



## **Romans 12:11**

Never be lacking in zeal, but keep your spiritual fervour, serving the Lord. Be joyful in hope, patient in affliction, faithful in prayer. Share with God's people who are in need. Practice hospitality.

### **Collect Prayer for the Day**

Almighty God, you have broken the tyranny of sin and have sent the Spirit of your Son into our hearts whereby we call you Father: give us grace to dedicate our freedom to your service, that we and all creation may be brought to the glorious liberty of the children of God; through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord, who is alive and reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever.

### **Matthew 10:40-42**

‘Whoever welcomes you welcomes me, and whoever welcomes me welcomes the one who sent me. Whoever welcomes a prophet in the name of a prophet will receive a prophet’s reward; and whoever welcomes a righteous person in the name of a righteous person will receive the reward of the righteous; and whoever gives even a cup of cold water to one of these little ones in the name of a disciple - truly I tell you, none of these will lose their reward.’ *NRSV*

### **Meditation**

It is not from your own possessions that you are bestowing alms on the poor, you are but restoring to them what is theirs by right. For what was given to everyone for the use of all, you have taken for your exclusive use. The earth belongs not to the rich, but to everyone. Thus, far from giving lavishly, you are but paying part of your debt. (*St Ambrose, 340-397*)

Mother Teresa of Calcutta was asked how it was that she could continue to tend the sickest and most wretched of the poor in the slums of Calcutta, India. Mother Teresa said that as she looked at each person for whom she was caring she tried to imagine that she was tending the Lord Jesus’ wounded body –

His nail-scarred hands, feet, and side. And so it was that in each act of caring, the Kingdom of God embraced and even reached out through Mother Teresa as she welcomed Christ in her neighbour and as she embraced the neighbour as if that person were the Lord Himself! God remembers each act of hospitality.

### *Prayers*

Grant to us, O Lord, ears to hear your voice, eyes to see your beauty and hearts to love your name, so that hearing, seeing and loving we may come at last to the joys of your kingdom; through Christ our Lord. Amen. *Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)*

O God, we bring you our failure, our hunger, our disappointment, our despair, our greed, our aloofness, our loneliness. We cling to others in desperation or turn from them in fear. Strengthen us in love. Teach us, women and men to use our power with care. We turn to you, O God, we renounce evil, we claim your love, we choose to be made whole. Amen (*Monica Furlong*)

May the road rise to meet you. May the wind be always be at your back. May the sun shine warm upon your face. May the rains fall softly upon your fields until we meet again. May God hold you in the hollow of his hand. Amen, (*Gaelic Blessing*)

We see you in the compassionate ways of those who accept us  
no matter how inadequate or different we may be.

We see you in the loving ways of those who love us unconditionally.

We see you in the sacrificing ways of those who give of themselves.

We see you in the forgiving ways of those who forgive our unforgivable ways.

We give thanks that you have revealed yourself to us and that the You we see in Jesus we can also see in those around us in our daily lives.

O God, you give us life, you call each of us into faithful service, discipleship in Jesus Christ. Open our hearts in ways that we might reach out to those-especially those who are so different from ourselves-and in so doing, may the world be transformed through your love, enlivened through our lives. In Jesus' name we pray. Amen.

While I have a thought to think, let me not forget thee; while I have a tongue to move, let me mention thee with delight; while I have a breath to breathe, let it be after thee and for thee; while I have a knee to bend, let it bow daily at thy footstool; and when by sickness thou confinest me to my couch, do thou make my bed, and number my pains, and put all my tears into thy bottle. Amen. From *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, Richard Baxter (1615 ...)