

In my solitude
I'm praying
Dear Lord above
Send back my love
I sit in my chair
Filled with despair
There's no one could be so sad
With gloom everywhere

I sit and I stare
I know that I'll soon go mad
In my solitude
I'm praying
Dear Lord above
Send me back my love

*Songwriters: Edgar Eddie De Lange /
Duke Ellington / Irving Mills
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We invite you to the next Reflections
on Sunday 6 April 2025 at 6pm.

Please feel free to leave when you feel
ready – or stay to the end.

Please take this sheet home with you.

If you would like to be part of the
Reflections team – please let one of us
know.

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Reflections

**A quiet contemplative service
lasting about 40 minutes**

BEING ALONE

**2 March 2025
6pm**



**The Parish
Church of
St Andrew
and St Cuthman,
Steining**

REFLECTIONS

Sunday 2 March

BEING ALONE

MUSIC ON ENTRANCE

‘Solitude’ by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

*National Philharmonic Orchestra,
arranged and conducted by Leopold
Stokowski (3:30)*

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

POEM

Choices

Low winter light does not enter the room
What was I going to do today?
With no plans made, I may as well sit
Just wishing my time away.
And what was the point, of getting up at all?
The radio drones on but I'm not listening.
No appointments to keep,
No people to meet,
I'm frozen, inert in the gloom.
Low winter light does not penetrate the
room
But I pull on a coat to go out.
Wind blows the rain into my eyes
Colours blur - ochre, sepia, grey.
Striding up the hill to Winterborne,
Feet cold but body warm.
I hear the wild calls of the red kites
And I am lifted... so glad to be out.
I breathe deeply and anticipate my journey
home,
For hot buttered crumpets and Earl Grey tea.
by Mary Lapworth

PRAYERS

Father God, we pray for those who are
isolated within their homes, especially the
lonely and vulnerable. We pray that you
would surround them with your love.
Lord, in this time would you minister to each
one, that they would know that they have a
Father in Heaven who loves them and is
with them.
We declare over them that you, Lord, are
with them and that you will never leave
them or forsake those who call on your
name.
We bless our communities with the love and
peace of God that passes all understanding.
We bless our communities with being
rooted and grounded in the love of God
Amen.

I thank you for inviting me into your house.
Let me isolate myself with you, think of no
one but you, love no one but you, with my
mind and senses silent. Alone with you, my
God, let me honour you with all my heart
and mind.
You are my saviour, my hope, my anchor of
safety, my harbour of protection, my haven
of peace. Grant me the ability to be calm in
the thought of your love, to find rest in the
assurance that you are with me and in me.
Amen

BLESSING

CONCLUDING MUSIC

Solitude

sung by Billie Holiday (1915-1959)

In my solitude you haunt me
With reveries of days gone by
In my solitude you taunt me
With memories that never die

I sit in my chair
Filled with despair
There's no one could be so sad
With gloom everywhere
I sit and I stare
I know that I'll soon go mad

POEM

Being here

"What's on your mind today?" she asked,
"Oh, you know," I said, "the usual mix;
Things that I shouldn't stress about,
Things nobody can fix.
The hopeless hopes, the fearsome fears,
The same old thoughts, both light and dark:
Some that come and then quickly go,
Others that leave their mark."
"Anything I can do?" she asked,
"I know loneliness can be tough."
And thanking her, I shook my head,
"Your being here's enough."

by Andy Calloway

MEDITATION ON BIBLE VERSES

Psalm 62:1-2 - For God alone my soul waits
in silence; from him comes my salvation.
He alone is my rock and my salvation, my
fortress; I shall never be shaken.

Matthew 6:5-6 - And whenever you pray, do
not be like the hypocrites; for they love to
stand and pray in the synagogues and at the
street corners, so that they may be seen by
others. Truly I tell you, they have received
their reward. But whenever you pray, go into
your room and shut the door and pray to
your Father who is in secret; and your Father
who sees in secret will reward you.

Luke 6:12 - Now during those days he went
out to the mountain to pray; and he spent the
night in prayer to God.

Psalm 46:10 - Be still, and know that I am
God. I am exalted among the nations, I am
exalted in the earth.

