

PSALM 152?

Lord - look at me

I want to tell you something, but I can't see you.

The hearing world does not understand us

Do you understand us?

You do understand us!

Those hearing ones

Have music, bells and singing

They get your attention through sound

Our prayers are signed silently
We *are* here. Do you know that?

We *will* praise you

We will wave our hands and clap

We will stamp together so you feel our praise

We will hold hands together

...as we smile our praise

We will light candles - and set off fireworks!

Then the clouds will roll away

And you will notice us at last! At last!

Allelu, allelu, allelu, alleluia

Praise ye the Lord

Allelu, allelu, allelu, alleluia

Praise ye the Lord

Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia

Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia

Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia

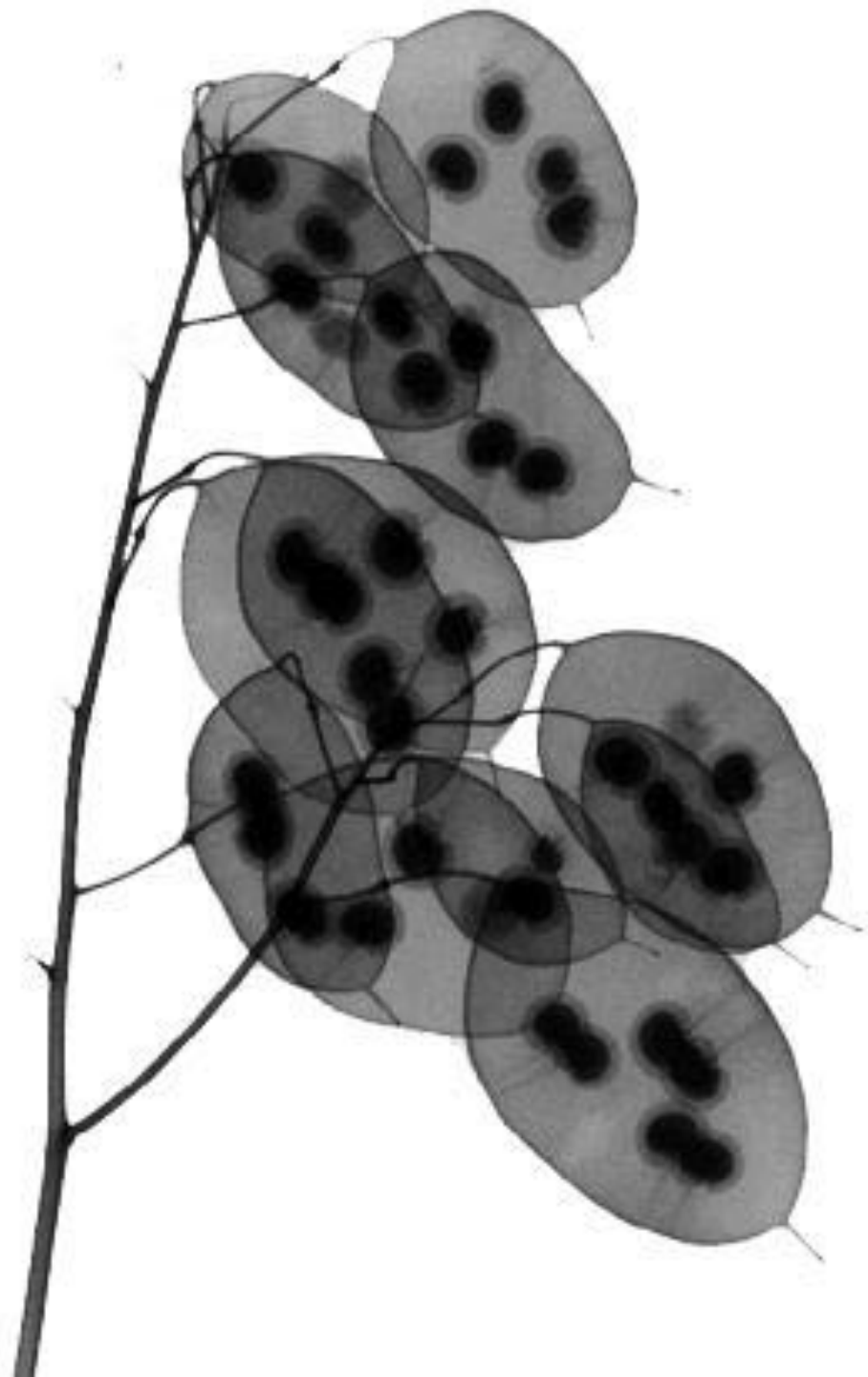
Praise ye the Lord!









