



Welcome to
All Saints
Kings Heath

Your Parish Church in the
Diocese of Birmingham

Holy Communion

Christmas 2020AD

We gather

At Church, face coverings are worn during the service, except when leading, reading and receiving communion. We are not able to mingle inside after the service, nor have congregational singing.

At home, have ready in an honoured place a portion of food and something to drink. It may be bread and wine or something else. Set your Bible alongside. You might light four candles, and have another ready to light shortly.

We imagine everyone in their homes around the parish, some gathering in Church, united in preparing for prayer.

In Church, we stand as the cross is processed to the front.

Priest: Grace, mercy and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ
be with you

All: and also with you.

WELCOME

CAROL (*with voices from All Saints recorded in homes across the parish*)

1. [Hark, the herald-angels sing](#)

glory to the new-born King;
peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled:
joyful, all ye nations rise,
join the triumph of the skies,
with th'angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
*Hark, the herald-angels sing
glory to the new-born King.*

2. Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
late in time behold him come,
offspring of a virgin's womb!
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
hail, th'incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with us to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

3. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
ris'n with healing in his wings;
mild he lays his glory by,
born that we no more may die,
born to raise us from the earth,
born to give us second birth.

*(words: Charles Wesley, George Whitefield, Martin Madan & others alt;
music: adapted from Felix Mendelssohn by William Hayman Cummings, v3 arr David Willcocks)*

PRAYER OF PREPARATION

**All: Almighty God, to whom all hearts are open, all desires known,
and from whom no secrets are hidden:
cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of your
Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love you,
and worthily magnify your holy name;
through Christ our Lord. Amen.**

We light the Christmas Candle

Emmanuel, God is with us.
Born as one of us.

We light Christ's candle among the Advent Candles,

Fleshly Word, born of Mary, you came to be sensitised to our bodily
existence: sensitise us to your eternal mystery.

Full of grace and truth, you unmask our deception and power play:
release our stifled compassion.

Bright light, shining in the darkness, you cause pride to recoil and humility to glow: call the bluff of our complaining and test the integrity of our much vaunted longings, then ignite your hope in us, that we may bear your light to the world. **Amen.**

We seek forgiveness

Christ the light of the world has come to dispel the darkness of our hearts. In his light let us examine ourselves and confess our sins.

SILENCE

God our Father, you sent your Son full of grace and truth:
forgive our failure to receive him.

Lord, have mercy.

Lord, have mercy.

Jesus our Saviour, you were born in poverty and laid in a manger:
forgive our greed and rejection of your ways.

Christ, have mercy.

All Christ, have mercy.

Spirit of love, your servant Mary responded joyfully to your call: forgive
the hardness of our hearts.

Lord, have mercy.

All Lord, have mercy.

Forgiveness is declared:

The God of all healing and forgiveness draw *us* to himself, that *we* may
behold the glory of his Son, the Word made flesh, and be cleansed from
all *our* sins, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

THE GLORIA "Glory! Glory! Glory!
Glory be to God on high.
And on earth, peace to the people
with whom God is well pleased."

THE COLLECT *for* CHRISTMAS NIGHT

Eternal God, who made this most holy night to shine with the brightness
of your one true light; bring us, who have known the revelation of that
light on earth, to see the radiance of your heavenly glory; through Jesus
Christ, your Son our Lord, who is alive and reigns with you, in the unity
of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. **Amen.**

and CHRISTMAS DAY

Almighty God, you have given us your only begotten Son to take our nature upon him and, as at this time to be born of a virgin: grant that we, who have been born again and made your children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by your Holy Spirit; through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord, who is alive and reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. **Amen.**

We proclaim and respond
to God's Word

FIRST READING [Isaiah 52:7-10](#) (click [here](#) for text) – readings from Rosie Miles & Nicola Slee (*Midnight Mass/recording*); Becky Cuthbert (*Christmas Day*)

SECOND READING [Hebrews 1:1-4](#) (click [here](#) for text)

CAROL [On Christmas night all Christians sing](#) (carols recorded by All Saints socially-distanced Christmas Choir)