Mark 6:31 - He said to them, 'Come away to
a deserted place all by yourselves and rest a
while.' For many were coming and going, and
they had no leisure even to eat.

BIBLE PASSAGE

But he himself went a day's journey into the
wilderness, and came and sat down under a
solitary broom tree. He asked that he
might die: 'It is enough; now, O Lord, take
away my life, for I am no better than my
ancestors.' Then he lay down under the
broom tree and fell asleep. Suddenly an
angel touched him and said to him, 'Get up
and eat.' He looked, and there at his head
was a cake baked on hot stones, and a jar
of water. He ate and drank, and lay down
again. The angel of the Lord came a second
time, touched him, and said, 'Get up and
eat, otherwise the journey will be too
much for you.' He got up, and ate and
drank; then he went in the strength of that
food for forty days and forty nights to
Horeb the mount of God. At that place he
came to a cave, and spent the night there.

Then the word of the Lord came to him,
saying, 'What are you doing here, Elijah?' He
answered, 'I have been very zealous for the
Lord, the God of hosts; for the Israelites
have forsaken your covenant, thrown down
your altars, and killed your prophets with
the sword. I alone am left, and they are
seeking my life, to take it away.'

He said, 'Go out and stand on the mountain
before the Lord, for the Lord is about to
pass by.' Now there was a great wind, so
strong that it was splitting mountains and
breaking rocks in pieces before the Lord,
but the Lord was not in the wind; and after
the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was
not in the earthquake; and after the
earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in
the fire; and after the fire a sound of sheer
silence. When Elijah heard it, he wrapped
his face in his mantle and went out and
stood at the entrance of the cave. Then
there came a voice to him that said, 'What
are you doing here, Elijah?' He answered, 'I
have been very zealous for the Lord, the
God of hosts; for the Israelites have
forsaken your covenant, thrown down your
altars, and killed your prophets with the
sword. I alone am left, and they are seeking
my life, to take it away.' Then the Lord said
to him, 'Go, return on your way to the
wilderness of Damascus.'

1 Kings 19:4-15

MUSIC INTO SILENCE

Solitude Song (Follow me)

I don't know where I'm going
The road ahead is hard to see
I cannot know for certain
Where you're leading me.

My own heart is a mystery
And I'm unsure of your will
Though my desire to please you
Surely pleases still
Your voice warms winter's chill

*Follow me, follow me.
Follow me, yes, follow me.*

Lord I know if I follow
You will lead me from fear
So I will trust you always
Knowing you are near
My God is always near

Lord I will trust you always
Where else could I go?

I don't know where I'm going,
The road ahead is hard to see
I cannot know for certain
Where you're leading me

I now you're leading me
My God, please lead me.

*Written and performed by Tom Booth, based on a
poem by Thomas Merton (1915-1968)
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PERIOD OF SILENT REFLECTION

(12-15 minutes)

*Please feel free to move around the
church, if you wish, to reflect and pray.*

MUSIC OUT OF SILENCE

In Christ Alone

*Sung by Alison Krauss,
with Keith and Kristyn Getty*

In Christ alone, my hope is found
He is my light, my strength, my song
This cornerstone, this solid ground
Firm through the fiercest drought and storm
What heights of love, what depths of peace
When fears are stilled, when strivings cease
My comforter, my all in all
Here in the love of Christ I stand

In Christ alone, who took on flesh
Fullness of God in helpless babe
This gift of love and righteousness
Scorned by the ones he came to save
'Til on that cross as Jesus died
The wrath of God was satisfied
For every sin on him was laid
Here in the death of Christ I live

There in the ground his body lay
Light of the world by darkness slain
Then bursting forth in glorious day
Up from the grave he rose again
And as he stands in victory
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me
For I am his and he is mine
Bought with the precious blood of Christ
No guilt in life, no fear in death
This is the power of Christ in me

From life's first cry to final breath
Jesus commands my destiny
No power of hell, no scheme of man
Can ever pluck me from his hand
Till he returns or calls me home
Here in the power of Christ I'll stand

*Stuart Townend (b.1963)
and Keith Getty (b.1974),
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