

**Livingstone Parish Church**  
**Sunday 25<sup>th</sup> September 2022**  
**Rev. Everisto Musedza**

**Hymn 1 CH4 253**

**Inspired by love and anger,**  
disturbed by need and pain,  
informed of God's own bias,  
we ponder once again:  
'How long must some folk suffer?  
How long can few folk mind?  
How long dare vain self-interest  
turn prayer and pity blind?'

From those for ever victims  
of heartless human greed,  
their cruel plight composes  
a litany of need:  
'Where are the fruits of justice?  
Where are the signs of peace?  
When is the day when prisoners  
and dreams find their release?'

From those who ever shackled  
to what their wealth can buy,  
the fear of lost advantage  
provokes the bitter cry,  
'Don't query our position!  
Don't criticise our wealth!  
Don't mention those exploited  
by politics and stealth!'

To God, who through the prophets  
proclaimed a different age,  
we offer earth's indifference,  
its agony and rage:  
'When will the wrongs be righted?  
When will the kingdom come?  
When will the world be generous  
to all instead of some?'

God asks, 'Who will go for me?  
Who will extend my reach?  
And who, when few will listen,  
will prophesy and preach?  
And who, when few bid welcome,

will offer all they know?  
And who, when few dare follow,  
will walk the road I show?

Amused in someone's kitchen,  
asleep in someone's boat,  
attuned to what the ancients  
exposed, proclaimed, and wrote,  
a saviour without safety,  
a tradesman without tools  
has come to tip the balance  
with fishermen and fools.

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

**Hymn 2 CH4 771** (*Sing 3 times*)

**If you believe and I believe**  
and we together pray,  
the Holy Spirit shall come down  
and set God's people free,  
and set God's people free,  
and set God's people free,  
the Holy Spirit shall come down  
and set God's people free.

Zimbabwean traditional song  
based on *Matthew 18: 19*

**Hymn 3 CH4 192**

**All my hope on God is founded,**  
He doth still my trust renew;  
me through change and chance he guideth,  
only good and only true.  
God unknown,  
he alone  
calls my heart to be his own.

Pride of man and earthly glory,  
sword and crown betray his trust;  
what with care and toil we buildeth,  
tower and temple fall to dust.  
But God's power,  
hour by hour,  
is my temple and my tower.

God's great goodness aye endureth,  
deep his wisdom passing thought:  
splendour, light, and life attend him,  
beauty springeth out of naught.  
Evermore,  
from his store  
new-born worlds rise and adore.

Day doth th'almighty Giver  
bounteous gifts on us bestow;  
his desire our souls delighteth,  
pleasure leads us where we go.  
Love doth stand  
at his hand,  
joy doth wait on his command!

Still from man to God in eternal  
sacrifice of praise be done,  
high above all praises praising  
for the gift of Christ his Son.  
Christ doth call  
one and all:  
ye who follow shall not fall.

\*Robert Bridges (1844-1930)  
based on Joachim Neander (1650-1680)

**Hymn 4 CH4 544**

**When I needed a neighbour, were you  
there, were you there?**  
When I needed a neighbour, were you  
there?  
*And the creed and the colour and the  
name won't matter,  
were you there?*

I was hungry and thirsty, were you there,  
were you there?  
I was hungry and thirsty, were you there?  
*And the creed...*

I was cold, I was naked, were you there,  
were you there?  
I was cold, I was naked, were you there?  
*And the creed...*

When I needed a shelter, were you there,  
were you there?  
When I needed a shelter, were you there?  
*And the creed...*

When I needed a healer, were you there  
were you there?  
When I needed a healer, were you there?  
*And the creed...*

Wherever you travel, I'll be there, I'll be  
there.  
Wherever you travel, I'll be there.  
*And the creed and the colour and the  
name won't matter,  
I'll be there.*

Sydney Bertram Carter (1915-2004)

**Hymn 4 CH4 543**

**Longing for light, we wait in darkness.**

Longing for truth, we turn to you.  
Make us your own, your holy people,  
light for the world to see.  
*Christ, be our light!*  
*Shine in our hearts.*  
*Shine through the darkness.*  
*Christ, be our light!*  
*Shine in your church*  
*gathered today.*

Longing for peace, our world is troubled.  
Longing for hope, many despair.  
Your word alone has power to save us.  
Make us your living voice.  
*Christ, be our light...*

Longing for food, many are hungry.  
Longing for water, many still thirst.  
Make us your bread, broken for others,  
shared until all are fed.  
*Christ, be our light...*

Longing for shelter, many are homeless,  
longing for warmth, many are cold.  
Make us your building, sheltering others,  
walls made of living stone.  
*Christ, be our light...*

Many the gifts, many the people,  
many the hearts that yearn to belong.  
Let us be servants to one another,  
making Your kingdom come.  
*Christ, be our light...*

*Christ, be our light...*

Bernadette Farrell (b. 1957)

**Exeunt** *(Sing Twice)*

**May the peace of the Lord Christ go with you,**

wherever He may send you.  
May He guide you through the wilderness,  
protect you through the storm.  
May He bring you home rejoicing  
at the wonders He has shown you.  
May He bring you home rejoicing  
once again into our doors.

Celtic Daily Prayer

Stevenston Livingstone  
Church of Scotland



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