

Sunday 6 July
Fourth Sunday of Pentecost

All are welcome

Call to Worship

With our hearts and voices raised

We praise the Lord!

With joy and thanksgiving on our lips

We praise the Lord!

With shouts of Hallelujah
and hands reached out for Shalom

We praise the Lord

HYMN CH4 196

Come, now is the time to worship.

Come, now is the time to give your heart.

Come, just as you are to worship.

Come, just as you are before your God.

Come.

Willingly we choose to surrender our lives.

Willingly our knees will bow.

With all our heart, soul, mind and strength,
we gladly choose You now.

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One day ev'ry tongue will confess You are
God.

One day ev'ry knee will bow.

Still the greatest treasure remains
for those who gladly choose You now.

PRAYER & LORD'S PRAYER

HYMN CH4 172

Sing for God's glory

that colours the dawn of creation,
racing across the sky,
trailing bright clouds of elation;
sun of delight
succeeds the velvet of night,
warming the earth's exultation.

Sing for God's power that shatters the
chains that would bind us,
searing the darkness of fear and despair
that could blind us,
touching our shame
with love that will not lay blame,
reaching out gently to find us.

Sing for God's justice disturbing each easy
illusion,
tearing down tyrants and putting our pride
to confusion;
lifeblood of right,
resisting evil and slight,
offering freedom's transfusion.

Sing for God's saints who have travelled
faith's journey before us,
who in our weariness give us their hope to
restore us;
in them we see
the new creation to be,
Spirit of love made flesh for us.

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ALL AGE TIME

HYMN

Praise Him on the trumpet,

the psaltery and harp,
Praise Him on the timbrel and the dance,
Praise Him with stringed instruments too.

Praise Him on the loud cymbals
Praise Him on the loud Cymbals
Let ev'rything that has breath praise the Lord.

Hallelujah, praise the Lord,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord,
Let ev'rything that has breath praise the Lord

READING

Psalm 150:1-6

Praise the LORD. Praise God in his sanctuary; praise him in his mighty heavens. Praise him for his acts of power; praise him for his surpassing greatness. Praise him with the sounding of the trumpet, praise him with the harp and lyre, praise him with tambourine and dancing, praise him with the strings and pipe, praise him with the clash of cymbals, praise him with resounding cymbals. Let everything that has breath praise the LORD. Praise the LORD.

John 4:24-26

God is spirit, and his worshippers must worship in the Spirit and in truth.’ The woman said, ‘I know that Messiah’ (called Christ) ‘is coming. When he comes, he will explain everything to us.’ Then Jesus declared, ‘I, the one speaking to you – I am he.’

SERMON

HYMN CH4 565

My life flows on in endless song

above earth’s lamentation:

I catch the sweet, though far off, hymn
that hails a new creation.

*No storm can shake my inmost calm
while to that Rock I’m clinging.
Since love is Lord of heaven and earth,
how can I keep from singing?*

Through all the tumult and the strife,
I hear that music ringing.
It finds an echo in my soul -
how can I keep from singing?

What though my joys and comfort die?
The Lord, my Saviour, liveth.
What though the darkness round me close?
Songs in the night he giveth.

The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
a fountain ever springing.
All things are mine since I am his!
How can I keep from singing?

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PRAYERS OF INTERCESSION

HYMN CH4 154

O Lord my God! when I in awesome wonder

consider all the works
Thy hand hath made,
I see the stars,
I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed:

Then sings my soul,
my Saviour God to Thee,
how great Thou art! How great Thou art!
Then sings my soul,
my Saviour God, to Thee,
how great Thou art! How great Thou art!

When through the woods and forest glades I
wander
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
when I look up from lofty mountain grandeur,
and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze;

And when I think that God His Son not
sparing,
sent Him to die - I scarce can take it in.
That on the cross,
my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin:

When Christ shall come with shout of
acclamation
and take me home - what joy shall fill my
heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration
and there proclaim, my God, how great
Thou art!

*Russian hymn tr. Stuart Wesley Keene Hine(1899-198 © 1953
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BENEDICTION