

Welcome to
your Parish Church
in the Diocese of Birmingham



ALL SAINTS
KINGS HEATH

Radiance

Easter Day 2022

Holy Communion with Renewal of Baptism Vows

We gather

*If you are **worshipping at home**, have ready in an honoured place a portion of food and something to drink. It may be bread and wine or something else. Set your Bible alongside. Have a candle ready and the means to light it to hand. Also have a dish of water beside you.*

***In Church**, we gather quietly. When the music stops playing, we stand in silence.*

As on the first Easter morning, a woman breaks the silence:

On the first day of the week, at early dawn, the women who had come with Jesus from Galilee came to the tomb, taking the spices that they had prepared. They found the stone rolled away from the tomb, but when they went in, they did not find the body. While they were perplexed about this, suddenly two men in dazzling clothes stood beside them. The women were terrified and bowed their faces to the ground, but the men said to them, 'Why do you look for the living among the dead? He is not here, but has risen.

(from Luke 24)

If you worship at home, light your candle as you listen to the Introit.

INTROIT: [Earth, earth, awake](#)

Earth, earth, awake; your praises sing: *Alleluia!*
Greet with the dawn your risen King: *Alleluia!*
Bright suns and stars, your homage pay: *Alleluia!*
Life reigns again this Easter Day: *Alleluia!*

All nature sings of hope reborn: *Alleluia!*
Christ lives to comfort those who mourn: *Alleluia!*
First fruit of all the dead who sleep: *Alleluia!*
Promise of joy for all who weep: *Alleluia!*

Winter is past, the night is gone: *Alleluia!*
Christ's light, triumphant, pales the dawn: *Alleluia!*
Creation spreads its springtime bloom: *Alleluia!*
Life bursts like flame from death's cold tomb: *Alleluia!*

Praise we the Father, Spirit, Son: *Alleluia!*
Praise we the victory God has won: *Alleluia!*
Praise we the Lamb who reigns above: *Alleluia!*
Praise we the King whose rule is love: *Alleluia!*

(words: Herman G Stuempfle, Jr; music: Sally Ann Morris)

Priest: Christ yesterday, and today,

All: the beginning and the end,

Alpha and Omega, all time belongs to him, and all ages;

To Christ be glory and power through every age and for ever.

Amen.

HYMN, during which the singers enter, the paschal candle is brought in and placed on its stand. Light is taken from it and, just as the news spread that first Easter day, we watch it grow brighter as we light one another's candles.

[Jesus Christ is risen today](#)

1. Jesus Christ is risen today, *Alleluia!*
our triumphant holy day, *Alleluia!*
who did once, upon the cross, *Alleluia!*
suffer to redeem our loss. *Alleluia!*

2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, *Alleluia!*
unto Christ, our heavenly King, *Alleluia!*
who endured the cross and grave, *Alleluia!*
sinners to redeem and save. *Alleluia!*

3. But the pains that he endured, *Alleluia!*
our salvation have procured, *Alleluia!*
now above the sky he's King, *Alleluia!*
where the angels ever sing. *Alleluia!* (words: 'Lyrica Davidica' [1708 & others];

Priest: It is truly right that with full hearts, clear minds and strong voices we should praise the unseen God from whom we all draw life, and Jesus the anointed one, the human face of God's own goodness. In Christ the gap between us and God's deep mystery has been bridged. This is the day God swallows death, that door we once feared to approach; God absorbs its sting in God's own life, strips death of all power and renews our fainting hearts. Morning truly blessed, when heaven and earth are divided no more, women and men are reconciled with God and death gives way to life.

Priest: Alleluia! Christ is risen.
All: He is risen indeed. Alleluia!

THE GLORIA

Leaders: [Glory! Glory! Glory to God!](#)
Glory! Glory! Glory to God!
All: Glory! Glory! Glory to God!
Glory! Glory! Glory to God!

