



### **You Are the Potter, I am the Clay**

A Service of thankfulness for our Priests and Evangelists

**P:** Heavenly Father, We come before you today to ask for your blessing on our brothers in Christ, through whom you have called to fulfil your promise. Lord Jesus, we ask that you support them with your presence and fill them with grace to serve you faithfully. Gracious Spirit, unite us in service with those whom you have called to share the Good News. Open our hearts to encourage and support those who pursue your calling. May we always be *lighted to lighten*.

#### **Opening Hymn**

The Church's one foundation  
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;  
She is his new creation,  
By water and the word;  
From Heav'n he came and sought her  
To be his holy bride;  
With his own blood he bought her,  
And for her life he died.

Elect from every nation,  
Yet one o'er all the Earth,  
Her charter of salvation  
One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
One holy name she blesses,  
Partakes one holy food,  
And to one hope she presses,  
With every grace endued.

'Mid toil and tribulation  
And tumults of her war,

She waits the consummation  
Of peace forever more;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union  
With God the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won:  
O happy ones and holy!  
Lord, give us grace that we,  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
In love may dwell with Thee.

Lyrics: Samuel John Stone (1839-1900)  
Music: Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876)

### **Kauma**

**P.** †Glory be to the Father our Creator, to the Son our Redeemer and to the Holy Spirit who sanctifies us.

**C.** As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

**P.** Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of power and might, heaven and earth are full of your glory, Hosanna in the highest.

**C.** Blessed is He that has come and is to come again in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

**P.** Holy art thou, O God.

**C.** Holy art thou, Almighty Lord.

**P.** Holy art thou, Immortal Lord.

**C.** O Lord, the Messiah who was crucified for us † have mercy on us.

**(To be repeated thrice)**

**P.** O Lord, have mercy on us.

**C.** O Lord, have mercy on us and bless us.

**P.** O Lord, accept our prayers and worship and have mercy on us.

**C.** Glory be to you, O God.

**P.** Glory be to you, O Creator.

**C.** Glory be to you, O King the Messiah; who has mercy on us sinners. Bless us, O Lord.

**(Let us sing together the prayer that Jesus taught us)**

**All:** *Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name,  
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, On earth as it is done in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.*

*And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.*

**(Cong to be seated)**

1<sup>st</sup> Lesson: Ezekiel 33:1-9

2<sup>nd</sup> Lesson: 1 Peter 5:1-11

**L: Meditation - I am the Potter, You are the clay**

The other day, I was humming the song "Have Thine Own Way, Lord" when I realised I was inadvertently singing the next line as, "I am the potter, You are the clay". This got me thinking. Isn't that how we, at times or many a time, look at God? We want to be the ones controlling our lives. We want to be the moulders of our own lives.

For example, aren't most of our prayers just shopping lists? We ask for this, and this, and this for ourselves and our families. Maybe a few items for friends, and then, almost as a final afterthought, to dust away the crumbles of guilt, we pray for the sick and the old. In these prayers, we want to be gods of our own lives, we want to be in control. Yet, in our songs, we profess to leave it all to God, singing – "Have thine own way, Lord". We are essentially telling the Maker of heaven and earth, the Creator of all things visible and invisible, that we want to run our lives our way, but with an occasional divine help, strictly as per our needs.

Then there is the conflicting prayer - there are people praying for Israel and others for Palestine. Do we also take sides and pray for one 'team'? Or shouldn't we simply pray for peace in those regions, for our neighbours and truly entrust everything else in the hands of the Potter? After all, each one of us, Jew and Gentile alike, bears the lines of His hands. So, surely, we can trust His perfect will, can't we?

However, leaving all to God doesn't mean we have to fold our hands and sit back and wait for God to do everything. The outcome of that is, we end up blaming God when things don't go our way. We feel betrayed because our prayers aren't answered. Instead, we need to do whatever we can and then, whatever happens, accept it with grace. Remember, we didn't provide the clay; and God has His purpose in shaping our lives.

So then, the question arises- How do we approach God? Is it wrong to pray for ourselves? Absolutely not. God invites us to ask, seek and knock, but we don't have to break the door down. Ask and then wait on God for what is best for us; don't demand it. We are all just clay that will one day return to fine dust - forgotten in this world, but remembered by the Maker of the Universe.

To conclude, always remember that "In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you". Thank Him for all the many prayers answered, for the many unanswered too. As someone once said, "if your dreams haven't come true, be grateful that your nightmares haven't either."

Pray for yourself, for your family, for your neighbours, probably even for your cricket team.