1. On Christmas night all Christians sing,
to hear the news the angels bring, (*x2 – women then men*)
news of great joy, news of great mirth,
news of our merciful King's birth.
2. Then why should we on earth be so sad,
since our Redeemer made us glad, (*x2 – women then men*)
when from our sin he set us free,
all for to gain our liberty?
3. When sin departs before his grace,
then life and health come in its place, (*x2 – women then men*)
angels and earth with joy may sing,
all for to see the new-born King.
4. All out of darkness we have light,
which made the angels sing this night: (*x2 – women then men*)
"Glory to God and peace to men,
now and for evermore. Amen."

*(words: Traditional English carol alt;
music: Traditional English melody arr Ralph Vaughan Williams)*

We stand for the GOSPEL READING [John 1:1-14](#)

When the Gospel is announced:

All: Glory to you O Lord.

At the end:

Reader: This is the Gospel of the Lord.

All: Praise to you, O Christ.

SERMON

Our defences are built carefully, deliberately, on large foundation stones of pride. Ramparts of postured respectability are shored up with buttresses of resentment, in equal measure at others' gifts and at others' stupidity. Righteous indignation with God for all the terrible suffering in the world are towers at the corners hoping to keep God at bay. The gates of our citadel are locked carefully with ugly caricatures of people different from us, so we don't have to learn from them, and caricatures of a God, so grumpy and judgemental that we don't need to take him seriously. We set cynicism as sentinel on watch to scan the horizon for threats, for people coming to take things off us, for disappointments we can use to blame God more. But inside our citadel, we are lonely. We are a child desperate for affection and approval. From outside, the defences usually look a bit less glamorous than we think; a bit more crumbly and unconvincing than we'd like to assume.

Perhaps that's a cruel caricature of our condition. Of course many of us have good reason to feel hurt by what life has thrown at us and have genuine justice questions to ask of God. But the fortified city appears many times in scripture describing the state of a nation, but also echoing with symbolism about our individual selves. Isaiah imagines the sentinel on Jerusalem's wall crying out with joy. Looking out for threats, he can hardly believe his eyes. Salvation is coming. God is coming to sort everything out. God is baring his holy arm – a sign of military might, like some butch dude showing off his biceps. While Isaiah is excited by this prospect, many will not be as some pleas for God to fix things are disingenuous. We reserve the right to complain, but don't really want God to interfere. We have come to believe our own caricature that God is there essentially to take things we like off us. We have settled into a steady state of self-preservation that we think is a bit safer than the risk of love.

Tonight/Today, we look back on the day God did indeed come and penetrate the defences of Israel. He bared his holy arm as he pushed and slithered his way out of Mary's womb onto the straw screeching for milk, shivering with cold as the air touched his skin.

God's Word, God's will, had imagined into being the exploding universe and spinning debris, the fiery elements, the vast space in which they are suspended; imagined the orbits that would eventually emerge, and imagined enveloping this planet with breatheable gasses in which physics could make chemistry possible, then chemistry could make biology possible, then biology could make consciousness possible, and eventually, fleshly creatures whose impulse to give thanks and capacity for love and imagination could complete the circle back to the beginning and meet the Word in praise.

Now in another mystical circle, the Word of God comes to meet the world in the flesh. Such was the trouble we have got ourselves in, we thought he'd come with an army of angels and enough brute force to overcome ours. We thought he'd come with a lump hammer to batter down our defences. Instead he comes as one vulnerable to the elements he made; vulnerable to the cruelty with which we ruin love; vulnerable to criticism and nails.

Baring his holy arm in this way, we are disarmed. He calls the bluff on our criticism of God's negligence and breaks the spell of our righteous indignation. He has penetrated our defences. The heart's sentinel can set down his spear and sing a bewildered song of joy. The child in us can cry with relief that God has come to meet us as a child, so declaring we are indeed children of God. We had thought we had to hide our vulnerability, but he shows it is our most attractive aspect.

The threats to the city have not gone away, but now there is a light shining in the darkness and the darkness cannot, it seems, overcome it.

