

**I danced for the scribe and the Pharisee,
But they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me,
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John;
They came with me and the dance went on:**

Chorus

**I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame:
The holy people said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me on high,
And they left me there in a cross to die:**

Chorus

**I dance on a Friday when the sky turned black;
It's hard to dance with the devil in your back.
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone;
But I am the dance, and I still go on:**

Chorus

**They cut me down and I leapt up high:
I am the life that'll never, never die.
I'll live in you if you'll live in me:
I am the Lord of the dance, said he.**

Final Chorus

PREFACE AND DECLARATIONS

Will you, the families and friends of James and Emma, support and uphold them in their marriage now, and in the years to come?

All: We Will

**Reading: 1 Corinthians 13
By Pat Sennett**

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and surrender my body to the flames, but have not love, I gain nothing. Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It is not rude, 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 perfection comes, the imperfect 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 childish ways behind me. Now we see but a poor 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.

ADDRESS BY REVEREND JANE SKINNER

THE MARRIAGE OF JAMES AND EMMA

PRAYER

All: Our Father, who art in heaven , hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done; on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those whose trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever.

Amen.

Hymn

One More Step along the World I Go

**One more step along the world I go,
one more step along the world I go,
from the old things to the new,
keep me traveling a long with you:
And it's from the old I travel to the new;
keep me traveling along with you.**

**Round the corner of the world I turn,
more and more about the world I learn;
all the new things that I see,
you'll be looking at along with me:
And it's from the old I travel to the new;
keep me traveling along with you.**

**As I travel through the bad and good,
keep me traveling the way I should;
Where I see no way to go
you'll be telling me the way I know:
And it's from the old I travel to the new;
keep me traveling along with you.**

**Give me courage when the world is rough,
keep me loving though the world is tough,
 leap and sing in all I do,
 keep me traveling along with you:
And it's from the old I travel to the new;
 keep me traveling along with you.**

**You are older than the world can be,
you are younger than the life in me,
 ever old and ever new,
 keep me traveling along with you:
And it's from the old I travel to the new;
 keep me traveling along with you.**

Reading

**When you Love Someone by Anne Morrow Lindbergh
Read by Lydia Hunt**

When you love someone, you do not love them all the time, in exactly the same way, from moment to moment. It is an impossibility. It is even a lie to pretend to. And yet this is exactly what most of us demand. We have so little faith in the ebb and flow of life, of love, of relationships. We leap at the flow of the tide and resist in terror its ebb. We are afraid it will never return. We insist on permanency, on duration, on continuity; when the only continuity possible, in life as in love, is in growth, in fluidity - in freedom, in the sense that the dancers are free, barely touching as they pass, but partners in the same pattern.

Continued (overleaf)