

*She 'sees' Jesus differently*

*Seeing the world differently*

*Song:*

The Church is wherever God's people are praising,  
singing their thanks for his goodness this day.  
The Church is wherever disciples of Jesus  
remember his story and walk in his way.

The Church is wherever God's people are loving,  
sharing forgiveness and starting again;  
where all are accepted, whatever their background,  
whatever their past and whatever their pain.

The Church is wherever God's people are helping,  
caring for neighbours in sickness and need;  
conveying the Gospel, its joy and its comfort,  
its peace and its justice, in gift and in deed.

The Church is wherever God's people are praising,  
sharing their hope for God's kingdom this day.  
The Church is wherever disciples of Jesus  
remember his story and walk in his way.

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**Blessing**

God who sees us differently – with truth and mercy:  
**bless us, as we're blessed in baptism: with deep love.**  
Jesus Christ who receives our love and cherishes it:  
**bless us, as we're blessed in baptism: with deep love.**  
Holy Spirit, who inspires us to see people differently:  
**bless us, so we may help to make all things new.**

## All-Age Worship ... "Seeing things differently"

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*The Prophet Isaiah, chapter 43:*

Listen to God, who makes a path through the sea:  
**Do not remember past things, but remember this:**  
I am about to do a new thing!  
**It is springing to life! Do you notice it?**  
I will make a way in the wilderness  
**and rivers in the desert!**

*Prayer:*

**Living and generous God,**  
**As we come together to worship you**  
**and to learn more of your love and purpose for us,**  
**help us to notice the new things that you do:**  
**help us to be open and help us to value each other,**  
**this day and always, in Jesus' name, Amen.**

*The Story so far ...*

*Song: R&S 195, I danced in the morning*

I danced in the morning when the world was begun,  
and I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,  
and I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth;  
at Bethlehem I had my birth.

*'Dance, then, wherever you may be,  
I am the Lord of the Dance,' said he,  
'and I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,  
and I'll lead you all in the dance,' said he.*

I danced for the scribe and the pharisee,  
but they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me.  
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John –  
they came with me and the dance went on. *Dance ...*

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame;  
the holy people said it was a shame.  
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me on high,  
and they left me there on a cross to die. *Dance ...*

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black –  
it's hard to dance with the devil on your back.  
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone,  
but I am the dance, and I still go on. *Dance ...*

They cut me down and I leapt up high;  
I am the life that'll never, never die;  
I'll live in you if you'll live in me;  
I am the Lord of the dance, said he. *Dance ...*

Sydney Carter (1915- )  
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*Back to Bethany ...*

*Jesus 'sees' the woman differently*

*Prayers for others - with a response (from Psalm 126: 5-6)*

We are like those who dream ...  
**May those who go out weeping,**  
**come home with shouts of joy.**

*Song:*

Praise to God, the world's Creator,  
source of life and growth and breath,  
cradling in her arms her children,  
holding them from birth to death.  
In our bodies, in our living,  
strength and truth of all we do,  
God is present, working with us,  
making us creators too.

Praise to God, our saving Wisdom,  
meeting us with love and grace,  
helping us to grow to wholeness,  
giving freedom, room and space.  
In our hurting, in our risking,  
in the thoughts we dare not name,  
God is present, growing with us,  
healing us from pride and shame.

Praise to God, the Spirit in us,  
prompting hidden depths of prayer,  
firing us to long for justice,  
reaching out with tender care.  
In our searching, in our loving,  
in our struggles to be free,  
God is present, living in us,  
pointing us to what shall be.

Jan Berry (1953- )