Glory to God in the heights of the heavens.
Peace to God's people, all people on earth. **Glory...**

Son of the Father, all glory and worship;
Praise and thanksgiving to you, Lamb of God. **Glory...**

You take away_ the sin of the world_
Have mercy on us, receive_ our prayer. **Glory...**

Seated in pow'r at the right of the Father,
Jesus alone is the Lord, the most high. **Glory...**

And with the Spirit of love everlasting,
Reigning in glory for ever. Amen. **Glory...**

George Salazar, tr Paul Inwood

We dwell on the Easter news

EASTER COLLECT

Lord of all life and power, who through the mighty resurrection of your Son overcame the old order of sin and death to make all things new in him: grant the we, being dead to sin and alive to you in Jesus Christ, may reign with him in glory; to whom with you and the Holy Spirit be praise and honour, glory and might, now and in all eternity. **Amen.**

We sit for the NEW TESTAMENT READING Acts 10:34-43

Then Peter began to speak to them: 'I truly understand that God shows no partiality, but in every nation anyone who fears him and does what is right is acceptable to him. You know the message he sent to the people of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ—he is Lord of all. That message spread throughout Judea, beginning in Galilee after the baptism that John announced: how God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Spirit and with power; how he went about doing good and healing all who were oppressed by the devil, for God was with him. We are witnesses to all that he did both in Judea and in Jerusalem. They put him to death by hanging him on a tree; but God raised him on the third day and allowed him to appear, not to all the people but to us who were chosen by God as witnesses, and who ate and drank with him after he rose from the dead. He commanded us to preach to the people and to testify that he is the one ordained by God as judge of the living and the dead. All the prophets testify about him that everyone who believes in him receives forgiveness of sins through his name.'

We stand for the HYMN (x2)

[Alleluia, alleluia, give thanks to the risen Lord](#)

*Alleluia, alleluia, give thanks to the risen Lord,
alleluia, alleluia, give praise to his name.*

1. Jesus is Lord of all the earth.
He is the King of creation.
2. Spread the good news o'er all the earth.
Jesus has died and is risen.
3. We have been crucified with Christ.
Now we shall live for ever.

4. God has proclaimed the just reward:
"Life for us all, alleluia!"

5. Come, let us praise the living God,
joyfully sing to our Saviour. *(words & music: Donald Fishel alt, arr Andrew Moore)*

We remain standing as THE GOSPEL READING continues:

The angel said: "Remember how he told you, while he was still in Galilee, that the Son of Man must be handed over to sinners, and be crucified, and on the third day rise again." Then they remembered his words, and returning from the tomb, they told all this to the eleven and to all the rest. Now it was Mary Magdalene, Joanna, Mary the mother of James, and the other women with them who told this to the apostles. But these words seemed to them an idle tale, and they did not believe them. But Peter got up and ran to the tomb; stooping and looking in, he saw the linen cloths by themselves; then he went home, amazed at what had happened.

SERMON (As we sit, we extinguish our candles)

Elena flung the jar of pickled tomatoes from the window. It was a shame, as they were her favourite, but they hit their mark and brought down the Russian drone that had flown, crow-like, over Kiev. What a hilarious little victory. What comedic defiance. A moment of relief amidst the horror. There's something about the word "pickle" that heightens the absurdity.

But you can't stop Russia's huge army with pickled tomatoes. The pathos is unbearable. Tanks are so hard. Missiles tear through the sky murderously. Putin is so relentlessly brutal. Pickled tomatoes with their gentle herbs cannot win. Can they?

Magdalene, Joanna, Mary and the others cannot beat the Roman Empire and golden robed Priests can they? All they bring is ointments, herbs and spices...which they have prepared...quietly at home while the city carried on its Passover party, and while the executioners went home with the dead preacher's clothes and washed off the smell of death before going for a drink or greeting their children. All the women did was pick out perfumes while the Governor got back to his administration of the beleaguered province and dropped a line to his new friend Herod. As the Priests said their public prayers over slaughtered lambs, all the women could do was wait for the painfully slow Sabbath to end before hurrying back to their dead Rabbi's grave.

But they did keep the Sabbath. Their faith is bigger than the institution that convicted their teacher. They did prepare beautiful things, lovingly made. In stark contrast to the bitter

glee of taking home a fine tunic won with dice while killing the wearer, with the radiant sorrow of the women carrying those ointments as they hurried to his grave, even though his death meant there was surely no rush. In their care there is a glow of such power that the world's greatest Empire cannot overcome it. It gives them an energy the men of power cannot match. It shimmers with a faith the intellectual priests cannot fathom.

