



Welcome to Orchardhill Church

Sunday 25 July 2021

Ninth Sunday after Pentecost

We welcome you to this shared time of worship.

Introit CH4 519

Love divine, all loves excelling,

joy of heaven, to earth come down,

fix in us thy humble dwelling,

all thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus, thou art all compassion,

pure, unbounded love thou art;

visit us with thy salvation,

enter every trembling heart.

Charles Wesley (1747) ccli licence 20979

Responsive Paraphrase

When the Lord brought us back

And restored our freedom

We felt so good

We felt so strong

At first we thought we were dreaming

How we laughed!

How we sang

We were overflowing

Then we heard the nations say

'Look what the Lord has done'

The Lord has done great things for us

And we are filled with joy

The Lord has done great things for us

And we are filled with joy.

Prayer & Lord's Prayer

HYMN CH4 212

Morning has broken

like the first morning.

blackbird has spoken like the first bird.

Praise for the singing,

Praise for the morning,

Praise for them springing

Fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall,

sunlit from heaven,

like the first dew-fall on the first grass.

Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,

Sprung in completeness

Where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight,

mine is the morning,

both of the one light Eden saw play!

Praise with elation, praise every morning,

God's re-creation of the new day!

Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965 ccli licence 20979)

All Age Time *Lorna Buchan*

Scripture 2 Samuel. 11; 1-15 read by Ian Cartlidge

In the spring of the year, the time when kings go out to battle, David sent Joab with his officers and all Israel with him; they ravaged the Ammonites, and besieged Rabbah. But David remained at Jerusalem. It happened, late one afternoon, when David arose from his couch and was walking about on the roof of the king's house, that he saw from the roof a woman bathing; the woman was very beautiful. David sent someone to inquire about the woman. It was reported, 'This is Bathsheba daughter of Eliam, the wife of Uriah the Hittite.' So David sent messengers to get her, and she came to him, and he lay with her. (Now she was purifying herself after her period.) Then she returned to her house. The woman conceived; and she sent and told David, 'I am pregnant.'

So David sent word to Joab, 'Send me Uriah the Hittite.' And Joab sent Uriah to David. When Uriah came to him, David asked how Joab and the people fared, and how the war was going. Then David said to Uriah, 'Go down to your house and wash your feet.' Uriah went out of the king's house, and there followed him a present from the king. But Uriah slept at the entrance of the king's house with all the servants of his lord, and did not go down to his house.

When they told David, 'Uriah did not go down to his house,' David said to Uriah, 'You have just come from a journey. Why did you not go down to your house?' Uriah said to David, 'The ark and Israel and Judah remain in booths; and my lord Joab and the servants of my Lord are camping in the open field; shall I then go to my house, to eat and to drink, and to lie with my wife? As you live, and as your soul lives, I will not do such a thing.'

Then David said to Uriah, 'Remain here today also, and tomorrow I will send you back.' So Uriah remained in Jerusalem that day. On the next day, David invited him to eat and drink in his presence and made him drunk; and in the evening he went out to lie on his couch with the servants of his lord, but he did not go down to his house.

In the morning David wrote a letter to Joab and sent it by the hand of Uriah. In the letter he wrote 'Set Uriah in the forefront of the hardest fighting, and then draw back from him, so that he may be struck down and die.'

HYMN CH4 188

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,

whose depth unfathomed, no one knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
inly I sigh for thy repose;
my heart is pained, nore can it be
at rest till it finds rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
the sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
and fain I would; but, though my will
seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
my mind to seek her peace in thee;
Yet, while I seek but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
and all my steps to thee-ward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
that strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
the Lord of every motion there;
then shall my heart from earth be free,
when it has found repose in thee.

Gerhard Tersteegen; translated John Wesley ccli licence 20979

OFFERING HYMN CH4 807

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow

praise Him, all creatures here below,
praise Him above, you heavenly host;
praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Prayer of intercession and dedication by Dorothy Cartlidge

HYMN CH4 565

My life flows on in endless song

Above earth's lamentation:

I catch the sweet, though far-off, hymn

That hails a new creation.

No storm can shake my inmost calm

While to that rock I'm clinging.

Since love is Lord of heaven and earth,

How can I keep from singing?

Through all the tumult and the strife.

I hear that music ringing.

It finds an echo in my soul -

How can I keep from singing?

What though my joys and comforts die?

The Lord, my Saviour, liveth.

What though the darkness round me close?

Songs in the night he giveth.

The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,

a fountain ever springing.

All things are mine since I am his!

How can I keep from singing?

Robert Lowry ccli licence 20979

Benediction