



## Mothering Sunday

**Welcome** – Clare Hendry

### Blessed Be Your Name

In the land that is plentiful  
Where Your streams of abundance flow  
Blessed be Your name  
Blessed be Your name  
When I'm found in the desert place  
Though I walk through the wilderness  
Blessed be Your name.

*Every blessing You pour out  
I'll turn back to praise  
When the darkness closes in, Lord  
Still I will say  
Blessed be the name of the Lord  
Blessed be Your name  
Blessed be the name of the Lord  
Blessed be Your glorious name*

Blessed be Your name  
When the sun's shining down on me  
When the world's 'all as it should be'  
Blessed be Your name  
Blessed be Your name  
On the road marked with suffering  
Though there's pain in the offering  
Blessed be Your name  
*Every blessing You pour out...*

You give and take away  
You give and take away  
My heart will choose to say  
Lord, blessed be Your name  
*Every blessing You pour out...*

## Church Family News

### Reading: Matthew 6:19-34 p971

<sup>19</sup> 'Do not store up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moths and vermin destroy, and where thieves break in and steal. <sup>20</sup> But store up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moths and vermin do not destroy, and where thieves do not break in and steal. <sup>21</sup> For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also. <sup>22</sup> 'The eye is the lamp of the body. If your eyes are healthy, your whole body will be full of light. <sup>23</sup> But if your eyes are unhealthy, your whole body will be full of darkness. If then the light within you is darkness, how great is that darkness! <sup>24</sup> 'No one can serve two masters. Either you will hate the one and love the other, or you will be devoted to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve both God and Money. <sup>25</sup> 'Therefore I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or drink; or about your body, what you will wear. Is not life more than food, and the body more than clothes? <sup>26</sup> Look at the birds of the air; they do not sow or reap or store away in barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not much more valuable than they? <sup>27</sup> Can any one of you by worrying add a single hour to your life? <sup>28</sup> 'And why do you worry about clothes? See how the flowers of the field grow. They do not labour or spin. <sup>29</sup> Yet I tell you that not even Solomon in all his splendour was dressed like one of these. <sup>30</sup> If that is how God clothes the grass of the field, which is here today and tomorrow is thrown into the fire, will he not much more clothe you – you of little faith? <sup>31</sup> So do not worry, saying, "What shall we eat?" or "What shall we drink?" or "What shall we wear?" <sup>32</sup> For the pagans run after all these things, and your heavenly Father knows that you need them. <sup>33</sup> But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well. <sup>34</sup> Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own.

Your word, O Lord, is my delight,  
it plants me like a tree  
that's rooted by the streams of life:  
so, Lord, set your word in me.

Your word, O Lord, it lights my way,  
and by this light I see.  
It guides me in every step I take:  
so Lord, set your word in me.

*Speak, O Lord,  
speak, O Lord,  
we are ready to receive.  
Speak, O Lord,  
through your mighty word,  
O set your word in me.*

Your word, O Lord, renews my mind,  
with truth that sets me free,  
and in this truth I am sanctified:  
so Lord, set your word in me.

*Speak, O Lord,...*

Chris Pearse  
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## Children leave for Grace Gang

**Talk:** Philip Sudell  
The Discipleship Agenda  
7. Kingdom Choices

## 11-18's leave for their discussion

Sermon Notes

Day of judgment, day of wonders!  
Hear the awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round!

Jesus calls: the dead awoken,  
Rise from earth and sea;  
All the pow'rs of nature shaken  
by his look, prepares to flee:

*When all earth and heaven melt away,  
Gracious Saviour, own me in that Day!*

Every knee shall bow before Him,  
Every heart exposed;  
All the stains of our rebellion  
Clear before His judgement throne.

*When all earth and heaven melt away,...*

Under earth and heaven's blackened sky,  
Gracious Saviour, You were lifted high,  
Bearing all the curse that my sin deserved  
As You bled upon that tree:  
God the judge hangs cursed for me.

Rise now, sinner: come to Jesus  
Pardoning grace to know.  
Meet Him now as gracious Saviour,  
Not just then as Judge alone.

*When all earth and heaven melt away,...*

Original words by John Newton. Additional words & music by Ben Slee.  
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## Confession

Lord God, we have sinned against you; we have done evil in your sight. We are sorry and repent. Have mercy on us according to your love. Wash away our wrongdoing and cleanse us from our sin. Renew a right spirit within us and restore to us the joy of your salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## Prayers

### The Lord's Prayer

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name, your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as 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 for ever. Amen.

### Prayer of the Day

God of love, passionate and strong, tender and careful: watch over us and hold us all the days of our life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

### Be thou my vision O lord of my heart

Naught be all else to me, save that thou art.  
Thou my best thought in the day and the night  
Waking or sleeping thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,  
I ever with thee and thou with me Lord.  
Thou my great father and I thy true son  
Thou in me dwelling and I with thee one.

Be thou my breastplate my sword for the fight,  
Be thou my armour and be thou my might.  
Be my soul's shelter and thou my high tower  
Raise thou me heavenward, O power of my power.

Riches I heed not nor man's empty praise  
thou my inheritance now and always.  
Thou and thou only the first in my heart,  
High king of heaven my treasure thou art.

High king of heaven when the battle is done,  
Grant heaven's joy to me bright heaven's sun.  
Christ of my own heart, whatever befall,  
Still be my vision O ruler of all.

Irish c 8th tr. Mary E Byrne 1905 & Eleanor H Hull 1912 ©

## Final Prayer

Please stay around to chat after the service over coffee/tea through in the hall



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