Before they find the tomb empty, the women have a defiant radiance.

We have seen that radiance often in men and women and children whose dignity in grief is exquisite. We see it in the simple gestures on painful anniversaries. We see it when one comforts another with wisdom from the depths of their experience. We see it in the mother's poem at her child's funeral. We see it when people refuse to be defined by the cruelty someone else has inflicted on them. We see it whenever any lost or grieving soul puts one foot in front of the other. The women did not know that their preparation would be met with Jesus' resurrection. But that primeval human faith held the space in which Jesus could rise. They were preparing for his decay. In the new reality, their preparation was a preparation of their own hearts to receive unexpected good news. When our hearts are ready and open to receive, God can do astonishing things.

Like the crucified thief, offended by forgiveness, we may not immediately catch the women's joy. It may even annoy us. But still they shine. The women's words seemed an idle tale to the hardened men at first. We needn't criticise the men. Just as we accept death gradually, each in our own way, we must each apprehend good news at our own pace. But the news is, such radiant love as the women showed is not marginal. It is of Christ. It is embodied in the risen Christ. It is the life energy of the universe and it outshines cruelty.

That Passover Saturday, Peter could not have imagined he would, in a few weeks' time be standing in public shouting with joy that Jesus had risen from the dead, making his world look radiant with forgiveness, even forgiveness for the foreign power that killed him. But Peter was open hearted enough to be energised by the women's witness. He hurried, as they had. He *ran* to look and was amazed at the empty tomb. Any kind of eagerness after violent bereavement glows in defiance of brutality's blankness. Amazement shines opposite bleak vindictiveness. For it is only fear the Empire wants Jesus' friends to feel. It is humiliation the priests want them to feel.

We cannot see past the rubble of Mariupol just now. We cannot imagine new life springing up there. We cannot imagine the Ukrainian people being friends with Russia again. We cannot imagine. But their small acts of defiance are radiant, revealing the drabness of Putin's little world. He is judged and exposed by the colourful hilarity of the word pickle. Elena, and her comedian President, have a dignity he can never fathom. In solidarity, our small acts of tenderness, our little acts of defiance, our loving prayers, however meagre they may seem, are preparing our hearts for good news when it unexpectedly comes. We are holding the space for God to do something spectacular. If we doubt our instinctive reaching for beauty in the face of tragedy, tempted to dismiss it as foolish, let us look not far from Ukraine to the all-too recent conflict around Srebrenica.

In the late '90s we could not imagine Eastern Europe ever healing. That it is healing is not down to the hard people with weapons. It's possible only because of the radiant strength of people who know the uncanny power of herbs and songs and tenderness. Here to help us hold on to our Easter hope is a poem Nicola wrote when she visited there in 2018.

Branka

She works for "snaga zene", the power of women.
They grow lavender, mint, chamomile and thyme,
and turn them into herbal teas. The earth is a healer, she says,
and the herbs make money for the women too.

The work with survivors is complex, she tells us.
Layers of trauma are re-activated in every fresh
telling, trial, burial. The women can be decades in denial.
How can they speak of that for which there is no language?

The power of women is built slowly. Through touch –
though touch is dangerous and may set off the trauma.
Through music, which can do the same. Through story,
the sight and aroma of flowers and herbs.
Lost time can never be recovered. A lost child
can never be restored, lost innocence is banished
for ever. Yet it is possible to build something
out of the rubble of homesteads, the wreckage of lives.

In twenty years, she tells us, I have never
heard a woman speak of revenge. They simply
want answers. Yet the power of women
does not come through answers, but through witness.

She speaks of the enduring spirit of women,
with a radiant joy that contradicts the stories
she has heard. I look into her eyes and glimpse
earth's healing herbs sprouting, growing and thriving.

8.iv.18 Nicola Slee

Priest: Alleluia. Christ is risen.
All: He is risen indeed. Alleluia.

