

All Saints' Church, Parish of Sanderstead and Hamsey Green

*Extending God's Welcome to All.  
Committed to Grow – in Discipleship, Service and Numbers*

## PARISH PRAISE for Mothering Sunday

Sunday 14 March 2021



*Welcome!*

*A warm welcome to Parish Praise, in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! Today is Mothering Sunday, a time to thank God for mothers and all who nurture and care for us.*

*In the midst of all the challenges we are currently facing, let us remember we have much to thank God for. Psalm 91:4 says, 'God will cover you with his feathers and under his wings you will find refuge'. Jesus said, "How often I have longed to gather your children together as a hen gathers her chicks under her wings".*

*The talk is given by Rev Jeremy Groombridge on the theme of "Sheltering under her wings".*

Hymn: For the Beauty of the Earth

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JVQFEgT7E6c>

### **FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH**

For the glory of the skies  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies,  
Over and around us lies.

*'Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our joyful hymn of praise.*

For the beauty of each hour  
Of the day and of the night  
Hill and vale and tree and flower  
Sun and Moon and stars of light,  
Sun and Moon and stars of light.

For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth and friends above  
For all gentle thoughts and mild  
For all gentle thoughts and mild.

For each perfect gift of Thine,  
To our race so freely given  
Graces human and divine  
Flow'rs of earth and buds of heav'n  
Flow'rs of earth and buds of heav'n

John Rutter

This is the day, which God has made.

**Let us rejoice and be glad in it.**

Let us thank God for his goodness

**And for all the wonderful things he has done**

Today we remember our mothers and our families

**And pray God to bless them with his love.**

*Confession Saying sorry to God*

Heavenly Father,  
we know we don't always treat each other  
as you want us to.

**Lord God, forgive us;  
and help us to be more loving.**

There are times when we insist on getting our own way  
despite what others feel.

**Lord God, forgive us;  
and help us to be more loving.**

Sometimes we say things which hurt others.

**Lord God, forgive us;  
and help us to be more loving.**

God has loved us, sending his Son Jesus to show us the true  
meaning of forgiveness

**Lord God, forgive us;  
and help us to be more loving.**

As our Saviour Jesus taught us, let us pray

**Our Father in heaven,  
hallowed be your name,  
your kingdom come, your will be done,  
on earth as in heaven.**

**Give us today our daily bread.**

**Forgive us our sins,**

**as we forgive those who sin against us.**

**Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil.**

**For the kingdom, the power,**

**and the glory are yours,**

**now and for ever. Amen.**

A Collect for Mothering Sunday

**O God of love,**

**passionate and strong, tender and careful;**

**watch over us and hold us all the days of our life;**

**through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.**

## Bible Readings

### **1 Samuel 1:20-28**

<sup>20</sup> So it was that Hannah became pregnant and gave birth to a son. She named him Samuel, and explained, "I asked the LORD for him."

<sup>21</sup> The time came again for Elkanah and his family to go to Shiloh and offer to the LORD the yearly sacrifice and the special sacrifice he had promised. <sup>22</sup> But this time Hannah did not go. She told her husband, "As soon as the child is weaned, I will take him to the house of the LORD, where he will stay all his life."

<sup>23</sup> Elkanah answered, "All right, do whatever you think best; stay at home until you have weaned him. And may the LORD make your promise come true." So Hannah stayed at home and nursed her child.

<sup>24</sup> After she had weaned him, she took him to Shiloh, taking along a three-year-old bull, a bushel of flour, and a leather bag full of wine. She took Samuel, young as he was, to the house of the LORD at Shiloh. <sup>25</sup> After they had killed the bull, they took the child to Eli. <sup>26</sup> Hannah said to him, "Excuse me, sir. Do you remember me? I am the woman you saw standing here, praying to the LORD. <sup>27</sup> I asked him for this child, and he gave me what I asked for. <sup>28</sup> So I am dedicating him to the LORD. As long as he lives, he will belong to the LORD."

Then they worshiped the LORD there.

This is the word of the Lord,

**Thanks be to God**

### **Matthew 23:37-39** *[Good News Bible]*

37 "Jerusalem, Jerusalem! You kill the prophets and stone the messengers God has sent you! How many times I wanted to put my arms around all your people, just as a hen gathers her chicks under her wings, but you would not let me! 38 And so your Temple will be abandoned and empty. 39 From now on, I

tell you, you will never see me again until you say, 'God bless him who comes in the name of the Lord.'"

This is the word of the Lord,  
**Thanks be to God**

Talk by Jeremy Groombridge

HYMN – Living Under the Shadow of his Wing  
[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L\\_ZqJVcL1yw](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L_ZqJVcL1yw)

### **LIVING UNDER THE SHADOW OF HIS WING**

We find security.  
Standing in His presence we will bring  
Worship, worship, worship to the King.

Bowed in adoration at His feet,  
We dwell in harmony.  
Voices joined together that repeat,  
Worthy, worthy, worthy is the Lamb.

Heart to heart embracing in His love  
Reveals His purity.  
Soaring in His Spirit like a dove  
Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.