Pray for peace in the Middle East, for leaders to be sensible and for ourselves to always be grateful. And after you have said your Amens, **leave it to the Potter- and let Him have His way.**

**Hymn**

Ninnishtam Deva aayidatte  
Njano manpaathram nin karathil  
Nin paadhathil njan kaathirikkum  
Ninnishtam pol nee maattukenne

Have Thine own way, Lord,  
Have Thine own way;

Search me and try me,  
Master, today.  
Whiter than snow, Lord,  
Wash me just now,  
As in Thy presence  
Humbly I bow.

Ninnishtam pole aakename  
Ennullam nokum velayilum  
Nin karam thottu thalolikken  
Karthave njanum shakthanavan

Have thine own way, Lord!  
Have thine own way!  
Hold o'er my being  
absolute sway.  
Fill with thy Spirit  
till all shall see  
Christ only, always,  
living in me!

Ninnishtam pole aakename  
Nithyavum njan nin dhasan thanne  
Ennullil vazhum shudhathmaval  
Ennum niranju sthithippan njan

Have thine own way, Lord!  
Have thine own way!  
Thou art the potter,  
I am the clay.  
Mold me and make me  
after thy will,  
while I am waiting,  
yielded and still.

Lyrics: Adelaide Addison Pollard (1862-1934)  
Music: George Coles Stebbins (1846-1945)

### **L: Thou Art a Priest Forever**

To live in the midst of the world with  
no desire for its pleasure...  
To be a member of every family  
yet belonging to none...  
To share all sufferings; to penetrate  
all secrets; to heal all wounds...  
To daily go from men to God to  
offer Him their petitions...  
To return from God to men  
to offer them His hope...  
To have a heart of fire for charity  
and a heart of bronze for integrity.  
To bless and be blest forever.  
O God, what a life, and it is yours,  
O Priest of Jesus Christ!

### **L: Advice to Priests-**

Wearing a cassock can and should be a form of prayer, but just putting it on isn't enough. The first day he put on a cassock, a seminarian got a letter from a friend, a few years his senior. This was what he learned about his cassock:-

**A cassock:** Today, in your eyes, it is more beautiful than a bride's dress. You are truly and rightfully happy wearing it; after all, you have been waiting for it since the time you entered the seminary. Today it is a bride's dress you enthuse over, along with your family and friends. Be as enthusiastic about it when it starts to be your solitary confinement, cage and furnace where it will melt and purify you, an uncomfortable hermitage. This bride's dress, when necessary, will be your armour, provided you care to remember and use it this way. Wearing a cassock can and should be a form of prayer, but it does not become a prayer just by putting it on.

**Pockets:** The deep ones are meant to store all the things you will share with others. Always have something to give away to the needy and children. Remember that they will appreciate a little money, your smile, and a word of solace more than your impeccable hymn singing.

**An inside breast pocket:** It is not meant for holding an expensive pen. Carry in it, letters you do not know how to answer, notes with the names of those you have promised to pray for, other people's bills you have decided to pay, addresses you know should be visited. Keep this pocket filled always. May your cassock always be a nuisance and a stumbling block when you start putting on airs, falling prey to your vaulting ambitions. May you always stumble on it when you are led astray. Do not be afraid to tuck it up and run to help your neighbour, even if it looks funny.

**Sleeves can be rolled up.** The cuff reminds you that a cassock is no dress uniform, but work clothes. I sincerely wish that your cassock would show white salt marks: the ones on the back will be the signs of your sweat, the ones on the chest will be the marks of tears, both yours and those who, hugged by you, will confide in you their hundreds of worries big and small, grave and frivolous.

May your cassock quickly show traces of wear and tear on the knees and shoulders, signs of your prayer and bearing other people's burdens. May it not show such signs on the behind and elbows, indicators that you have sat down a lot or elbowed your way through the crowd.

More and more people will look at you; after all, your cassock gives you a lot of visibility. It also intimidates, and there will be fewer people brave enough to criticize you. This does not mean, however, that there will be no grounds for criticism. Love your cassock but do not love yourself in it.

First and foremost, love the Church who has given it to you. Remember the Church is the people, not the steeple you may build. And love Jesus, who has entrusted you the Church and who has offered you to the Church, for which I am so grateful to Him.

***Remember that your cassock is not the packaging of a completed product. The Lord has clothed you in it to mercifully hide your inadequacies and deficiencies. Now that you know this, blessed are you if you do accordingly (John 13:17).***

Dk. Michał Lubowicki – Poland

Full article- <https://aleteia.org/2017/06/25/a-cassock-work-clothes-not-a-dress-uniform/>

### **Prayer of Confession – Psalm 51**

***Kyrie Elieson, Kyrie Elieson, Kyrie Elieson***

***Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy, Lord have mercy***

**P:** <sup>1</sup> Have mercy on me, O God,  
according to your unfailing love;

according to your great compassion  
blot out my transgressions.

