

Order of Service 17th October 2021

God the Assailant?

Welcome

Hello and welcome to Hearsall at Home for 17th October 2021. Today we consider the paradoxical nature of our faith in the third of our six-part series, *Soundings from Job*. If you're reading through Job with me, take heart, and carry on - for next week you only need to read chapters 25 to 28.

Our hero today takes the extreme position of calling God an *assailant*. And yet he also yearns for a Redeemer to stand on the face of the earth. As Christians we are inevitably drawn to the cross of Christ, that place where wrath and mercy, despair and hope, pain and healing, death and life meet in one expression of love.

Today's service also includes Holy Communion, so you might like to have some bread and wine or juice ready for later. For now, let's be still before the majestic mystery of Christ, slain for us all.

Call to Worship

But God demonstrates his own love for us in this: while we were still sinners, Christ died for us.

Romans 5:8

Hymn (BPW 219) **It is a Thing Most Wonderful**

It is a thing most wonderful,
almost too wonderful to be,
that God's own Son should come from heaven
and die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true:
he came to this poor world below,
and wept, and toiled, and mourned, and died,
only because he loved us so.

I cannot tell how he could love
someone so weak and full of sin;
his love must be most wonderful,
if he could die my love to win.

It is most wonderful to know
his love for me so free and sure;
but 'tis more wonderful to see
my love for him so faint and poor.

And yet I want to love you, Lord;
O teach me how to grow in grace,
and I will love you more and more,
until I see you face to face.

Prayer of Adoration (Jean-Baptiste Marie Vianney, 1786-1859)

My Jesus, from all eternity you were pleased to give yourself to us in love. And you planted within us a deep spiritual desire that can only be satisfied by yourself. I may go from here to the other end of the world, from one country to another, from riches to greater riches, from pleasure to pleasure, and still I shall not be content. All the world cannot satisfy the immortal soul. It would be like trying to feed a starving man with a single grain of wheat.

We can only be satisfied by setting our hearts, imperfect as they are, on you. We are made to love you; you created us as your lovers.

It sometimes happens that the more we know a neighbour, the less we love them. But with you it is quite the opposite. The more we know you, the more we love you. Knowledge of you kindles such a fire in our souls that we have no energy left for worldly desires.

My Jesus, how good it is to love you. Let me be like your disciples on Mount Tabor, seeing nothing else but you. Let us be like two bosom friends, neither of whom can ever bear to offend the other.

Amen

Let's sing *Father God in Heaven*, that lovely setting of the Lord's Prayer.

Hymn (BPW 589) **Father God in Heaven**

Father God in heaven,
Lord most high:
hear your children's prayer,
Lord most high:
hallowed be your name,
Lord most high -
O Lord, hear our prayer.

May your kingdom come
here on earth;
may your will be done
here on earth,
as it is in heaven
so on earth -
O Lord, hear our prayer.

Give us daily bread
day by day,
and forgive our sins
day by day,
as we too forgive
day by day -
O Lord, hear our prayer.

Lead us in your way,
make us strong;
when temptations come
make us strong;
save us from all sin,
keep us strong -
O Lord, hear our prayer.

All things come from you,
all are yours -
kingdom, glory, power,
all are yours;
take our lives and gifts,
all are yours -
O Lord, hear our prayer.

Story for Black History Month, by Revd Isaiah Olofinjana,
drawn from https://www.baptist.org.uk/Articles/390375/Black_Baptists_Their.aspx

Peter Thomas Stanford was born a slave in Virginia in 1859 and was nameless for a long time. Both his parents were slaves and his father was sold off before his birth.

During the Civil War, his mother was also sold to Southern traders, causing him to be separated from her. He was later kidnapped by Native Americans who cared for him for a little while before he was abandoned yet again. He was rescued by Quakers and was sent to an African American orphanage home in Boston.

A year later, he was adopted by a Mr Stanford who gave him the name Peter Thomas Stanford. Mr Stanford used him as an unpaid labourer and this led to Peter running away. He lived a wild life on street corners until 1872 when he met Rev Henry Highland Garnet, pastor of Shiloah Presbyterian Church. Rev Garnet treated him very well and assisted him in his pursuit of education. Rev Garnet also helped Peter to find a job as a yard boy at Suffield College. In 1874, he was converted at a meeting where the American preacher D.L. Moody was preaching.