David Lewis

*Chris Newman reads his poem, "I will be a Mother to you".*

I will be a mother to you; if you let me.  
I don't mean I'll pair your socks or wash your clothes,  
But I will wash you whiter than the snow, and when you mess up,  
again,  
I will give you my righteousness to wear; and that never stains or  
tears.

I won't argue your case when you've been sent to the  
headmaster's office,  
But I will be your advocate, before the throne of God.  
Like a good mother, I am always on your side.  
I don't make excuses for you, but I will pay the fine that you  
could never afford.  
My pockets are infinitely deep, but my love is deeper still.

I won't nag you to do better or to be good,  
Rather I will set for you a perfect example to follow.  
Before you know it, those bad habits, the ones that even annoy  
you,  
Will fall away like autumn leaves and the silhouette beneath, will  
resemble me.  
You will look like me and sound like me, not because we share  
the same genes,  
But because I gave my all for you; you are being transformed,  
The family resemblance is grafted into you.  
You have been born all over again,  
And that's not just poetic licence, it's a promise.

I won't cook a Sunday roast or vegan equivalent,  
But I will feed you with my body and blood.  
I am the bread of life, freshly baked and satisfying.  
And from my well comes living water, you won't be thirsty again.  
Good, nourishing food comes from my kitchen.  
The waistband of your Spirit will stretch in anticipation of my  
catering.  
I am sufficient for you; you need nothing more.  
I will meet your needs; I know your heart's cravings even if you  
don't.  
I will season your life so well that others will crowd around you to  
sample my flavours,  
My sweet aroma will follow you wherever you go.

There are many different kinds of Mothers.  
Good mothers, struggling mothers,  
Neglectful mothers and inspiring mothers.  
Loved mothers, ignored mothers, sacrificial mothers,  
and mothers who are much missed.  
There are mothers who are reluctant and those who remain  
anonymous.

There are mothers that will never hold a child of their own, they are still mothers.

Motherhood is not just a biological fact; it is a state of being, a passionate responsibility to love, and to love deeply.

I have a mother's heart for you.

I want my church to mother each other in the same way that I long to mother you.

As a Mother Hen I want to gather you under my wings of shelter, to draw you so very close.

You see, you are unbearably precious to me.

But there's a catch, you must be willing,

I won't thrust my maternal instincts upon you.

When you are under my protection, you won't see me, but you will sense my sanctuary,

You will know my presence and even if it is dark, my life will protect your life, if you remain with me.

My Holy Spirit will cover you and comfort you, heal you and guide you.

There is no peace or sense of well-being that can compare with this.

I will be a mother to you, if you let me, but only if you let me.

You must be willing to accept my mother care,

My mother protection, my mother nurture,

and most of all, my mother love.

Chris Newman February 2021

*Leading into...*

God of love, who hold us in life as in death,  
as we commend each one of those who have died  
to your eternal and tender care,  
comfort all who grieve,  
hold us in our sorrow,  
and give us that sense of hope which brings us all to  
resurrection life  
in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Time of remembering, with sound + pictures - Chris Newman

## A Prayer for Mothers and all who care

Praise God who loves us.

**Praise God who cares.**

For our mothers and all who care for us;

**Thanks be to God.**

For their patience when tested;

**Thanks be to God.**

For their love when tired;

**Thanks be to God.**

For their hope when despairing;

**Thanks be to God.**

For their service without limit;

**Thanks be to God.**

## A Blessing

May God, who gave birth to all creation, bless you.

May God, who became incarnate by an earthly mother, bless you.

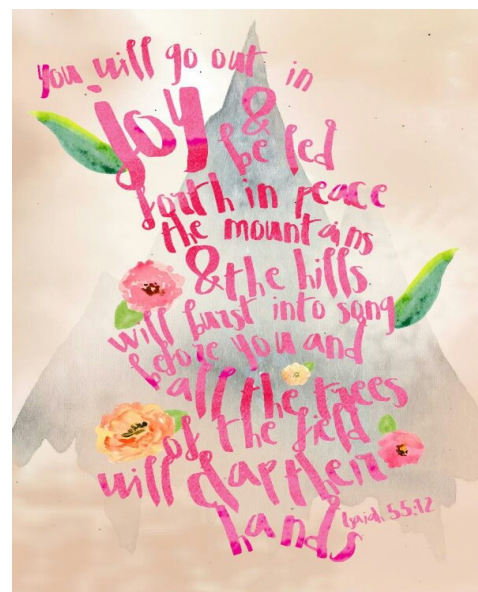
May God, who broods as a mother over her children, bless you.

May almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, bless you, now and for ever.

**Amen.**

Go in peace,

**Thanks be to God.**





HYMN: Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eqwoqRo9N6E>

**TELL OUT, MY SOUL, the greatness of the Lord!**

unnumbered blessings give my spirit voice;  
tender to me the promise of his word;  
in God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his name!  
make known his might, the deeds his arm has done;  
his mercy sure, from age to age the same;  
his holy name, the Lord, the mighty One.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his might!  
powers and dominions lay their glory by;  
proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to flight,  
the hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul, the glories of his word!  
firm is his promise, and his mercy sure.  
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord  
to children's children and for evermore!

Timothy Dudley-Smith (b.1926)

