

READINGS

FIRST READING

A reading from Corinthians 13:4- 13, read by Kate Emlyn-Jones

Love is patient, love is kind.

It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud.

It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking,
it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs.

Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth.

It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

Love never fails.

But where there are prophecies, they will cease;
where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where
there is knowledge, it will pass away.

For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but
when completeness comes, what is in part disappears.

When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a
child, I reasoned like a child.

When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me.

For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror;
then we shall see face to face.

Now I know in part; then I shall know fully,
even as I am fully known.

And now these three remain: faith, hope and love.

But the greatest of these is love.

SECOND READING

'Everything I know about love'
by Dolly Alderton
Read by Sarah Miles

'A word to husbands and wives'
by Ogden Nash,
Read by Sarah Miles

HOMILY

Revd Marcus Zipperlen

HYMN

Guide me, O my great Redeemer,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but you are mighty;
hold me with your powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
feed me now and evermore,
feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,
where the healing waters flow.
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through,
Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer,
ever be my strength and shield,
ever be my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside.
death of death, and hell's Destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever sing to you,
I will ever sing to you.

THE MARRIAGE

Revd Marcus Zipperlen

HYMN

And did those feet in ancient time,
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine,
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear!
O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem,
In England's green and pleasant land.