

Sunday 6th December—Advent 2

Peter Colyer

Readings

Psalm 85

Isaiah 40:1-5,9-11

Mark 1:1-8

2 Peter 3:8-14

“Hark! We hear a distant music, and it comes with fuller swell; ‘tis the triumph-song of Jesus, of our King, Immanuel”

“Comfort ye, comfort ye my people saith your God” (Isaiah 40 v 1)

This is the joyful prophesy of the return of the people of Israel from their long exile. St. Peter reminds us that God works in a totally different time-frame from us and to different priorities.

“... with the Lord, a day can mean a thousand years and a thousand years is like a day.” (2 Peter 3 v 8-9)

Isaiah stresses the weak and puny nature of the efforts of human beings in the wider context of God’s eternity.

*“All humankind is grass...the grass withers...but the **word** of our God endures for evermore.” (Isaiah 40 v 6-7)*

Be comforted. Be reassured. The worst that human beings can do may have tremendous consequences in terms of short-term human history – but in the true context of eternity it is a mere pin prick, no more lasting than a piece of grass. God raises up generation after generation of grass in the field. He is in the same way constantly creating and re-creating and renewing his eternal purposes. **The only thing that endures forever is the Word of God.**

God’s creation struggles to overcome the seemingly inexhaustible attempts by human beings to distort, to oppress, to imprison, to terrorise, to discriminate against, to abuse, to marginalise, to misuse, to misappropriate, to lay waste. But all such attempts are like grass, they have their day and then they are gone – swept away by the eternal word of God which rises afresh in each generation, which brings comfort and deliverance, which brings new opportunities to re-fashion the world in his image and likeness.

In this Season of Advent – of looking forward - let’s pray for renewal in our age and to resolve to work with Our Lord to bring that renewal to fruition.



Roof boss of Noah's Ark

Norwich Cathedral

Photo: Peter Colyer

Sunday 6th

There's a light upon the mountain, and the day is at the spring,

when our eyes shall see the beauty and the glory of the King;
weary was our heart with waiting, and the night-watch seemed so long;
but his triumph-day is breaking, and we hail it with a song.

There's a hush of expectation, and a quiet in the air;
and the breath of God is moving in the fervent breath of prayer:
for the suffering, dying Jesus is the Christ upon the throne,
and the travail of our spirit is the travail of his own.

Hark! We hear a distant music, and it comes with fuller swell;
'tis the triumph-song of Jesus, of our King, Immanuel:
Zion, go now forth to meet him; and, my soul, be swift to bring
all your finest and your noblest for the triumph of our King!

Henry Burton (1840-1930)

Prayer

By the grace and patience which worked in times of old and has not ceased to move and prepare the way, make us ready for your coming and grant that we may be as those who are ready, with lamps burning, for witness and service, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN

There's a light upon the mountain



We pray for all who face difficult challenges in life. Transforming God help, comfort and lead us as we offer ourselves to you

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