PRAYERS for the needs of the world, from Nicola Slee

'The earth is a healer', she says. Risen One, your radiance is all around us
in the blossoming earth; you come to us through story, through music,
through the sight and aroma of flowers and herbs - heal us through beauty
and inspire us to heal what may yet be saved.

Jesus, gentle saviour

In your mercy, hear us.

'How can we speak of that for which there is no language?' Risen One, there is so much of which we cannot speak in the pain and horror all around us, in the news and on our streets. Give us words to say what must be said and power to make them matter, and teach us silence when silence is the only possible language.

Jesus, gentle saviour

In your mercy, hear us.

'Lost time can never be recovered. A lost child can never be restored, lost innocence is banished for ever.' Risen One, be near to those who have lost homes, children, loved ones, innocence, hope. Teach us how to touch places of deepest pain in your loving Spirit and bring your comfort where we cannot.

Jesus, gentle saviour

In your mercy, hear us.

'Yet it is possible to build something out of the rubble of homesteads, the wreckage of lives'. Risen One, strengthen and encourage all who are building in the rubble and the wreckage, that ravaged lives and communities may be rebuilt and streets echo with the laughter of children once again.

Jesus, gentle saviour

In your mercy, hear us.

'In twenty years, she tells us, I have never heard a woman speak of revenge'. Risen One, through the power of women and of children and of gentle men, confront and disarm all who seek revenge through violence and bloodshed. Turn swords into ploughshares and weapons into pruning hooks, that creation may bring forth the harvest of justice and truth.

Jesus, gentle saviour

In your mercy, hear us.

'She speaks of the enduring spirit of women, with a radiant joy that contradicts the stories she has heard.' Risen One, even as we hear stories which make us weep and rage, plant your radiant joy in our hearts, that we may share it with others and join in the canticle of all creation, mixing our voices with the music of heaven.

Jesus, gentle saviour

In your mercy, hear us.

Ending: Merciful God,
Accept our prayers and be with us always. Amen.

We turn to face the font as a procession leads there as we sing:

The Lord is my song; the Lord is my praise:
All my hope comes from God.
The Lord is my song, the Lord is my praise:
God the well-spring of life.

(Taize)

Water is taken from the Font

We renew our Baptism Vows

Do you repent of the sins that separate us from God and neighbour?
I repent of them.

Do you turn to Christ as Saviour?
I turn to Christ.

Do you submit to Christ as Lord?
I submit to Christ.

Do you come to Christ, the way, the truth and the life?
I come to Christ.

We celebrate the poetry of faith

Deacon: Brothers and sisters this joyful Easter Day I invite you to profess together the faith of the Church. Do you believe and trust in God the Father?

**All: I believe in God, the Father almighty,
creator of heaven and earth.**

Do you believe and trust in his Son, Jesus Christ?
**I believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord,
who was conceived by the Holy Spirit,
born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified, died and was buried;
he descended to the dead.
On the third day he rose again;
he ascended into heaven,
he is seated at the right hand of the Father,
and he will come to judge the living and the dead.**

Do you believe and trust in the Holy Spirit?

**I believe in the Holy Spirit, the holy catholic Church,
the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins,
the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.**

At home, dip you fingers in the water and make the sign of the cross on your forehead and say this prayer, saying "me". If there is more than one of you, you could make the sign of the cross on each other and say the prayer for each other.

In Church, David kneels before a member of the congregation who says:

May the God of love and power
who raised Jesus from the dead,
forgive you and free you from your sins,
heal and strengthen you by his Spirit,
and raise you to new life in Christ our Lord.

Amen.

and sprinkles him with water, reminding him of his baptism.

David then declares forgiveness for all and, following the cross back to the altar, sprinkles the congregation as we sing again:

The Lord is my song; the Lord is my praise:
All my hope comes from God.
The Lord is my song, the Lord is my praise:
God the well-spring of life.

(Taize)

THE PEACE

Deacon: The risen lord came and stood among his disciples and said "peace be with you," and they were glad when they saw the Lord. The peace of the Lord be always with you. We say to one another, to those worshipping at home, to Kings Heath, to the whole world:

All: the peace of the risen Lord be always with you.

We pick up the SONG and join in as the table is prepared.

