

*Christ Church New
Southgate & Friern Barnet*

12 September 2021

Welcome

Song: All creatures of our God and King

All creatures of our God and King,
lift up your voice and with us sing,
o praise him, alleluia!
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Bright burning sun with golden beam,
soft shining moon with silver gleam,
o praise him, alleluia!
alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Thou rushing wind that art so strong,
ye clouds that sail in heav'n along,
alleluia, alleluia!
Thou rising morn in praise rejoice,
ye lights of evening, find a voice,
O sing ye, O sing ye, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

And ev'ryone, with tender heart,
forgiving others, take your part,
alleluia, alleluia!
Ye who long pain and sorrow bear,
sing praise and cast on God your care,
O sing ye, O sing ye, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Let all things their Creator bless,
and worship God in humbleness,
alleluia, alleluia!
To God all thanks and praise belong!
Join in the everlasting song:
O sing ye, O sing ye, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

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Reading: Psalm 19^[a]

For the director of music. A psalm of
David.

¹The heavens declare the glory of God;
**the skies proclaim the work of his
hands.**

²Day after day they pour forth speech;
**night after night they reveal
knowledge.**

³They have no speech, they use no words;
no sound is heard from them.

⁴Yet their voice^[b] goes out into all the earth,
their words to the ends of the world.

¹⁴**May these words of my mouth
and this meditation of my heart
be pleasing in your sight,
Lord, my Rock and my Redeemer.**

Reading: James 3.1-12

The Tongue

3 My friends, not many of you should
become teachers. As you know, we teachers
will be judged with greater strictness than
others. ²All of us often make mistakes. But
if a person never makes a mistake in what he
says, he is perfect and is also able to control
his whole being. ³We put a bit into the
mouth of a horse to make it obey us, and we
are able to make it go where we want. ⁴Or
think of a ship: big as it is and driven by
such strong winds, it can be steered by a
very small rudder, and it goes wherever the
pilot wants it to go. ⁵So it is with the tongue:
small as it is, it can boast about great things.

Just think how large a forest can be set on
fire by a tiny flame! ⁶And the tongue is like a
fire. It is a world of wrong, occupying its
place in our bodies and spreading evil
through our whole being. It sets on fire the
entire course of our existence with the fire
that comes to it from hell itself. ⁷We

humans are able to tame and have tamed all other creatures—wild animals and birds, reptiles and fish. ⁸ But no one has ever been able to tame the tongue. It is evil and uncontrollable, full of deadly poison. ⁹ We use it to give thanks to our Lord and Father and also to curse other people, who are created in the likeness of God. ¹⁰ Words of thanksgiving and cursing pour out from the same mouth. My friends, this should not happen! ¹¹ No spring of water pours out sweet water and bitter water from the same opening. ¹² A fig tree, my friends, cannot bear olives; a grapevine cannot bear figs, nor can a salty spring produce sweet water.

Song: In the name of God the Father,
for the glory of the Son,
in the power of the Spirit,
now in faith we come.
We are gathered in your presence
as the people of the King
and you raise our hearts to heaven as we
sing.

*We lift up your name, O God,
you are worthy of our praise,
so great in power
and glorious in grace,
so high and holy
the mighty three-in-one:
in your name we come.*

We will call upon your mercy
as we celebrate your grace,
and we'll bring our joys and troubles
as we seek your face.
We will share the peace you've given
as we feast upon your word;
and you make us into light
for all the world.

Open our lips, open our lips,
and we shall declare your praises.
Open our eyes, open our eyes to you.
Open our hearts, open our minds,

we're trusting you to change us,
open our lives, let Jesus shine anew.

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LEADER: God is here,

ALL: his Spirit draws us near.

God invites,

we respond through Jesus Christ.

God welcomes home,

he embraces every one.

God is with us,

in his presence we can rest.

God reveals truth,

in his word we place our trust.

God lights our way,

we will bring our thanks and praise.

Prayer written by Sam Hargreaves for engageworship.

Active Apostle's creed

Song: Nothing is too big, big, BIG

Nothing's too big, big, big for his power
Nothing's too little, little for his care
Nothing's too big, big, big for his power
Nothing's too idly, widdly for his care
Nothing's too big, big, big for his power
Nothing's too incy-wincy for his care
Nothing's too big, big, big for his power
Nothing's too teeny-weeny for his care

He is God of the big, God of the little
God of the stuff somewhere in the middle
The King of moving mountains
Love's you more than you will ever know

Nothing's too big, big, big for his power
Nothing's too little, little for his care
Nothing's too big, big, big for his power
Nothing's too idly, widdly for his care
Nothing's too big, big, big for his power
Nothing's too incy-wincy for his care
Nothing's too big, big, big for his power
Nothing's too teeny-weeny for his care