**C:** <sup>2</sup> Wash away all my iniquity  
and cleanse me from my sin.

**P:** <sup>3</sup> For I know my transgressions,  
and my sin is always before me.

**C:** <sup>4</sup> Against you, you only, have I sinned  
and done what is evil in your sight;  
so you are right in your verdict  
and justified when you judge.

**P:** <sup>5</sup> Surely, I was sinful at birth,  
sinful from the time my mother conceived me.

**C:** <sup>6</sup> Yet you desired faithfulness even in the womb;  
you taught me wisdom in that secret place.

**P:** <sup>7</sup> Cleanse me with hyssop, and I will be clean;  
wash me, and I will be whiter than snow.

**C:** <sup>8</sup> Let me hear joy and gladness;  
let the bones you have crushed rejoice.  
Hide your face from my sins  
and blot out all my iniquity.

**P:** <sup>10</sup> Create in me a pure heart, O God,  
and renew a steadfast spirit within me.

**C:** <sup>11</sup> Do not cast me from your presence  
or take your Holy Spirit from me.  
Restore to me the joy of your salvation  
and grant me a willing spirit, to sustain me.

**P:** <sup>13</sup> Then I will teach transgressors your ways,  
so that sinners will turn back to you.

**C:** <sup>14</sup> Deliver me from the guilt of bloodshed, O God,  
you who are God my Savior,  
and my tongue will sing of your righteousness.

**P:** <sup>15</sup> Open my lips, Lord,  
and my mouth will declare your praise.  
You do not delight in sacrifice, or I would bring it;  
you do not take pleasure in burnt offerings.

**C:** <sup>17</sup> My sacrifice, O God, is a broken spirit;  
a broken and contrite heart  
you, God, will not despise.

***Kyrie Elieson, Kyrie Elieson, Kyrie Elieson***  
***Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy, Lord have mercy***

### **Intercessory Prayers**

**L:** Heavenly Creator, you made priests out of those who came from among us to be, for us, people who serve. We are grateful for their ministration of Christ to us and helping us minister Christ to each other. We acknowledge the many gifts they bring to our community: for drawing us together in worship, for visiting us in our homes, for comforting us in sickness, for showing us compassion, for blessing our marriage, for baptising our children, for confirming us in our calling, for supporting us in bereavement, for helping us to grow in faith, for encouraging us to take the initiative and for

helping the whole community realise God's presence among us. For our part, we pray that we may always be attentive to our priests' needs and never take them for granted. They, like us, need friendship and love, welcome and a sense of belonging, kind words and acts of thoughtfulness; may we extend as much warmth and blessed thought towards them as they do to us. Amen.

***C: To be sung***

***He leadeth me!***

***O blessed thought, O words with heav'nly comfort fraught;***

***Whate'er I do, where'er I be,***

***Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.***

***He leadeth me! He leadeth me!***

***By His own hand He leadeth me;***

***His faithful follower I would be,***

***For by His hand He leadeth me.***

**L:** We submit into your care the selflessness that binds our priests together. Thank you for their devotion, especially those who serve in remote areas, working with the poor, indigenous populations and those ostracized by society. Be with them as they provide medical care, education, and spiritual support, often in the face of poverty, disease, and violence. In a time like this, where our country and the world are plagued by divisiveness, where people are torn apart by surface level differences, we ask that our Church and its mission of spreading the light shine ever more brightly. Help our priests to be strong in their vocation. Set their souls on fire with love for your people. Grant them the wisdom, understanding, and strength they need, to follow in the footsteps of Jesus. Inspire them with the vision of your Kingdom. Give them the words they need to spread the Gospel. Allow them to experience joy in their ministry. Heal their wounds, especially when in deepest gloom, with your life-giving spirit. Amen.

***C: To be sung***

***Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,***

***Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,***

***By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,***

***Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.***

***He leadeth me! He leadeth me!***

***By His own hand He leadeth me;***

***His faithful follower I would be,***

***For by His hand He leadeth me.***

**L:** Some priests and evangelists have faced persecution and violence for their faith, including attacks on their churches and communities. For example, the 2008 Kandhamal violence in Odisha resulted in the deaths of many Christians, including priests and nuns. Despite the risks, many have chosen to remain in their communities and continue your work. Thank you for your faith that prevails, always. May its light never go dim.

