow. It sprang up overnight and died overnight. ¹¹ And should I not have concern for the great city of Nineveh, in which there are more than a hundred and twenty thousand people who cannot tell their right hand from their left – and also many animals?'

Matthew 20: 1 – 16

The parable of the workers in the vineyard

20 'For the kingdom of heaven is like a landowner who went out early in the morning to hire workers for his vineyard. ² He agreed to pay them a denarius for the day and sent them into his vineyard.

³ 'About nine in the morning he went out and saw others standing in the market-place doing nothing. ⁴ He told them, "You also go and work in my vineyard, and I will pay you whatever is right." ⁵ So they went.

'He went out again about noon and about three in the afternoon and did the same thing. ⁶ About five in the afternoon he went out and found still others standing around. He asked them, "Why have you been standing here all day long doing nothing?"

⁷ "Because no one has hired us," they answered.

'He said to them, "You also go and work in my vineyard."

⁸ 'When evening came, the owner of the vineyard said to his foreman, "Call the workers and pay them their wages, beginning with the last ones hired and going on to the first."

⁹ 'The workers who were hired about five in the afternoon came and each received a denarius. ¹⁰ So when those came who were hired first, they expected to receive more. But each one of them also received a denarius. ¹¹ When they received it, they began to grumble against the landowner. ¹² "These who were hired last worked only one hour," they said, "and you have made them equal to us who have borne the burden of the work and the heat of the day."

¹³ 'But he answered one of them, "I am not being unfair to you, friend. Didn't you agree to work for a denarius? ¹⁴ Take your pay and go. I want to give the one who was hired last the same as I gave you. ¹⁵ Don't I have the right to do what I want with my own money? Or are you envious because I am generous?"

¹⁶ 'So the last will be first, and the first will be last.'

When people turn to him and repent, however late in the day, however bad their sin, God forgives and welcomes them home. We sing, *Amazing Grace*.

Hymn (BPW 550) **Amazing Grace**

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now I am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

My rebel soul, that once withstood
The Saviour's kindest call,
Rejoices now, by grace subdued,
To serve him with its all.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

Yes, when this mortal 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've first begun.

Lord for your amazing grace we thank you. Please open our ears to your Word as we reflect on the scriptures together. Amen.

Sermon

When grace gets annoying

So, who gets to be welcomed into God's goodness? Well I like to think, almost everyone...

But some see it differently and perhaps they need their bubble bursting. Maybe some time around 26 centuries ago there was a bunch of Jews who thought that God could hardly care less about wicked Gentile cities. What with their riotous living, their violence, and their immorality, God would just write them off.

Nineveh was a place associated with evil in the Jewish mind-set at the time. It was an Assyrian city (in modern-day Iraq) at the time of the neo-Assyrian empire, which was the largest empire of its era and was famous for pioneering the use of iron weapons. Nineveh might have been a byword for cruel oppression.

So God would wash his hands of any such bad people, right? Well you know me well, so you know the answer is, No, he probably won't! And that's the answer the book of Jonah gives.

This is a satirical tale intended to lampoon the holier-than-thou, let's-hate-all-Gentiles brigade within Judaism. The satirist creates a funny anti-hero Jonah, borrowing the name from a prophet mentioned in passing at 2 Kings 14:25.

So Jonah gets the call from God to go to Nineveh... It is ripe for denouncing. But for some reason Jonah takes a ship to Tarshish in another direction and falls deeply asleep below deck.

In the section we heard read we get an explanation. Why does Jonah not want to preach against the Ninevites? Is it because he doesn't like to denounce them? Far from it - it's because he knows God is gracious and compassionate, abounding in love, one who relents from sending calamity. So Jonah would prefer for the Ninevites to perish in their sin, BUT he knows in his heart that God will at least give them a chance and might, annoyingly, forgive them for their sins. Jonah doesn't want any part in it, this showing mercy to foreigners, to bad people, to Ninevites!

