



SUNDAY  
MARCH  
12



LENT 3

2023

*At any time in the service when we invite you to stand  
you are welcome to remain seated if you need to.*

## PROCESSIONAL HYMN

All my hope on God is founded:  
who else can my hope renew?  
Still through change and chance God guides me,  
only good and only true.  
God unknown, grace alone,  
calls my heart to be God's own.

Well does the almighty Giver  
bounteous gifts on us bestow!  
With delight our souls are nourished;  
pleasure leads us where we go.  
At God's hand does love stand;  
joy awaits each new command.

In glad hymns to God eternal  
sacrifice of praise be done,  
high above all praises praising  
for the love of Christ made known.  
Hear Christ's call, one and all;  
those who follow shall not fall.

*Joachim Neander (1650-1680)  
Paraphrased by Robert Bridges (1844-1930), alt.  
Tune: Michael, Herbert Howells (1892-1983). TIS 560(i)*

## WELCOME

*Priest:*

Grace to you and peace from God our Creator,  
the love at our beginning and without end,  
in our midst and with us.

**God is with us, here we find new life.**

*Liturgist:*

We gather as a community of faith to make our Lenten journey.  
May God be with us in our letting go and in our living with hope.

Eternal Spirit, living God,  
in whom we live and move and have our being,  
all that we are, have been,  
and shall be is known to you,  
to the very secret of our hearts  
and all that rises to trouble us.

Living flame, burn into us,  
cleansing wind, blow through us,  
fountain of water, well up within us,  
that we may love and praise in deed and in truth. <sup>1</sup>

*Please be seated.*

## RECONCILIATION

“Put away your former way of life,  
be renewed in the spirit, and clothe yourself with a new self,  
created according to the likeness of God.”

*Ephesians 4:22-24*

*Kyrie from Missa Aeterna Christi Munera*

*Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525-1594)*

*Silence.*

God forgives and heals us.  
**We need your healing, merciful God:**  
give us true repentance.  
Some sins are plain to us;  
some escape us,  
some we cannot face.  
Forgive us;  
set us free to hear your word to us;  
set us free to serve you.

*Priest:*

God forgives you. Forgive others; forgive yourself.  
Through Christ, God has put away your sin:  
approach your God in peace. <sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> ANZPB p.168

# THE SENTENCE AND PRAYER OF THE DAY

Those who drink of the water I will give will never be thirsty.

*John 4:14*

Loving God,  
you journey with us in our times of wilderness.  
You slake our thirst with living water.  
Like the woman of Samaria we entrust ourselves to you.  
May we always thirst for you.  
Amen. <sup>3</sup>

## PSALM 95:1-9

*Chant: Alan Gray (1855-1935)*

O come let us sing to the Lord,  
let us shout with joy to the rock of our salvation.  
Let us come into God's presence with thanksgiving  
and sing to the Lord with psalms of triumph.  
For you Lord are a great God and a great king above all gods.  
In your hand are the depths of the earth,  
so also are the heights of the mountains.  
The sea is yours and you made it,  
the dry land also which your hands have fashioned.  
O come let us bow down and worship,  
let us kneel before the Lord our maker.  
For the Lord is our God,  
we are the Lord's people, the flock that God shepherds.  
O that today you would listen to God's voice:  
'Do not harden your hearts as at Meribah,  
as on that day at Massah in the wilderness,  
'when your forbears tried me, and put me to the test,  
although they had seen my works.

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<sup>2</sup> ANZPB p.458

<sup>3</sup> Harrison and McAlpine, adapted

# THE FIRST READING

A reading from the Book of Exodus.

*Exodus 17:1-7*

Hear what the Spirit is saying to God's people.

Thanks be to God.

# THE GRADUAL HYMN



As the deer pants for the wa-ter, so my soul longs af - ter you.



You a - lone are my heart's de - sire\_ and I long to wor - ship you.



You a-lone are my strength, my shield, to you a-lone may my spir-it yield.



You a - lone are my heart's de - sire\_ and I long to wor - ship you.



