Entrance

Come as you are, that's how I want you.
Come as you are, feel quite at home,
Close to my heart, loved and forgiven,
Come as you are, why stand alone!
No need to fear, love sets no limits.
No need to fear, love never ends.
Don't run away shamed and disheartened;
Rest in my love, trust me again.
I came to call sinners, not just the virtuous.
I came to bring peace, not to condemn.
Each time you fail to live by my promise,
Why do you think I'd love you the less. ***Instrumental***
Come as you are, that's how I love you.
Come as you are, trust me again.
Nothing can change the love that I bear you.
All will be well, just come as you are. *(Deirdre Browne)*



Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia
Let your heart sing out to the Lord. Let your word proclaim his deeds.
Let your voice sing out to the world that our God has come to save.
Alleluia *. . . (Mass of a Joyful Heart: Steve Angrisano & Tom Tomaszek)*

Healing

Dear Lord and Father of mankind, forgive our foolish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind, in purer lives thy service find,
In deeper rev'rence praise, in deeper rev'rence praise.

In simple trust like those who heard, beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord, let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow thee, rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee! O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee the silence of eternity,
Interpreted by Love! Interpreted by love!

Drop thy still dews of quietness, till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress, and let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace, the beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire they coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire; speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,

O still small voice of calm! O still small voice of calm!
(John Greenleaf Whittier and Charles Hubert Hastings Parry)

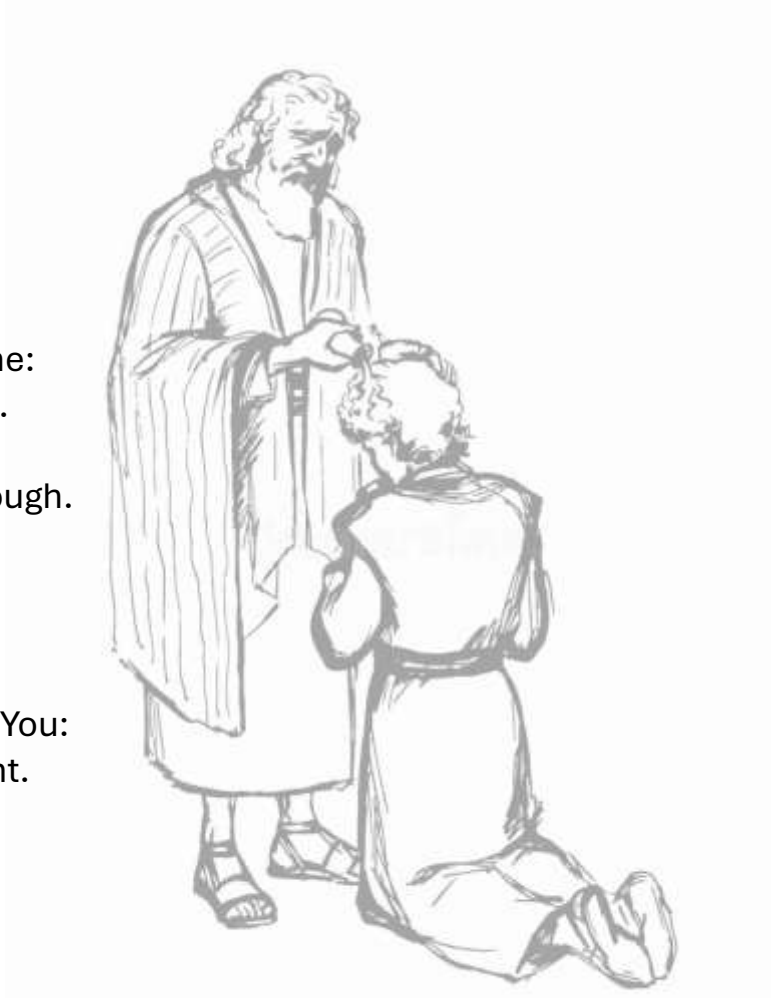
We cannot measure how You heal or answer ev'ry suff'rer's prayer,
Yet we believe your grace responds where faith and doubt unite to care.
Your hands, though bloodied on the cross, survive to hold and heal and warm,
To carry all through death to life and cradle children yet unborn.

