

# Saint Matthew-in-the-City Celebrates Pentecost 2 Sunday 06<sup>th</sup> June 2010

## *Processional Hymn*

**Breathe on me, breath of God,  
fill me with life anew,  
that I may love what thou dost love  
and do what thou wouldst do.**

**Breathe on me, breath of God  
until my heart is pure,  
until with thee I will one will,  
to do and to endure.**

**Breathe on me, breath of God,  
till I am wholly thine,  
until this earthly part of me  
glows with thy fire divine.**

**Breathe on me, breath of God;  
so shall I never die,  
but live with thee the perfect life  
of thine eternity.**

*Words: Edwin Hatch 1835 -89  
Music: Carlisle, Charles Lockhart 1745 -1815*

## *Welcome*

*Liturgist* God-in-Christ is closer than the air we breathe, filling and inspiring us, guiding us on. As we gather in worship the building and music lifts us. We acknowledge with awe the presence of the God of love and God's call to us.

May we have the wisdom and humility to realise the gifts we have been given and use those gifts to bring healing and justice.

*Liturgist* People of the land,  
**All giving and receiving sustenance and hope.**

*Liturgist* People of the sea,  
**All nurtured by blue expanse and rolling waves.**

*Liturgist* People of the night,  
**All soothed and held by silence.**

*Liturgist* People of the dawn,  
**All ready to venture and experiment.**

*Liturgist* People of community,  
**All offering comfort and nurture.**

*Liturgist* People of the journey,

**All leaving the old certainties behind.**

*Liturgist* Like rivers, we are connected to our source and our destination as we travel through life. Knowing the entire journey is held in God runs deep within us.

## *Song of Praise:*

*Liturgist* Life is like a river that flows towards the sea. It has a small beginning increasing gradually,

**All until it's in a larger place, a current deep and wide, giving its abundance to the land on either side.**

**All sung** *And I have questions to ask you, my friend. Where does the sea begin? Where does the river end?*

*Liturgist* The river has its secrets. In its depths it knows the nature of the ocean, where its water flows.

**All It hears the sea birds singing. It feels the touch of foam. The sea is always calling the river to come home.**

**All sung** *And I have questions to ask you, my friend. Where does the sea begin? Where does the river end?*

*Liturgist* Life is like a river and deep inside my mind, the call of love grows stronger as I leave each day behind.

**All We're moving with the current of this unseen mystery. Already we have knowledge of the presence of the sea.**

**All sung** *And I have questions to ask you, my friend. Where does the sea begin? Where does the river end?*

*Joy Cowley*

*Please be seated*

## *Words of Encouragement:*

A new commandment I give to you that you love one another as I have loved you.

*Jesus*

I want you to be concerned about your next door neighbour. Do you know your next door neighbour?

*Mother Teresa*

Hold fast therefore to the liberty wherein Christ has made us free and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.

*Paul of Tarsus*

*We pause in silence and self-reflection*

### *A Prayer for Every Day*

Pilgrim,  
When your ship,  
Long moored in harbour,  
Gives you the illusion  
Of being a house;  
When your ship  
Begins to put down roots  
In the stagnant water by the quay:  
Put out to sea!  
Save your boat's journeying soul  
And your own pilgrim soul,  
Cost what it may.

*Dom Helder Camara*

### *Sentence and Prayer for the Day*

God, you have prepared for those who love you such good things as pass our understanding; pour into our hearts such love towards you that, loving you above all else, we may obtain your promises, which exceed all that we can desire; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

*Together we pray*

**God of miracles, open our eyes to your wonder. Help us to be patient and vigilant so that we may encounter all that you give us. Help us to have the courage to look for your activity everywhere, knowing that you are our God, always empowering us in partnership, to serve you in our daily lives. Amen**

### *The First Reading*

A reading from the first book of Kings

*1Kings 17:8-16*

*Reader* Here ends the reading.

### *Gospel Hymn*

**Who is my Mother?  
Who is my brother?  
All those who gather around Jesus Christ:  
Spirit blown people  
born from the Gospel  
sit at the table, round Jesus Christ.**

**Differently abled,  
differently labelled  
widen the circle round Jesus Christ,  
crutches and stigmas,  
cultures' enigmas  
all come together round Jesus Christ.**

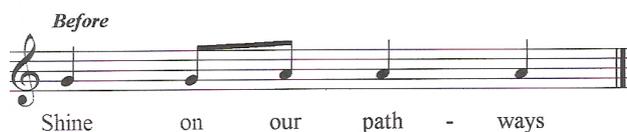
**Love will relate us --  
colour or status  
can't segregate us, round Jesus Christ:  
family failings,  
human derailings,  
all are accepted, round Jesus Christ.**

**Bound by one vision,  
met for one mission  
we claim each other, round Jesus Christ.  
Here is my mother,  
here is my brother,  
kindred in Spirit, round Jesus Christ.**

*Words: Shirley E Murray  
Music: Bronwen, Ian Render*

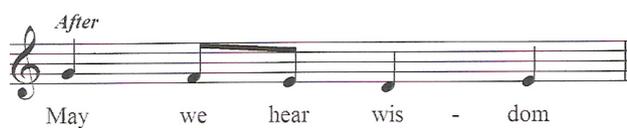
### *The Gospel Reading*

The Holy Gospel according to Luke, chapter seven, beginning at verse eleven.