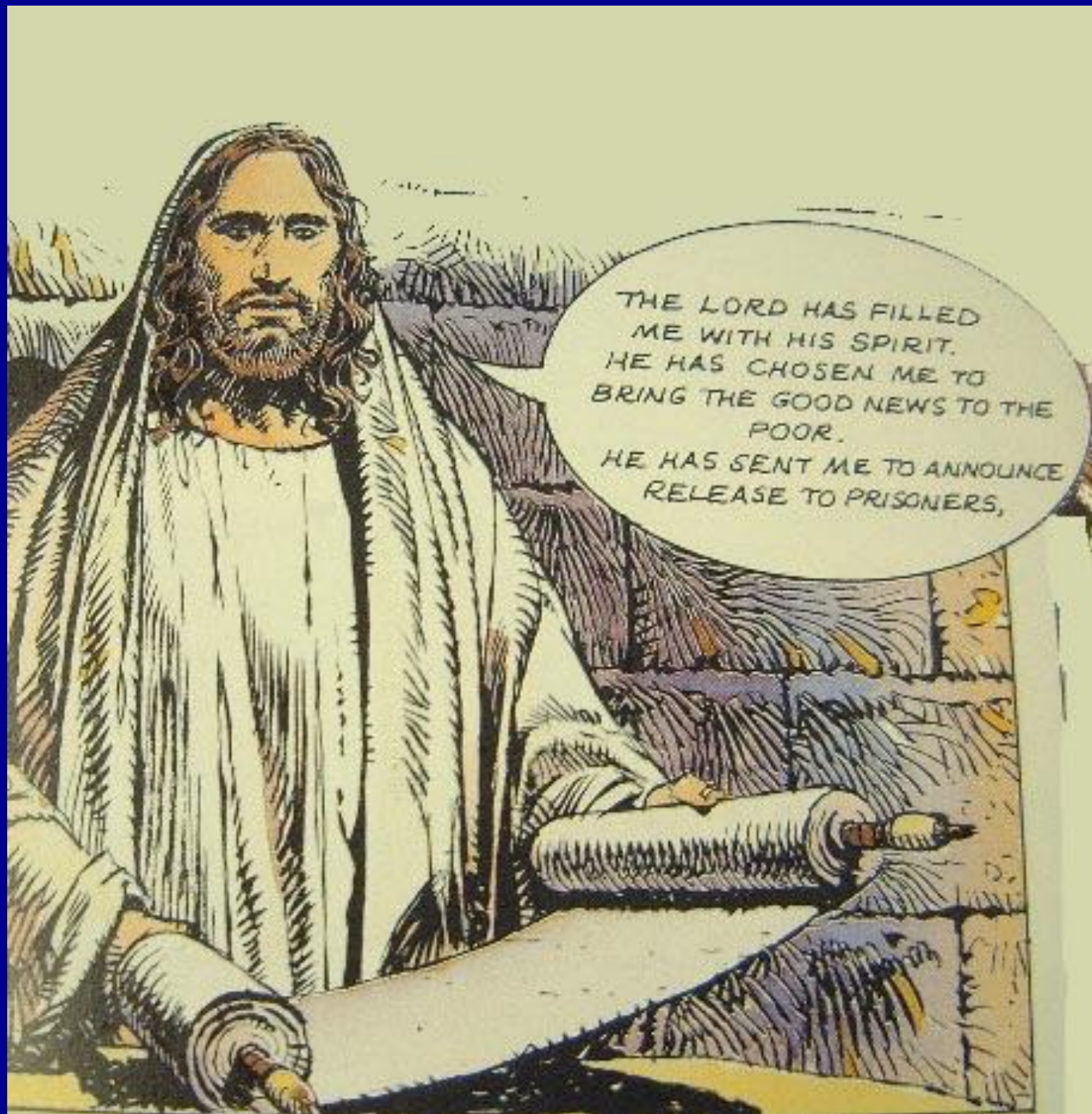




A reading from the Gospel of Luke

Jesus went to Nazareth where he had grown up. He went to the synagogue as he always did on the Sabbath day. He stood up to read.

A man gave him the scroll that Isaiah the prophet of God wrote long ago.



THE LORD HAS FILLED
ME WITH HIS SPIRIT.
HE HAS CHOSEN ME TO
BRING THE GOOD NEWS TO THE
POOR.
HE HAS SENT ME TO ANNOUNCE
RELEASE TO PRISONERS,

He opened the scroll and found the place where it says,

`The Spirit of the Lord is on me because he chose me to tell the good news to poor people. He has sent me to tell the prisoners they can go free, and to tell the blind people they can see. He has sent me to set free those who have been oppressed, and to tell people that the year when the Lord will help them has come.'

Then Jesus closed the scroll and gave it back to the man. He sat down. Everyone in the synagogue was watching him.

He began to talk to them. He said, 'You have heard what the Scriptures say. They have come true today.'



But this morning during communion, for a moment something special happened. I was finding it hard to engage with the service but as we went up to communion and knelt at the rail it was like for a moment the veil of heaven was opened and I saw us all... each of us in some way messed up, each of us in some way broken, ... not one of us was 'sorted'.

Yet we each came and knelt in the same place. Before our Jesus, our hope, our redeemer and received his broken body and blood outpoured.

I don't know what the answer is... but I know who the answer is.