The pain that will not go away, the guilt that clings from things long past,
The fear of what the future holds are present as if meant to last.
But present, too, is love which tends the hurt we never hoped to find,
The private agonies inside, the memories that haunt the mind.

So, some have come who need your help, and some have come to make amends,
As hands which shaped and saved the world, are present in the touch of friends.
Lord, let your Spirit meet us here to mend the body, mind and soul,
To disentangle peace from pain and make your broken people whole.
(Traditional Scottish melody; text: Iona Community)

<u>Anointing</u>

O God, You search me and You know me.
All my thoughts lie open to your gaze.
When I walk or lie down You are before me:
Ever the maker and keeper of my days.
You know my resting and my rising.
You discern my purpose from a far,
And with love everlasting You besiege me:
In every moment of life or death you are.
Before a word is on my tongue, Lord,
You have known its meaning through and through.
You are with me beyond my understanding:
God of my present, my past and future, too.
Although your Spirit is upon me,
still I search for shelter from Your light.
There is nowhere on earth I can escape You:
Even the darkness is radiant in Your sight.
For You created me and shaped me;
gave me life within my mother's womb.
For the wonder of who I am I praise You:
Safe in Your hands, all creation is made new.
(Bernadette Farrell)



Listen, let your heart keep seeking; listen to his constant speaking;
Listen to the Spirit calling you.
Listen to his inspiration; listen to his invitation;
listen to the Spirit calling you.
He's in the sound of the thunder, in the whisper of the breeze.
He's in the might of the whirlwind, in the roaring of the seas.
Listen, let your heart keep seeking . . .
He's in the laughter of children, in the patter of the rain.
Hear him in cries of the suff'ring, in their moaning and their pain.
Listen, let your heart keep seeking . . .
He's in the noise of the city, in the singing of the birds.
And in the night-time the stillness helps you listen to his word.
Listen, let your heart keep seeking . . .
(Aniceto Nazareth)

Our Father *(S. Warner, Notre Dame folk choir)*

Sign of Peace



Lord, make me a means of your peace.
Where's there's hatred grown, let me sow your love.
Where there's inj'ry, Lord, let forgiveness be my sword.
Lord, make me a means of your peace.

Lord, make me a means of your peace.
Where there's doubt and fear, let me sow your faith.
In this world's despair, give me hope in you to share.
Lord, make me a means of your peace.

Lord, make me a means of your peace.
When there's sadness here, let me sow your joy.
When the darkness nears, may your light dispel our fears.
Lord, make me a means of your peace.
(John B. Foley based on the prayer of St Francis)

Communion

This is my body broken for you, bringing you wholeness, making you free.
Take it and eat it and when you do, do it in love for me.

This is my blood poured out for you, bringing forgiveness, making you free.
Take it and drink it and when you do, do it in love for me.

Back to my Father soon I shall go. Do not forget me, then you will see
I am still with you and you will know you're very close to me.

Filled with my Spirit how you will grow! You are the branches; I am the tree.
If you are faithful others will know you are alive in me.

Love one another; I have loved you and I have shown you how to be free.
Serve one another and when you do, do it in love for me.
(Owens and Lundy)

Meditation

O Lord, your tenderness, melting all my bitterness,
O Lord, I receive your love.
O Lord, your loveliness, changing all my ugliness,
O Lord, I receive your love.
O Lord, I receive your love, O Lord, I receive your love.
(Graham Kendrick)

Recessional

May the road rise to meet you. May the wind be at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face.
May the rains fall softly on your fields
And until we meet again
May you keep safe in the gentle loving arms of God.

For everything there is a season: a time for loving, a time for letting go.
In all things God is near, always guiding your way.
May the road rise to meet you . . .



For everything there is a season: a time for meeting,
a time to say goodbye.
In all things God is near, always guiding your way.
May the road rise to meet you . . .
(Lori True)

Thank you for celebrating the Mass with us today!

Please take the music sheets home with you to recycle them, thank you!

Archdiocese of St Andrews and Edinburgh
Charity number: SC008540