



Scale Modelworld

11th November 2018



Welcome to Worship

Whether we are working, retired, unemployed or just on leave, we have all been busy getting models finished, painted, decaled and ready for this weekend. Now that we have done so, travelled here and put our models on display, this is an opportunity to:

*Be still for the presence of the Lord, the Holy One is here.
Be still for the glory of the Lord is shining all around.
Be still for the power of the Lord is moving in this place.*

(Be still for the presence of the Lord – David J Evans)

First, can we bow our heads and/or clasp our hands together and come before the Lord in an attitude of prayer:

Dear Lord and father in heaven, in your gracious mercy hear our prayers. We come before you in humble gratitude and repentance. Our gratitude is for the limitless grace and mercy you bestow on us each day without question or exception, even though we don't deserve it. Our repentance is for our many sins and failings, and for almost destroying this beautiful world you created by our greed and wars. We pray those who paid the full price of our freedom in wars and conflicts, just as your own dear son paid the full price of our salvation on the cross. We pray for those who serve in the armed forces and emergency services today, and ask you watch over and protect them. We pray for their families and ask you give us the gratitude and means to care for them. Lord, we pray give us the wisdom and the means to make wise decisions and build a world that honours the risks and sacrifices they made and still make. Lord in your mercy hear our prayers.

The Bible reading is from the **Good News** translation, and was read at the funeral of Princess Diana in 1997.

1 Corinthians 13 in the New Testament on Page 217.

I may be able to speak the languages of human beings and even of angels, but if I have no love, my speech is no more than a noisy gong or a clanging bell. I may have the gift of inspired preaching; I may have all knowledge and understand all secrets; I may have all the faith needed to move mountains — but if I have no love, I am nothing. I may give away everything I have, and even give up my body



to be burnt — but if I have no love, this does me no good.

Love is patient and kind; it is not jealous or conceited or proud; love is not ill-mannered or selfish or irritable; love does not keep a record of wrongs; love is not happy with evil, but is happy with the truth. Love never gives up; and its faith, hope, and patience never fail.

Love is eternal. There are inspired messages, but they are temporary; there are gifts of speaking in strange tongues, but they will cease; there is knowledge, but it will pass. For our gifts of knowledge and of inspired messages are only partial; but when what is perfect comes, then what is partial will disappear.

When I was a child, my speech, feelings, and thinking were all those of a child; now that I have grown up, I have no more use for childish ways. What we see now is like a dim image in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. What I know now is only partial; then it will be complete — as complete as God's knowledge of me.

Meanwhile these three remain: faith, hope, and love; and the greatest of these is love.

Sermon

Throughout the First and Second World Wars, most people went to church or some other house of worship. **Faith** in this context doesn't mean just the Salvation Army or even just Christianity. Faith in the context of the war meant belief in one's family and society, belief in one's own country and belief that the causes they would fight for were morally and legally right and justified.

This faith gave the capacity to **Hope** for a world where these values and principles applied to everyone, and not just those fortunate to live in democracies. I could almost hear people slightly paraphrasing Martin Luther King's famous speech as "I have a dream that our children and grandchildren will live together with the children and grandchildren of our enemies in peace and brotherhood!"

Faith and Hope combined to give the confidence, strength and most importantly the **Love** for their families and countries to fight for this dream and these values. We still have a long way to go – though we have reconciled with our enemies of the First and Second World Wars, other enemies have risen in their place?

It is a sad truth that many British service people died in the First World War, and every conflict since. As we are commemorating the Centenary of the end of the First World War, may I respectfully share these two stories with you.

Private John Parr was the first British soldier to be killed in the First World War. On 21 August, Parr and another cyclist were sent to the village of Obourg, just northeast of Mons, and slightly over the border in Belgium, with a mission to locate the enemy. It is believed that they encountered a cavalry patrol from the German First Army, and that Parr remained to hold off the enemy whilst his companion returned to report. He was killed in the ensuing rifle fire.

George Edwin Ellison was the last British soldier to be killed in action during the First World War. He died at 09:30 am (90 minutes before the armistice came into effect) while on a patrol on the outskirts of Mons, Belgium.

Both soldiers are buried in the **St Symphorien Military Cemetery**, just southeast of **Mons**. Coincidentally, and in large part due to Mons being lost in the very opening stages of the war and regained at the very end (from the British perspective), their graves face each other!

For the past couple of years, there has been a moving verse on Facebook, written from the view of a small child asking his mother what Remembrance and the poppy meant:

*Why are they selling poppies Mummy, selling poppies in the town today?
The poppies are to honour the soldiers my child, the soldiers who marched away.*

*Why a poppy Mummy, why not a rose?
Men fought and died in the fields where the poppy grows.*

*Why are the petals red Mummy, such a bright red?
Red is the colour of blood my child, the blood the soldiers shed.
Why is the centre black Mummy, such a dark black?
Black is the colour of grief my child, grief for the soldiers who never came back.*

*Why are you crying Mummy, your tears are causing you such pain?
My tears are my fears for you my child, because the world has forgotten again!*

Can we bow our heads or clasp our hands together for the **Benediction**?

May the Lord bless thee, and keep thee.

May the Lord shine his face upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

May the Lord lift his countenance upon thee, and give the peace, now and evermore.

Amen

Good Morning and God Bless

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