We pray, O Lord, for institutions everywhere established, for spreading your gospel. We pray for students who are studying Theology and preparing themselves to be your ministers for the future. We especially pray for our United Theological College and also pray for the new batch of achens who are currently being ordained in various parishes. Dear Lord, be with them always, as they face a new life and a new challenge every day. We remember all our Evangelists, and those working in the Missions, Hospitals and Ashrams across the country. Bless them with zeal and hope to face all adversities and problems. We pray for our sextons, office assistants and others who work for the church. Bless them and their families and help us acknowledge their contributions. We especially pray for our Achens' families as they work together with our Achens and our Church. We submit all those who practise priesthood in some way or the other, by providing, supporting, guiding, and

enriching them. Lead them in their activities and help them to fall back on you both in times of joy and also despair, with the assurance that – He leadeth me. Amen

***C: To be sung***

***Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur or repine;  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since my God that leadeth me.***

***He leadeth me! He leadeth me!  
By His own hand He leadeth me;  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.***

### **Gospel Reading**

**P:** †Peace be with you all.

**C:** May the Lord make us all worthy to listen to His Word.

**P:** The Holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, which proclaims life and salvation to the world as recorded by **Apostle Matthew**

**C:** Blessed is He that has come and will come again. Praise to the Father who sent him for our Salvation. May His blessings be ever upon us.

**P:** In the days of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour, the Word of life, God incarnate of the blessed Virgin Mary, it happened in this way.

**C:** So, we believe and affirm.

### **Matthew 9:35-38**

(After reading the Gospel, the priest says, †'Peace be with you all')

**C:** With you also. We thank you, Lord, that you have given us your gospel which is indeed the light of the world, that we may be drawn closer to you through the living words from your gospel which we have now heard.

### **The Nicene Creed – To be sung**

We believe in the one true God, the Father Almighty,  
Maker of heaven, Maker of earth,

We believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, the only Son of God,  
begotten of the Father before all world;

God of God, Light of Light, Of all things invisible, and all in light.  
God of God, Light of Light, of all things invisible and all things right.

Being one with the Father, by whom all things were made,  
who for our salvation, came down from heaven,  
Incarnate by the Holy Spirit of the Virgin and was made man.

In the days of Pilate, He was crucified,  
He suffered and died and was buried.  
The third day He rose again, ascended into heaven,

He will come again for the living and the dead

and of His kingdom there will be no end.

We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord and Giver of Life;  
together with the Father and the Son is worshipped and glorified;  
God of God, Light of Light,  
who spoke through the prophets and the apostles.

We believe in one Holy Church,  
One baptism for the remission of sins;  
We look forward to the resurrection of the dead,  
and the new life to come.  
Amen

***(Cong to be seated)***

### **Birthday, Wedding Anniversary & Thanksgiving**

Rescue the perishing,  
Care for the dying,  
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;  
Weep o'er the erring one,  
Lift up the fallen,  
Tell them of Jesus the Mighty to save.

*Rescue the perishing,  
Care for the dying;  
Jesus is merciful,  
Jesus will save.*

Though they are slighting Him,  
Still He is waiting,  
Waiting the penitent child to receive;  
Plead with them earnestly,  
Plead with them gently;  
He will forgive if they only believe.

Down in the human heart,  
Crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;  
Touched by a loving heart,  
Wakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

Rescue the perishing,  
Duty demands it;  
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;  
Back to the narrow way,  
Patiently win them;  
Tell the poor wanderer a Savior has died.

Lyrics: Fanny Jane Crosby (1820-1915)  
Music: William Howard Doane (1832-1915)

### **Offertory**

And can it be that I should gain

An int'rest in the Savior's blood?  
Died He for me, who caused His pain?  
For me, who Him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! how can it be  
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies!  
Who can explore His strange design?  
In vain the firstborn seraph tries  
To sound the depths of love Divine!  
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,  
Let angel minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above,  
So free, so infinite His grace;  
Emptied Himself of all but love,  
And bled for Adam's helpless race:  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;  
For, O my God, it found out me.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

No condemnation now I dread;  
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!  
Alive in Him, my living Head,  
And clothed in righteousness Divine,  
Bold I approach the eternal throne,  
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

Lyrics: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)  
Music: Thomas Campbell (1777-1844)

## **Announcements**

## **Message**

### **Closing**

#### **P: A Pastor's Prayer**

Dear Lord, I thank you for this gift of being a shepherd for your people.  
When they worry, let me share their tears.  
When they laugh, let me celebrate.  
When they are sad, let me remember them.  
When they pray, let me echo their prayers.  
When they need to be heard, let me listen.  
When they are being tried, let me encourage them.  
When they are lost, send me to find them.  
When they are victorious, let me lead the rejoicing.  
When they feel unloved, let me remind them of your love.  
When they are wounded, let me bring them to your healing.