It's been a dark year. We have been accompanied by the familiar Bible stories that mark the seasons, and how they have shone anew.

As it sank in that we could not gather for Easter, the familiar Palm Sunday scriptures took us to see Jesus applauded as he heads into danger, just as we began applauding key workers in the street. The light shines in the darkness.

Just as we read of betrayal, the first deaths of health carers for lack of PPE rather challenged any jingoism in the Thursday night applause. God's ironic light shines in the darkness.

On Good Friday, the isolation currently forced on us helped us see how absurd is the staggering effort we make at deliberate self-isolation. Easter morning we awoke to greet the risen Lord and realised we are made for togetherness. The light shines in the darkness and the darkness has not overcome it.

As we prayed in our living rooms, uplifted by the friends' voices recorded for worship, we felt closer than ever to the disciples in their locked room. The light shines in the darkness of confinement.

As things cautiously opened up a little in summer, the Bible showed the church going outside at Pentecost. We felt closer than ever to the early house church in its vulnerability and eagerness. The fire shines in the darkness.

Hilariously, as the dysfunctional track and trace effort flailed around, and many headed to the beach, we met five thousand untraceable people on a beach, hungry for Jesus' words, fed also with bread and fish. As Trump was voted out of the White House, self indulgent bridesmaids found themselves locked out of the wedding in Jesus' parable. God's comical light shines in the darkness and the darkness of selfishness has not overcome it.

At each stage of the bewildering year, reflection with the scriptures has given us, not solutions, but a kind of appraisal of things, a little purchase on the unmanageable, a kind of emotional narrative for what we were going through. It has given us just enough light to see by.

As George Floyd's murder sent ripples across the Atlantic, a powerfully built black man lifted an injured white racist demonstrator onto his shoulders and carried him to safety amidst a clash with Black Lives Matter demonstrators. His strong black arms bared to save a would be enemy are light in the paradoxical darkness of flabby white racism.

A live in carer the government insultingly refers to as low skilled promised to stay for the duration of lockdown, accepting there would only be Facetime and Zoom contact with her own children for months. The light shines in the darkness.

Being a Muslim, the care home manager understood how moving and tender it is to pray with someone at the end of their life, so he allowed the priest into the home to say goodbye to a member of his church. PPE provided, bearing the thoughts and love of her fellowship, he gave thanks, anointed her and says a prayer of commendation, struggling to speak for the tears of gratitude, feeling the slight electric tremor of sacramental touch. The light shines in the darkness and death has not overcome it.

As domestic violence rises with horrible predictability in lockdown, Rail companies offer free train travel for anyone escaping danger at home. The light of love for strangers shines in the darkness.

On a day we feel low, angered by politics, exhausted by restraint, someone lovely calls on impulse. They solve nothing, but their conversation transforms the day. It's like seeing a kingfisher in the rain. The elusive light flashes through the gloom and the darkness has not overcome it.

While many British travellers tried desperately to cross the channel before quarantine came in, desperate asylum seekers died in the same channel hoping for some kind of life here. A wealthy footballer quietly offered a home on his property to an asylum seeking family who had made it here. The light of integrity shines in the darkness of class and ethnic prejudice.

With Herod like resentment an outgoing President accelerates executions during his last few months while pardoning a couple of his supporters who've been in prison for some sleazy deception. The incoming president declares his intention to end capital punishment. The light sputters in the darkness but recovers. The darkness has not overcome it.

Having battled for years through home office prejudice a young African woman worked unpaid as a nurse in training and caught Covid. She recovered and completed her training, hearing a vocation to A and E nursing. The light burns defiantly in the darkness.

A singer performed on Zoom for a cancer patient who will now not be able to get to see her bucket list opera. A little Kings Heath boy with Muscular Dystrophy couldn't go to the fundraising golf tournament, so he did a sponsored walk around his garden. The light glows bravely in the darkness.