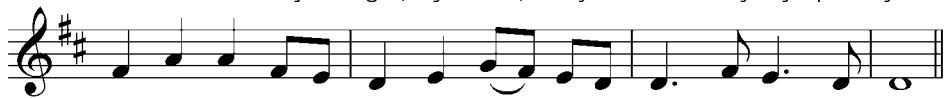
I want you more than gold or sil-ver, on-ly you can sa - tis - fy.



You a-lone are the real joy-giv-er and the ap - ple of my eye.



You a-lone are my strength, my shield, to you a-lone may my spir-it yield.



You a-lone are my heart's de - sire\_ and I long to wor - ship you.



You're my friend and you are my bro-ther, e-ven though you are a king.



I love you more than a-ny o-ther, so much more than a-ny-thing.



You a-lone are my strength, my shield, to you a-lone may my spir-it yield.



You a-lone are my heart's de - sire\_ and I long to wor - ship you.

Words: Martin Nystrom, based on Psalm 42:1-2  
Tune: Nystrom, Martin Nystrom. SAHO&N 45

Please be seated.

## THE GOSPEL

Hear the Gospel of Christ according to John,  
chapter four, beginning at verse five.

**Be a lamp to my feet.**

*John 4:5-42*

This is the Gospel of Christ.

**Be a light for my path.**

## THE SERMON

*Silence*

## THE ANTHEM

*Like as the hart desireth the waterbrooks*     *Herbert Howells (1892-1983)*

## THE PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE

*Liturgist:* Let us pray for those far and near,  
people and places, powerful and powerless,  
all for whom we are concerned.

## THE PEACE

*Please stand for the Greeting of Peace.*

Blessed be Christ the Prince of Peace  
**who breaks down the walls that divide.**

Kia tau tonu te rangimarie o te ariki ki a koutou  
**A ki a koe ano hoki.**

*Please turn and greet those around you with peace.*

## THE OFFERTORY HYMN <sup>4</sup>

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
**'Come unto me and rest;**  
lay down, O weary one, lay down  
your head upon my breast.'  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
so weary, worn and sad;  
I found in him a resting place,  
and he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
**'Behold, I freely give**  
the living water, thirsty one;  
stoop down and drink and live.'  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
of that life-giving stream;  
my thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
and now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
**'I am this dark world's light;**  
look unto me, your morn shall rise,  
and all your day be bright.'  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
in him my star, my sun;  
and in that light of life I'll walk  
till travelling days are done.

*Words: Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)*

*Tune: Kingsfold, from an English and Irish traditional melody  
coll. Lucy Broadwood (1858-1929)*

*harm. and arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958). TIS 262*

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<sup>4</sup> *There is a donation bowl on the back table. For electronic giving option:*

- *text **stmatthew** to **818** to make a fast one off or ongoing donation by credit card to St Matthew-in-the-City or*
- *download the **PUSHPAY** app from Apple Store or Google Playstore and search for St Matthew-in-the-City.*



# THE PREPARATION OF THE GIFTS

No one comes as a stranger to this holy table.  
All of us are honoured and expected guests.  
Each of us is invited to come as we are,  
holding nothing in our hands  
other than these humble offerings of bread and wine,  
the food and drink of ordinary life  
made with human hands  
from the gifts which lie in God's creation. <sup>5</sup>

Blessed be God forever.

# THE GREAT THANKSGIVING

*Cantor* **All**



God meets us here. God's Spir - it is with us.

*Cantor* **All**



Lift up your hearts. We lift them up to God.

*Cantor*



Let us give thanks to the Ho - ly One.

**All**



It is right to offer thanks and praise.

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<sup>5</sup> Dorothy Mc Rae-McMahon "Liturgies for High Days" p.122

We thank you, desert Mother,  
for in the valley of dry bones you create hearts of flesh  
quickenened by the Spirit's breath.

We thank you, wise Sister,  
that you walk in cloud and fire with your lost and faithless people.

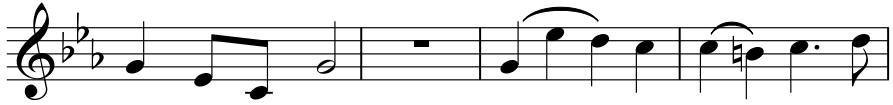
We thank you, Son of Heaven,  
that you empty yourself of might and glory  
and set your face towards the fickle crowd,  
the cruel empire, the faithful despisers.

