

Stf 416 Frederick William Faber

1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
like the wideness of the sea;
there's kindness in his justice
which is more than liberty.

2 There is plentiful redemption
in the blood that has been shed;
there is joy for all the members
in the sorrows of the head.

3 There is grace enough for thousands
of new worlds as great as this;
there is room for fresh creations
in that upper home of bliss.

4 For the love of God is broader
than the measure of the mind;
and the heart of the eternal
is most wonderfully kind.

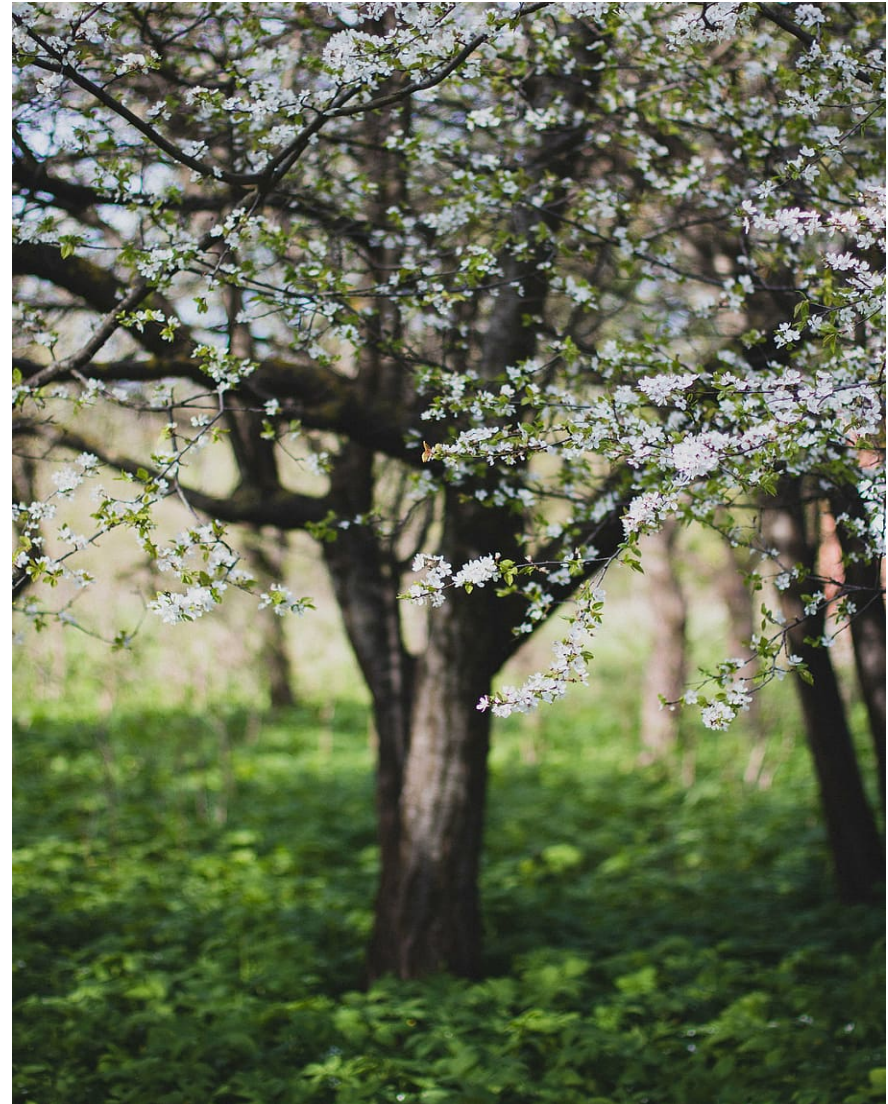
5 But we make his love too narrow=
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.

6 If our love were but more simple,
we should take him at his word;
and our lives would be illumined,
by the presence of the Lord.

The Cotteridge Church

Sunday 5th May

Easter 6



Bible Readings

Acts 10:44-48

Psalm 98 1

John 5:1-6

John 15:9-17

Collect

Holy God,

Faithful and unchanging:

Enlarge our minds with the knowledge of your truth,

And draw us more deeply into the mystery of your love,

That we may truly worship you,

Father, Son and Holy Spirit,

One God, now and for ever.

God's love in action:

When Fr. Damien arrived in Molokai to assemble a prefabricated Church for the lepers, he spent the first few weeks sleeping out under the trees, because he was unable to cope with the stench in the hovels of the lepers. He certainly wouldn't dare preach to them about God's love for them, because, as they saw it, that would be offensive. But slowly he opened his heart to the grace of God which enabled him to see the suffering Jesus in them.