*Luke 7:11-17*

This is the Gospel of Christ



### *The Sermon*

#### *The Reflection*

*'He shall feed his flock'  
from "The Messiah" G F Handel 1685-1759*

### *The Prayers of the People*

Let us be still and mindful of the world, the Church, this nation, our communities, and ourselves.

### *The Peace*

Peace be with us all.  
**With justice comes peace.**  
Let us build peace together,  
**and change our world.**

*We share a sign of peace*

## Offertory Hymn

**This hazy, gleaming veil,  
this cloudy, milky skein,  
the galaxy in which we live  
this home that God has vowed.**

**A hundred billion stars  
form that galactic space  
these myriad sparks of dancing light  
are signings of God's grace.**

**This place of hopes and dreams  
God gives into our hands,  
and we are stewards of its worth,  
its rich majestic strands.**

**So limited our grasp  
so narrow human scope,  
so much is still beyond our reach,  
yet beauty frames our hope.**

*Words: A Pratt*

*Tune: 'St Michael', later form of melody  
by William Crotch 1775-1847,*

*abridged form 'Psalm 101' in the Genevan Psalter, 1551*

## The Great Thanksgiving

Our Earth is a taonga, a treasure. Here we find food, water, shelter, companionship, beauty, and solace. Entrusted to us by our forbears, it calls to our soul, and when our soul listens, there is harmony. As the ocean's fingers caress our shores, the pregnant forests tend our land, and the night's cool whispers soothe our dreams, our life and spirits are woven into the fabric of this land.

*Cantor* O brilliant sun, gifting the earth with light and warmth.

**All sung We are thankful, let us show our gratitude.**

*Cantor* O fresh'ning rain, falling to irrigate and cleanse.

**All sung We are thankful, let us show our gratitude.**

*Cantor* O crashing waves, surfers' and walkers' delight.

**All sung We are thankful, let us show our gratitude.**

*Cantor* O bountiful earth, you suckle and tend us.

**All sung We are thankful, let us show our gratitude.**

From the beginning, powerful forces of generosity, greed, and indifference have vied for allegiance in the human heart. Individuals, tribes, and nations have been shaped by these forces. Generosity, that amazing power of gift and trust, has rarely been in the ascendancy. Time and again, ruling elites have found ways to undermine and ignore it.

Our planet has absorbed the desecration, carrying the scars. Rampant human greed has ravaged our whenua. We await a time when the taonga Earth will be valued.

Jesus of Nazareth uncompromisingly lived and preached generosity. He railed against the barriers of self-interest and the fear used to maintain them. He broke the law. Then the law broke him. It seemed the powers of avarice and apathy had vanquished the powers of gift and trust.

The life of Jesus did not end on a Roman gallows. His spirit lived on in his followers, and continues to do so among people who let love be their compass, compassion their means and justice their destination.

## Sanctus sung

**Holy, wonderful, and vibrant is the God in Jesus.  
Praise be that love triumphs over fear.  
Praise be that gift triumphs over greed.  
Praise be that hope triumphs over loss. Alleluia!**

And so we remember the rebel Jesus who, on the night before he died, took the gift of bread; when he had given thanks, he broke it, gave it to his friends and said:

*Take, eat, this is my body which is given for you; do this to remember me.*

After supper, he took the cup; when he had given thanks, he gave it to them and said:

*Drink this, all of you, for this is my blood which brings new life; do this as often as you drink it, to remember me.*

With this bread and wine we remember the gift of life and the call to our soul.

*Cantor* O bread of life entrusted to us, may we be nourished.

**All sung May we share bread so the world may be fed.**

*Cantor* O cup of life entrusted to us, may we be satisfied.

**All sung May we share drink so none may thirst.**

*Cantor* O Jesus' memory entrusted to us, may we be motivated

**All sung to simply share so the world may simply live.**

May we give, work and struggle for a renewed world, where generosity, love and justice abound, and planet earth is honoured and replenished.

