

**Seinn Alleluia, Seinn Alleluia  
Seinn Allelu, Seinn Allelu  
Seinn Alleluia.**

*When the cantor sings, hold a drone-note and harmonise, as you are able.*

[*Seinn*: pronounced “Shine”; verb (Irish) for: “to play” (an instrument, a life).]

**A short reading from Paul’s Very Long Letter to the Romans.**

For as in one body we have many members, and not all the members have the same function, so we, who are many, are one body in Christ, and individually we are members one of another. We have gifts that differ according to the grace given to us: prophecy, in proportion to faith; ministry, in ministering; the teacher, in teaching; the exhorter, in exhortation; the giver, in generosity; the leader, in diligence; the compassionate, in cheerfulness. Let love be genuine; hate what is evil, hold fast to what is good; love one another with mutual affection; outdo one another in showing honour. Do not lag in zeal, be ardent in spirit, serve the Lord. Rejoice in hope, be patient in suffering, persevere in prayer. Contribute to the needs of the saints; practice hospitality. Bless those who persecute you; bless and do not curse them. Rejoice with those who rejoice, weep with those who weep. Live in harmony with one another; do not be haughty, but associate with the lowly; do not claim to be wiser than you are. Do not repay anyone evil for evil, but take thought for what is noble in the sight of all. If it is possible, so far as it depends on you, live peaceably with all.

These are just *some* words from the apostle Paul

**He wrote many many things.**

These are also some words of God.

**Thanks be to God.**

*(sermon and silencio)*

Tonight’s liturgy is presented by the numbers two and three and one.

**In the beginning, God made three.**

Three because where there are two, there’s always one who feels left out.

**And the world unfolded.**

Jealousies and envies and competitions and rage.

**And lions, and tigers and creeping things that creep upon the earth**

And creeping things that wake the dreaming up.

**Where two or three are gathered**

God is there, we hear.

**And God is the third among us.**

provoking us to community.

**And some of us feel fine about ourselves.**

And some of us do not.

**And many of us wonder about each other.**

Lying awake at night wondering

**How can we be with one another ?**

And where two or three are gathered in your name,

**Sometimes we wonder if they are gathered in the right name**

**or if they are the right kind of two or three**

But where two or three are gathered in your name

**God gathers with them, whether we would or not.**

And where two or three are gathered

in the name of goodness,

**we are asked to lay aside suspicions and consider each other a neighbour.**

And if we wonder whether gathering with some will cause us to lose others

**We know that we are always called to courage and that courage comes from the heart.**

And some of us are weak.

**And all of us are weak.**

*(silencio)*

And in our weakness

we turn to God

the three and one

the one and three

You from whom all plural pronouns come.

Turn us, turn us, turn us like the shakers towards each other.

Because in turning towards your selves you turned towards all others.

Amen.

We take time to pray. The reader will say:

*Wrap them in darkness, God of the soft night,*

**And may your peace and protection be upon them.**

*(a little poem by Rachel Mann & a little silencio)*

**Seinn Alleluia, Seinn Alleluia**

**Seinn Allelu, Seinn Allelu**

**Seinn Alleluia.**

**Song: Alleluia, Alleluia, Semper**

Shhhh. The night is here.

*whispering:* **All around.**

It is dark around us.

*whispering:* **All around, all around.**

Some are going to work and some are finishing work. Some are resting, and some are searching for rest. Some are filled with ease, and some are filled with other things. Some are making love. Some are making plans to leave. Some are silent. Others sleeping.

*whispering:* **And you know us all, Lord,  
you know us all.**

Shhhh. *The night is here.*

*(silencio)*

Our reading is Psalm 139.

**All of it?**

Yes.

**Even the bits about hating our enemies with a perfect hatred?**

Yes. Even those. Our reading is Psalm 139.

O LORD, you have searched me and known me.

You know when I sit down and when I rise up;

you discern my thoughts from far away.

You search out my path and my lying down,

and are acquainted with all my ways.

Even before a word is on my tongue,

O LORD, you know it completely.

You hem me in, behind and before,

and lay your hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;

it is so high that I cannot attain it.

...

O that you would kill the wicked, O God,  
and that the bloodthirsty would depart from me—

those who speak of you maliciously,

and lift themselves up against you for evil!

Do I not hate those who hate you, O LORD?

And do I not loathe those who rise up against you?

I hate them with perfect hatred;

I count them my enemies.

Search me, O God, and know my heart;

test me and know my thoughts.

See if there is any wicked way in me,

and lead me in the way everlasting.

*(sermon and silencio)*

Nobody taught us to hate.

**It was inside us already.**

For some, we learnt it early.

**For some, we learnt it late.**

Some people used it to survive.

**Some wouldn't have survived without it.**

Sharp weapons have their uses.

**From time to time.**

God who is sharper than any weapon,

**Slice the heart open.**

**But do not butcher us.**

Slice the heart open to show us the heart.

**That part that reminds us of you.**

Even when we forget you.

You are in us

**even when we are in the world outside ourselves.**

In our unloveliness

**your knowing returns us to loveliness**

You call to us

**You cry out loud**

You are radiant with brightness

**and quiet in your dark**

You are the fragrance of spring

**And we draw breath and pant for you**

You touch our hearts

**Those hearts you made**

And we are on fire to attain

**the peace that comes**

**with being**

**with you.**

*(silencio)*

Collecting God

who gathers up the pieces left behind

after our deluded minds have woken up.

Collect us.

Show us what kind arms you have

for holding in the broken

and making all things new.

Because you who made us, shaped us,

and shaped us like you, collecting you,

who shapes all things true.

Amen.

We take time to pray. The reader will say:

*Wrap them in darkness, God of the soft night,*

**And may your peace and protection**

**be upon them.**

*(a little poem from Tracy K Smith & a little silencio)*

**Song: Alleluia, Alleluia, Semper.**