

**Transformation – NOW!
Emergence of hope**

Call to worship:

Let us give thanks to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the merciful Father, the God from whom all help comes.

2 Corinthians 1: 3

Hymn: All my hope on God is founded

sung by the Choral Scholar of St Martin in the Fields

All my hope on God is founded;
he doth still my trust renew.
Me through change and chance he guideth,
only good and only true.
God unknown, he alone
calls my heart to be his own.

Human pride and earthly glory,
sword and crown betray his trust;
what with care and toil he buildeth,
tower and temple, fall to dust.
But God's power, hour by hour,
is my temple and my tower.
and spread through all the earth abroad
the honours of thy name.

God's great goodness ay endureth,
deep his wisdom, passing thought:
splendour, light, and life attend him,
beauty springeth out of nought.
Evermore, from his store
new-born worlds rise and adore.

Daily doth the almighty giver
bounteous gifts on us bestow;
his desire our soul delighteth,
pleasure leads us where we go.
Love doth stand at his hand;
joy doth wait on his command.

Still from man to God eternal
sacrifice of praise be done,
high above all praises praising
for the gift of Christ his Son.
Christ doth call one and all:
ye who follow shall not fall.

Meine Hoffnung stehet feste Joachim Neander (1650-1680)
Paraphrased Robert Bridges (1844-1930)

Bible Reading: Hebrews 6: 19-20 (NIV)

We have this hope as an anchor for the soul,
firm and secure.

It enters the inner sanctuary behind the curtain,
where our forerunner, Jesus,
has entered on our behalf.

He has become a high priest forever,
in the order of Melchizedek.

Reflection:

Lord of all goodness, there are moments, I confess,
when doubt rules strong.
Moments of darkness when life seems bleak,
your promises little short of mockery.
The wind rips through my life, stripping the leaves, straining
the roots,
threatening to tear me from my hold on you.
It whips the questions from my lips
before I find the breath to ask them.

Lord, my mind can't cope.
It's hard to see a pattern in the dark.
Harder still to see an underlying purpose,
when suffering throws its shadow, and hope's eclipsed.
Christian clichés bring no comfort.
The candle flame of faith gives little light.

And yet, Lord, still it burns, the candle flame.
Live and persistent.
It may not seem a lot.
No floodlight glare, no firework flash of coloured light;
but, somehow, nothing seems to put it out.
Not quite.
It dims, dark edged with doubt, struggles,
then suddenly, the very wind
that threatened its existence fans it to life.
The flame burns brighter and its glow
sets light to other candles I'd not thought were there.

And as the darkness distances
I see, beyond the shadow of the cross,
the dawning light of resurrection.
Darkness is strong, but you are stronger.
I leave the pattern and the purpose in your hands.

Prayers:

Lord, in you I am transformed
and transformed still again.
When the discouraged cry for hope, make me hope.
When the hungry cry for bread, make me bread.
When the thirsty cry for water, make me water.
When the suffering cry for help, make me help.
When the sick cry for healing, make me healing.
When the bound cry for freedom, make me freedom.
When the outcasts cry for love, make me love.

Lord who is hope
who is bread and water,
who is help and healing,
who is freedom,
and who is love,
transform me anew,
and so keep me close to you,
as you transform the world.

Amen

from www.MothersUnion.org/Resources

Mary Sumner's Prayer

**All this day, O Lord,
let me touch as many lives as possible for thee;
and every life I touch, do thou by thy spirit quicken,
whether through the word I speak,
the prayer I breathe,
or the life I live.**

Amen

Hymn: All for Jesus

sung by St Martin's Voices

All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
this our song shall ever be;
for we have no hope, nor Saviour,
if we have not hope in thee.

All for Jesus, thou wilt give us
strength to serve thee, hour by hour;
none can move us from thy presence
while we trust thy love and power.

All for Jesus, at thine altar
thou wilt give us sweet content;
there, dear Lord, we shall receive thee
in the solemn sacrament.

All for Jesus, thou hast loved us;
all for Jesus, thou hast died;
all for Jesus, thou art with us;
all for Jesus crucified.

All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
this the church's song must be,
till, at last, we all are gathered
one in love and one in thee.

W. J. Sparrow-Simpson (1859-1952)
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Blessing

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

Amen

Thank you for joining in with Thursday Prayers.

Choral music: The Church of England St Martin in the Fields

Material: as stated

Theme music: Catherine Hilton

Theme image: Aarn Giri on Unsplash.com

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**Next Thursday Prayers will be on 14th April 2022
with the theme of “Passiontide”**