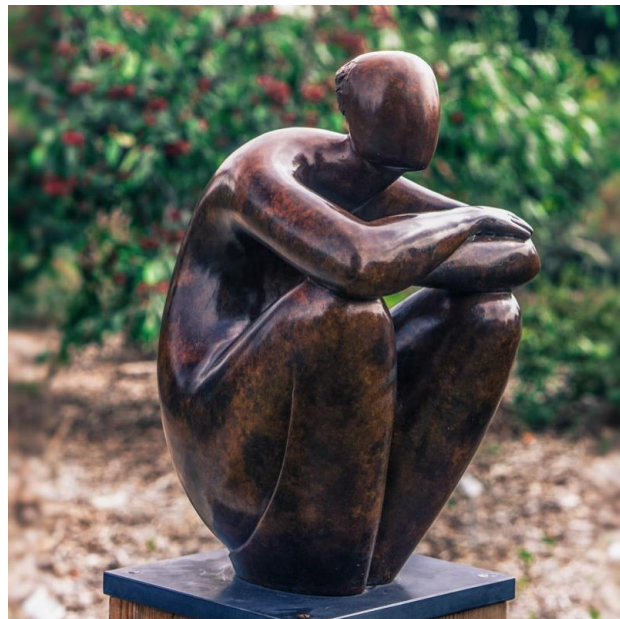




WESLEY WELLINGTON
75 Taranaki Street
www.wesleychurch.org.nz

Sunday 19th June 2022
Disability Sunday

Haere mai ki tēnei Whare Karakia
Welcome to this House of Prayer



**We are a multi-racial Christian community:
Methodist in affiliation – Ecumenical in intention
Diverse in theology – Inclusive in outreach.**

**Kia ora koutou katoa — Talofa Lava
Malo e lelei — Bula Vinaka Greetings to you all!**

Order of Service
10am Congregation
Wesley Methodist Church 75 Taranaki Street
19th June 2022

Leader: **Rev Nicola Teague Grundy**
Organ: **Vivienne Chiu**

Welcome and Safety briefing

Gathering

Lighting the candle

Light the candle

We light this flame as a symbol of the creativity of our faith:
The creativity to explore new avenues of insight;
The creativity to develop a caring community;
The creativity to envision a world of peace and freedom.

Call to Worship

With the faithful, as well as the foolish;
with the voiceless, and those who talk too much:
we gather to praise our God.

With those who find it easy to follow,
with those who stumble along the Way:
**we rejoice in Jesus, who makes us whole,
and calls us sisters and brothers.**

With all who are heirs to the promises of grace,
with all who share hope with others:
**we give thanks to the Spirit of peace,
who cradles us in the arms of hope.**

Hymn: Praises Singing (*tune 'Praise My Soul'*)

Praise, my soul, the wondrous beauty
to discover everywhere:
painted sunset, morning glory,
cooling rain, and breezes fair.

Praises singing, praises bringing,
for the wonder that we share.

Praise, my soul, the sense of myst'ry,
knowledge we have yet to find,
much awaiting our discovery,
life's details of every kind.

Praises singing, praises bringing,
for the questing, searching mind.

Praise, my soul, the deep compassion
freely offered, freely giv'n,
care that reaches past the barriers,
care that takes the stranger in.

Praises singing, our lives bringing,
joined with all we share a part.

Praise, my soul, the sense of justice,
seeing others equally,
full respect for rights and honour,
full respect for dignity.

Praises singing, our lives bringing,
t'wards a whole humanity.

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Prayer of Approach

We are looking for you, God
Sometimes we look for you in the rushing wind
The tempest that takes hold of us
The storm that rages around us,
But you are not there.

Sometimes we look for you in the earthquake
In the thundering upheaval
In the turmoil of moving places
But you are not there
And sometimes we look for you in the fire
In the burning brightness
Crackling and sparkling
But you are not there.

We seek you, God
In the spectacular
In displays of power and glory
We long for your help
As we stand in the doorway of our caves
Sheltering from the demanding, critical world
Caught between our fears and our faith
Remembering our failures, our regrets, our loss.

We are looking for you but we do not find you
We are seeking forgiveness
We seek forgiveness
If it is possible
If it may be possible – even for us
And then worn out by our hopelessness in the stillness
And in quietness
And in silence
We begin to feel your presence
And hear your voice
Within us and around us
Calling us
Out of turmoil into peace
Out of fear and into freedom
Calling us to step out of the darkness and into the light
For the world and all within it belong to you
And you are with us always
Within and without.
Amen.

