

# **A Virtual Prayer Trail**

**Summer 2020**

Produced in July 2020 for use at  
St. John's Methodist Church,  
Whitchurch



## Praise

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only Light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
triumph o'er the shades of night;  
Dayspring from on high, be near;  
Daystar, in my heart appear.

1 Now thank we all our God  
with heart and hands and voices,  
who wondrous things has done,  
in whom this world rejoices;  
who from our mothers' arms  
has blessed us on our way  
with countless gifts of love,  
and still is ours today.

2 O may this bounteous God  
through all our life be near us,  
with ever joyful hearts  
and blessed peace to cheer us,  
and keep us in his grace,  
and guide us when perplexed,  
and free us from all ills  
in this world in the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God  
the Father now be given,  
the Son, and Him who reigns,  
with them in highest heaven  
the one eternal God,  
whom earth and heaven adore;  
for thus it was, is now,  
and shall be evermore.



## Thanksgiving

The Cornucopia is a traditional part of the festival of Thanksgiving in the USA – a sign of plentifulness and nature's bounty to give thanks to God for. Despite all that has happened, we too have much to be thankful for: God remains faithful to His people, and through the Holy Spirit remains our constant companion and guide.

Martin Rinkart was a Priest in Eilenburg, Saxony, during the 30 Years War – including in 1637, when Plague devastated those sheltering in the town. Yet he still gave thanks to God, and gave us the following Hymn:

Dark and cheerless is the morn  
unaccompanied by thee;  
joyless is the day's return  
'til thy mercy's beams I see;  
'til they inward light impart,  
glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine;  
pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
fill me, Radiancy divine;  
scatter all my unbelief;  
more and more thyself display,  
shining to the perfect day.

*Charles Wesley*



## Confession

I confess that I have heard Your voice in prayer, yet  
plugged my ears.

I have seen Your face in the pages, but turned away.  
I have felt Your touch through the hands of another  
and still pulled away.

Please forgive me. **Amen.**

*(Celtic Daily Prayer from the*

*Northumbria Community)*

Span the great divide.

Going home, moving on,

Through God's open door;

Hush, my soul, have no fear,

Christ has gone before.

Christ has gone before.

*Michael Forster (StF 734)*

Remembering particularly members of  
this church who have died during the last  
few months:

Gordon Davidson

Derek Morris

Freda Hanlon

Albert Minshall



# Remembrance

Going home, moving on,  
Through God's open door;  
Hush, my soul, have no fear,  
Christ has gone before.  
Parting hurts, love protests,  
Pain is not denied;  
Yet, in Christ, life and hope

If we have fallen into despair,

Lord, forgive us.

If we have failed to hope in You,

Lord, forgive us.

If we have been fearful of death,

Lord, forgive us.

If we have forgotten the victory of Christ,

Lord, forgive us.

May the living God

Raise us from despair,

Give us victory over sin

And set us free in Christ. **Amen.**

*(Methodist Worship Book, Holy Communion  
for Easter)*





## Intercession

Christ, as a light  
illumine and guide me.

Christ, as a shield  
overshadow me.

Christ under me;

Christ over me;

Christ beside me

on my left and my right.

This day be within and without me,  
lowly and meek, yet all-powerful.

Be in the heart of each to whom I speak;  
in the mouth of each who speaks unto me.

This day be within and without me,  
lowly and meek, yet all-powerful.

Christ as a light;  
Christ as a shield;  
Christ beside me  
on my left and my right.

*Based on "St. Patrick's Breastplate"*

Great God of love, we lay these days  
Low at your feet, to seek your ways;  
Praying from heartache's deepest well:  
Peace for our anguish, fears to quell.  
Wounded and scared, in disarray;  
Look on a world that's lost its way,  
Grant us your mercy, hope bestow;  
E'en though that be the faintest glow.  
Cradle the tears of those who mourn,  
Comfort the weak and weary-worn;  
Humbled and helpless, lonely now;  
Here, to your children, grace endow.  
Move with compassion, pardoning Lord,  
Teach us to hear your constant word,  
That, though confused, impaired we be,  
Still, Jesus reigns in victory.  
Hear us, we pray, and work in power,  
Rescue, redeem, this dreadful hour,  
Come as of old and prove your might,  
Vanquishing darkness, sharing light.

*Stephen Poxon*