

We Are One

We are one as we come, as we come, joyful to be here, in the praise on our lips there's a sense that God is near. We are one as we sing, as we seek, we are found; and we come needful of God's grace as we meet, together in this place.

We are one as we share, as we share brokenness and fear, in the touch of a hand there's a sense that God is here. We are one as we care, as we heal, we are healed; and we share warmth in God's embrace as we pray together in this place.

We are one as we feast, as we feast, peace becomes the sign; in the bread and the wine there's a sense of love divine. We are one as we come, as we feed, we are fed; and we feel God's refreshing grace as we meet at table in this place.

We are one as we hear, as we hear, heart and hand unite; in the word we receive there's a sense that God is light. We are one as we leave, as we love, we are loved; and we seek justice in God's ways as we move together from this place.

We Gather Here

We gather here in Jesus' name, his love is burning in our hearts like living flame; for through the loving son God fashions us as one:

Come take the bread, come drink the wine, come, share the Lord. No one is a stranger here, - everyone belongs; finding our forgiveness here, we in turn forgive all wrongs.

He joins us here, he breaks the bread, the One who pours the cup is risen from the dead; the One we love the most is now our gracious host:

Come take the bread, come drink the wine, come, share the Lord. We are now a family of which Christ is the head; though unseen he meets us here in the breaking of the bread.

We'll gather soon where angels sing; we'll see the glory of our Lord and coming King; now we anticipate the feast for which we wait:

Come take the bread, come drink the wine,
come, share the Lord.

O World of God

O world of God, so vast and strange, profound and wonderful and fair, beyond the utmost each of thought but not beyond our Maker's care! We are not strangers on this earth whirling amid the suns of space; we are God's children, this our home, with those of every clime and race.

O world where human life is lived, so strangely mingling joy and pain, so full of evil and of good, so needful that the good shall reign! It is this world that God has loved, and goodness was its Maker's plan, the promise of God's triumph is a humble birth in Bethlehem.

O world of time's far-stretching years! There was a day when time stood still, a central moment when there rose a cross upon a cruel hill; in pain and death love's power was seen, the mystery of time revealed, the wisdom of the ways of God, the grace through which our hurt is healed.

