

Sunday @ Seven – April 2023

Up and About.

Welcome

Let all creation give thanks to the Risen Lord.

Give thanks to the Risen Lord!

Filled with His praises, give thanks to the Risen Lord.

Give thanks to the Risen Lord!

He is our Shepherd, and we are His sheep.
Give thanks to the Risen Lord.

Give thanks to the Risen Lord!

Stepping out boldly, we claim resurrection.
Give thanks to the Risen Lord.

Give thanks to the Risen Lord!

See, what a morning, gloriously
bright,
with the dawning of hope in Jerusalem;
folded the grave-clothes, tomb filled with
light,
as the angels announce Christ is risen!
See God's salvation plan,
wrought in love, borne in pain, paid in
sacrifice,
fulfilled in Christ, the man,
for he lives: Christ is risen from the dead!

See, Mary weeping, 'Where is he laid?'
As in sorrow she turns from the empty
tomb;
hears a voice speaking, calling her name;
it's the Master, the Lord raised to life again!
The voice that spans the years,
speaking life, stirring hope, bringing peace to
us,
will sound till he
appears,
for he lives, Christ is risen from the dead!

One with the Father, Ancient of days,
through the Spirit who clothes faith with
certainty;
honour and blessing, glory and
praise
to the King crowned with pow'r and
authority!
And we are raised with him,
death is dead, love has won, Christ has
conquered;

and we shall reign with him,
for he lives, Christ is risen from the dead!

Opening prayer

**Lord, we pray that every day may be a
day of resurrection but especially at this
time of Easter.**

**Give us to taste again the frantic
eagerness of finding an empty tomb and
a Risen Lord.**

**Let us smell the freshness of a life richly
blessed;**

**and then in your grace give us the naïve
simplicity and loud energy to tell the
world of the greatness of the victory of
your love. Amen.**

You laid aside your
majesty,
gave up everything for me,
suffered at the
hands
of those you had created.
You took all my guilt and
shame,
when you died and rose again;
now today you
reign,
in heaven and earth exalted.

I really want to worship you, my Lord,
you have won my heart and I am yours
for ever and ever; I will love you.
You are the only one who died for me,
gave your life to set me free,
so I lift my voice to you in adoration.

Reading and meditation – Luke 24: 44-49 - He was back!

In the tomb so cold they laid him,
death its victim claimed.

Pow'rs of hell, they could not hold
him;
back to life he came!

*Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Death has been conquered! Death has been
conquered!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen! He shall reign
for ever.*

Hell had spent its fury on him,
left him crucified.
Yet, by blood, he boldly conquered,
sin and death defied.

Christ is risen.....

Now the fear of death is broken,
love has won the
crown.
Pris'ners of the darkness listen,
walls are tumbling down.

Christ is risen.....

Raised from death to heaven ascending,
love's exalted
King.
Let his song of joy
unending
through the nations ring.

Christ is risen.....

***Reading and meditation –
John 21: 15-19 – Three times he asked
me.***

Before the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea:
a great high priest, whose name is Love,
who ever lives and pleads for me.
My name is written on his hands,
my name is hidden in his heart;
I know that while in heaven he stands
no power can force me to depart,
no power can force me to depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair
and tells me of the guilt within,
upward I look, and see him there
who made an end of all my sin.
Because the sinless Saviour died,
my sinful soul is counted free;
for God, the just, is satisfied
to look on him and pardon me,
to look on him and pardon me.

Behold him there! The risen Lamb,
my perfect, sinless righteousness,
the great unchangeable I AM,
the King of glory and of grace!
One with my Lord I cannot die:
my soul is purchased by his blood,
my life is safe with Christ on high,
with Christ, my Saviour and my God,
with Christ, my Saviour and my God.

***Reading and meditation –
Matthew 28: 11-15 – They don't know
when they're beaten, do they?***

In Christ alone my hope is found,
He is my light, my strength, my song;
this corner stone, this solid
ground,
firm through the fiercest drought and storm.
What heights of love, what depths of
peace,
when fears are stilled, when strivings cease!
My comforter, my all in all,
here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone who took on flesh,
fullness of God in helpless babe!
This gift of love and
righteousness,
scorned by the ones he came to save
till on that cross as Jesus died,
the wrath of God was satisfied
- for every sin on him was laid;
here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground his body
lay,
light of the world by darkness slain
then bursting forth in glorious
day
up from the grave he rose again!
And as he stands in victory
sin's curse has lost its grip on me,
for I am his and he is mine
- bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death,
this is the power of Christ in me;
from life's first cry to final breath,
Jesus commands my destiny.
No power of hell, no scheme of man,
can ever pluck me from his
hand;
till he returns or calls me home,
here in the power of Christ I'll stand!

Let's talk about being Resurrection people.

*Jesus we celebrate your victory.
Jesus we revel in your love.
Jesus we rejoice you've set us free.
Jesus your death has brought us life.*

It was for freedom that Christ has set us free;
no longer to be subject to a yoke of
slavery.
So we're rejoicing in God's victory,
our hearts responding to his love.

Jesus we celebrate.....

His spirit in us releases us from fear,
and the way to him is open, with boldness we
draw near.
And in his presence our problems disappear,
our hearts responding to his love.

Jesus we celebrate.....

Space for our prayers

I cast my mind to Calvary
where Jesus bled and died for me.
I see his wounds, His hands, His feet.
My Saviour on that cursed tree.

His body bound and drenched in tears,
they laid Him down in Joseph's tomb.
The entrance sealed by heavy stone.
Messiah still and all alone.

*O praise the Name of the Lord our God.
O praise His Name for ever-more.
For endless days we will sing Your praise.
O Lord, O Lord our God.*

Then on the third at break of
dawn,
the Son of Heaven rose again.
O trampled death, where is your
sting?
The angels roar for Christ the King.

O praise the Name....

He shall return in robes of white,
the blazing sun shall pierce the night.
And I will rise among the saints,
my gaze transfixed on Jesus' face.

O praise the Name.....

Lord Jesus Christ,
just when it looked all over,
when the world had written you off
and even your disciples given you up,
you came back – defeat revealed as victory.
Teach us what that means for us today –
to recognise that it brings not only the
promise of eternal life,
but good news for life here and now.
Help us to understand that
whatever tragedies we may suffer,
whatever obstacles we may face,
whatever disappointments we may
experience, we can bounce back from them
with your help, for you are a God able to
transform even the darkest moments and
lead us through them into the light of your
love.

**Gladly, then, we put our hand in yours,
knowing that in life or death you will
never fail or forsake us.**

**To you be praise and glory, now and
always. Amen.**

All heaven
declares
the glory of the risen Lord.
Who can compare
with the beauty of the Lord?
Forever He will be
the Lamb upon the
throne.
I gladly bow the knee
and worship Him alone.

I will
proclaim
the glory of the risen Lord.
Who once was slain
to reconcile man to God.
Forever You will be
the Lamb upon the
throne.
I gladly bow the knee
and worship You alone.

**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 forever. Amen**

Have the last word...

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 hast lost its
sting.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast
won.*

No more we doubt Thee, glorious Prince of
life;
life is nought 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, risen, conquering Son,
endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast
won.*

We say the Grace together.

Next Sunday @ Seven

Power to the People!

We celebrate Pentecost and reflect on the image of the promised kingdom.

7pm on Sunday May 28th at the Barritt Room in St John with St Mark Hall.

CCLI No. 161467