The Lord sends a storm and the sailors fight for survival. They wake Jonah up and get him to pray to his God. And in their little universe they think, someone must be causing this storm, so they draw lots to find out who, and it's Jonah! He explains he has been running away from the God who made the universe.

And for the first, but not the last time in the book, we hear of Jonah's suicidal tendency. Throw me into the sea, and it will all calm down. But the sailors are decent sorts and don't want to throw a man overboard, so they work a bit harder until it is all too much and then splash goes Jonah into the sea.

Now these pious sailors are wanting to do the right thing by Jonah. Now these rough-and-ready Gentiles want to do the right thing by him. They don't want him to drown... They are prayerful... They greatly fear the Lord, make vows to him, offer a sacrifice just as soon as they have tossed Jonah into the deep blue sea... Jonah may not care a fig for 120,000 Gentiles, but these Gentile sailors work hard to care for him.

This is a tale in which everything is directed by God: worms, plants, winds, waves, Oh, and a big fish! So the fish swallows the man and comically, inside its stomach, Jonah prays. The writer of this story borrows from various Psalms in writing up Jonah's prayer from inside the fish. This is a tragi-comic moment. On the one hand, he is praying inside a fish! On the other, his prayer is pious and scriptural, and God answers his prayer by having the fish vomit him unceremoniously out onto dry land.

Maybe now Jonah gets it: You can't run away from God! God is everywhere, in the boat, in Tarshish, in the prayers of pagans and in the belly of a fish. Wherever you are now: God IS there with you.

And so the reluctant prophet gets his commission again: Go to the great city of Nineveh and proclaim my message. Chapter 3 of Jonah has Nineveh to be so huge that it takes three days to walk across it. And as he walks so he proclaims the solemn message of divine displeasure and... sure enough these pesky foreigners see the light! In their droves they fast, and fear God, and wear sackcloth and even the great king swaps his royal robes for sackcloth and wallows in the dust. And he proclaims that everyone must fast and wear sackcloth and cry out to God for mercy. Even the animals are to fast; even the animals are to wear sackcloth.

This turnaround of chapter 3 is extraordinary. It sketches a picture of a city united in penitence. In fact, they are so entirely penitent that even the animals wear the garb of confession; maybe even the cattle are to be found at prayer.

This is a sketch of a kind of super-repentance. Far from being worthless foreigners, it seems these folks are sensitive to a challenge from God's prophet. They believe the message, and they respond to it as best they can.

And so here the writer of Jonah holds a mirror up to those holier-than-thou smelly-foreigners-be-damned Jews. This is what you are like.

What does Jonah care about? A plant to give shade for his head! A worm that threatened that plant! His own dignity.

Why else is he so annoyed, so angry in our chapter? He's angry - yes and suicidal - at the start of the chapter, because, well, is it because he has been proved wrong; he's embarrassed; he prophesied disaster and disaster has been averted. Rather than rejoicing at the rescue of 120,000 lost souls and many animals, he's concerned for his own stock as a prophet. Embarrassed. Disappointed. Angry. Depressed. Suicidal.

But it gets worse. As he sits watching the city in his miserable stupor, he gets some shade from a plant that has sprung up - God has sent it, of course. But then God also sends a worm and the plant is eaten. Poor precious Jonah! Now he wants to die.... Because a worm has eaten his plant! He's quite happy for 120,000 people to die, but it's a life-threatening calamity if his precious little plant gets eaten. Oh, he'd rather be dead!

And now the listeners of the tale would be screaming... Jonah get over yourself!
Jonah, you are a monster! Jonah, do you care for anyone at all apart from yourself!

And there's the irony. He doesn't even care for himself. Apparently the plant-gate situation is such a calamity that he really would rather be dead. God asks him... Er Jonah, is it right to be so wound up about this plant? So stressy?

Yes it is, he snaps!

What can God do with such monstrous religiosity, a form of theology that makes the personal convenience of the prophet of much more significance than the fate of a huge city?

And the book ends with... well rather brilliantly it ends with a question.

