Third Sunday after Trinity 2022

Introit

Welcome and Introduction.

Hymn
How deep the Father's love for us, how vast beyond all measure
That He should give His only Son to make a wretch His treasure
How great the pain of searing loss: the Father turns His face away,
As wounds which mar the Chosen One bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon the cross, my sin upon His shoulders. Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice call out among the scoffers. It was my sin that held Him there, until it was accomplished. His dying breath has brought me life: I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything - no gifts, no power, no wisdom. But I will boast in Jesus Christ, his death and resurrection. Why should I gain from His reward? I cannot give an answer. But this I know with all my heart: his wounds have paid my ransom.

Kyries, Absolution, and Collect

	Lord Jesus, you came to reconcile us to the Father
	Lord have mercy
All	Lord have mercy
	Lord Jesus, by your cross, many sons are brought to glory
	Christ have mercy
All	Christ have mercy
	Lord Jesus, you search our hearts by your indwelling Spirit,
	Lord have mercy
All	Lord have mercy
	Almighty God have mercy upon us,
	Pardon and deliver us from all our sins,
	Confirm and strengthen us in all goodness
	And keep us in eternal life,
	Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen

The Collect for the Third Sunday after Trinity

Rejoice with Jerusalem, and be glad for her, all you who love her; rejoice with her in joy, all you who mourn over her – that you may nurse and be satisfied from her consoling breast; that you may drink deeply with delight from her glorious bosom. For thus says the LORD: I will extend prosperity to her like a river, and the wealth of the nations like an overflowing stream; and you shall nurse and be carried on her arm, and dandled on her knees. As a mother comforts her child, so I will comfort you; you shall be comforted in Jerusalem. You shall see, and your heart shall rejoice; your bodies shall flourish like the grass; and it shall be known that the hand of the LORD is with his servants, and his indignation is against his enemies

Second Reading:

Galatians 6.7–16

Hymn
O the deep, deep love of Jesus! Vast, unmeasured, boundless, free, rolling as a mighty ocean in its fullness over me.
Underneath me, all around me, is the current of thy love; leading onward, leading homeward, to thy glorious rest above.

O the deep, deep love of Jesus! Spread his praise from shore to shore; how he loveth, ever loveth, changeth never, nevermore; how he watches o'er his loved ones, died to call them all his own; how for them he intercedeth, watcheth o'er them from the throne.

O the deep, deep love of Jesus! Love of every love the best: 'tis an ocean vast of blessing; 'tis a haven sweet of rest. O the deep, deep love of Jesus! 'Tis a heaven of heavens to me; and it lifts me up to glory, for it lifts me up to thee.

Address

Hymn: There is no love like the love of Jesus, never to fail or fall,
Till into the fold of the peace of God, he has gathered us all.
Jesus' love, precious love, boundless and pure and free!
Oh, turn to that love, weary, wandering soul, Jesus pleadeth for thee.

There is no heart like the heart of Jesus, filled with a tender love; No throb nor throe that our hearts can know, but he feels it above...

Oh, let us hark to the voice of Jesus; oh may we never roam: Till safe we rest on the loving breast, in the dear heavenly home... Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as 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. Ein Tad yr hwn wyt yn y nefoedd, sancteiddier dy enw.

Ein Tad yr hwn wyt yn y nefoedd, sancteiddier dy enw, Deled dy dernas, gwneler dy ewyllys, megis yn y nef, felly ar y ddaear hefyd. Dyro i ni heddiw ein bara beunyddiol, a maddau i ni ein dyledion, fel y maddeuwn ninnau i'n dyledwyr. Ac nac arwain ni i brofedigaeth; eithr gwared ni rhag drwg. Canys eiddot ti yw'r deyrnas, a'r nerth a'r gogoniant, yn oes oesoedd. Amen.

The Intercessions.

Hymn
Wele'n sefyll rhwng y myrtwydd, wrthrych teilwng o'r holl rhyd;
Er mai o ran, yr wy'n adnabod ei fod uwchlaw gwrthrychau'r byd:
Henffych fore, henffych fore, y caf ei weled fel y mae.

Rhosyn Saron yw ei enw, gwyn a gwridog, teg o bryd; Ar ddeng mil y mae'n rhagori o wrthrychau penna'r byd: Ffrind pechadur, ffrind pechadur: dyma ei beilat ar y môr.

Beth sy imi mwy a wnelwyf ag eilunod gwael y llawr? Tystio'r wyf nad yw eu cwmni i'w cystadlu âm Iesu mawr: O! am aros yn ei gariad ddyddiau f'oes.

The Blessing.