

Sunday 29 March

Streamed Worship Service Sheet

In response to the Coronavirus (COVID-19) pandemic and the cancellation of worship services, the District will be broadcasting a worship service at 10:30am on Sunday morning via Facebook Live and it will also be available on the District Website:

<https://www.facebook.com/Birminghammethodistdistrict/>
<http://www.birminghammethodist.org.uk/>

If you are unable to join us on your computer, tablet or phone, this sheet will enable you to journey with us as we worship together in our homes around the District.

Welcome and Explanation

Lighting of the Candle

We light this candle, and encourage you to light a candle at home if it is safe and you are able to do so, as a sign of the light and love of God reaching out into the places of fear and pain in our world and in our own situations.

Call to Worship

Way maker
Miracle worker
Promise keeper
Light in the darkness
My God that is who you are
Way maker
Miracle worker
Promise keeper
Light in the darkness
My God
That is who you are

StF 357: Jesus - the name high over all

Jesus – the name high over all,
in hell, or earth, or sky!
Angels revere, and nations fall,
and devils fear and fly.

Jesus – the name to sinners dear,
the name to sinners given!
It scatters all their guilty fear,
it turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus – the prisoner's fetters breaks,
and bruises Satan's head;
power into strengthless souls it speaks,
and life into the dead.

O that the world might taste and see
the riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
would all the earth embrace.

His only righteousness I show,
his saving grace proclaim;
'tis all my business here below
to cry: 'Behold the Lamb!'

Happy if with my latest breath
I might but gasp his name;
preach him to all, and cry in death:
'Behold, behold the Lamb!'

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Prayers

Let us pray.
Lord God it is good to gather today
connected by the Spirit and in Jesus name to
bring you our praise and worship.

We thank you for the ways in which you are
at work in this time of disruption, suffering
and pain. We thank you for the love that has
been shared, and for the connections that
have been made. We thank you for
technology, for everyone playing their part
and particularly for those working tirelessly
in the NHS at this time.

As we worship you this morning we pray that we might bring something of ourselves before your. Acknowledging our pain, our anxiety and our grief, as well as our faith in your unfailing love and faithfulness that we see so clearly in Jesus.

Give us joy, peace and hope we pray. In Jesus' name.
Amen

StF 421: Empty broken here I stand

Empty, broken, here I stand,
Kyrie eleison.
Touch me with your healing hand,
Kyrie eleison.
Take my arrogance and pride,
Kyrie eleison.
Wash me in your mercy's tide,
Kyrie eleison.
Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.

When my faith has all but gone,
Kyrie eleison,
give me strength to carry on,
Kyrie eleison.
When my dreams have turned to dust,
Kyrie eleison,
in you, O Lord, I put my trust,
Kyrie eleison.
Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.

When my heart is cold as ice,
Kyrie eleison,
your love speaks of sacrifice,
Kyrie eleison,
love that sets the captives free,
Kyrie eleison.
O pour compassion down on me,
Kyrie eleison.
Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.

You're the voice that calms my fears,
Kyrie eleison,
you're the laughter, dries my tears,
Kyrie eleison,
you're my music, my refrain,
Kyrie eleison,
help me sing your song again,
Kyrie eleison.
Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.

Humble heart of holiness,
Kyrie eleison,
kiss me with your tenderness,
Kyrie eleison.
Jesus, faithful friend and true,
Kyrie eleison,
all I am I give to you.
Kyrie eleison.
Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.

Nick Haigh and Anita Haigh
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Reading: Psalm 130 (NRSV)

Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord.
Lord, hear my voice!
Let your ears be attentive
to the voice of my supplications!

If you, O Lord, should mark iniquities,
Lord, who could stand?
But there is forgiveness with you,
so that you may be revered.

I wait for the Lord, my soul waits,
and in his word I hope;
my soul waits for the Lord
more than those who watch for the
morning,
more than those who watch for the
morning.

O Israel, hope in the Lord!
For with the Lord there is steadfast love,
and with him is great power to redeem.
It is he who will redeem Israel
from all its iniquities.

Reflection on Trauma

Reading: Psalm 130 Redux

Fear gnaws at my belly
Despair creeps into my heart.
I stretch my neck towards the sky
and let the anguish escape from my throat.

Hear me!

O God, Merciful and Just,
any scale will find us wanting.
Who can stand before You
without regret?
Without shame that bows the head?

I wait.
My hands are empty now.
I cannot save myself.

I wait.
My soul waits;
I dare to hope.
Eyes fixed on the horizon,
breath slow and even.
I wait.

For I know:
You are.
Love is alive;
the greening stirs
in the dark loam and will
burst into light
soon.