The job at Suffield College enabled him to join the College as a student. Being a black student was not without its challenges, as there was discrimination based on his skin colour. He managed to finish his education in June 1881 and was given work as a missionary to the black community in Hartford, Connecticut. He did this work during the day and preaching in the evenings, as well as taking Sunday services. He became a Baptist minister, and moved to Britain in 1883.

He visited London, Leeds, Barnsley and Keighley in Yorkshire but often was treated with hostility. He found Birmingham quite welcoming by comparison, and so settled

there in 1887.

In June 1888, the Rev Stanford, as he was now known, attended the annual meeting of the Midland Baptist Association held at Stafford. On 8 May 1889, Rev Peter Stanford was called to be the pastor of Hope Street Baptist Church in Birmingham.

He accepted this call, which made him the first black minister in Birmingham, as well as the first black Baptist minister in Britain. Despite the church's eagerness to benefit from his ministry, the reality proved very different, as he was libelled, slandered, ostracised, suspected and opposed.

He was, with the help of his wife and friends, able to overcome these difficulties. He was able to praise God, acknowledging that in spite of his birth as a slave and continued racial prejudice, he became a pastor in the great city of Birmingham.

He remained at Hope Street Baptist Church until 1895 and under his leadership the church grew, having flourishing schools and organisations.

After leaving Hope Street Baptist Church, he started the Wilberforce Memorial Church. Later, he came to the conclusion that black missionaries were the best people to be sent as missionaries to Africa, and had a burning desire to minister on that continent. Revd Peter Thomas Stanford was a unique individual who despite facing so many challenges from his birth managed to educate himself and became a Baptist minister.

And our prayers of intercession this week are led by Sarah Lewis.

Prayers of Intercession

The Baptist Union of Great Britain is encouraging churches to make this Sunday 'Sight Loss Sunday'. This is a national, ecumenical day, the purpose of which is to show churches how they can enable blind and partially sighted people to serve and worship in church. It was founded in 2019 by the Torch Trust.

It is about encouraging and supporting churches to accommodate and welcome this area of diversity, rather than feeling sorry for such difference. Historically, disabled people – whatever their impairment – have been seen as objects to pity, to treat differently and, in some cases, to isolate in "special" arenas, be they in education, work space or centres. This is an area I am passionate about and if you have access

to the web, I would encourage you to look at the wealth of information on the Torch Trust website.

My prayers today are based on concepts from the Torch Trust, also addressing issues which we all are praying about.

Let us pray,

Lord, thank you for giving us Sight Loss Sunday and allowing us to think about an area we may shy away from; often fearful or not knowing what to do. Help us here at Hearsall to become an empowering environment for those living with sight loss. We are aware that the recent restrictions due to the pandemic have brought both advantages and disadvantages to people with a whole range of impairments. Help us to capitalise on the advantages when we make our plans for the future, and to not just think of how it was in the old days. Guide all those involved in future building development here at Hearsall to include, but not as a last-minute bolt-on, the requirements of all those living with impairments, and to not shy away from seeking advice from those with the lived experience – in most cases the real experts!

Father, give strength to organisations of and for people with sight loss, especially at this time of limited resources. Here in Earlsdon, we pray particularly for the Coventry Resource Centre and ask that their need for further volunteers will be met. We pray for comfort for those who are sick, in body or mind. On this Sight Loss Sunday, we pray especially for those who are struggling to come to terms with reduced vision and for people who find their sight loss challenging - in our City and country where access to good ophthalmic care is mostly free, but especially overseas where people live with unnecessary blindness due to few resources and often relying on the goodwill of foreign medics to visit. Lord, we pray for all medical staff who treat eye conditions but especially for strength and safety for those volunteering to work overseas, whilst on annual leave.

