

This Week
we Remember

God's Word for this Week

Lord,

Where pain still overwhelms, bring healing. Where hearts are still breaking, bring comfort. Where peoples are still oppressed, bring liberation. Where communities are still victimised, bring justice. Where children are still brutalised, bring protection. Where lives are still crushed, bring hope. Where evil is perpetrated, bring repentance.

Where war still devastates, bring peace.

But most of all, wherever a single voice cries out in the darkness, bring us to one another, in the name of the love you bear in your heart for all people, all nations and all creation.

Amen.

A Collect for Remembrance Sunday

Lord of the nations,
Saviour and judge of all;
Remove from human hearts
all bitterness and hate,
Grant to those who have died in war
your mercy and peace
and bring us all to the joys
of your eternal kingdom;
Through Jesus Christ our Lord
who suffered and died
And now lives and reigns with you
and the Holy Spirit
One God, world without end.
Amen

The Old Testament Reading

Micah 4: 1-15

¹ In the last days
the mountain of the Lord's
temple will be established
as the highest of the
mountains; it will be exalted
above the hills, and peoples will
stream to it.

² Many nations will come and say,
"Come, let us go up to the
mountain of the Lord,
to the temple of the God of
Jacob. He will teach us his ways,
so that we may walk in his
paths." The law will go out from
Zion, the word of the Lord from
Jerusalem.

³ He will judge between many peoples and will settle disputes for strong nations far
and wide. They will beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning
hooks. Nation will not take up sword against nation, nor will they train for
war anymore. ⁴ Everyone will sit under their own vine and under their own fig tree,
and no one will make them afraid, for the Lord Almighty has spoken. ⁵ All the nations
may walk in the name of their gods, but we will walk in the name of the Lord our God
for ever and ever.



The Epistle Reading

Romans 8: 33-end



Who will separate us from the love of Christ? Will hardship, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, 'For your sake we are being killed all day long; we are accounted as sheep to be slaughtered.' No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor

powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

The Gospel Reading

⁹“As the Father has loved me, so have I loved you. Now remain in my love. ¹⁰If you keep my commands, you will remain in my love, just as I have kept my Father’s commands and remain in his love. ¹¹I have told you this so that my joy may be in you and that your joy may be complete. ¹²My command is this: Love each other as I have



loved you. ¹³Greater love has no one than this: to lay down one’s life for one’s friends. ¹⁴You are my friends if you do what I command. ¹⁵I no longer call you servants, because a servant does not know his master’s business. Instead, I have called you friends, for everything that I learned from my Father I

have made known to you. ¹⁶You did not choose me, but I chose you and appointed you so that you might go and bear fruit—fruit that will last—and so that whatever you ask in my name the Father will give you. ¹⁷This is my command: Love each other.

A Prayer of Peace

Let us pray that we may be instruments of your peace. . .

Where there is hatred, let us sow love;

where there is injury, pardon;

where there is discord, union;

where there is doubt, faith;

where there is despair, hope;

where there is darkness, light;

where there is sadness, joy.

Grant that we may not so much seek

to be consoled as to console;

to be understood as to understand;

to be loved as to love.

For it is in giving that we receive;

it is in pardoning that we are pardoned; and

it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

Poppies by Jane Weir

Three days before Armistice Sunday and poppies had already been placed
on individual war graves. Before you left,
I pinned one onto your lapel, crimped petals, spasms of paper red, disrupting a
blockade of yellow bias binding around your blazer.

Sellotape bandaged around my hand, I rounded up as many white cat hairs as I could,
smoothed down your shirt's upturned collar, steeled the softening of my face. I
wanted to graze my nose across the tip of your nose, play at being Eskimos like we did
when you were little. I resisted the impulse to run my fingers through the gelled
blackthorns of your hair. All my words flattened, rolled, turned into felt,
slowly melting. I was brave, as I walked with you, to the front door, threw
it open, the world overflowing like a treasure chest. A split second
and you were away, intoxicated.

After you'd gone I went into your bedroom, released a song bird from its cage.
Later a single dove flew from the pear tree, and this is where it has led me,
skirting the church yard walls, my stomach busy making tucks, darts, pleats, hat-less,
without a winter coat or reinforcements of scarf, gloves.

On reaching the top of the hill I traced
the inscriptions on the war memorial, leaned against it like a wishbone.
The dove pulled freely against the sky,
an ornamental stitch. I listened, hoping to hear your playground voice catching on the
wind.

Today we pray for the ones who lost their lives as a result of conflict. We pray for
God's Spirit to move throughout this world, to continue to guide and evolve our
understanding and increase in us an awareness that we are one and of the one light.