However you are feeling, whatever state your defences are in, we can perhaps admit to a certain rawness, a tenderness of feeling, exaggerated by the circumstances we are in. Amazed to think of the odd unity of every nation in the world having some kind of lockdown; dismayed by the thought of another lockdown; moved by the little gestures of kindness; frustrated at the reversals just when we thought there was progress, it's perfectly understandable and healthy to feel tearful and vulnerable. But we are God's children. He draws close to us precisely in our vulnerability. Our maker bared his holy arm so we might bare our tender hearts to him.

The Christmas story of displaced people, crowded inns, night-watch keyworkers, government bureaucracy and a nearly broken family trying to make the best of things does nothing to solve our predicament, but like all the best stories, it unlocks the heart, it shines diagonal light on our life and exposes the bleak comedy of our politics. Inhabiting the Christmas story for a while gives us just a little purchase on this shapeless worry we all share. It might simply afford us enough grip to take the first tentative step outside the city walls, into a new year.

AFFIRMATION OF FAITH

Priest: Do you believe and trust in God the Father,
source of all being and life, the one for whom we exist?

All: We believe and trust in him.

Priest: Do you believe and trust in God the Son,
who took our human nature, died for us and rose again?

All: We believe and trust in him.

Priest: Do you believe and trust in God the Holy Spirit,
who gives life to the people of God
and makes Christ known in the world?

All: We believe and trust in him.

Priest: This is the faith of the church.

All: This is our faith.

We believe in one God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Amen.

We pray for others

INTERCESSIONS *led by Nicola Slee at midnight (recording [here](#) and text below), and by Magdalen Gorringe on Christmas morning*

Fleshly God, you are not a God apart from your world but enter into its very warp and weft, knowing its struggles for wholeness, its deep potential, its wounds and its wonders:

Give to all humanity a vision of our wonderful world, a will to work for the wellbeing of all, and a right restraint in using what powers we possess to release the creation from bondage to decay.

**Fleshly God,
Come close to us in Christ your Word made flesh.**

Fleshly God, even in the midst of deep distress and confusion, you kindle life and joy in our cities, in the nations of the world, in our families and neighbourhoods forced to keep apart for a season:

Give the leaders of the world and of our diverse networks and communities courage to act for the common good, good sense to know how to lead in these distressing times, and a hope that is not naïve but grounded in the eternal verities.

**Fleshly God,
Come close to us in Christ your Word made flesh.**

Fleshly God, you come to us in human life and limb, born as a vulnerable child and growing with us through all the changes and chances of a lifetime. You know how much we hurt. You touch where others are forbidden to handle, you stir in us compassion for those in pain.

Be with all who are sick or distressed, those who minister to them and all who care for them. May their bodies, whether frail or vigorous, upright or bowed, know the touch and the tenderness of your love.

**Fleshly God,
Come close to us in Christ your Word made flesh.**

Fleshly God, you have appointed ministers and angels to do your will and inspire hope in places where it is needed most, to raise our eyes beyond our present sufferings to the glory that is ever coming among us.

Sustain and encourage all those who walk with others through the valley of the shadow, give them the words and wisdom for action and endurance in these days. Strengthen those who are tired and dispirited, heal those smarting from compassion fatigue, kindle the vision of those who can no longer see the way ahead.

**Fleshly God,
Come close to us in Christ your Word made flesh.**

Fleshly God, when our mortal bodies return to dust and ashes, you raise us to life in a reality we cannot imagine.

We commit to your care the bodies and lives of those we have loved and lost. Though smarting for a season with the pain of their departing, we trust that we have not lost them but released them into a larger love where the meaning of their lives can only become deeper and truer.

**Fleshly God,
Come close to us in Christ your Word made flesh.**

We prepare for Communion

Priest: Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and his name shall be called the Prince of Peace.

In Church we turn outwards; at home we turn towards church and say to everyone:

The peace of the Lord be always with you.

