

Welcome and notices

Good morning and a very warm welcome to you all, whether you are at home, or you are here with us at Tyndale, a regular attendee, or a visitor, you are all very welcome.



This morning our Remembrance Service is being taken by our Community Minister, Rachel Haig. Rachel, as always, we thank you for leading our service and look forward to spending this time together in worship.

The notices for this week include our Tuesday Coffee Shop, which is held here in the sanctuary, from 10am until 12noon. Do come along and enjoy refreshments and conversation as we open our doors to the local community and enjoy time together.

Time@Tyndale on Wednesday is our monthly Communion Service. As usual the evening is being held here in the sanctuary, with the doors opening at 7.30pm for refreshments, and the Communion starting at 8pm. Do join us, for what is always a very special evening.

On Thursday morning at 11 am we have our online coffee shop time. The details are on the church website for those of you who are free and able to join in this time of conversation.

Lastly, the copy date deadline for the next edition of the Link is today. If you have an item to be added, please ensure you get it to Nick Parsons. Thank you.

Song Jesus, we are here;

Jesus, we are here;

Jesus, we are here;

We are here for you.

From Zimbabwe Patrick Matsikenyiri

Call to worship

Gracious God,
we heard you even in the sea of disorder
and the darkness of the void,
crying, 'Light and life become!
and all creation was begun.

We gather to your presence

Redeeming God,
we heard you even in the depths of destruction
and the night-time of sadness,
crying, 'Enough! Here is my Son:
love and hope for the future!'

We gather to your words of life

Inspiring God,
we heard you even in the silence of sorrow
and the anguish of pain,
crying, 'If God be for us,
who can be against us!'

We gather to your faithful love

Hymn

Great is your faithfulness, O God my Father
There is no shadow of turning with thee.
Thou changest not, Thy compassions, they fail not
As Thou hast been, Thou forever will be

Great is your faithfulness

Great is your faithfulness

Morning by morning, new mercies I see

*All I have needed, Your hand has provided
Great is Your faithfulness, Lord, unto me*

Summer and winter and springtime and harvest
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above
Join with all nature in manifold witness
To your great faithfulness, mercy, and love

Pardon for sin and a peace everlasting
Thy living presence to cheer and to guide
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside

Thomas O Chisolm 1923

Opening Prayer

Beyond us, and around us, you are maker of all and we offer you our worship for you are so much greater than we can think or imagine, yet as near to us as our breath, you know our deepest thoughts and feelings. All that we are is known to you, nothing is hidden and still it is love for us that is your first word to us. You have loved us from the beginning of our time and you will love us to the end of life.

In Jesus Christ you have made yourself known. In his life and death, we see you embrace our humanity and our fragility, in his life beyond death hope is born in us. And the same Spirit that was in Jesus, you have sent to us to help us, to guide us, to bring us your peace beyond our understanding.

We thank you for the ways in which we've known you in this past week, and we thank you that the week ahead will be filled with your presence. You already know what's in our hearts and minds today, our unbelief as well as our certainties. You know our fears and understand them, as well as our strengths which you are pleased with.

You have promised to share our journey and we confess our need of your Spirit's help, daily and we come here to grow in our faith.

You have tried to show us ways that lead to even greater peace. You have tried to share with us actions which speak of selfless love. And we thank you for the many ways our lives are made rich by the loving actions of others – for the care and support, the comfort and compassion we received.

We're sorry for the times when we fall into ways that are selfish, unkind, lacking in love towards our neighbours. Forgive us for the times we fail to see the needs of others or choose ways that separate us from those who are both near to us and far. Forgive us when we are less than you hope for and cannot see beyond our own desires.

So in this time together, help us to be present to you as you are present to us, as well as present to each other. Give us time and space to remember and to reflect, to tell you our worries and fears, to be reassured and reminded that you are God, our maker and are here with us, through your Son Jesus Christ our Lord, in whose name we pray.

Amen.

Lord's Prayer:

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name, your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as in heaven. Give us today our daily bread. Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us. Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours, now and forever. Amen

Song

Such love, pure as the whitest snow;

such love, weeps for the shame I know;
such love, paying the debt I owe;
O Jesus, such love.

Such love, stilling my restlessness;
such love, filling my emptiness;
such love, showing me holiness;
O Jesus, such love.

Such love, springs from eternity;
such love, streaming through history;
such love, fountain of life to me;
O Jesus, such love.

Graham Kendrick © 1988 Make Way Music.

Responsive Reading:

Leader: Do you not know? Have you not heard?
The Lord is the everlasting God,

ALL: The creator of the ends of the earth.