Story Time

Hymn **How much am I worth? [HioS 63]**

How much am I worth? What's the value in me?
Do I count if I stand or I fall?
If I'm weak or I'm strong, if I win or I lose,
Am I someone, or no one at all?

*I am worth everything, everything, everything,
I am worth everything in the eyes of God;
You are worth everything, everything, everything,
We are worth everything in the eyes of God*

I am that bird that dropped to the ground,
the tiniest bird of them all,
and nobody knew, and nobody cared,
but our Father, who cares for us all.

I am that stone that fell from a ring
that was precious beyond all compare;
and they hunted the house, till they cried out with joy,
When they saw it, still gleaming down there.

I am that child who felt lost and afraid,
when she saw just how far she had roamed.
but they scoured the hills till they found her again,
and rejoicing, they brought her safe home.

How much am I worth? Do I matter at all?
When I'm thinking it through I may see
That I'm worth all the love of the Son of God,
Who laid down his life just for me.

© Colin Gibson

Ministry of the Word

Psalm 42 [The Message]

A white-tailed deer drinks
from the creek;
I want to drink God,
deep drafts of God.
I'm thirsty for God-alive.
I wonder, "Will I ever make it—
arrive and drink in God's presence?"
I'm on a diet of tears—
tears for breakfast, tears for supper.
All day long
people knock at my door,
Pestering,
"Where is this God of yours?"
These are the things I go over and over,
emptying out the pockets of my life.
I was always at the head of the worshiping crowd,
right out in front,
Leading them all,
eager to arrive and worship,
Shouting praises, singing thanksgiving—
celebrating, all of us, God's feast!
Why are you down in the dumps, dear soul?
Why are you crying the blues?
Fix my eyes on God—
soon I'll be praising again.
He puts a smile on my face.
He's my God.
When my soul is in the dumps, I rehearse
everything I know of you,
From Jordan depths to Hermon heights,
including Mount Mizar.
Chaos calls to chaos,
to the tune of whitewater rapids.
Your breaking surf, your thundering breakers
crash and crush me.

Then GOD promises to love me all day,
sing songs all through the night!
My life is God's prayer.
Sometimes I ask God, my rock-solid God,
"Why did you let me down?
Why am I walking around in tears,
harassed by enemies?"
They're out for the kill, these
tormentors with their obscenities,
Taunting day after day,
"Where is this God of yours?"
Why are you down in the dumps, dear soul?
Why are you crying the blues?
Fix my eyes on God—
soon I'll be praising again.
He puts a smile on my face.
He's my God.

1 Kings 19: 1-15a [The Message]

Ahab reported to Jezebel everything that Elijah had done, including the massacre of the prophets. Jezebel immediately sent a messenger to Elijah with her threat: "The gods will get you for this and I'll get even with you! By this time tomorrow you'll be as dead as any one of those prophets."

When Elijah saw how things were, he ran for dear life to Beersheba, far in the south of Judah. He left his young servant there and then went on into the desert another day's journey. He came to a lone broom bush and collapsed in its shade, wanting in the worst way to be done with it all—to just die: "Enough of this, GOD! Take my life—I'm ready to join my ancestors in the grave!" Exhausted, he fell asleep under the lone broom bush.

Suddenly an angel shook him awake and said, "Get up and eat!"

He looked around and, to his surprise, right by his head were a loaf of bread baked on some coals and a jug of water. He ate the meal and went back to sleep.

The angel of GOD came back, shook him awake again, and said, “Get up and eat some more—you’ve got a long journey ahead of you.”

He got up, ate and drank his fill, and set out. Nourished by that meal, he walked forty days and nights, all the way to the mountain of God, to Horeb. When he got there, he crawled into a cave and went to sleep.

Then the word of GOD came to him: “So Elijah, what are you doing here?”

“I’ve been working my heart out for the GOD-of-the-Angel-Armies,” said Elijah. “The people of Israel have abandoned your covenant, destroyed the places of worship, and murdered your prophets. I’m the only one left, and now they’re trying to kill me.”

Then he was told, “Go, stand on the mountain at attention before GOD. GOD will pass by.”

A hurricane wind ripped through the mountains and shattered the rocks before GOD, but GOD wasn’t to be found in the wind; after the wind an earthquake, but GOD wasn’t in the earthquake; and after the earthquake fire, but GOD wasn’t in the fire; and after the fire a gentle and quiet whisper.

