

Wednesday, Remembrance Day 2020 - 10am

Heavenly Father, open our hearts to the silent presence of the spirit of your Son.
Lead us into that mysterious silence where your love is revealed to all who call.
Maranatha . . . Come Lord.

Litany of letting go (Kate McIlhagga)

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| I let go: window and door house and home memory and fear. | woven into the story of my life. Help me, Christ my brother to softly fold inside the grief and the sadness, to pack away the pain and to move on; taking each day in your company; travelling each step in your love. |
| I let go the hurt of the past and look to the hope of the future. | |
| I let go knowing that I will always carry part of my past (part of you) with me | |

SILENCE

Autumn Rain (D H Lawrence)

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| The plane leaves fall black and wet on the lawn; | out all the grain of tears, the store harvested in sheaves of pain |
| the cloud sheaves in heaven's fields set droop and are drawn | caught up aloft: the sheaves of dead men that are slain |
| in falling seeds of rain; the seed of heaven on my face | now winnowed soft on the floor of heaven; manna invisible |
| falling - I hear again like echoes even that softly pace | of all the pain here to us given; finely divisible falling as rain. |
| heaven's muffled floor, the winds that tread | |
| (Brother Roger of Taize) Lord Christ, you see us sometimes like strangers on the earth, taken aback by the violence, by the harshness of oppositions. | And you come to send out a gentle breeze on the dry ground of our doubts, and so prepare us to be bearers of peace and reconciliation. |

Let's finish with The Grace . . .