Should I not have concern for the great city of Nineveh, in which there are more than a hundred and twenty thousand people who cannot tell their right hand from their left - and also many animals?

There was a camp of 13,000 people on the island of Lesbos. They'd been confined to the camp due to coronavirus. Fires broke out during the night of 8th September. Women, children and men had to flee the camp in the middle of the night.

They included physically sick people, mentally unwell people, vulnerable people and many children who had been living in flimsy huts and tents. Around 80% of the camp was destroyed.

The migrants in the camp come from as many as 70 different countries, and included some unaccompanied children. Most of them have been sleeping on the streets of Lesbos since the fires, and the police have used tear gas on some.

Now it's easy to complain about migrants wanting to come to Europe and take our jobs and use our services. Of course so many people who work in our care sector and health service are in fact themselves migrants from around the world.

Alphonso Davies was born in a refugee camp in Liberia, a nation then in the grip of a bloody civil war. His parents found it was necessary to carry a gun to survive in the camp, and his mother spoke of climbing over dead bodies in order to find food. They

managed to escape this terrible world and emigrate to Canada when Alphonso was five years old.

Alphonso attended St Nicholas' Catholic Junior High School in Edmonton and was noticed to be a soccer prodigy. He turned professional at a very early age. It must have been so hard for his parents in Liberia. So they found a refugee camp, and they found a way out of that camp to bring their son into a safer world.

Alphonso Davies soon showed a talent for football. Very rapidly he rose through one boys' team and then another and joined a professional club. He was training with the senior team from the age of 14. He played for his adopted country of Canada and was transferred to Bayern Munich.

On Monday night, a couple of weeks ago, I heard an interview with one of his Canadian coaches. What word would he use to describe Alphonso, this refugee child? I was astonished by the coach's choice: PURE. As he elaborated, I realised he meant that Alphonso was all of a piece. He loved football whether he was playing on the street or playing for his country. He loved life, whether he was visiting his old Catholic high school or larking about with his teammates. Pure. He was all of a piece. Perhaps it's not a word you often hear applied to footballers.

I know there are arguments against Britain taking in more migrants as, for example, those from the streets of Lesbos. Perhaps, in our worst moments, we feel irritated that these migrants can't just remain in their own country. But I also know this: God cares for each of these 13,000 migrants living on the streets of that Greek island just as much as he cares for you and for me. In fact, in a sense he cares more, because he especially looks out for the weak and the vulnerable, longing that they may share in the simple goodness of life.

We might easily forget those 13,000 migrants as the news agenda moves on, but God does not. Maybe there are no footballing prodigies among them, but, who knows, there may be surgeons and architects, artists and care workers, and all of them will have the potential to offer something to the life of a country willing to give them a home.

It's so easy to resent foreigners. We may find ourselves writing off whole nationalities as unworthy or untrustworthy. But God longs that everyone turns to him, and that

each person, regardless of their nationality, should be offered the chance to flourish, and that each animal should be cared for.

One response might be that they don't deserve to be welcomed in a rich western state. Jesus' parable in Matthew's gospel undermines that mentality when applied to a person's salvation or wellbeing. With God it's never a question of how we can earn his love and favour. His love and favour are simply not a function of our own goodness. Sure, we have to adopt a posture of repentance and openness to God in order to receive that goodness, but God reaches out in goodness and love and waits, patiently, until everyone accepts the invitation to find life in all its fullness. And any who don't accept that invitation in this life, well, maybe, forgive me for hoping this, but, through all the aeons of eternity, heaven's door perhaps remains open and, eventually all of us join the party, and no-one will be excluded.

Well, perhaps there are moments, if we're honest, when grace gets annoying, when we have to remember that God loves everyone, even murderers and convicts, those who've done unspeakable things; God continues to reach out in love in the hope that one day they may repent, turn away from their sins and join the great party of heaven. Let's increasingly be like him and express the open door of the kingdom of God to everybody as we think about them, and pray for them.

