



Prayer Space N° 31-August 2022

You are a chosen people, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a people belonging to God, that you might declare the praises of him who called you out of darkness into his wonderful light'

We declare your glory to the world, gracious loving Father. We no longer walk in the uncertainty of the darkness but in the certainty of your glorious light.

Thank you that you accept us as we are
vulnerable, flawed and in need of love
and feed us through word, hymn, song and prayer
Fill us with the certainty of your love
the power of your Spirit and the joy of your Kingdom
as we open ourselves in worship
in service to each other
and to you

Lord open our lips,
And our mouths shall declare your praise

Lord, open our eyes,
And our seeing shall behold your glory

Lord, open our hearts,
And our feeling shall know your love.

Lord, open our minds,
And our thinking shall discover your wonders

Lord, open our hands,
And our giving shall show your generosity

Lord, open our lives,
And our living shall declare your Presence
David Adam -tides and seasons

There is a transformation that takes place
within the warmth of your embrace,
That certain knowledge that you are
refuge, shelter, fortress and stronghold,
against which no army can succeed.
That you are Brother, Sister, Mother, Father,
the love that knows no bounds.

That you are *God*,
And I am lost outside of your embrace.

For your word which strengthens our faith and empowers our daily lives
I thank you, Father

For your word which speaks to us, teaches, admonishes and encourages
I thank you, Father

For your word which convinces us of our worth and our uniqueness
I thank you, Father

For your word which enables us to share your love to this dark world
I thank you, Father. Amen

How deep the Father's love for us
How vast beyond all measure
That He should give His only Son
To make a wretch His treasure
How great the pain of searing loss
The Father turns His face away
As wounds which mar the Chosen One
Bring many sons to glory

Behold the man upon a cross
My sin upon His shoulders
Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
Call out among the scoffers
It was my sin that held Him there
Until it was accomplished
His dying breath has brought me life
I know that it is finished

I will not boast in anything
No gifts, no power, no wisdom
But I will boast in Jesus Christ
His death and resurrection
Why should I gain from His reward?
I cannot give an answer
But this I know with all my heart
His wounds have paid my ransom

Stuart Townend