

AYR ST COLUMBA CHURCH
Sunday 7 February 2021



Resurrection

God's promise of resurrection
is written not only in books
but in every springtime leaf.

Martin Luther
(1483 – 1546)

Organ Voluntary

The Bible, God's Word for life, is placed in the pulpit by the Beadle.

Welcome & Announcements

Preparatory Silence

Call to Worship

Hymn 127 **O worship the King, all glorious above** (*t Hanover*)

O worship the King, all glorious above;
O gratefully sing his power and his love;
our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days,
pavilioned in splendour and girded with praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
his chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
and dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old;
hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
and round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
it streams from the hills; it descends to the plain,
and sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust and feeble as frail,
in thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
our maker, defender, redeemer, and friend!

O measureless might, ineffable love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
the humbler creation, in lowlier ways,
with true adoration shall sing to thy praise.

Robert Grant (1779-1838) (alt.)
from Psalm 104

Call to Prayer

Prayers of Adoration, Confession, Absolution and Supplication

Lesson St Mark 1: 29 - 39

Hymn 552 **Oh, for a closer walk with God** *(t Martyrdom)*

Oh, for a closer walk with God,
a calm and heavenly frame,
a light to shine upon the road
that leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
when first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
the world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove! return,
sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
and drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
whate'er that idol be,
help me to tear it from thy throne,
and worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
calm and serene my frame;
so purer light shall mark the road
that leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper (1731-1800)

Reflection

Solo

Prayers of Thanksgiving, Intercession, Commemoration of the Faithful
Departed and The Lord's Prayer

Hymn 718 **We cannot measure how you heal** *(t The Banks o' Doon)*

We cannot measure how you heal
or answer every sufferer's prayer,
yet we believe your grace responds
where faith and doubt unite to care.
Your hands, though bloodied on the cross,
survive to hold and heal and warn,
to carry all through death to life
and cradle children yet unborn.

The pain that will not go away,
the guilt that clings from things long past,
the fear of what the future holds,
are present as if meant to last.
But present too is love which tends
the hurt we never hoped to find,
the private agonies inside,
the memories that haunt the mind.

So some have come who need your help
and some have come to make amends
as hands which shaped and saved the world
are present in the touch of friends.
Lord, let your Spirit meet us here
to mend the body, mind, and soul,
to disentangle peace from pain
and make your broken people whole.

John L. Bell (b.1949) and Graham Maule (1958- 2019)

BENEDICTION

Closing Voluntary