When Elijah heard the quiet voice, he muffled his face with his great cloak, went to the mouth of the cave, and stood there. A quiet voice asked, “So Elijah, now tell me, what are you doing here?” Elijah said it again, “I’ve been working my heart out for GOD, the GOD-of-the-Angel-Armies, because the people of Israel have abandoned your covenant, destroyed your places of worship, and murdered your prophets. I’m the only one left, and now they’re trying to kill me.”

GOD said, “Go back the way you came through the desert to Damascus. When you get there anoint Hazael; as King over Aram.

Reflection

Hymn: O God we bear the imprint of your face [AA 106]

O God, we bear the imprint of your face:
the colours of our skin are your design,
and what we boast of beauty in our race
as man or woman, you alone define:
you stretched a living fabric on our frame
and gave to each a language and a name.

Where we are torn and pulled apart by hate
because our race, our skin is not the same,
while we are judged unequal by the state
and victims made because we own our name,
humanity reduced to little worth –
dishonoured is your living face on earth.

O God, we share the image of your Son
whose flesh and blood are ours, whatever skin,
in his humanity we find our own,
and in his family our proper kin:
Christ is the brother we still crucify,
his love the language we must learn, or die.

Words Shirley Murray, Tune Orlando Gibbons

Community Time

Notices

Sharing Joys and Sorrows

Sharing ‘The Peace’

Let us take a moment to celebrate each other.

May a heart of peace rest with you.

All also with you.

Prayer of Dedication/Offering

(We also acknowledge offerings made by automatic payment and online banking)

You have given us more than enough, Loving God, and so we take from the abundance which is ours, so that others might be blessed. In Jesus' name, we give and we pray. Amen.

Prayers of Intercession

Life-giving God,
You have made a beautiful world of blue skies and green fields,
of sunlight and birdsong
of music and laughter.
You have made us all
to live in peace with one another.

But there is not enough peace in the world.
We pray for peace
We pray for peace in the Ukraine, peace in Papua New Guinea, peace
in the Middle East. Peace in our homes and in our hearts.

There is not enough freedom in the world
We pray for freedom
Freedom for refugees, freedom for prisoners, freedom for slaves
Freedom in our homes and in our hearts.

There is not enough love in the world
We pray for love
Love for the bereaved, love for the sick, love for the lonely.
Love in our homes and love in our hearts.

Loving Christ,
You come to bring us peace and freedom and love.
You make us your people,
clothe us in truth and righteousness.
Give us sturdy shoes to walk the paths of peace,
in the troubled places of the world.
Keep us faithful,
keep us prayerful. Amen

Lord's Prayer

**E tō mātou Matua i te rangi
Kia tapu tou Ingoa
Kia tae mai tou rangatira-tanga.
Kia meatia tau e pai ai
ki runga i te whenua,
kia rite ano ki to te rangi.
Homai ki a mātou aianei
he taro mā mātou mo tēnei ra.
Murua o mātou hara
Me mātou hoki e muru nei
i o te hunga e hara ana ki a mātou.
Aua hoki mātou e kawea kia whaka-waia;
Engari whaka-orangia mātou, i te kino:
Nou hoki te rangatira-tanga,
te kaha,
me te kororia,
Ake, ake, ake.
Āmine.**

Hymn: Guide me, O thou great Jehovah [H&P 437]

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
feed me now and evermore;
feed me now and evermore.

Open thou the crystal fountain
whence the healing stream shall flow;
let the fiery, cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through:
strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
be thou still my strength and shield;
be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan
bid my anxious fears subside;
death of death, and hell's destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side:
songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee;
I will ever give to thee.

William Williams (1717-1791)

Parting Words

Extinguish the Candle

Go in courage and celebration!
And may all the faces of the Holy God
be turned towards you in love,
the earth itself speak to you of its creativity,
and who we are, each and all,
be honoured in our authentic journeys.
Amen. May it be so.

The Grace (Said together)

**Kia tau ki a tātou katoa,
te atawhai o to tātou Ariki o Ihu Karaiti,
me te aroha o te Atua,
me te whiwhinga tahitanga
ki te Wairua Tapu. Amine**

* * * * *

Liturgy for this service was sourced from: Taking Flight by Rev Andrew Gamman,
Pilgrim Uniting Church, Australia, and Dorothy McRae-McMahon.

Image: TIME OUT BY ANA DUNCAN

Ana Duncan was born in Dublin. She works primarily in bronze and ceramic from her
studio in Churchtown. <https://www.gormleys.ie/artists/ana-duncan/561/>

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