He is God of the big, God of the little
God of the stuff somewhere in the middle
The King of moving mountains
Love's you more than you will ever know
Nothing's too big, nothing's too small
Nothing's too much, he cares for it all

Doug Horley

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All age craft & discussion

Sermon: A wagging tongue

To start with I couldn't think what was wrong with Mrs White. She stopped calling me, she stopped sitting near me at church, I even saw her dodge me around the corner at the shops. I take it as a matter of pride that I speak as I find. You can rely on me to be honest. Then I remembered – she had invited me over for cup of tea and to chat to her new neighbours. She served apple pie. Well apple pie at that time in the morning – it was just not right. And her pastry was awful, claggy, too salty and thick as a doorstep. So I said – Mrs White: can I have something else please? I whispered to the other ladies: this pie is disgusting. And that was when Mrs White started to avoid me.

Last month Mrs Green bought herself a new dress – oh it looked so beautiful on her. Her husband said to me – 'doesn't she look beautiful! And to think she only spent 10 silver coins on it.' Well one thing I do know is that dress came from Benjamin's in the city and it was a 100 silver coins. I had been looking at it myself and could not afford it, not this month. So I said to Mr Green - your wife is lying to you Mr Green. And I told him the real price. Later that week I heard they were living apart – she was back at her parents' place. I realised afterwards that the dress had been reduced in the sale, but I spoke in truth.

Last Friday I saw Mrs Red looking very suspicious indeed. She was out very early in the morning, no headscarf, and walking along with Mr Blue. All I said in my note to Mr Red was one word, short and sweet: sinner.

Then on Sunday, I saw that there is a vacancy on the pastoral care team at church. I thought I would be perfect for it; I know everyone and everything. I'm sure I can be a force for goodness and truth in our community.

James has written to our church. Apparently, he has heard that we don't speak kindly to each other. What a ... oh I'm not supposed to swear am I? In all honesty, his letter made me feel a bit prickly. I don't swear or curse, much, on Sundays. Does it really matter I thought? Surely, it's what I do not what I say that matters? I stand for honesty.

It turns out that Mrs Red and Mr Blue had been out looking for Mr Red. He'd been missing all night. He was eventually found in ditch; he'd had a stroke and he was nearly dead. I'm regretting my note.

James says you can't thank God and curse others at once, just like a spring cannot be fresh water and salt water. Unfortunately, I think he might have hit the nail on the head there. I find thanking God difficult. If I'm honest I don't feel very close to God at all, I struggle being open to the Spirit changing me. You see if I let God into my heart a little bit – he might actually see what's in there. And there is a very good chance that I might cry. In honesty I am not ready to deal with all of my emotions that have stuffed down there for years, decades. So, I button it. But I notice now that I cannot be kind. I make jokes at other people's expense. I swear like a trooper because I think it sounds funnier that what I really want to say. I curse because I just can't show people just how hurt I am. And I'm beginning to see what my words might have done.

I didn't make the pastoral committee. Just pipped to the post by some old lady. I haven't got many friends left and I don't get invited out to tea anymore.

I know that I need healing. I know I need to change. I feel like God is calling me to be different, calling me to live in a new way – one that reflects his kindness and grace. To live like God loves me, as I know he does. I know that just changing one word at a time, can make the world of difference. I pray that the Lord will strengthen me to do, to speak kindly, for with my words I can honour him.

You won't believe what the Psalm reading at church this week was! Psalm 19.14:

¹⁴ May these words of my mouth
and this meditation of my heart
be pleasing in your sight,
Lord, my Rock and my Redeemer.

It's stuck in my throat, and lodged in my heart where I'm praying that God will help me hold my tongue for his glory and honour.

Intercession led by Anthea Denham

Song: High in the heavens

High in the heavens, exalted,
name above all other names,
Lord over all of creation,
worthy of power and praise.

Blessing and honour and glory
are his eternal reward;
let every knee bow before him
and every tongue say he is Lord.

*Jesus, you are exalted and glorified.
Jesus, name above all names, we'll lift you high.*

Clothed in the splendour of heaven,
Jesus, eternally God,
emptied yourself, came as nothing,
choosing the road to the cross.

Lord, you were found in our likeness,
shedding your glory to serve;
humble, not claiming advantage,
you laid down your life for the world.

Let us be found in your likeness,
learning to serve as you served,
filled with your Spirit, your fullness,
the fragrance of grace on the earth.

You love the heart that is humble,
you desire worship that's true;
voices that sing for your glory
and lives that bring honour to you.

*Saviour, all of creation will bow in awe.
Jesus, from every nation we'll call you Lord,
to the glory of God. (repeat)*

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Blessing

May our words
Speak God's love
Share Jesus' compassion
By the power of the Spirit
Amen