

Trinity 7 Congregational Sheet

Introit

Welcome and Introduction

Hymn

**We are marching in the light of God;
We are marching in the light of God.
We are marching in the light of God;
We are marching in the light of God.
We are marching: we are marching, Oh!
We are marching in the light of God
We are marching: we are marching, Oh!
We are marching in the light of God.**

We are living in the love of God...

We are moving in the power of God...

We are marching in the light of God...

Confession, Absolution and Collect.

Matt He who did not withhold his own Son, but gave him up for all of us, will he not with him also give us everything else? Who will bring any charge against God's elect? It is God who justifies. Who is to condemn?

Let us confess our sins to Almighty God:

All God our Father,
long-suffering, full of grace and truth,
you create us from nothing and give us life.
You give your faithful people new life in the water of baptism.
You do not turn your face from us, nor cast us aside.
We confess that we have sinned against you and our neighbour.
We have wounded your love and marred your image in us.
Restore us for the sake of your Son,
and bring us to heavenly joy, in Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Absolution

Collect for the Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

First Reading:

Romans 8. 26-39.

Song

**Give thanks with a grateful heart:
Give thanks to the Holy One.
Give thanks because He's given Jesus Christ, His Son.**

**Give thanks with a grateful heart:
Give thanks to the Holy One.
Give thanks because He's given Jesus Christ, His Son.**

**And now let the weak say, "I am strong"
Let the poor say, "I am rich
Because of what the Lord has done for us."**

Last time only: Give thanks.

Second Reading:

Matthew 13. 31-33, 44-52.

Read in Welsh by John.

He put before them another parable: 'The kingdom of heaven is like a mustard seed that someone took and sowed in his field; it is the smallest of all the seeds, but when it has grown it is the greatest of shrubs and becomes a tree, so that the birds of the air come and make nests in its branches.'

He told them another parable: 'The kingdom of heaven is like yeast that a woman took and mixed in with three measures of flour until all of it was leavened.'

'The kingdom of heaven is like treasure hidden in a field, which someone found and hid; then in his joy he goes and sells all that he has and buys that field. 'Again, the kingdom of heaven is like a merchant in search of fine pearls; on finding one pearl of great value, he went and sold all that he had and bought it.

'Again, the kingdom of heaven is like a net that was thrown into the sea and caught fish of every kind; when it was full, they drew it ashore, sat down, and put the good into baskets but threw out the bad. So it will be at the end of the age. The angels will come out and separate the evil from the righteous and throw them into the furnace of fire, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. 'Have you understood all this?' They answered, 'Yes.' And he said to them, 'Therefore every scribe who has been trained for the kingdom of heaven is like the master of a household who brings out of his treasure what is new and what is old.'

The Address

Hymn

**Nid wy'n gofyn bywyd moethus, aur y byd na'i berlau mân:
Gofyn wyf am galon hapus, calon onest, calon lân.
Calon lân yn llawn daioni, tecach yw na'r lili dlos:
Dim ond calon lân all ganu, canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos.**

**Pe dymunwn olud bydol, chwim adenydd iddo sydd,
Golud calon lân, rinweddol, yn dwyn bythol elw fydd...**

**Hwyr a bore fy nymuniad sgyn ar adenydd cân,
Ar i Dduw, er mwyn fy Ngheidwad, roddi i mi galon lân...**

Lord's Prayer and Intercessions

Hymn

**He who would valiant be 'gainst all disaster,
let him in constancy follow the Master.
There's no discouragement shall make him once relent
his first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.**

**Whoso beset him round with dismal stories,
do but themselves confound - his strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might, though he with giants fight;
he will make good his right to be a pilgrim.**

**Since, Lord, Thou dost defend us with Thy Spirit
we know we at the end shall life inherit.
Then, fancies, flee away! I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day to be a pilgrim.**

Blessing

On the bright side

Another short poem by the inimitable Les Barker.
Again a reminder that Les's many wonderful works are available at:
<http://shop.mrsackroyd.com/cd.html>