Well, we may convince ourselves when listening to the description of the life of the Rev Stanford, that no one faces such discrimination like that in Great Britain anymore. Guide us to question; question our own actions, those of others, the media, politicians' actions or the statistics that we see. Lord, we realise that there is no such discrimination in your eyes. Father, let us be part of the change process that

means no one is treated less equally purely because of their skin colour, their sexual identity, their belief, gender or gender identity, and let your church be a place that enables, not disables.

Amen

Many thanks Sarah for those prayers. We hear now our Bible readings from Mark, and, of course, first of all from Job.

Bible Readings

Job 19: 21 - 29

- ²¹ 'Have pity on me, my friends, have pity,
for the hand of God has struck me.
- ²² Why do you pursue me as God does?
Will you never get enough of my flesh?
- ²³ 'Oh, that my words were recorded,
that they were written on a scroll,
²⁴ that they were inscribed with an iron tool on lead,
or engraved in rock for ever!
- ²⁵ I know that my redeemer lives,
and that in the end he will stand on the earth.
- ²⁶ And after my skin has been destroyed,
yet in my flesh I will see God;
- ²⁷ I myself will see him
with my own eyes – I, and not another.
How my heart yearns within me!
- ²⁸ 'If you say, "How we will hound him,
since the root of the trouble lies in him,"
- ²⁹ you should fear the sword yourselves;
for wrath will bring punishment by the sword,
and then you will know that there is judgment.'

Mark 7: 24 – 30

Jesus honours a Syro-Phoenician woman's faith

²⁴ Jesus left that place and went to the vicinity of Tyre.-He entered a house and did

not want anyone to know it; yet he could not keep his presence secret. ²⁵ In fact, as soon as she heard about him, a woman whose little daughter was possessed by an impure spirit came and fell at his feet. ²⁶ The woman was a Greek, born in Syrian Phoenicia. She begged Jesus to drive the demon out of her daughter.

²⁷ 'First let the children eat all they want,' he told her, 'for it is not right to take the children's bread and toss it to the dogs.'

²⁸ 'Lord,' she replied, 'even the dogs under the table eat the children's crumbs.'

²⁹ Then he told her, 'For such a reply, you may go; the demon has left your daughter.'

³⁰ She went home and found her child lying on the bed, and the demon gone. Job's profound words express the mystery of hoping for life even after the death of the body. He longs for a Redeemer, or a Vindicator. As Christians, we sing of our Redeemer, our Vindicator, our Saviour in the song, *From the Squalor of a Borrowed Stable*.

Song (WT 103) **From the Squalor of a Borrowed Stable**

From the squalor of a borrowed stable,
By the spirit and a virgin's faith;
To the anguish and the shame of scandal
Came the Saviour of the human race!
But the skies were filled, with the praise of heaven,
Shepherds listen as the angels tell
Of the Gift of God, come down to man
At the dawning of Immanuel.

King of heaven now the friend of sinners,
Humble servant in the Father's hands,
Filled with power and the Holy Spirit,
Filled with mercy for the broken man.
Yes, he walked my road, and He felt my pain,
Joys and sorrows that I know so well;
Yet His righteous steps give me hope again -
I will follow my Immanuel!

Through the kisses of a friend's betrayal,
He was lifted on a cruel cross;
He was punished for a world's transgressions,
He was suffering to save the lost.
He fights for breath, He fights for me,
Loosing sinners from the claims of hell;
And with a shout, our souls are free -
Death defeated by Immanuel!

Now He's standing in the place of honour,
Crowned with glory on the highest throne,
Interceding for His own beloved
Till His Father calls us to bring them home!
Then the skies will part, as the trumpet sounds
Hope of heaven or the fear of hell;
But the bride will run to her lover's arms,
Giving glory to Immanuel!

Sermon

In 2016, over 260,000 children in Africa died from malaria. That's a vast sea of grief for countless mothers and fathers. Who's to blame for such a high annual death toll?

We might point the finger at God - after all, mosquitoes are a part of what we lazily call his beautiful creation. But we should also remember that poverty makes death from malaria much more likely, and many families are just too poor to afford the treatments that have been able to save lives. Some families scraped together enough money for medication, and then faced a long period of hunger as they had little or no money left. How hard it is to be a parent: to be an ordinary mother with an ordinary love for a sick child.