*Priest* Come renewed world

**All You call to our souls**

*Priest* Come spirit of Jesus

**All You call to our conscience**

*Priest* Come let us bless, break, and share

**All To embody the power of God**

**All sung** **Laudate Dominum**

*The Lord's Prayer*

Kua akona nei tatou e to tatou Ariki, ka inoi tatou:

**E to matou Matua i te rangi kia tapu tou Ingoa. Kia tae mai tou rangatiratanga. Kia meatia tau e pai ai ki runga ki te whenua, kia rite ano ki to rangi. Homai ki a matou aiane he taro ma matou mo tenei ra. Murua o matou hara, me matou hoki e muru nei, i o te hunga e hara ana ki a matou. Aua hoki matou e kawea kia whakawaia; engari whakaorangia matou i te kino: Nou hoki te rangatiratanga, te kaha, me te kororia, Ake, ake, ake. Amine.**

*The Breaking of the Bread*

*The bread is broken in silence*

*Priest* The bread is broken  
**All** **for all to share**

*Priest* The cup is consecrated  
**All** **for all to bless.**

**All Sung x3** **We are guardians of the earth, born to care and share.**

*The Invitation*

Come, bringing your varied faiths and backgrounds, for all are welcome to share in this grace.

*There is a chalice for dipping - simply hold the bread in front of you to signify your choice.*

*Te Taro, o te Ora.* The Bread of Life

*Te Kapu o te Ora.* The Cup of Wellbeing

*Music during Communion*

*O Sacrum Convivium*

*Byrd*

*Ego Sum Panis Vivus*

*Byrd*

*Prayer after Communion*

We have a deep sense of gratitude for the blessings of this land, our communities, traditions, mentors, families and friends. Through them, we can know ourselves to be loved, and gain the courage to trust one another.

*Liturgist* We are gifts  
**All** **entrusted to share life.**

*Liturgist* We are grace  
**All** **entrusted to be gentle.**

*Liturgist* We are hope  
**All** **entrusted to confront injustice.**

*Liturgist* We are holy  
**All** **entrusted to nurture souls.**

*Liturgist* We are powerful  
**All** **entrusted to love and to cherish.**

*Liturgist* With beauty, awe, wonder, and love  
**All** **We journey on into God.**

*Notices*

*Recessional Hymn*

**Who would true valour see,  
let her come hither;  
one here will constant be,  
come wind, come weather.  
There's no discouragement  
shall make her once relent  
her first avowed intent  
to be a pilgrim.**

**Who so beset him round  
with dismal stories,  
do but themselves confound;  
his strength the more is.  
No lion can him fright,  
he'll with a giant fight,  
but he will have the right  
to be a pilgrim**

**Hobgoblin nor foul fiend  
can daunt their spirits:  
they know they at the end  
shall life inherit.  
Then fancies fly away;  
they'll fear not what folk say;  
they'll labour night and day  
to be a pilgrim.**

*Words: John Bunyan 1628-88 alt*

*Music: Monks Gate, English trad Melody  
coll., adapt, & arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams 1872-1958*

*Liturgist* Go to share, to challenge, to love,  
and to hope.

**All** **We go in the name of Christ.**

*Organ Voluntary*

*Improvisation on "Old 100<sup>th</sup>" Michael CW Bell*

## **First Reading: 1 Kings 17:8-16**

A Reading from the first book of Kings

The word of the Lord came to Elijah, saying, ‘Go now to Zarephath, which belongs to Sidon, and live there; for I have commanded a widow there to feed you.’ So he set out and went to Zarephath. When he came to the gate of the town, a widow was there gathering sticks; he called to her and said, ‘Bring me a little water in a vessel, so that I may drink.’

As she was going to bring it, he called to her and said, ‘Bring me a morsel of bread in your hand.’

But she said, ‘As the Lord your God lives, I have nothing baked, only a handful of meal in a jar, and a little oil in a jug; I am now gathering a couple of sticks, so that I may go home and prepare it for myself and my son, that we may eat it, and die.’

Elijah said to her, ‘Do not be afraid; go and do as you have said; but first make me a little cake of it and bring it to me, and afterwards make something for yourself and your son. For thus says the Lord the God of Israel: The jar of meal will not be emptied and the jug of oil will not fail until the day that the Lord sends rain on the earth.’ She went and did as Elijah said, so that she as well as he and her household ate for many days. The jar of meal was not emptied; neither did the jug of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord that he spoke by Elijah.

*Pause*

Here ends the Reading.

## **Gospel: Luke 7:11-17**

Hear the Gospel of Christ according to Luke, chapter seven beginning at verse eleven.

### **Shine on our pathways.**

Soon afterwards Jesus went to a town called Nain, and his disciples and a large crowd went with him. As he approached the gate of the town, a man who had died was being carried out. He was his mother's only son, and she was a widow; and with her was a large crowd from the town.

When the Lord saw her, he had compassion for her and said to her, 'Do not weep.' Then he came forward and touched the bier, and the bearers stood still.

And he said, 'Young man, I say to you, rise!'

The dead man sat up and began to speak, and Jesus gave him to his mother. Fear seized all of them; and they glorified God, saying, 'A great prophet has risen among us!' and 'God has looked favourably on his people!' This word about him spread throughout Judea and all the surrounding country.

*Pause*

This is the Gospel of Christ.

**All: May we hear wisdom**