In no time, he was washing them, bandaging them, and burying them. He came to love them, and, through him, they came to believe that God loved them.

He smoked a pipe to counteract the stench, but he soon was passing the pipe around for others to have a smoke. He ate food with them from a common bowl, out of which they scooped the food with hands that had no fingers. He caught the disease himself, and he was happy to be able to live and to die for them. — Thus, St. Damien followed Jesus' commandment of love given in today's Gospel: "This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you. Greater love has no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Stf 28 John Bell & Graham Maule

Jesus calls us here to meet him
As, through word and song and prayer,
We affirm God's promised presence
Where God's people live and care.
Praise the God who keeps their promise;
Praise the Son who calls us friends;
Praise the Spirit who, among us,
To our hopes and fears attends.

Jesus calls us to confess him
Word of Life and Lord of all,
Sharer of our flesh and frailness
Saving all who fail or fall.
Tell his holy human story
Tell his tales that all may hear;
Tell the world that Christ in glory
Came to earth to meet us here.

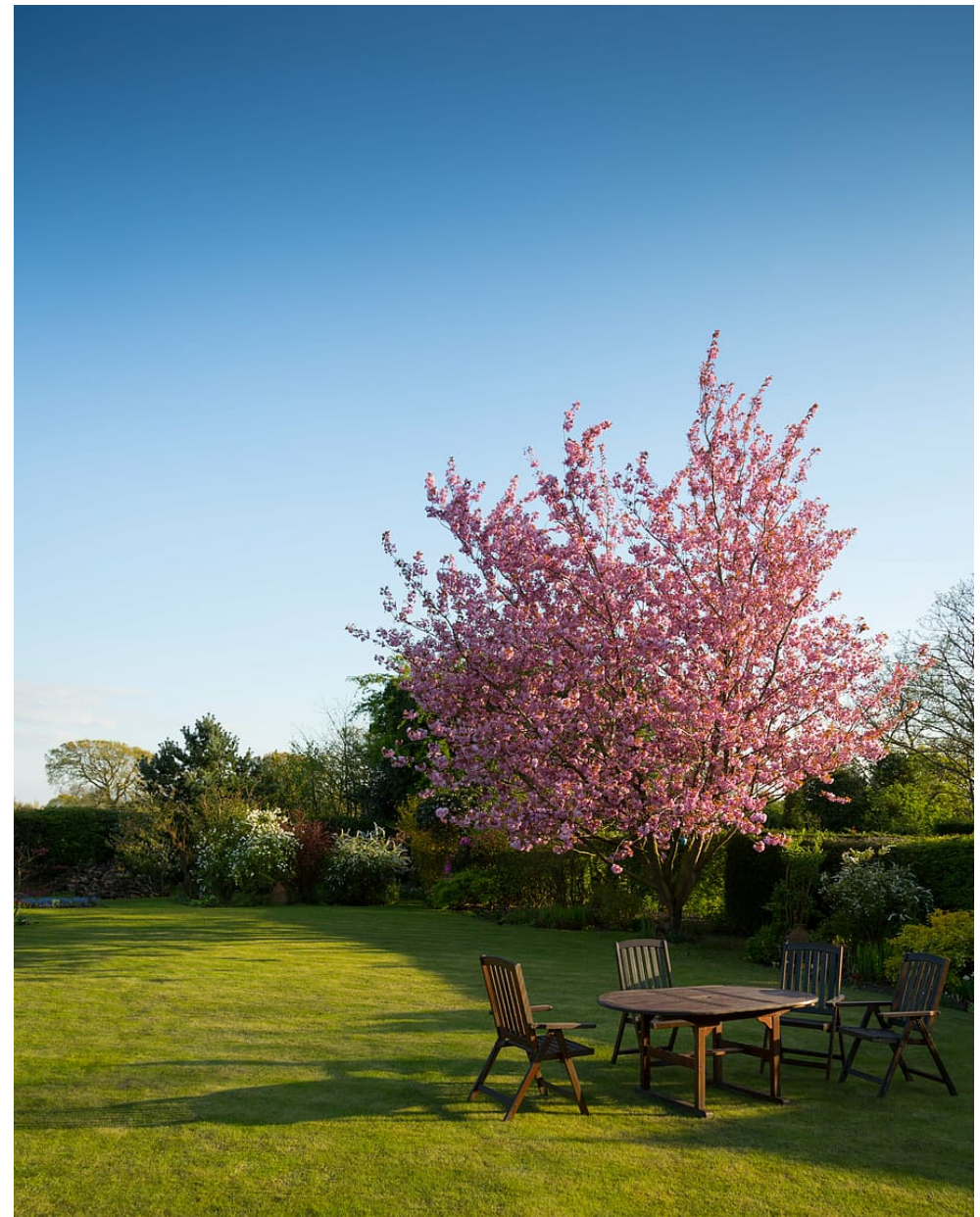
Jesus calls us to each other:
Vastly different though we are;
Race and colour, class and gender
Neither limit nor debar.
Join the hand of friend and stranger;
Join the hands of age and youth;
Join the faithful and the doubter
In their common search for truth.