There's no one, there's no one like Jesus
There's no one, there's no one like him
There's no one, there's no one like Jesus
There's no one, there's no one like him

I've run around everywhere

I've turned around everywhere
I've searched around everywhere
There's no one, there's no one like him

Akekho ofana noJesu
Akekho ofana naye
Akekho ofana noJesu
Akekho ofana naye

Sahamba hamba, akekho
Sajika jika, akekho
Safuna safuna, akekho
Akekho ofana naye x2

Hakuna wakaita saJesu
Hakuna wakaita saye
Hakuna wakaita saJesu
Haku, hakuna

Ndamhanya mhanya kwese kwese
Ndatenderera kwese kwese
Ndatsvaga tsvaga kwese kwese
Haku hakunax2

There's no one, there's no one like Jesus
There's no one, there's no one like him
There's no one, there's no one like Jesus
There's no one, there's no one like him

I've run around everywhere
I've turned around everywhere
I've searched around everywhere
There's no one, there's no one like him (from Zimbabwe)

Taking bread and wine, the Priest says:

Be present, be present, Lord Jesus Christ, our risen high priest,

All: Make yourself known in the breaking of bread.

We tell the story of God's faithfulness

Priest: The Lord is here.

All: God's Spirit is with us.

Lift up your hearts.

All: We lift them to the Lord.

Let us give thanks to the Lord our God.

All: It is right to give thanks and praise.

Thanks and praise fill our hearts, almighty God, for you are the Lord of creation and new creation, of covenant and new covenant. You brought your people out of slavery to freedom in the promised Land, and you brought your Son from the depths of death to the glory of resurrection life. And so we gladly thank you, with your people on earth and all the company of heaven, singing the hymn of your unending praise:

(repeat after cantor)

All: Holy, holy, holy Lord.

**God of power and God of might,
heaven and earth are full of your glory.**

Hosanna in the highest.

**Blessed is he who comes
in the name of the Lord most high.**

Hosanna (x2)

Hosanna in the highest.

Joy and gladness are our song, redeeming God, for in your conquest of death we see the destiny of every hope in you. Come among us in the power of your Holy Spirit, that your children may be blessed with power and grace, and that this bread and cup may become for us the body and blood of your Son Jesus Christ. Who, at supper with his disciples, took bread, gave you thanks, broke the bread and gave it to them, saying

"Take, eat: this is my body which is given for you; do this in remembrance of me."

A bell is rung

After supper he took the cup. Again he gave you thanks, and gave it to his disciples, saying, "Drink this, all of you: this is my blood of the new covenant, which is shed for you and for many for the forgiveness of sins. Do this as often as you drink it in remembrance of me."

A bell is rung

Deacon: Great is the mystery of faith:

All: Christ has died,

Christ is risen

Christ will come again.

Hope and glory are our breath, merciful God, for you have rolled away the stone of despair, the stone of oppression, the stone of lament, the stone of grief, the stone of death, the stone of sin, the stone of fear. Come and stand among us and breathe on us your peace, breathe on us your power, breathe on us your eternal life, that all who labour, all who stumble, all who hunger and all who fall shall meet you in the breaking of bread and be lifted up by your touch. Shape your church to be your risen body; make our scars beautiful like your scars, make our lives life-giving like your life, and make our communion holy with your Mary, Joanna, Mary Magdalen, Peter and all the saints, until you come again in glory and we eat with you in your kingdom, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, ever one God. **Amen.**

Deacon: Rejoicing in God's new creation, as our Saviour taught us, so we pray:

**All: 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
and 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 for ever. Amen.**

We break and share the Bread

Priest: We break this bread to share in the body of Christ.

**All: Though we are many, we are one body,
because we all share in one bread.**

Draw near with faith. Receive the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which he gave for you. Eat in remembrance that he died and now lives for you and feed on him in your hearts by faith with thanksgiving.

**Most merciful Lord, your love compels us to come in.
Our hands were unclean, our hearts were unprepared;
we were not fit even to eat the crumbs from under your table.
But you, Lord, are the God of our salvation
and share your bread with sinners.
So cleanse and feed us with the precious body and blood of
your Son, so that he may live in us and we in him;
and that we, with the whole company of Christ,
may sit and eat in your kingdom. Amen.**

The AGNUS DEI is sung

Jesus, Lamb of God, have mercy on us.

