



# The Sunday Supplement

Issue 5: 18th April 2020



## How Great Thou Art

O Lord, my God, when I in awesome  
wonder  
Consider all the works Thy Hands have  
made  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder  
Thy power throughout the universe  
displayed

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to  
Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to  
Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art*

And when I think of God, His Son not  
sparing  
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in  
That on the Cross, my burden gladly  
bearing  
He bled and died to take away my sin

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to  
Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to  
Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art*

When Christ shall come with shout of  
acclamation  
And lead me home, what joy shall fill my  
heart  
Then I shall bow with humble adoration  
And then proclaim, my God, how great  
Thou art

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to  
Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to  
Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art*

## A Prayer for New Life

Lord Jesus Christ,  
in this world where hopes are so often  
dashed  
and dreams so often broken,  
we remember today the faith in the future  
you brought to so many,  
both through your coming and through  
your resurrection from the dead.

Lord Jesus, where faith has died and  
dreams have faded,  
**may hope flower again.**

We remember how Mary and Joseph  
looked forward  
to the day of your birth,  
how shepherds and magi caught their  
breath in wonder  
as they knelt before you,  
how the hearts of Anna and Simeon leapt  
in anticipation,  
and how your disciples  
and the crowds that flocked to hear you  
gave thanks,  
convinced that you were the Messiah, the  
one God had promised,  
the long-awaited deliverer come to set  
them free.

Lord Jesus, where faith has died and  
dreams have faded,  
**may hope flower again.**

We remember how that vision of the  
future  
was shattered by events to follow –  
your pain, humiliation, suffering and death  
–  
hope ebbing away as the lifeblood seeped  
from your body –  
an end to their dreams, an end to  
everything.

Lord Jesus, where faith has died and  
dreams have faded,  
**may hope flower again.**

We remember how the news spread that  
the tomb was empty,  
the stone rolled away, your body gone,  
and how despite it all,  
your followers could scarcely bring  
themselves to hope –  
afraid to take the risk of faith  
in case they should face the heartache of  
losing you once more.

Lord Jesus, where faith has died and  
dreams have faded,  
**may hope flower again.**

But we remember finally how you  
appeared,  
in all your risen glory –  
in the garden,  
in the upstairs room,  
on the Emmaus road,  
by the Sea of Galilee –  
and the dream was born again,  
the smouldering embers of faith rekindled.

Lord Jesus, where faith has died and  
dreams have faded,  
**may hope flower again.**

Lord Jesus Christ, a world is waiting,  
hurting,  
longing,  
searching for hope,  
crying out for meaning,  
hungry for some reason to believe in the  
future.

Come again in your living power,  
and bring new life to all.

Lord Jesus, where faith has died and  
dreams have faded,  
**may hope flower again.**

In your name we pray. Amen

Nick Fawcett,

Prayer for All Seasons Book 2,  
posted on the Church of Scotland's Starters  
for Sunday website.

## Thought for the week



Since the earliest times Easter has been recognised as the central event of the Christian year. This year was no exception as churches and ministers of all traditions did the best they could to provide opportunities for worship on this most important of days. Individual Christians may have spent Easter at home rather than in church this year but the festival did not pass unmarked.

On the very first Easter Sunday the reality wasn't much different. By the end of Easter Day only a handful of people had seen Jesus and most of his followers were safely behind locked doors for fear of attracting attention from the authorities. In the following days Jesus appeared at random moments to individuals and small groups of people. There were no gatherings, organised meetings or big events to celebrate Jesus' return from the grave. The news of the resurrection spread slowly and quietly from person to person.

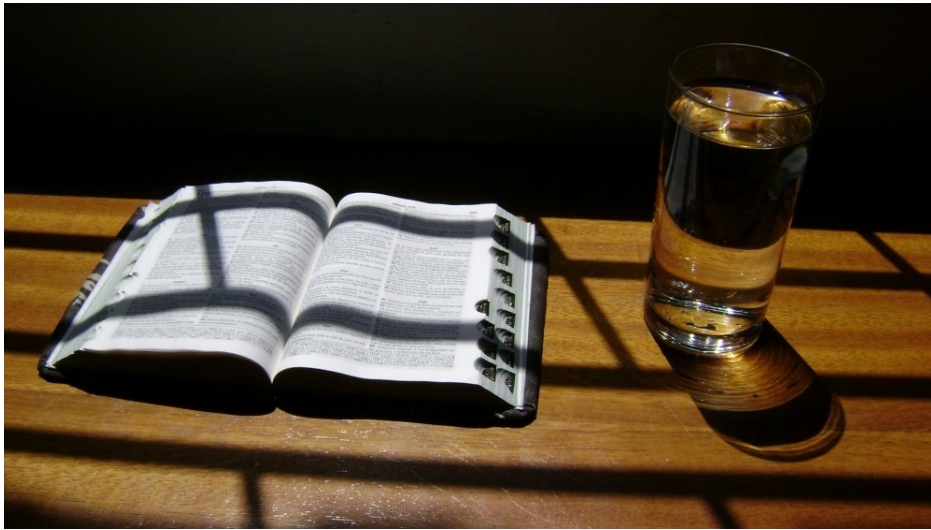
One of those who met Jesus in person during that time was Thomas. Perhaps unfairly, Doubting Thomas is remembered for his inability to believe that Jesus had risen from the dead without seeing the proof for himself. He wasn't the first to find the story incredible and would certainly not be the last. The resurrection is and always has been a stumbling block for many people. Any doubts Thomas had were swept away as he encountered Jesus face to face and saw for himself the wounds of crucifixion. The experience left Thomas almost speechless. All doubt was swept away. This was for real. Thomas fell to his knees crying out 'My Lord and my God!'

Many books have been written and many sermons have been delivered seeking both to reassure the faithful and convince the sceptical that the resurrection is fact not fiction. Down the centuries many, like Thomas, have demanded proof that this logically impossible event occurred. Two thousand years on hard facts and evidence are in short supply. Christians hold to the faith, sometimes with reservations, but cannot supply the kind of evidence required by a rational, scientific world.

Every Easter Christians around the world retell the story of Jesus' crucifixion and resurrection. Each year we proclaim the good news that when God raised Jesus to life, death was defeated forever. As a footnote to the story we remember Thomas, recognising in ourselves the same need for proof. And in our doubt, we hear the invitation of Jesus to see for ourselves. Come and see the wounded Christ. See his hands, his feet, pierced by nails. See the scar in his side. He is not dead! He is risen.

'My Lord and my God!', cried Thomas. What more is there to be said?

# Reading



John 20:19-31

---

## Highams Park Baptist Church Text for 2020

Romans 10:13-14

**Everyone who calls  
on the name of the  
Lord shall be saved.**

**And how are they  
to believe in one of  
whom they have  
never heard?**



**But how are they  
to call on one in  
whom they have  
not believed ?**

**And how are  
they to hear  
without  
someone to  
proclaim him?**