Leader: He will not grow tired or weary,

ALL: and his understanding no one can fathom.

Leader: He gives strength to the weary
And increases the power of the weak.

**ALL: Even youths grow tired and weary,
And young men stumble and fall;**

Leader: But those who hope in the Lord
Will renew their strength.

ALL: They will soar on wings like eagles;

Leader: They will run and not grow weary,

ALL: They will walk and not be faint.

Song O God, you search me and you know me.

All my thoughts lie open to your gaze.

When I walk or lie down, you are before me:

Ever the maker and keeper of my days.

You know my resting and my rising.

You discern my purpose from afar,
and with love everlasting you besiege me:

In ev'ry moment of life or death, you are.

Before a word is on my tongue, Lord,
you have known its meaning through and through.

You are with me beyond my understanding:

God of my present, my past and future too.

Although your Spirit is upon me,
still I search for shelter from your light.

There is nowhere on earth I can escape you:

Even the darkness is radiant in your sight.

For you created me and shaped me,
gave me life within my mother's womb.

For the wonder of who I am, I praise you:

Safe in your hands, all creation is made new.

Bernadette Farrell © 1992

Words of Offering

We pause in this moment to recognise the gifts we each
bring to our common life, for our money, time and talents
offered for the building of God's Kingdom through
Tyndale and beyond.

So we share the grace with each other:

*The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God and
the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us all, evermore,
Amen.*

**(At 11.00 A.M. we will break for the Two Minutes
Silence.)**

Act of Remembrance:

Friends, let us remember in silence before God,

all those who died in war.

The two minutes' silence.

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old.
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
we will remember them.

ALL: We will remember them.

Song

**Come to the well full of water. Come to the well deep
as the sea.**

**Come to the one who will give you water to drink,
living and free.**

Jesus is walking to Galilee,

What will he notice? Who will he see?

Talking to stranger, asking to drink,

Breaking conventions – what will they think?

Seeking companions, making a friend –

What will it lead to? Where will it end?

Woman entrusted, woman you choose

To be the bearer of the good news.

When we are weary, when we are weak,

Jesus will be the strength that we seek.

In all our searching, in all our care,

Jesus is with us, Jesus is there.

Bernadette Farrell © 2002

Reading [John 4: 1-30](#)

Sermon John 4 Give me the living water

"This is the transcript of an ACTUAL radio conversation of a US naval ship with Canadian authorities off the coast of Newfoundland in October, 1995. Radio conversation released by the Chief of Naval Operations 10-10-95.

Americans: Please divert your course 15 degrees to the North to avoid a collision.

Canadians: Recommend you divert YOUR course 15 degrees to the South to avoid a collision.

Americans: This is the Captain of a US Navy ship. I say again, divert YOUR course.

Canadians: No. I say again, you divert YOUR course.

Americans: THIS IS THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER USS LINCOLN, THE SECOND LARGEST SHIP IN THE UNITED STATES' ATLANTIC FLEET. WE ARE ACCOMPANIED BY THREE DESTROYERS, THREE CRUISERS AND NUMEROUS SUPPORT VESSELS. I DEMAND THAT YOU CHANGE YOUR COURSE 15 DEGREES NORTH, THAT'S ONE FIVE DEGREES NORTH, OR COUNTER-MEASURES WILL BE UNDERTAKEN TO ENSURE THE SAFETY OF THIS SHIP.

Canadians: This is a lighthouse. Your call."

How we think of ourselves is important, but there's a difference between what we think and who we really are. And that's much more important. How easy it is to let pride or status or hurt get in the way. The captain of the USS Lincoln thought he was so important he could demand that a Canadian crew change its course to avoid a collision. When he finally learned that the "Canadian crew" was someone tending a lighthouse, things took their proper perspective. The American vessels changed their course. A lesson was learned the hard way.

Nicodemus was a bit like the captain of the American ship. He was a little too caught up in his position as a Jew, a Pharisee, a member of the Sanhedrin, and a renowned teacher of the Old Testament law. There was a kind of confrontation in the third chapter of John where Nicodemus was willing to acknowledge that Jesus was "a teacher who has come from God" (3:2); but he fell short of actually saying that

Jesus was a prophet. And he speaks his verdict on Jesus before they even started to talk.

When Jesus told him that he wouldn't make it into the kingdom of God as he was—without being reborn from above—he tried to get Jesus to change His course rather than to change his own. He asked questions, but what he actually did with what he heard is left inconclusive. I feel like there are quite a few Nicodemus types at Cop26 and what they will actually do the world waits, holding its collective breath to see what they will actually do. Will they have a change of heart?