MUSIC (in church) *during which the table is prepared* Holly (*Midnight Mass*) arr Pam Wedgwood; Bambino (Napoli Lullaby) T Springfield: (*Christmas Day*)

CAROL (recording only) [Angels from the realms of glory](#)

1. Angels from the realms of glory,
wing your flights o'er all the earth;
ye who sang creation's story
now proclaim Messiah's birth:
*Come and worship
Christ, the new-born King;
come and worship, worship
Christ, the new-born King.*

2. Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
watching o'er your flocks by night,

God with us is now residing,
yonder shines the infant Light:

3. Saints before the altar bending,
watching long in hope and fear,
suddenly the Lord, descending,
in his temple shall appear:

4. Though an infant now we view him,
he shall fill his Father's throne,
gather all the nations to him;
every knee shall then bow down:

(words: James Montgomery; music: French or Flemish melody, arr Martin Shaw alt)

Priest: Word made flesh, life of the world, in your incarnation you embraced our poverty: by your Spirit may we share in your riches. **Amen.**

We tell the story of God's faithfulness

Priest: The Lord be with you.

All: And also with you.

Lift up your hearts.

All: We lift them to the Lord.

Let us give thanks to the Lord our God.

All: It is right to give thanks and praise.

Almighty God, you shape your very life to create and restore and enjoy us for ever. We gather around your altar like those who thronged your Son's manger, longing for you to reassemble men and women, kings and working people, Jews and Gentiles, heaven and earth at the place where our humanity and your divinity meet. You had too much love to keep it to yourself; and though we took up arms against you and one another, you disarmed us in coming into our midst as a defenceless baby. As his arms were tied in swaddling clothes, so later his hands were nailed to the cross; yet you made his birth the foretaste of our redemption and his death the gateway to resurrection life. You give us such joy and peace in your company that our hearts join the angels in the Christmas sky and around your eternal through singing the hymn of your unending praise.

**All: Holy, holy, holy Lord.
God of power and might,
heaven and earth are full of your glory.
Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.**

God of new birth, as you laid your son in Mary's arms, you place these gifts of bread and wine in our hands. Sanctify your church to be as fragile and tender and true as the infant Saviour. Send down your Holy Spirit, that this bread of wheat gathered from the fields and this cup of grapes gathered from the vineyards may be for us the body and blood of your Son Jesus Christ. Who, at supper with his disciples, took bread, gave you thanks, broke the bread and gave it to them, saying: "Take, eat: this is my body which is given for you; do this in remembrance of me."

A bell is rung

After supper he took the cup. Again he gave you thanks, and gave it to his disciples, saying: "drink this, all of you; this is my blood of the new covenant, which is shed for you and for many for the forgiveness of sins. Do this as often as you drink it, in remembrance of me."

A bell is rung

Deacon: Great the mystery of faith:

**All: Christ has died,
Christ is risen
Christ will come again.**

Shepherd King, as you drew the magi to the place of your epiphany, call us to yourself and bring your creation to its consummation. Lift your whole church, living and departed, to the vision of your glory, once made flesh in a humble family, now exalted and reigning with justice and mercy.

In this banquet, restore us in your image, surround us with your company and prepare us for your freedom, after the pattern of your Son through whom and with whom and in whom, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, all honour and glory are yours, now and for ever.

All: Amen.

We pray the Lord's Prayer

Priest: Let us pray with confidence as our Saviour has taught us:
**Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name,
your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us.
Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours
now and for ever. Amen.**

We break and share the Bread

Priest: God's holy gifts for God's holy people.

**All: Jesus Christ is holy,
Jesus Christ is Lord,
To the glory of God the Father.**

Priest: The body of Christ keep you in eternal life.

All: Amen.

All are welcome to receive bread, now for us the body of Christ. If you prefer not to receive, you are welcome to come forward for a prayer of blessing if you wish.

Please come down the centre aisle and return by the side aisles.

We receive in silence.

After you have received, please keep silence for the sake of those still approaching the altar.