A woman in Phoenicia has a daughter, and something evil has colonised the girl's soul. This mother hears there's a foreign preacher from Galilee resting at her friend's house.

His profile has gone viral in his own country, and he has made this trip abroad to

escape all the unwanted attention. So here's the thing: she knows he wants to be left in peace, but she's desperate to see her girl made well. This is an ordinary mother's ordinary love for a sick child.

So she slips into her friend's house and this wonderworking man is resting. So she falls at his feet. She looks up at him with imploring eyes and begs him - yes, begs him - to release her daughter from the cruel imprisonment of her mind.

He resists. Slowly widening his eyes, he says

*Let the children eat all they want,
for it is not right to take the children's bread and toss it to the dogs.*

So, the Jews are the children, and the Phoenicians are the dogs? She might have only heard this as the insult it is and stormed off in a tearful rage.

But something deeper than that keeps her focused. It's an ordinary mother's ordinary love. A mother's love demands **more** of Israel's prophet. This cannot be the last word on God. This cannot be how things will end: with a little girl refused help because she was born in the wrong country. So she retorts in a flash that even the dogs eat the scraps that fall from the table.

He responds. Her daughter is liberated from the evil spirit. An ordinary mother's ordinary love has provoked a revelation of the breadth of God's care.

* * *

Job is an extraordinary man with an ordinary desire for justice. After his gross misfortune, he has the idea that *God himself has been attacking him*. He says God has wronged him, trapped him in a net, blocked his way, shrouded his path, ignored his cries for help, stripped him of honour, uprooted him like a tree, attacked him like an army, made him an offence to his wife, loathsome to his family and a joke to passing children. God, he says, has been his **assailant**.

And yet... Here in chapter 19 something more positive breaks through as a shaft of sunlight breaks into some heavily wooded, dank and haunted valley. Like the woman in our gospel story, for all his suffering and rejection, *something remains*, some witness within him that cries for justice, demands it, even confidently expects it still to

happen.

*Oh that my words were recorded - written in a scroll -
or better yet inscribed on lead or engraved in rock.*

This is the language of the **law court**. Job wants to make an accurate and enduring **witness statement** in the court of heaven.

But who could represent him in such a court? God, it seems, has turned against him. Well, remember the opening scenes of Job, with a picture of God in heaven holding court with the angels, and one such angel, a fallen angel, wanders in and provokes God to authorise Job's downfall. Maybe, in Job's mind, he expects one of these angelic figures, some half-divine being, to argue his case before God. Job has a conviction that it will be so. That it **must** be so...

I know that my redeemer lives...

In the Jewish tradition, a Redeemer was a next-of-kin who intervened in a dispute to maintain the rights of a family member. A Redeemer might buy a relative out of slavery, re-acquire old family land, or marry a widow to continue a brother's line. God himself is called a Redeemer for orphans, and more loosely, God as Redeemer rescued his people from slavery, exile or disaster.

So, does Job expect **God** to be his Redeemer now? It seems not; God seems to be counsel for the prosecution, not the defence. Job needs some other who will take his part, argue his case and prove his innocence. Probably Job has no idea of who this Redeemer might be. He just knows that evil **cannot** have the last word. He just knows that injustice cannot endure for all eternity, unrectified. A Redeemer will stand on the earth - possibly on the very dust of his grave. Job's case must be heard. He will be vindicated.

The paradox of faith is expressed in verse 26.

*After my skin has been destroyed yet in my flesh I will see God;
I myself will see him with my own eyes - I, and not another.*

So Job, it seems, hopes to be vindicated after his death, and for a resurrected body to see this vindication with revived eyes.

* * *

Now the doctrine of the Trinity reflects various New Testament texts. In the early Christian era, many Old Testament texts were also used to establish the idea that God exists as three Persons in one substance.

Job was not written to support Christian belief, yet we do see some of the seeds of Trinitarian thought here. First of all, may we see the **Holy Spirit**, though the text does not explicitly say this? What is it in Job that gives him his inner conviction that injustice must be rectified? What, if not God's own Spirit working within him? May we also say that an ordinary mother's ordinary love for a sick child is the work of God's Spirit within her?

