

St. Mary Bromley



Family Service
10.30 a.m. 13 February 2022

Welcome

Song – Morning has broken

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the world

Sweet the rains new fall, sunlit from Heaven
Like the first dewfall on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning
Born of the one light, Eden saw play
Praise with elation, praise every morning
God's recreation of the new day

Eleanor Farjeon (1881 - 1965)

OPENING PRAYER

**Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ!
By his great mercy he has given us new birth into a living hope.
This is through the resurrection of Jesus from the dead.
We now have a new life which cannot perish, spoil or fade.
So let us rejoice! Amen**

CONFESSION

**Lord Jesus, risen to new life,
you promise us your presence and power.
We know we fall short of what you offer.
We ask for your kindness and forgiveness.
Please fill us afresh with your Holy Spirit
so we may live in your love and joy. Amen.**

ABSOLUTION

May you know the goodness of Jesus
which embraces us as we are and changes us to who he is.
Accept his presence, which brings cleansing, power and joy.
Know that in him there will always be
a welcome and a glorious future. **Amen.**

Jeremiah 17.5-10

Thus says the Lord:

Cursed are those who trust in mere mortals
and make mere flesh their strength,
whose hearts turn away from the Lord.
They shall be like a shrub in the desert,
and shall not see when relief comes.

They shall live in the parched places of the wilderness,
in an uninhabited salt land.

Blessed are those who trust in the Lord,
whose trust is the Lord.

They shall be like a tree planted by water,
sending out its roots by the stream.

It shall not fear when heat comes,
and its leaves shall stay green;
in the year of drought it is not anxious,
and it does not cease to bear fruit.

The heart is devious above all else;
it is perverse—

who can understand it?

I the Lord test the mind

and search the heart,

to give to all according to their ways,
according to the fruit of their doings.

Song - For the fruits of his creation

For the fruits of his creation, thanks be to God;
For his gifts to every nation, thanks be to God;
For the ploughing, sowing, reaping,
Silent growth while we are sleeping,
Future needs in earth's safe-keeping,
Thanks be to God.

In the just reward of labour, God's will is done;
In the help we give our neighbour, God's will is done;
In our world-wide task of caring
For the hungry and despairing,
In the harvests we are sharing,
God's will is done.

For the harvests of his Spirit, thanks be to God;
For the good we all inherit, thanks be to God;
For the wonders that astound us,
For the truths that still confound us,
Most of all that love has found us,
Thanks be to God.

Fred Pratt Green (born 1903) © 1970 Stainer & Bell Ltd

BIRTHDAYS



Everyone who has had a birthday since our last Family Service is welcome to join us at the front and receive a candle.

We then sing the following:

Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you,
may God bless you and keep you, happy birthday to you.

1 Corinthians 15.12-20

Now if Christ is proclaimed as raised from the dead, how can some of you say there is no resurrection of the dead? If there is no resurrection of the dead, then Christ has not been raised; and if Christ has not been raised, then our proclamation has been in vain and your faith has been in vain. We are even found to be misrepresenting God, because we testified of God that he raised Christ—whom he did not raise if it is true that the dead are not raised. For if the dead are not raised, then Christ has not been raised. If Christ has not been raised, your faith is futile and you are still in your sins. Then those also who have died in Christ have perished. If for this life only we have hoped in Christ, we are of all people most to be pitied.

But in fact Christ has been raised from the dead, the first fruits of those who have died.

HE IS RISEN



Our younger members are invited

to make a
bold splash of colour

What lies beneath?

Thoughts about the foundation we have in Jesus' Resurrection



Our younger members
share their thoughts
and creativity

Song – I, the Lord of sea and sky

I, the Lord of sea and sky, I have heard my people cry.
All who dwell in deepest sin my hand will save.
I who made the stars of night, I will make their darkness bright.
Who will bear my light to them? Whom shall I send?

*Here I am Lord. Is it I Lord? I have heard you calling in the night.
I will go Lord, if you lead me. I will hold your people in my heart.*

I, the Lord of snow and rain, I have borne my people's pain.
I have wept for love of them. They turn away.
I will break their hearts of stone, give them hearts for love alone.
I will speak my word to them, whom shall I send?

Here I am Lord...

I, the Lord of wind and flame, I will tend the poor and lame.
I will set a feast for them. My hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide till their hearts be satisfied.
I will give my life to them. Whom shall I send?

Here I am Lord...

Dan Schutte, 1981 Daniel L. Schutte & New Dawn Music

PRAYERS

*We bring our requests to God
using this response*

Lord, in your mercy
hear our prayer.

And at the end

Merciful Father,
**accept these prayers
for the sake of your Son,
our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.**

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.

Song – Thine be the glory

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes where thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son;
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won!*

Lo, Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Let the Church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.

Thine be the glory...

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;
Life is naught without thee: aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conquerors through thy deathless love;
Bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above:

Thine be the glory...

*Edmund Louis Budry (1854-1932)
Trans. Richard Birch Hoyle (1875-1939)*

BLESSING

May Christ, who out of defeat,
brings a new hope and a new future,
fill you with his new life,
now and forever,
and the blessing of God almighty,
the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit,
be among you
and remain with you always. **Amen.**

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