Jesus, bearer of our sins, have mercy on us.

Jesus, Redeemer of the world, give us your peace.

We make our way in turn to receive communion, Christians of every denomination are welcome to share the bread and wine. If you prefer not to receive, you are welcome to come forward for a prayer of blessing if you wish.

1. [Now the green blade riseth](#) from the buried grain,
wheat that in the dark earth many days has lain;
Love lives again, that with the dead has been:
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

2. In the grave they laid him, Love by hatred slain,
thinking that never he would wake again,
laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

3. Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,
he that for three days in the grave had lain;
quick from the dead, my risen Lord is seen:
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

4. When our hearts are wintry, grieving or in pain,
thy touch can call us back to life again;
fields of our hearts, that dead and bare have been:
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

(words: John Macleod Campbell Crum alt; music: Traditional French melody, arr Christopher Tambling)

ANTHEM

1. Jesus is risen, alleluia!
Worship and praise him, alleluia!
Now our redeemer bursts from the grave;
lost to the tomb, Christ rises to save.
*Come, let us worship him, endlessly sing;
Christ is alive and death loses its sting.
Sins are forgiven, alleluia!
Jesus is risen, alleluia!*

2. Buried for three days, destined for death,
now he returns to breathe with our breath.
Blest are the ears alert to his voice,
blest are the hearts which for him rejoice.

3. "Don't be afraid!" the angel had said.
"Why seek the living here with the dead?
Look, where he lay, his body is gone,
risen and vibrant, warm with the sun."

4. "Go and tell others, Christ is alive."
Love is eternal, faith and hope thrive.
What God intended, Jesus fulfilled;
what God conceives can never be killed.

5. Let heaven echo, let the earth sing:
Jesus is saviour of everything,
all those who trust him, Christ will receive;
therefore rejoice, obey and believe!

*(words: Bernard Kyamanywa, English version by John L Bell;
music: Tanzanian melody, arr John L Bell & David Iliff)*

After Communion we pray:

Priest: Jesus Christ, we have done as you commanded and remembered you in bread and wine so you have re-joined us with one another and with you. As we have shared these goods in common, open our hearts and hands to share all your gifts, especially the gift of forgiveness, for which the world still hungers. **Amen.**

**All: Father of all,
we give you thanks and praise
that when we were still far off,
you met us in your Son and brought us home.
Dying and living he declared your love,
gave us grace, and opened the gate of glory.
May we who share Christ's body live his risen life;
we who drink this cup bring life to others;
we whom the spirit lights give light to the world.
Keep us firm in the hope you have set before us,
so we and all your children shall be free
and the whole earth live to praise your name. Amen.**

We are sent out

FINAL HYMN [Thine be the glory](#)

1. Thine be the glory, risen, conqu'ring 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, conqu'ring Son,
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.*

2. 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 hath lost its sting.

3. No more we doubt thee, glorious prince of life!
Life is naught without thee: aid us in our strife.
Make us more than conqu'rors through thy deathless love.
Bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.

*(words: 'À toi la gloire' by Edmund Louis Budry, trans Richard Birch Hoyle;
music: George Frideric Handel)*

The Priest says to the congregation:

God, by whose glory Christ was raised from the dead, strengthen you to walk with him in his risen life, and the blessing of God almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, be among you and remain with you this Eastertide and always. **Amen.**

Deacon: With the power that raised Jesus from the dead at work within you, go in the peace of Christ. Alleluia! Alleluia!

All: Thanks be to God. Alleluia! Alleluia!

* * * * *

Thank you to all who have prepared liturgy, printing, readings, music, prayers and flowers for Easter.

Next Sunday our Annual Meeting follows the morning service.

* * * * *

Copyright material (some adapted) is included from *Common Worship: Services and Prayers for the Church of England*; © The Archbishops' Council 2000.

Eucharistic Prayer from *Joining the Angels' Song*, Samuel Wells and Abigail Kocher, Canterbury Press 2016
Hymns and Songs printed under CCL Licence No. 116429