And in Job's worldview, semi-divine beings existed - angels attending God's court. Indeed, monotheism is by no means assumed in all Hebrew Scriptures. From this court, Job yearns for a Redeemer, which for Christians unmistakably points to **Christ**. Meanwhile, God has turned against Job, so the position is a fearful mess.

So if we were rash enough to try to imagine a Trinity in Job, it would be a Trinity composed of

- a Holy Spirit yearning justice;
- an unspecified Redeemer;
- and a God who is an angry tyrant, not a loving Father.

In fact, this is no Trinity, but a Tritheism of dissociated divinities. It's like a fuzzy image of God that needs much finer resolution.

Now some Christians **do** believe that God is indeed very angry, and that unrepentant sinners who reject Jesus as Saviour, will burn in hell for all eternity. They would see the cross of Christ as a turning away of God's wrath, and there is some Biblical witness for this in the use of the word 'propitiation' here and there in the New Testament - a word which referred to the pacifying of an angry deity through an offering. So some think that, on the cross, an angry Father God had his wrath deflected onto Christ, when it ought to have come to folk like you and me.

But that still leaves God not so much as a harmonious Trinity; more as an unhappy association of three divinities - like a dysfunctional family with a violent father; a

mother standing in his way; and a very traumatised child confused by it all.

Perhaps, like Job, some today continue to project their own wrath at the world's frightful injustice onto God. There is certainly plenty of prejudice, ignorance, folly, sin, wickedness, anger, pain and wrath flying about both online and offline. Sometimes we don't really know whether the anger we feel is towards God, towards some other person, or even towards ourselves. One person sins against another and that person, damaged by sin, in turn sins against others. We are all objects and transmitters of wrath!

Where does it all end?

The cross is a mystery, both brutal and beautiful. In this moment at the centre of history, Jesus takes the whole muddled mess on himself. As I often put it, on the cross God says he would rather die than gouge out eye for eye. So, for us, there is a Redeemer and the Redeemer is Jesus, our brother, God's own Son.

- On the cross, God enters the darkness of separation from God.
- On the cross, God feels the prejudice people feel towards all who are different.
- On the cross, God experiences the pure hatred of evil and yet carries on loving.
- On the cross God takes the death penalty, and yet returns to the land of the living.
- On the cross all wrath is satisfied - whether the wrath we feel towards ourselves, towards others, from others, towards God or even the wrath we may attribute to God.
- The cross is a cosmic full-stop to the sentence of death.

I know most people nowadays disregard the cross. The world continues with its business, and sacred mysteries like the death of Christ are regarded as arcane irrelevancies.

But the cross brings God into sharp focus. God is not split into the angry monster Job knew; some compassionate advocate standing up for him; and the human spirit yearning for justice. No, this is all your God... with the Father's heart always loving, with the Son's sacrifice always gracious, with the Spirit's witness always pouring that

same love into the human heart.

How good it is that at long last a vaccine has been authorised by the World Health Organisation to use against malaria. As British citizens our role now might be to look for the reinstatement of the overseas aid spending at 0.7% of GDP, and to hear a foreign mother's yearning for the health of her child as the cry of the Holy Spirit.

Song I looked up and I saw my Lord a-coming

Verse 1

I looked up
And I saw my Lord a-coming,
I looked up
And I saw my Lord a-coming down the road.

Chorus

*Alleluia, He is coming,
Alleluia, He is here.
Alleluia, He is coming.
Alleluia, He is here.*

Verse 2

I looked up
And I saw my Lord a-weeping,
I looked up
And I saw my Lord a-weeping for my sins.

Chorus

Verse3

I looked up
And I saw my Lord a-dying,
I looked up
And I saw my Lord a-dying on the cross.

Chorus

Verse 4

I looked up

And I saw my Lord a-rising,

I looked up

And I saw my Lord a-rising from the grave.

Chorus

Alleluia, He is coming,

Alleluia, He is here.

Alleluia, He is coming.

Alleluia, He is here.