We welcome you as God's own fool  
whose cross brings to nothing the violence of the world  
and reveals another wisdom outside the city walls.

Therefore, with all who follow your way  
with the traders and tax collectors,  
the soldiers and prostitutes,  
and all who caught a glimpse of glory in the humanity you shared,  
we worship God's own holiness revealed in sweat and tears:



Holy, holy, holy is the Love called God, the sparks of hope.



Blaze, jus-tice blaze.      Blest\_\_ is Je - sus who



lit up our world, who lit up our world. Ho-san - na, ho -



san - na, ho - san - na to the low-est and the least.

On the night that Jesus was betrayed,  
he gathered with his faltering friends  
for a meal that tasted of freedom.

Calling them to his table,  
he took bread, gave thanks, broke it and said:  
'This is my body, which is given for you.  
Do this to remember me.'

In the same way after supper, he took the cup, saying:  
'This cup is the new covenant in my blood.  
Do this, whenever you drink it, to remember me.'

We ask that your Holy Spirit  
will fall upon us and upon these gifts  
that these fragile, earthly things  
may be to us the body and blood of our brother, Jesus Christ.

As on that night, so here and now  
he offers himself in touch and taste  
beyond all words can hold.

We of-fer bread to eat with eyes and hands held  
o-pen. We pass this cup to share. We take, break,  
bless and give kind-ling hope ev' - ry where.

Therefore we come in memory and hope,  
responding to your call  
and the promise that echoes from the dawn of all time.

May mind and heart be held by your self-giving love  
as we stand before the cross,  
approach the empty tomb  
and praise the one whose name is lifted high  
above all earthly power.

Receive our broken offering through his all-powerful grace  
and bind us in communion with all who share your gifts;  
through Jesus Christ,  
in whom all ages and all the worlds  
are drawn into the ceaseless love  
of Creator, Son and Holy Spirit.

**Amen.** <sup>6</sup>

*Please be seated.*

## THE LORD'S PRAYER

Kua akona nei tātou e to tātou Ariki, ka inoi tātou:

**E tō mātou Matua i te rangi,**

**kia tapu tōu Ingoa.**

**Kia tae mai tōu rangatiratanga.**

**Kia meatia tāu e pai ai ki runga ki te whenua,**

**kia rite anō ki tō te rangi.**

**Hōmai ki a mātou ālanei**

**he taro mā mātou mō tēnei rā.**

**Murua ō mātou hara,**

**me mātou hoki e muru nei,**

**i ō te hunga e hara ana ki a mātou.**

**Aua hoki mātou e kawea kia whakawala;**

**engari whakaorangia mātou i te kino:**

**Nōu hoki te rangatiratanga, te kaha, me te korōria,**

**Āke, ake, ake. Āmine.**

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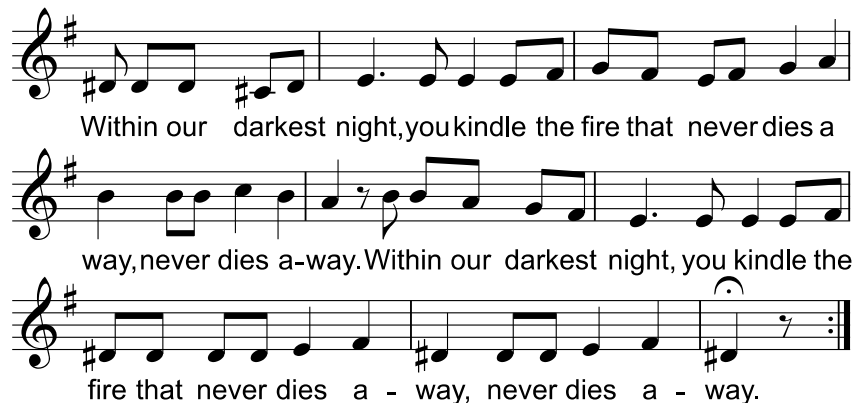
<sup>6</sup> Steven Shakespeare

# THE BREAKING OF THE BREAD

We break this bread to share in the hope of Christ.

