

the Well at St Bríde's

Migrations - Sunday 11th October 2015



Opening Prayer

Bountiful God,
seedtime has ripened into harvest,
your earth has yielded fruits.
Winter's cleansing cold
gave way to spring's gentle warmth,
and now summer's full sun
has offered us autumn gifts.

Giver of all, we come to worship you.

Thank you for the landscape of many deepening hues,
the migration of bird flocks.

Lord of the leaves and the land,
open the gate to plenty, to ripening fruit and grain,
to the maturing of wisdom.

Ray Simpson

Candles are lit during a time of stillness and awareness of God's presence.

Migrations – Birds

Autumn, a season for
migrating birds to visit our shores.
They stay for the winter,
or stop off on their journey south,
to warmer lands.

A sense of joy lifts me heavenwards,
as I see and hear the geese fly by.
I do not know where they come from,
nor where they are going,
but I know I am blessed by the wild goose,
the Celtic symbol of the Holy Spirit.

Helen Randall

Scripture Reading

“The wind blows where it chooses, and you hear the sound of it, but you do not know where it comes from or where it goes. So it is with those born of the Spirit”

John 3:8

In the early centuries of the Celtic Mission the wild geese would have appeared and disappeared without our modern knowledge of the breeding grounds and their flight paths.

I respond to the opportunism, the wildness, the freedom of the spirit of these Celts.

Russ Parker

A time of silent reflection

Prayer

Great Spirit, Wild Goose of the Almighty
be my eye in the dark places;
be my fight in the trapped places;
be my host in the wild places;
be my brood in the barren places;
be my formation in the lost places.

Ray Simpson

Migrations – Humans

Don't call me a stranger:

I need to communicate especially when language is not understood.

Don't call me a stranger:

I need to be together, especially when loneliness cools my heart.

Don't call me a stranger:

I need to feel at home, especially when mine is very far away from yours.

Don't call me a stranger:

I need a family, because mine I've left to work for yours.

Don't call me a stranger:

the soil we step on is the same, but mine is not 'the promised land.'

Don't call me a stranger:

the colour of my passport is different, but the colour of our blood is the same.

Don't call me a stranger:

the language I speak sounds different, but the feelings it expresses are the same.

Don't call me a stranger:

I toil and struggle in your land, and the sweat of our brows is the same.

Don't call me a stranger:

borders we created them, and the separation that results is the same.

Don't call me a stranger:

I am just your friend, but you do not know me yet.

Don't call me a stranger:

we cry for justice and peace in different ways, but our God is the same.

Don't call me a stranger:

yes! I am a migrant but our God is the same.

WCC – 'A Moment to Choose'



Scripture Reading

Then the king will say to those at his right hand, "Come, you that are blessed by my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me, I was naked and you gave me clothing, I was sick and you took care of me, I was in prison and you visited me." Then the righteous will answer him, "Lord, when was it that we saw you hungry and gave you food, or thirsty and gave you something to drink? And when was it that we saw you a stranger and welcomed you, or naked and gave you clothing? And when was it that we saw you sick or in prison and visited you?" And the king will answer them, "Truly I tell you, just as you did it to one of the least of these who are members of my family, you did it to me."

Matthew 25: 34-40

A time to read stories and articles, followed by a shared reflection.

Closing Prayer

From our lack of care for those who are in exile – the refugee, the migrant and the asylum seeker:

Save us, O Lord.

From our prejudice and ignorance towards those who are different – the stranger, the alien and the foreigner:

Save us, O Lord.

From our failure to see the face of Christ in those we meet, and to welcome them in the name of Christ:

Save us, O Lord.

To those who bear the scars of hatred and violence, and who long for peace and healing:

Send us, O Lord.

To those who are lost and alone in an unknown land, and who need the hand of friendship and the gift of hospitality:

Send us, O Lord.

To those who cry out for a hope and a future, and who search for a place they can call home:

Send us, O Lord.

Amen.

Baptists Together – 'What we can do to be ... Welcoming the Stranger'