

Church of Scotland
AYR ST COLUMBA CHURCH

Sunday 18 April 2021



Nuclear

It is not that he can't speak;
who created languages
but God? Nor that he won't;
to say that is to imply
malice. It is just that
he doesn't, or does so at times
when we are not listening, in
ways we have yet to recognise

as speech. We call him the dumb
God with an effrontery beyond
pardon. Whose silence so eloquent
as his? What word so explosive
as that one Palestinian
word with the endlessness of its fall-out?

*R S Thomas (poet and priest)
1913 - 2000*

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 413

The day of resurrection!

(t Ellacombe)

The day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
the passover of gladness,
the passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
from sin's dominion free,
our Christ has brought us over
with hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
that we may see aright
the Lord in rays eternal
of resurrection light;
and, listening to his accents,
may hear, so calm and plain,
his own 'All hail!' and, hearing,
may raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful
and earth her song begin,
the round world keep high triumph
and all that is therein;
let all things seen and unseen
their notes of gladness blend,
for Christ the Lord has risen,
our Joy that has no end.

*St John of Damascus (c.675-c.750)
translated John Mason Neale (1818-1866) (alt.)*

Call to Prayer

Prayers of Adoration, Confession, Absolution and Supplication

Lesson St Luke 24: 36b - 48

Hymn 32 As pants the hart for cooling streams (t *Martyrdom*)
(*Psalm 42*)

As pants the hart for cooling streams
in parched and barren ways,
so longs my soul for you, O God,
and your refreshing grace.

For you my God, the living God,
my thirsting soul will pine:
oh, when shall I behold your face,
your majesty divine?

God of my strength, my tears have been
by day and night my food;
the mockers taunt continually
and say: 'Where is your God?'

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and you shall sing
the praise of him who is your God,
your health's eternal spring.

*Nahum Tate (1652-1715) (alt.)
and Nicholas Brady (1659-1726)*

Reflection

Solo 10am The Lord is risen indeed

Organ 11.15am Adagio W. A. Mozart (1756-91)

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

Hymn 412 The strife is o'er, the battle done (t *Vulpius*)

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
now is the Victor's triumph won;
now be the song of praise begun,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst,
but Christ their legions has dispersed;
let shouts of holy joy outburst,

The three sad days have quickly sped;
he rises glorious from the dead;
all glory to our risen Head!

He broke the bonds of death and hell;
the bars from heaven's gateway fell;
let hymns of praise his triumph tell.

Lord, by the painful wounds you bore,
death lost its sting for evermore;
living in you, our praises soar.

*Latin, 17th century
translated Francis Pott (1832-1909) (alt.)*

BENEDICTION

Closing Voluntary Trumpet Tune John Stanley (1712-86)