We who are many are one body,  
for we all share the one bread.

*We sing three times Taize "Within our darkest night":*



Within our darkest night, you kindle the fire that never dies a  
way, never dies a-way. Within our darkest night, you kindle the  
fire that never dies a - way, never dies a - way.

# THE INVITATION

Haere mai e te kahui a te Atua,  
tangohia enei kai rangatira a te Karaiti.

Come, bringing your varied faiths and backgrounds,  
for all are welcome to share in this act of communion.

*All are welcome to come and receive the bread and wine;  
there are gluten free wafers, just ask the serving priest.*

*There is a chalice for dipping -  
simply hold the bread in front of you to signify your choice.*

*If you do not wish to take communion you may come forward for a blessing.*

*If the stairs are a barrier please sit in the front pews  
and communion will be brought to you.*

*Te Taro o te Ora. The bread of life.*

*Te Kapu o te Ora. The cup of salvation.*

## MUSIC DURING COMMUNION

*Wash me thoroughly*

*Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876)*

*Sicut cervus*

*Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525-1594)*

## PRAYER AFTER COMMUNION

Living God,  
when we are afraid, walk beside us.  
When we are empty, restore us.  
When we lack purpose, give us strength.  
For you meet us in the wilderness  
and, with Christ, you bring us home.  
Amen. <sup>7</sup>

## THE BLESSING

## NOTICES

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<sup>7</sup> *Jenny Blood (1932-2022)*

## FINAL HYMN

Let all creation dance  
in energies sublime,  
as order turns with chance,  
unfolding space and time,  
for nature's art  
in glory grows,  
and newly shows  
God's mind and heart.

God's breath each force unfurls,  
igniting from a spark  
expanding starry swirls,  
with whirlpools dense and dark.  
Though moon and sun  
seem mindless things,  
each orbit sings:  
**“Your will be done.”**

Our own amazing earth,  
with sunlight, cloud and storms  
and life's abundant growth  
in lovely shapes and forms,  
is made for praise,  
a fragile whole,  
and from its soul  
heaven's music plays.

Lift heart and soul and voice:  
in Christ all praises meet  
and nature shall rejoice  
as all is made complete.  
In hope be strong,  
all life befriend  
and kindly tend  
creation's song.

*Words: Brian Arthur Wren (b. 1936), based on Psalm 148  
Tune: Darwall, John Darwall (1731-1789). TIS 187*

*Deacon from the rear of the Church.*

Go now to live the gospel, go in peace.

**Amen. We go to serve in love.**

## ORGAN VOLUNTARY

*Prelude in C major BWV 545*

*Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)*

### MUSIC NOTES

Palestrina's *Missa Aeterna Christi munera* is based on three melodic strands taken from the tune which gives the Mass its title, the plainchant hymn for Matins of Apostles and Evangelists. Palestrina employs these themes in turn in the opening Kyrie-Christe-Kyrie sections, passing them from voice to voice, transforming and elaborating them.

*Sicut Cervus*, one of the most beloved and perfect of all of Palestrina's motets, sets words from the opening of Psalm 42: "As the deer desires the fountains, so my soul desires You, O God." At the word "desiderat", Palestrina subtly expresses longing through rising, faster paced melismas.

*Like as the Hart*, perhaps Howells's best-loved anthem, sets the same text as Palestrina (but in English). Here however, longing is expressed in musical terms that are quintessentially Howellsian: long, flowing vocal lines that recall the Tudor polyphonists, underpinned by subtle and impressionistic organ harmonies, almost bluesy, that seem to create ever-changing effects of light and shade. Howells wrote the piece in a single day in 1941 when he and his wife were 'mewed up by snow in a cottage in Gloucestershire'.

*We invite you to **keep** this copy of the Service and take it home with you to share with another member of your family, or with a friend **OR put in a recycling bin provided at the back of the church.***

*Music for Liturgical responses is by Michael CW Bell*

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