Invitation to Communion

We gather at this table to celebrate life: the life of the God of the world, made flesh and blood in Jesus, embodied in us. We come to remember the body that was broken: the hands that touched the untouchable, healed the hurting, and did no violence; the feet that got dust along city streets and at the lake's shore; the arms that welcomed the stranger and embraced the outcast; the legs that entered homes and synagogues and danced at celebrations; the eyes that blazed against injustice, knew how to cry and saw the potential in everyone; the belly that shared table with unexpected people and shook with laughter; the lips that wove stories and painted pictures of a new community and a better world.

This blessed body that was broken, abused and rejected, we come to remember, for we are called to be the body of Christ. As you, Risen Christ remember our lives, so we remember you. And not only at this table, but in our life together may we embody your kingdom and remember your life in the world.

Bible Readings

The Lord is compassionate and gracious,

slow to anger, abounding in love.

He will not always accuse,

nor will he harbour his anger for ever;

he does not treat us as our sins deserve

or repay us according to our iniquities.

For as high as the heavens are above the earth,
so great is his love for those who fear him;
as far as the east is from the west,
so far has he removed our transgressions from us.
As a father has compassion on his children,
so the Lord has compassion on those who fear him.

See what great love the Father has lavished on us, that we should be called children of God! And that is what we are!

For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life.

How the Lord's Supper came to be

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.

1 Corinthians 11: 23 - 26

Thanksgiving Prayer

O God, we give thanks for the bread and wine or juice we have in our homes today; a timeless reminder of the flesh-and-blood life of Jesus: broken, rejected, yet unstoppable. In Christ we see a life that could not be ended by death; a purpose that could not be silenced by the forces of violence; a desire deep within you for the transformation of the world. And so, in a few moments, we will eat the bread and drink the wine.

We thank you for the acceptance and tenderness with which you have transformed our shame into dignity and loved us into life; we thank you for cherishing the potential in us and for calling us to be partners in your vision for this world. In our communion together we call on your Spirit to come alongside us, so that together, in

the company of your Spirit we may give ourselves afresh to the task of remembering you, of being the body of Christ, of living your life in this world. Amen.

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.

It's time to share the bread. Please take it in your hands and break it now as I say:

Jesus said, this is my body which is for you. Do this in memory of me.

(One minute of silence as people share.)

So let's share the bread together, and think of all our brothers and sisters sharing bread in homes around Coventry and beyond.

So now we share the wine or juice. Lift it up as I say,

Lord Jesus, we drink from this cup which is the new covenant between you and humanity. We drink with glad and thankful hearts, for our sins are forgiven and you fill us once more with your Holy Spirit.

Let's share the cup together.

(One minute of silence as people share.)

After taking the bread and wine, we pray once more.

Post Communion Prayer

We have taken bread and wine into our bodies.

Now may these hands be the hands of Christ in the world, may they do no violence. May these eyes see those who are overlooked, may these ears listen to those who are unheard; may these voices be raised for the voiceless, lest our songs of praise be empty. May these feet take us where Christ leads, and may these hearts and minds be open to your Spirit. Christ has remembered us. Let us remember Christ. Amen.

Song Holy Overshadowing

Verse 1

O spread your wings of mercy over me
And guard my heart with true humility.
No shadow of the darkness pressing in,
Only the holy overshadowing.

*Underneath your wings,
Overshadowing.*

Verse 2

No refuge will I seek but God alone,
No hiding place, save only at your throne,
Only the cross, the blood to wash my sin,
Only the holy overshadowing.

*Underneath Your wings,
Overshadowing.*

Chorus

*You are my shield and my glory.
You are the lifter of my head,
And though the storms may rage around me,
I'll be safe within,
Beneath the holy overshadowing.*

*Underneath Your wings,
Overshadowing.*

Verse 3

No burden on my back too hard to bear,
Only the easy load you bid me wear.
Until these troubles pass my heart will sing
Praise for the holy overshadowing.

*Underneath Your wings,
Overshadowing.*

Chorus x 2

You are my shield and my glory.

You are the lifter of my head,

And though the storms may rage around me,

I'll be safe within,

Beneath the holy overshadowing.

Final Refrain

Underneath your wings,

Over-shadowing, overshadowing, overshadowing.

Underneath your wings,

Overshadowing, overshadowing, overshadowing.

The Grace

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ;

And 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.