



## Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost, August 23, 2020

Opening Music: Cara Halpin

Gathering of the Community & Welcome: Molly Finlay

Collect of the Day:

Presider: The Lord be with you.

People: **And also with you.**

Presider: Together, let us pray.

**Almighty God,  
we are taught by your word  
that all our doings without love are worth nothing.  
Send your Holy Spirit and pour into our hearts  
that most excellent gift of love,  
the true bond of peace and of all virtue;  
through Jesus Christ our Lord,  
who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit,  
one God, now and for ever.  
Amen.**

Reading: Sam Robinson

Reader: A Reading from the Gospel According to Luke

Then Jesus said, 'There was a man who had two sons. The younger of them said to his father, "Father, give me the share of the property that will belong to me." So he divided his property between them. A few days later the younger son gathered all he had and travelled to a distant country, and there he squandered his property in dissolute living. When he had spent everything, a severe famine took place throughout that country, and he began to be in need. So he went and hired himself out to one of the citizens of that country, who sent him to his fields to feed the pigs. He would gladly have filled himself with the pods that the pigs were eating; and no one gave him anything. But when he came to himself he said, "How many of my father's hired hands have bread enough and to spare, but here I am dying of hunger!

I will get up and go to my father, and I will say to him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you; I am no longer worthy to be called your son; treat me like one of your hired hands.'" So he set off and went to his father. But while he was still far off, his father saw him and was filled with compassion; he ran and put his arms around him and kissed him. Then the son said to him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you; I am no longer worthy to be called your son." But the father said to his slaves, "Quickly, bring out a robe—the best one—and put it on him; put a ring on his finger and sandals on his feet. And get the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and celebrate; for this son of mine was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found!" And they began to celebrate. 'Now his elder son was in the field; and when he came and approached the house, he heard music and dancing. He called one of the slaves and asked what was going on. He replied, "Your brother has come, and your father has killed the fatted calf, because he has got him back safe and sound." Then he became angry and refused to go in. His father came out and began to plead with him. But he answered his father, "Listen! For all these years I have been working like a slave for you, and I have never disobeyed your command; yet you have never given me even a young goat so that I might celebrate with my friends. But when this son of yours came back, who has devoured your property with prostitutes, you killed the fatted calf for him!" Then the father said to him, "Son, you are always with me, and all that is mine is yours. But we had to celebrate and rejoice, because this brother of yours was dead and has come to life; he was lost and has been found.'" (Luke 15:11-32)

Reader: Hear what the Spirit is saying to the Church

Homily: Bridget Poole

**(NB: After the homily, please unmute your phones by pressing \*6 if you would like to join the congregational singing and prayers)**

Music: For the Beauty of the Earth

**For the beauty of the earth,  
for the glory of the skies,  
for the love which from our birth  
over and around us lies.  
Christ, our God, to thee we raise  
this our hymn of grateful praise.**

**For the beauty of each hour  
of the day and of the night,  
hill and vale and tree and flower,  
sun and moon and stars of light,  
Christ, our God, to thee we raise  
this our hymn of grateful praise.**

**For the joy of human love,  
brother, sister, parent, child,  
friends on earth and friends above,  
for all gentle thoughts and mild,  
Christ, our God, to thee we raise  
this our hymn of grateful praise.**

**(NB: If not already unmuted, you may unmute here by pressing \*6)**

Prayers: Tony van Straubenzee

**The Lord's Prayer**

The Blessing

Postlude Music