

A Short Act of Worship Sunday 6 December

A voice cries out in the wilderness, 'Make straight the way of the Lord.'
Let us listen, and turn to the Lord in penitence and faith.

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.

*Prophet voices loudly crying, making pathways clear; glimpsing glory, self-denying, calling all to hear.
Through their message, challenged, shaken, hearts awaken: God is near!*

God's Word:

Comfort, O comfort my people, says your God.

*Speak tenderly to Jerusalem, and cry to her that she has served her term,
that her penalty is paid, that she has received from the Lord's hand double for all her sins.*

*A voice cries out: 'In the wilderness prepare the way of the Lord,
make straight in the desert a highway for our God.*

*Every valley shall be lifted up, and every mountain and hill be made low;
the uneven ground shall become level, and the rough places a plain.*

*Then the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all people shall see it together,
for the mouth of the Lord has spoken.' A voice says, 'Cry out!' And I said, 'What shall I cry?'*

All people are grass, their constancy is like the flower of the field.

The grass withers, the flower fades, when the breath of the Lord blows upon it; surely the people are grass.

The grass withers, the flower fades; but the word of our God will stand for ever.

*Get you up to a high mountain, O Zion, herald of good tidings; lift up your voice with strength,
O Jerusalem, herald of good tidings, lift it up, do not fear; say to the cities of Judah, 'Here is your God!'*

*See, the Lord God comes with might, and his arm rules for him;
his reward is with him, and his recompense before him.*

*He will feed his flock like a shepherd; he will gather the lambs in his arms,
and carry them in his bosom, and gently lead the nursing ewes.*

(Isaiah 40: 1-11)

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:

O come, O come, Emmanuel, and ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here, until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save, and give them victory o'er the grave.

O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer our spirits by thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night, and death's dark shadows put to flight.

