



Pentecost 8<sup>th</sup> September 2019



Call to thoughtfulness      Questionnaire      Wendell Berry (b1934)      from his book *Leavings* (2010)

1. How much poison are you willing to eat for the success of the free market and global trade?

Please name your preferred poisons.

2. For the sake of goodness, how much evil are you willing to do?

Fill in the following blanks with the names of your favourite evils and acts of hatred.

3. What sacrifices are you prepared to make for culture and civilization?

Please list the monuments, shrines, and works of art you would most willingly destroy.

4. In the name of patriotism and the flag, how much of our beloved land are you willing to desecrate?

List in the following spaces the mountains, rivers, towns, farms you could most readily do without.

5. State briefly the ideas, ideals, or hopes, the energy sources, the kinds of security, for which you would kill a child.

Name, please, the children whom you would be willing to kill.



HYMN 553 Just as I am; O lamb of God I come Tune Saffron Walden Verse 1 Solo

### The gathering prayer

Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us  
Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us  
Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us, give us your peace!

Sirach Ch 8 vs 18-37 p63 when you have grey hair, you will still find wisdom

HYMN Words Martin Leckebusch Tune Yr HGun Gan 590

In an age of twisted values we have lost the truth we need;  
in sophisticated language we have justified our greed;  
by our struggle for possessions we have robbed the poor and weak  
hear our cry and heal our nation:  
your forgiveness, Lord, we seek.

We have built discrimination on our prejudice and fear;  
hatred swiftly turns to cruelty if we hold resentments dear.  
For communities divided by the walls of class and race  
hear our cry and heal our nation:  
show us, Lord, your love and grace.

When our families are broken; when our homes are full of strife;  
when our children are bewildered, when they lose their way in life;  
when we fail to give the aged all the care we know we should  
hear our cry and heal our nation  
with your tender fatherhood.

We who hear your word so often choose so rarely to obey;  
turn us from our willful blindness, give us truth to light our way.  
In the power of your Spirit come to cleanse us, make us new:  
hear our cry and heal our nation



Prayer The Noise of Politics Walter Brueggemann (b. 1933)  
Professor Emeritus Old Testament Studies Columbia Theological College Atlanta USA

We watch as the jets fly in  
with the power people and the money people,  
the suits, the budgets, the billions.

We wonder about monetary policy  
because we are among the haves,  
and about generosity  
because we care about the have-nots.

By slower modes we notice  
Lazarus and the poor arriving from Africa,  
and the beggars from Central Europe, and  
the throng of environmentalists  
with their vision of butterflies and oil  
of flowers and tanks  
of growing things and killing fields.

We wonder about peace and war,  
about ecology and development,  
about hope and entitlement.

We listen beyond jeering protesters and soaring jets and  
faintly we hear the mumbling of the crucified one,  
something about  
feeding the hungry  
and giving drink to the thirsty,  
about clothing the naked,  
and noticing the prisoners,  
more about the least and about holiness among them.

We are moved by the mumbles of the gospel, even while we are tenured in our privilege.

We are half ready to join the choir of hope,  
half afraid things might change,  
and in a third half of our faith turning to you,  
and your outpouring love  
that works justice and  
that binds us each and all to one another.

So we pray amidst jeering protesters and soaring jets.  
Come by here and make new,  
even at some risk to our entitlements.



when evening came, they reclined...

LUKE 14 25-33 p 72 Discipleship; what will it really cost?

REFLECTION Leaving it till Lent to give stuff up, is a bit late!

OFFERTORY HYMN The feast is spread Words John Campbell based on Luke 14 15-24  
Tune Sussex Carol Unaccompanied

The feast was spread for all to see,  
the host then summoned company;  
successful, rich and satisfied,  
they made excuses - even lied.  
Lives filled with self, lives packed with pride - lives too full to let God inside!

The host then sent to scour each street  
for those whom 'nice' folk never meet.  
He welcomed poor and blind and lame;  
those crushed, forgotten, trapped by shame.  
Lives filled with hurt, lives raw and sore, lives our God could make whole once more!

The summons spread across the land,  
'til all the hungry were at hand;  
the door then closed to leave outside  
those rich, complacent, satisfied.  
Feast for the crushed, feast righting wrong, feast that shouts God's great justice song!

This feast's now spread for you and me,  
if we'll accept God's company.  
Christ summons us from near and far,  
no matter who or where we are;  
laid down his life, paid ev'ry cost, wine and bread to revive the lost!

So let us come and share what's giv'n,

this foretaste of the feast of heav'n;  
respond, receive, and be made new  
for all the things we're called to do.  
Receive God's gift, that we may all live our lives to announce God's call!

HymnQuest ID: 86834



At this table we remember

Those who recline and luxuriate, as others run for cover and for their lives

At this table we remember

Those who deliberate and prevaricate, as others are persecuted or killed for what they believe

At this table we remember

Those who pillage the good earth and the oceans for their own gain, as others are driven from their land  
and even great whales drown

At this table we remember our complicity or duplicity in rather more than we can be comfortable with

At this table we remember the story of a man who broke bread and his own back, and got other peoples' backs up

At this table we remember that we are not forgotten ... by that same man

And that changes everything ... or it could if we really remembered, and didn't just wallow in nostalgia .

Time to be still: (reclining or otherwise!)

to retrace our footsteps and our words, to seek forgiveness and healing

to reclaim our capacity for compassion and creativity: to trust what God is calling us to be

**HYMN 655 For your generous providing Tune Hyfrydol 519**

The Blessing after which we sing

**May the God of peace go with us as we travel from this place  
May the Love of Jesus keep us firm in hope and full of grace**



Church

