

Entrance song: Rivers of Babylon

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down Yeah, we wept, when we remembered Zion By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down Yeah, we wept, when we remembered Zion

There the wicked
Carried us away in captivity
Required from us a song
Now how shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land
Repeat

Let the words of our mouth and the meditation of our heart
Be acceptable in thy sight here tonight
Let the words of our mouth and the meditation of our hearts
Be acceptable in thy sight here tonight Repeat

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down Yeah, we wept, when we remembered Zion By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down Yeah, we wept, when we remembered Zion *Repeat*

Opening prayer and welcome: Father Derek

Euology: Gideon and Dominic

Music: Enjoy yourself by Prince Buster

Bible Reading: 1 Corinthians 2-10 Love

I may have the gift of inspired preaching; I may have all knowledge and understand all secrets; I may have all the faith needed to move mountains, but if I have no love, I am nothing.

I may give away everything I have, and even give up my body to be burnt

but if I have no love, this does me no good.

Love is patient and kind; it is not jealous or conceited or proud; love is not ill-mannered or selfish or irritable; love does not keep a record of wrongs;

Love is not happy with evil, but is happy with the truth.

Love never gives up; and its faith, hope, and patience never fail.

Love is eternal. There are inspired messages, but they are temporary; there are gifts of speaking in strange tongues, but they will cease; there is knowledge, but it will pass.

For our gifts of knowledge and of inspired messages are only partial; but when what is perfect comes, then what is partial will disappear.

Homily

Prayers and Final Commendation



Music: Coming Home
Michael Fallon -Guitar
Danielle Fallon – Vocals
Bianca Fallon – Vocals & Keys

I've wandered far away from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.

Chorus

Coming home, coming home, Nevermore to roam; Open wide Thine arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

I've wasted many precious years, Now I'm coming home; I now repent with bitter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.

I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust Thy love, believe Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home.