Jesus calls us to his table
Rooted firm in time and space,
Where the church in earth and heaven
Finds a common meeting place.
Share the bread and wine, his body;
Share the love of which we sing;
Share the feast for saints and sinners
Hosted by our Lord and King.

The Cotteridge Church

Sunday 12th May

Easter 7



Bible Readings

Acts 1 15-17 21-26

Psalm 11

John 5 9-13

John 17 6-19

Collect

Risen, ascended Lord,
As we rejoice at your triumph,
Fill your Church on earth with power and
compassion,
That all who are estranged by sin
May find forgiveness and know your peace,
To the glory of God the Father.

I was reading recently about a lawyer named Ned from Australia. He had once visited Kenya, and while there he walked through one of the worst slums in the world, to a hut where three brothers lived. When he entered the hut he immediately found himself in the centre of a dozen or so children leaping into the air with joy at his presence. There was a contagious spirit in that rundown little hut, and soon Ned was jumping up and down with them. Then the kids started a sing-along, and they had a wonderful time together.

When it came time for Ned to leave, something happened that he says he will always remember. From the far side of the room he heard a quiet but clear voice. And what Ned heard was something like this: "We pray for the people of Australia, for Ned and his family."

The group of children suddenly became very quiet. Then they responded: "Jesus, remember them when You come into Your Kingdom." Ned couldn't believe it. In the middle of Africa, in the middle of the worst slum in the world, a group of slum kids, with reverence and earnestness, were holding up before God the people of Australia. The prayer hit him hard, and he thought to himself, "God, if Australia has any hope at all, it will be because of kids like this."

Stf 370 Edwin Hatch

1 Breathe on me, breath of God:
Fill me with life anew
That I may love as you have loved
And do as you would do.

2 Breathe on me, breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until my will is one with yours
To do and to endure.

3 Breathe on me, breath of God;
Fulfil my heart's desire,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with your heavenly fire

4 Breathe on me, breath of God;
So shall I never die,
But live with you the perfect life
Of your eternity

The Cotteridge Church

Pentecost May 19th

Whit Sunday



Bible Readings

Acts 2 1-21

Psalm 104 25-35 37

John 15 26-27 16 4b-15

Collect

Risen, ascended Lord,
As we rejoice at your triumph,
Fill your Church on earth with power and
compassion,
That all who are estranged by sin
May find forgiveness and know your peace,
To the glory of God the Father.

I was sitting on a beach one summer day, watching two children, a boy and a girl playing in the sand. They were hard at work, by the water's edge, building an elaborate sand castle with gates and towers and moats and internal passages. Just when they had nearly finished their project, a big wave came and knocked it down, reducing it to a heap of wet sand. I expected the children to burst into tears, devastated by what had happened to all their hard work. But they surprised me. Instead, they ran up the shore away from the water, laughing and holding hands and sat down to build another castle. I realized that they had taught me an important lesson. All the things in our lives, all our complicated structures we spend so much time and energy creating, are built on sand. Only our relationships with other people endure. Sooner or later, the wave will come along and knock down what we have worked so hard to build up. When that happens, only the person who has somebody's hand to hold will be able to laugh.

