

Saint Matthew-in-the-City

Social Service Sunday

Sunday 25th July 2010

Processional Hymn

Summoned by the God who made us, rich in our diversity,
Gathered in the name of Jesus, richer still in unity:
Let us bring the gifts that differ and, in splendid, varied ways,
Sing a new church into being, one in faith and love and praise.

Trust the goodness of creation; trust the Spirit strong within.
Dare to dream the vision promised sprung from seed of what has been.
Let us bring the gifts that differ and, in splendid, varied ways,
sing a new church into being, one in faith and love and praise.

*Words: Anon
Music: Nettleton, American folk melody from
'A Repository of Sacred Music' Part 2
harm John Wilson 1905-92
Source TiS 392*

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 quest-ions to ask you my friend. Where does the sea be- gin? Where does the riv-er 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 quest-ions to ask you my friend. Where does the sea be- gin? Where does the riv-er 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 quest-ions to ask you my friend. Where does the sea be- gin? Where does the riv-er 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*

What is the point of weighing down Christ's table with golden chalices while he himself is starving? Feed the hungry and then, if you have any money left over, lavish his table. Will you fashion a cup of gold and withhold a cup of water? What use is it to adorn his table with hangings of cloth of gold but refuse Christ a coat for his back? What gain is to be had from such behaviour? *John Chrysostom*

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

"It might not be much - but its home to me."

Anonymous; Auckland kiwi streetie - occupant of a cardboard box.

Together we pray

May it come soon, to the hungry, to the weeping, to those who thirst for your justice, to those who have waited centuries for a truly human life.

Grant us hope that we may not weary in proclaiming and working for it, despite so many conflicts, threats and shortcomings.

Grant us a clear vision that in the hour of our history we may see the horizon, and know the way on which your Kingdom comes to us.

Nicaragua

Windows into Worship, ed. Ron Ingamells, YMCA, 1989

First Reading

A reading from the book of the prophet Micah.

Micah 6:8-12

Here ends the Reading.

Gradual 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

Hear the Gospel of Christ according to Matthew, chapter twenty-five beginning at verse thirty-one.



Matt 25:31-45

This is the Gospel of Christ.



The Sermon

The Reflection

Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring

J S Bach 1685-1750

The Prayers of the People

Liturgist 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.

Offertory Hymn

Sing to celebrate the city!
Sing the lives of people there,
sing the work of skill and beauty,
all who serve and all who care.
In the dictates of the dollar,
in the systems where we live,
find the currency of kindness,
eyes to smile and hearts to give.

We who are the city's traffic,
driving, driven, keeping pace,
name the God who makes us neighbours,
give our faith a human face;
in the workplace of God's people,
in the highrise and the home
our agenda is for justice --
changing lives for good to come.

Celebrate the art of living!
every colour, every sport,
every culture's dance and music,
every truth that love has taught --
be for God within the city,
life and loving are not priced:
light the lights of joyful worship,
set the table for the Christ.

Sing to celebrate the city!
Sing the lives of people there,
sing the work of skill and beauty,
all who serve and all who care.

Words: Shirley Murray
Music: Colin Gibson

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 All
O brill-iant sun, gift-ing the earth with light and warmth. We are thank - ful let us
7 show our gra - ti - tude. O fresh-'ing rain, fal-ling to ir - ri-gate and cleanse, We are thank - ful,
14 let us show our grat - ti - tude O crash-ing waves, surf-ers and walk - ers de - light We are
21 thank - ful Let us show our grat - i - tude. O boun - ti - ful earth you
27 All
suck - le and tend us. We are grate - ful Let us show our grat - i - tude.

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*

Sanctus All

Ho - ly, won - der - ful and vi - brant is the God in Je - sus. Praise be that
 8 love tri - umphs o - ver fear. Praise be that gift tri - umphs o - ver greed.
 13 Praise be that hope tri - umphs o - ver loss. Al - le - lu - jah!

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.

Wine & Bread

Cantor All

O bread of life en-trusted to us may we be nou-rished. May we share bread so the world may be
 8 fed. O cup of life en-trusted to us, may we be sat - is-fied. May we share drink so that
 15 none may thirst. O Je - sus mem - o - ry en - trus - ted to us, may we be
 22 mo - ti - va - ted. To simp - ly share so the world may simp - ly 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.**

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 te 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.

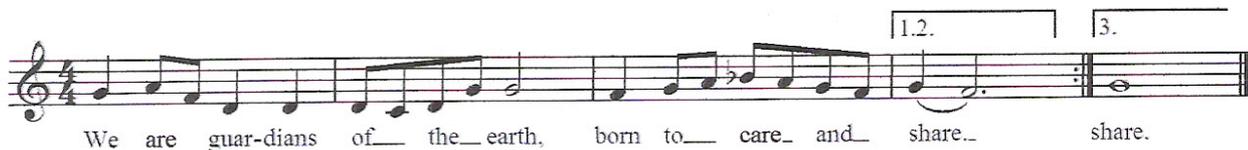
The Breaking of the Bread

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



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

Ave Maria

Vittoria

O Sacrum Convivium

Charpentier

The Blessing

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

**All who love and serve your city,
all who bear its daily stress,
all who cry for peace and justice,
all who curse and all who bless:**

**In your day of loss and sorrow,
in your day of helpless strife,
honour, peace and love retreating,
seek the Lord, who is your life.**

**In your day of wealth and plenty,
wasted work and wasted play,
call to mind the word of Jesus,
'I must work while it is day.'**

**For all days are days of judgement
and the Lord is waiting still,
drawing near to those who spurn him,
offering peace and Calvary's hill.**

**Risen Lord, shall yet the city
be the city of despair?
Come today, our Judge, our Glory,
be its name "The Lord is there'.**

*Words: Reginald Routley 1917-
Music: Stuttgart, melody adapted from a chorale
In 'Psalmodia' Gotha 1713*

TiS 272

Liturgist Go to share, to challenge, to love, and to hope.
All **We go in the name of Christ.**

Organ Voluntary

You are invited to keep this copy of the liturgy and take it home with you to share with another member of your family, or with a friend.

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