Maybe there's some particular person in your world that you've been tempted to write-off; a particular person you've felt so angry with, you just wanted to get them out of your life and maybe God is saying, Look, as far as he is concerned, the door remains open, and maybe, if you want to be his child, well, your heart, its door also has to remain just a little bit ajar.

Our salvation is not something we can earn, as our next song explores. *I used to think I had to earn my way...*

Song (Prue/Sutcliffe) **I used to think I had to earn my way**

Verse 1

I used to think I had to earn my way –
Polish up my halo by always doing right;
But now I know it's all about your grace –
To live a life that's true,
Follows forgiveness from you.

Chorus

*It's only when I know I'm safe,
Regardless of my merit,
That I can walk the loving way
And so true life inherit.*

Verse 2

And now I leave pretentious stuff behind -
The thing that's always needed is to trust in your good heart;
I daily choose to rest in your embrace
And my soul is as a child,
Secure in a mother's arms.

Chorus

Verse 3

I cannot save the teeming world at large
From all its restless pain by struggling just the same;
But when I let the gospel shape my being,
My words and my deeds
Share the love that people need.

Chorus x 2

Ending

And let love flow

Holy Communion

Whether you are near or far, whether you are joining us on Sunday morning or at some other time, we are brought together as one, as we share in the Lord's supper. Though we are many, yet we are one, for we all share in the one bread. So to the Lord's table, I welcome you in his name.

This is love: not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and gave his Son as an atoning sacrifice for our sins.

There is no fear in love. But perfect love drives out fear.

God is love. Whoever lives in love lives in God, and God in them.

How the Lord's Supper came to be

1 Corinthians 11: 23 - 26

23 For I received from the Lord what I also passed on to you: the Lord Jesus, on the night he was betrayed, took bread, 24 and when he had given thanks, he broke it and said, 'This is my body, which is for you; do this in remembrance of me.' 25 In the same way, after supper he took the cup, saying, 'This cup is the new covenant in my blood; do this, whenever you drink it, in remembrance of me.' 26 For whenever you eat this bread and drink this cup, you proclaim the Lord's death until he comes.

Thanksgiving prayer

Lord Jesus...

For the bread we find in our houses, nurturing body and heart.

For the wine and the juice that includes us, as the celebrations start.

For the communion we each may taste, though in space and time we're apart.

For the love that persisted in loving, though the beloved inflicted pain.

For the power that raised you to life, when the grave had made its claim.

For the life of your Spirit infusing the frailest of human frames.

We thank you with all we are.

Sharing

We are about to share bread and wine together in our various houses. Let's pause and take a moment to think of each other and to pray that God's presence unites us in remembering him:

Lord, we remember one another, and in this time of communion we affirm our unity and celebrate the love that binds us always together in love. Amen.

Next we're going to hear some music recorded by Sue and Ray Francis. As we listen to this 3 minute piece, whenever you're ready, share the bread and then share the wine remembering that Jesus said, *This is my body which is for you; this is the cup of the new covenant, sealed by my blood.*

Post communion prayer

Lord, your mercy flows without end. You cast our sins from us to the ends of the earth. As we have received mercy, let us show it. As we have been forgiven, let us

forgive. As we have been waited for, let us wait, with patient and steadfast hope for the coming Kingdom of God, when you gather together all your lost children in freedom and love. Amen

Let's celebrate the beautiful love of our Lord in our closing song, *The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll not want.*

Song (WT 406) **The Lord's my Shepherd**

Verse 1

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.

Chorus

*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.*

Verse 2

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.

Chorus

Verse 3

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.

Chorus x 2

The Grace

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ;
The love of God;
And the fellowship of the Holy Spirit
Be with us all,
Evermore.
Amen

Sung Blessing

May the peace of the Lord Christ go with you
Wherever he may send you;
May he guide you through the wilderness;
Protect you through the storm;
May he bring you home rejoicing
At the wonders he has shown you;
May he bring you home rejoicing
Once again into our doors.