

A Short Act of Worship Sunday 29 November

Alleluia, alleluia.

Prepare the way of the Lord, make his paths straight, and all flesh shall see the salvation of God.

Please take a few moments of quiet to reflect on the week that has passed and on what lies ahead.

In the tender mercy of our God, the dayspring from on high shall break upon us,
to give light to those who dwell in darkness and in the shadow of death,
and to guide our feet into the way of peace.

*Advent candles tell their story as we watch and pray, longing for the Day of glory,
'Come Lord, soon,' we say: Pain and sorrow, tears and sadness changed for gladness on that day.*

God's Word:

O that you would tear open the heavens and come down,
so that the mountains would quake at your presence—
as when fire kindles brushwood and the fire causes water to boil—
to make your name known to your adversaries, so that the nations might tremble at your presence!
When you did awesome deeds that we did not expect,
you came down, the mountains quaked at your presence.
From ages past no one has heard, no ear has perceived,
no eye has seen any God besides you, who works for those who wait for him.
You meet those who gladly do right, those who remember you in your ways.
But you were angry, and we sinned; because you hid yourself we transgressed.
We have all become like one who is unclean, and all our righteous deeds are like a filthy cloth.
We all fade like a leaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, take us away.
There is no one who calls on your name, or attempts to take hold of you;
for you have hidden your face from us, and have delivered us into the hand of our iniquity.
Yet, O Lord, you are our Father; we are the clay, and you are our potter;
we are all the work of your hand.
Do not be exceedingly angry, O Lord, and do not remember iniquity for ever.
Now consider, we are all your people.

(Isaiah 64: 1-9)

Take a few moments of silence to think about these words

You may like to spend a few minutes in silence, or slowly read (maybe sing) this hymn:

Wake, O wake! With tidings thrilling the watchmen all the air are filling, arise, Jerusalem, arise!
Midnight strikes! No more delaying, 'The hour has come!' we hear them saying,
'where are ye all, ye virgins wise? The Bridegroom comes in sight, raise high your torches bright!'
Alleluia! The wedding song swells loud and strong: go forth and join the festal throng.

Every soul in thee rejoices; from earth and from angelic voices be glory given to thee alone!
Now the gates of pearl receive us, thy presence never more shall leave us,
we stand with angels round thy throne. Earth cannot give below the bliss thou dost bestow. Alleluia!
Grant us to raise, to length of days, the triumph-chorus of thy praise.