ANTHEM *during Communion (Christmas Day)* [Silent night](#) – words on page 14
After Communion we pray:

Priest: God our Father, whose Word has come among us in the Holy Child of Bethlehem: may the light of faith illumine our hearts and shine in our words and deeds; through him who is Christ the Lord. **Amen.**

**All: Father of all, we give you thanks and praise
that when we were still far off,
you met us in your Son and brought us home.
Dying and living he declared your love,
gave us grace, and opened the gate of glory.
May we who share Christ's body live his risen life;
we who drink this cup bring life to others;
we whom the spirit lights give light to the world.
Keep us firm in the hope you have set before us,
so we and all your children shall be free
and the whole earth live to praise your name. Amen.**

We are sent out

CAROL Angels from the realms of glory (*Midnight Mass*) – words on page 10
[O come, all ye faithful](#) (*Christmas Day*) – words on page 14

THE BLESSING

God the Father, who has loved the eternal Son from before the foundation of the world, shed such love upon you, his children.

Amen.

Christ, whose incarnation gathered into one all things earthly and heavenly, fill you with joy and peace.

Amen.

Holy Spirit, by whose overshadowing Mary became the God-bearer, give you grace to carry the good news of Christ.

Amen.

and the blessing of God almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit be among you and remain with you always.

Amen.

Go in peace. Proclaim the Word made flesh.

Glory, thanks and praise to God.

VOLUNTARY Leroy Anderson: Fiddle-Faddle (*Midnight Mass – music from Sarah & Estelle Baker*); [arr Hague: A Christmas Feast](#) (*Christmas Day – music from the Brookes family*)

At the end of the voluntary, we make our way outside where, standing at a distance of at least 2 metres from each other, we sing:

Christmas night:

1 O come, all ye faithful,
joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
come and behold him,
born the king of angels:

*O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord.*

2 God of God,
Light of Light,
lo, he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
very God,
begotten, not created:

O come, let us adore him...

3 Sing, choirs of angels,
sing in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;
glory to God
in the highest:

O come, let us adore him...

4 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
born this happy morning,
Jesu, to thee be glory giv'n;
Word of the Father,
now in flesh appearing:

O come, let us adore him...

and

1 Silent night, holy night.
All is calm, all is bright,
round yon virgin mother and child;
holy infant, so tender and mild,
sleep in heavenly peace,
sleep in heavenly peace.

2 Silent night, holy night.
Shepherds quake at the sight,
glories stream from heaven afar,
heav'nly hosts sing alleluia:
Christ, the Saviour is born,
Christ, the Saviour is born.

3 Silent night, holy night.
Son of God, love's pure light,
radiant beams thy holy face,
with the dawn of redeeming grace:
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

Christmas Day:

1 Joy to the world! The Lord is come;
let earth receive her king:
let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
and heav'n and nature sing,
and heav'n and nature sing,
and heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! The Saviour reigns;
let us our songs employ;
while fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
repeat the sounding joy,
repeat the sounding joy,
repeat, repeat the sounding joy!

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
and makes the nations prove
the glories of his righteousness,
and wonders of his love,
and wonders of his love,
and wonders, and wonders of his love.

1 Once in royal David's city
stood a lowly cattle shed,
where a mother laid her baby
in a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven,
who is God and Lord of all,
and his shelter was a stable,
and his cradle was a stall;
with the needy, poor and lowly,
lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 For he is our childhood's pattern,
day by day like us he grew;
he was little, weak and helpless,
tears and smiles like us he knew;
and he feeleth for our sadness,
and he shareth in our gladness.

4 And our eyes at last shall see him
through his own redeeming love,
for that child so dear and gentle
is our Lord in heav'n above;
and he leads his children on
to the place where he is gone.

5 Not in that poor lowly stable,
with the oxen standing by,
we shall see him; but in heaven,
set at God's right hand on high;
when like stars his children crowned
all in white shall wait around.

* * *

We wish you a very good Christmas.

Thank you to all our musicians, hospitable sidespeople, especially Churchwardens Chris², those who have done many practical tasks decorating and preparing Church for Christmas, those ensuring services are available online. Thank you to the printers patiently preparing our orders of service. Thank you to those preparing readings and prayers.

* * *



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Next Sunday 27th December 2020

10am Holy Communion

(Church will not be open on Thursday 31st)