

MOTHERING SUNDAY

22 March 2020



Poetry and reflections broadcast from St Peter ad Vincula, Coggeshall

Leader The Lord be with you
All And also with you

Words of welcome

Opening Prayer

As we come to worship you, Loving God,
we remember with thankful hearts
our families, and the care of our mothers.
We thank you today for all those who care for us,
and remember those who are now with you,
who have cared for us in the past.
Lord Jesus, who knew the love and care of parents,
help us to love and care for our family, friends and neighbours now and in the weeks ahead.
Amen.

Exodus 2:1-1

Now a man from the house of Levi went and married a Levite woman. The woman conceived and bore a son; and when she saw that he was a fine baby, she hid him three months.

When she could hide him no longer she got a papyrus basket for him, and plastered it with bitumen and pitch; she put the child in it and placed it among the reeds on the bank of the river.

His sister stood at a distance, to see what would happen to him.

The daughter of Pharaoh came down to bathe at the river, while her attendants walked beside the river.

She saw the basket among the reeds and sent her maid to bring it.

When she opened it, she saw the child. He was crying, and she took pity on him. "This must be one of the Hebrews' children," she said.

Then his sister said to Pharaoh's daughter, "Shall I go and get you a nurse from the Hebrew women to nurse the child for you?"

Pharaoh's daughter said to her, "Yes." So the girl went and called the child's mother.

Pharaoh's daughter said to her, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give you your wages."

So the woman took the child and nursed it.

When the child grew up, she brought him to Pharaoh's daughter, and she took him as her son.

She named him Moses, "because," she said, "I drew him out of the water."

This is the word of the Lord

Thanks be to God

Talk

A poem for our single mothers - *Malcom Guite*

At last, in spite of all, a recognition,
For those who loved and laboured for so long,
Who brought us, through that labour, to fruition
To flourish in the place where we belong.
A thanks to those who stayed and did the raising,
Who buckled down and did the work of two,
Whom governments have mocked instead of praising,
Who hid their heart-break and still struggled through,
The single mothers forced onto the edge
Whose work the world has overlooked, neglected,
Invisible to wealth and privilege,
But in whose lives the kingdom is reflected.
Now into Christ our mother church we bring them,
Who shares with them the birth-pangs of His Kingdom.

Reminders

- Light a candle in your window tonight at 7pm (be careful of net curtains!)
- There are a limited number of primulas in St Peter's porch for you to take one

Ave Maria

J. Acardlt, arr Pierre-Louis Dietcsh. Sung by Joanne Webber

Affirmation of Faith

Do you believe and trust in God the Father,
source of all being and life, the one for whom we exist?

All We believe and trust in him.

Do you believe and trust in God the Son,
who took our human nature, died for us and rose again?

All We believe and trust in him.

Do you believe and trust in God the Holy Spirit,
who gives life to the people of God and makes Christ known in the world?

All We believe and trust in him.

This is the faith of the Church.

All This is our faith.

We believe and trust in one God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

Amen.

Poem 511 - Emily Dickinson

If you were coming in the fall,
I'd brush the summer by
With half a smile, and half a spurn,
As housewives do a fly.

If I could see you in a year,
I'd wind the months in balls-
And put them each in separate drawers,
Their numbers to recall.

If only centuries delayed,
I'd count them on my hand,
Subtracting, till my fingers dropped
Into Van Dieman's Land.

If certain, when this life was out,
That yours and mine, should be
I'd toss it yonder like a rind,
And take eternity.

But now uncertain of the length
Of this, that is between,
It goads me like the goblin bee-
That will not state – its sting.

Prayers, ending with the Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.

Sometimes - Sheenagh Pugh.

Sometimes things don't go, after all,
from bad to worse. Some years, muscadell
faces down frost; green thrives; the crops don't fail,
sometimes a man aims high, and all goes well.

A people sometimes will step back from war;
elect an honest man, decide they care
enough, that they can't leave some stranger poor.
Some men become what they were born for.

Sometimes our best efforts do not go
amiss, sometimes we do as we meant to.
The sun will sometimes melt a field of sorrow
that seemed hard frozen: may it happen for you.

Final Blessing

Let us go in peace to love and serve the Lord.
In the name of Christ. Amen.