Stf 479 Henry Williams Baker

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

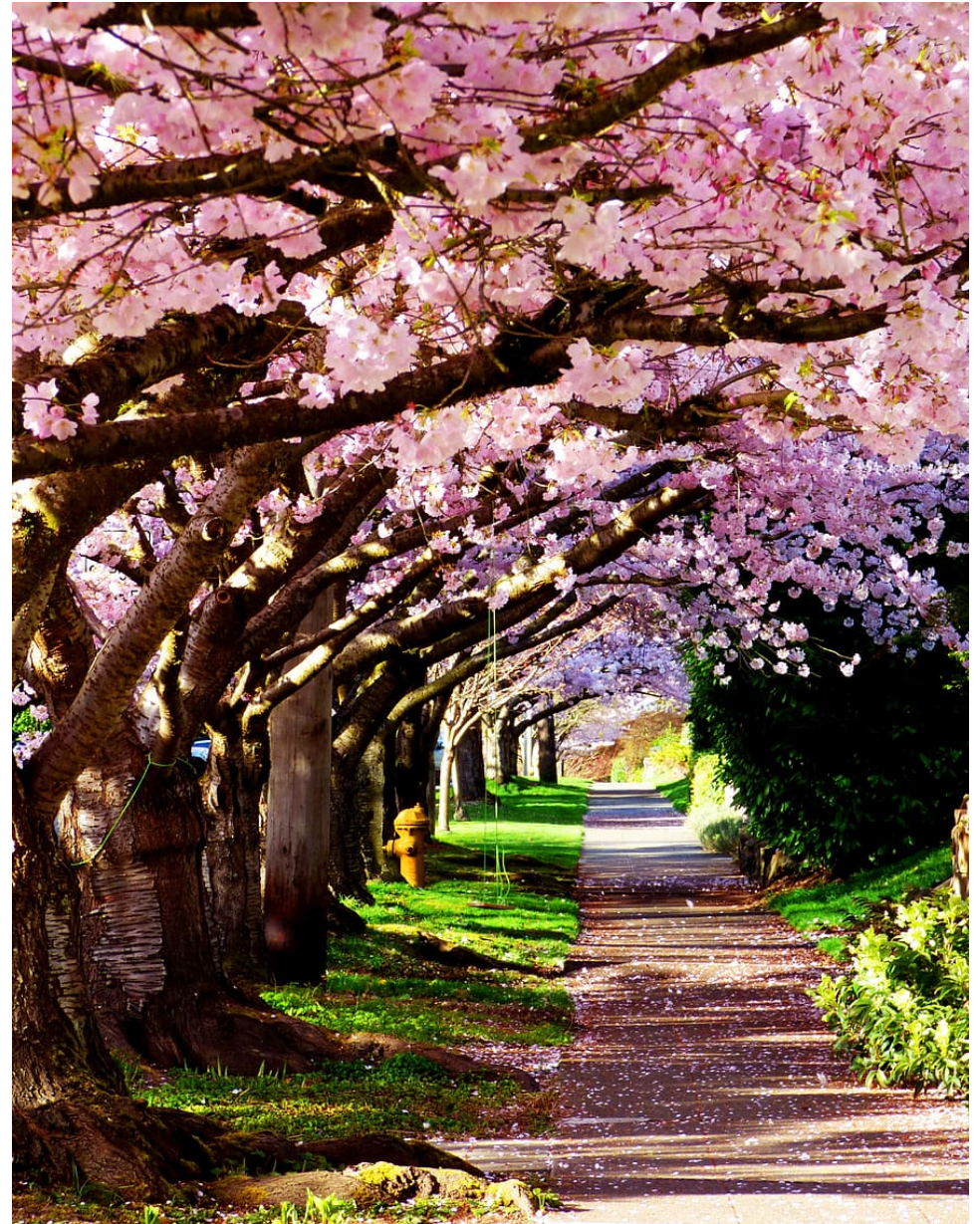
In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction, grace bestoweth:
And O what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.

The Cotteridge Church

Sunday 26th May Trinity



Bible Readings

Isaiah 6 1-8

Psalm 29

Romans 8 12-17

John 3 1-17

Collect

Holy God,

Faithful and unchanging:

Enlarge our minds with the knowledge of your truth,

And draw us more deeply into the mystery of your love,

That we may truly worship you,

Father, Son and Holy Spirit,

One God, now and for ever.

When St. Patrick, the missionary patron saint of Ireland, was asked by his friends to explain the Mystery of the Trinity he looked at the ground and saw shamrocks, a kind of clover, growing amid the grass at his feet. He picked one up with its trifoliate leaves and asked if it were one leaf or three. Patrick's friends couldn't answer – the shamrock leaf looked like one but it clearly had three parts. Patrick explained to them: "The mystery of the Holy Trinity – one God in Three Persons: the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit - is like this, but more complex and unintelligible." St. Cyril, the teacher of the Slavs, tried to explain the Mystery of the Trinity using the sun as an example, "God the Father is that blazing sun. God the Son is its light and God the Holy Spirit is its heat — but there is only one sun. So there are three persons in the Trinity but God is One and indivisible." St. John Maria Vianney explained the Trinity using lighted candles and roses on the altar and water in the cruets. "The flame has colour, warmth and shape. But these are expressions of one flame. Similarly the rose has colour, fragrance and shape. But these are expressions of one reality, namely, rose. Water, steam and ice are three distinct expressions of one reality. In the same way one God revealed Himself to us as Father, Son and the Holy Spirit."