Jesus moved on, into Samaria, whether that was to let things die down a little because of the comparisons being made with John the Baptist, or just out of sheer tiredness, we don't really know. But it brought about this encounter between Jesus and a woman who discovers someone who knows who she is and accepts her. She, in turn, recognised who Jesus really was and named him! Where Nicodemus had already made up his mind, it seems, this woman met Jesus and was open to being changed.

Jacob's well is still there today. With the hills around, at a crossroads, on the road to Nablus and Scythopolis. Historically this is where Jacob gave a plot of land to his son Joseph in Genesis 29, and that's where Joseph's bones were buried according to Genesis 33. And in the book of Joshua we read about the renewal of the Covenant with God after the Promised Land was taken happened on this same ground. It's a significant place, with quite a story to tell about people of faith. It's a place of remembrance.

She was empty. This woman of Samaria who walked out for water in the heat of the day. The bleakness of her life drove her to the well when it was hottest, at noon, when no one would be around to see her, to bother her, to whisper their jokes or disapproval. Out of the goldfish bowl of town life, to the quiet of the well to find a stranger sitting, tired out, thirsty. Here she was, beyond where others could, would, stop and tut, watch without understanding or warmth. She was a woman who had been used, a woman who had known tragedy, a woman who had known loss, time and again. She was a woman who had been left alone. A woman whose memories were picked over and shamed her. A woman who remembered every funny look, every snide remark, every painful reminder of her past.

This woman was like many of us, full of memories, both the good and the ones we wish had never happened.

Life had left her alone, and so had those she lived alongside. How often we live alongside others without ever touching, without ever knowing or being known, hiding ourselves even.

It wasn't that she had never known intimacy. She had certainly known that with 5 husbands, one assumes. It wasn't that she had always been alone. But whoever it was she lived with now, she was still an outcast to be gossiped over. Many know that feeling of being alone. Many have lived it through lockdown. Aloneness. Oft time our memories have kept us going. Memories of time with those we love. Memories of holidays, parties, life celebrations, memories of people we have spent time with, shared laughter with, wept with. But mostly we are not like this woman who was alone because others kept her painful memories alive and judged her for them.

There are so many outcasts, people who don't fit in. We judge ourselves so often by what other people have and we don't or what people don't have and should. Sometimes people are guilty of making themselves feel better by putting down others judged to be less or not like them. In so many ways, human nature seems concerned to isolate and divide one from another by categorising people or creating in groups. The haves and the have nots. The couples and the singles. The middle class and the working class. The Chav's and the immigrants and the gays, the single parent or divorced, the mental health issues and the anti-social behaviour. So many people that don't quite fit,

categorised by memories of past events, actions, vulnerabilities, expectations. And it's all usually underpinned by powerful fear.

The only thing more unusual than a woman alone at the well at noon was the sight of a Jewish rabbi speaking to a Samaritan and asking for a drink from her water bucket. Any self respecting Jew wouldn't consider even touching a Samaritan's or a woman's water bucket. Centuries of feuding between Jew and Samaritan lay between this man and this woman. Never mind personal qualities, all get lumped together as one mass to be hated. That's not unusual either. I suppose human beings have been doing that throughout time and we aren't immune today.

This woman that met Jesus at a well of memories was shocked but not put off, puzzled, curious when asked for water. 'If only you knew who is asking you for a drink.' And every reader of this story ever is confronted with that same question, If only you knew who this Jesus was? Then he offers her water that's alive. Jesus wasn't trying to be obscure here, as he often was. Instead he used something close at hand to connect with her. 'You're here at a deep well, he says, What if a fountain came to life inside your heart, leaping with the Spirit of God? And all I ask is a cup of water.'

'You don't even have a bucket', she responded, as if to bat him away. The flat, grey, narrow reasoning of the world crashed down against the deep, rainbow coloured wisdom of God. Memories of all those other hurts make her shrink away.

This woman was like so many of us. She met a teacher who was not the norm and in her bleakness she was offered living water. Something to quench the thirst for human connection, for kindness, for acceptance, for healing. Living water that will never run out. And she reached out, 'give me this living water'. Like a spring of hope. She reached for something that she instinctively knew was good. She was astute enough to hold out her hands to receive. She trusted.

And in doing so she opened herself to be known by this stranger, who she discovered was not a stranger at all. In fact he seemed to know and understand her life better than anyone she'd ever met. He embraced her memories. No hiding here.

So we begin to understand the difference between God's nature and human nature who offers living water to the outcast and the sinner, in other words, to those who are on the outside.

As gently as a doctor unwraps a wound to examine it, Jesus took the cover off her life. The wounds were deep. Her life had been laid bare and yet she'd been accepted. She'd tried to escape, but the voice of acceptance held her fast.