Carla Grosh-Miller

StF 630: How long, O Lord

How long, O Lord, will you forget
an answer to my prayer?
No tokens of your love I see,
your face is turned away from me;
I wrestle with despair.

How long, O Lord, will you forsake
and leave me in this way?
When will you come to my relief?
My heart is overwhelmed with grief,
by evil night and day.

How long, O Lord? But you forgive
with mercy from above.
I find that all your ways are just,
I learn to praise you and to trust
in your unfailing love.

Reading: John 11: 17 – 44

Jesus the Resurrection and the Life

When Jesus arrived, he found that Lazarus had already been in the tomb for four days. Now Bethany was near Jerusalem, some two miles away, and many of the Jews had come to Martha and Mary to console them about their brother. When Martha heard that Jesus was coming, she went and met him, while Mary stayed at home. Martha said to Jesus, 'Lord, if you had been here, my brother would not have died. But even now I know that God will give you whatever you ask of him.' Jesus said to her, 'Your brother will rise again.' Martha said to him, 'I know that he will rise again in the resurrection on the last day.' Jesus said to her, 'I am the resurrection and the life. Those who believe in me, even though they die, will live, and everyone who lives and believes in me will never die. Do you believe this?' She said to him, 'Yes, Lord, I believe that you are the Messiah, the Son of God, the one coming into the world.'

Jesus Weeps

When she had said this, she went back and called her sister Mary, and told her privately, 'The Teacher is here and is calling for you.' And when she heard it, she got up quickly and went to him. Now Jesus had not yet come to the village, but was still at the place where Martha had met him. The Jews who were with her in the house, consoling her, saw Mary get up quickly and go out. They followed her because they thought that she was going to the tomb to weep there. When Mary came where Jesus was and saw him, she knelt at his feet and said to him, 'Lord, if you had been here, my brother would not have died.' When Jesus saw her weeping, and the Jews who came with her also weeping, he was greatly disturbed in spirit and deeply moved. He said, 'Where have you laid him?' They said to him, 'Lord, come and see.' Jesus began to weep. So the Jews said, 'See how he loved him!' But some of them said, 'Could not he who opened the eyes of the blind man have kept this man from dying?'

Barbara Woollett (b. 1937)

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Jesus Raises Lazarus to Life

Then Jesus, again greatly disturbed, came to the tomb. It was a cave, and a stone was lying against it. Jesus said, 'Take away the stone.' Martha, the sister of the dead man, said to him, 'Lord, already there is a stench because he has been dead for four days.' Jesus said to her, 'Did I not tell you that if you believed, you would see the glory of God?' So they took away the stone. And Jesus looked upwards and said, 'Father, I thank you for having heard me. I knew that you always hear me, but I have said this for the sake of the crowd standing here, so that they may believe that you sent me.' When he had said this, he cried with a loud voice, 'Lazarus, come out!' The dead man came out, his hands and feet bound with strips of cloth, and his face wrapped in a cloth. Jesus said to them, 'Unbind him, and let him go.'

Reflection

StF 271: Come wounded healer

Come, wounded Healer,
your sufferings reveal –
the scars you accepted,
our anguish to heal.
Your wounds bring such comfort
in body and soul
to all who bear torment
and yearn to be whole.

Come, hated Lover,
and gather us near,
your welcome, your teaching,
your challenge to hear:
where scorn and abuse
cause rejection and pain,
your loving acceptance
makes hope live again!

Come, broken Victor,
condemned to a cross –
how great are the treasures
we gain from your loss!
Your willing agreement
to share in our strife
transforms our despair into fullness of life.

Martin Leckebusch (b. 1962)

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News from Bromsgrove and Redditch

Prayers from Coventry and Nuneaton

StF 274: Jesus Christ, I think upon your sacrifice

Jesus Christ, I think upon your sacrifice,
you became nothing, poured out to death.
Many times I've wondered at your gift of life,
and I'm in that place once again.
And I'm in that place once again.

*And once again I look upon
the cross where you died,
I'm humbled by your mercy
and I'm broken inside.
Once again I thank you,
once again I pour out my life.*

Now you are exalted to the highest place,
King of the heavens, where one day I'll bow.
But for now, I marvel at this saving grace,
and I'm full of praise once again.
I'm full of praise once again.

Matt Redman (b. 1974)

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Cook <tym@kingsway.co.uk> Used by permission.

Feedback from online

StF 345: And can it be

And can it be that I should gain
an interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be
that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all: the Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
to sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,
let angel minds enquire no more.

He left his Father's throne above –
so free, so infinite his grace –
emptied himself of all but love,
and bled for Adam's helpless race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
for, O my God, it found out me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
fast bound in sin and nature's night;
thine eye diffused a quickening ray –
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light,
my chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
and clothed in righteousness divine,
bold I approach the eternal throne,
and claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Blessing