The Samaritans had a different name for the Messiah. It was Tahav, the Revealer. She whispers across the ages to us as well as to Jesus, I know when the Messiah comes He will reveal everything to us, she whispered to the One who had just revealed everything to her. And he said 'I am he.' I am, the name for God. She found herself accepted in the presence of God.

Jesus first missionary to the Samaritans was a woman whose word was about as valuable as her empty bucket. So we now know Jesus chooses unlikely women and men to tell his unlikely, unbelievable, foolish story. What does she say to her neighbours? 'Come and see a man who told me everything I've ever done.' Her memories are redeemed. She holds up her acceptance of them as an invitation to her neighbours. It's a powerful, powerful moment of transformation.

To be thirsty, really thirsty is a terrible thing. Just as our bodies won't last long without water, so we too are invited to come and see one who offers us living water. To come with all our memories to the one who knows us and still reveals the truth of who we are, thirst quenching

acceptance and love that transforms life. The earth needs living water to heal the memories of division, greed, self-interest that destroys us. All anyone has to say is 'Give me this living water...' and believe.

Song CG141

What shall we pray for those who died
those on whose death our lives relied?
Silenced by war but not denied,
God give them peace.

What shall we pray for those who mourn
friendships and love, their fruit unborn?
Though years have passed, hearts still are torn;
God give them peace.

What shall we pray for those who live
tied to the past they can't forgive.
haunted by terrors they relive?
God give them peace.

What shall we pray for those who know
nothing of war, and cannot show
grief or regret for friend or foe?
God give them peace.

What shall we pray for those who fear
war, in some guise, may reappear
looking attractive and sincere?
God give them peace.

God give us peace and, more than this,
show us the path where justice is;
and let us never be remiss
working for peace that lasts.

John Bell WGRG

Prayers of Intercession

Leader:

O God, your ways are higher than ours, and your thoughts greater than ours, rest your guiding Spirit upon us as we pray for the world.

On this Remembrance Sunday,
we remember past wars:
those who fought in them; those who lived through them;
those who died in them.

Silence

As we remember

ALL: We wait for the Lord

We pray for the victims of past wars,
remembering before you, loving God, those who died in battle,

or from the consequences of injury or disease,
and those who mourned or still mourn them.

We remember those permanently maimed or disabled,
and those psychologically scarred or disturbed.

We pray for an end to the suffering of war.

Silence

As we remember

ALL: We wait for the Lord

We pray for the victims of current conflicts,
remembering before you, loving God,
children trained to hate and fight,
families turned into homeless refugees,
and lands laid waste and made barren.

We remember those blinded or crippled
and those driven to inner darkness by nightmare experiences.

We pray for an end to the destructive hatred that war

continually grows.

Silence

As we remember

ALL: We wait for the Lord

We pray for the peace of the world, loving God.
We pray for all who are victims of human loneliness and rejection;

for all who are objects of hatred and violence;

For all who battle against indifference, apathy and

prejudice, in individuals, and among nations;

for those whose lives are devoted to the care of others,

and who work to end alienation, despair and

misunderstanding.

For the growth of love and respect for all men, women

and children, across barriers of colour, creed, gender,

sexuality and nation.

Silence

As we remember

ALL: We wait for the Lord

We pray for all those who are working for peace and reconciliation.

We pray for those working tirelessly for an agreement on ways to work together for the good of all on this earth, for those working in conservation, for those working to clean our oceans, for your blessing on every tree that's planted.

We remember that you have called us to work and pray together for the coming of your kingdom of love and peace.

We pray that you will equip us for the task with the faith that knows

that nothing can separate us from the love of Christ.

In the name of Jesus, Prince of Peace.

Amen.

Hymn Praise with joy the world's creator,

God of justice, love and peace,

Source and end of human knowledge,

Force of greatness without cease.

Celebrate the maker's glory –

Power to rescue and release.

Praise the Son who feeds the hungry,

Frees the captive, finds the lost,

Heals the sick, upsets religion,

Fearless both of fate and cost.

Celebrate Christ's constant presence –

Friend and stranger, guest and host.

Praise the Spirit sent among us,

Liberating truth from pride,

Forging bonds where race or gender,

Age or nation dare divide.

Celebrate the Spirit's treasure –

Foolishness none dare deride.

Praise the maker, Son and Spirit,

One God in community,

Calling Christians to embody

Oneness and diversity.

Thus the world shall yet believe, when

Shown Christ's vibrant unity.

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Tune: Praise my soul

Blessing

The blessing of God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit be with you

This day and all days. Amen