

**Home Worship**  
29 March 2020  
**Stillness in the Chaos**

This is a time to centre yourself for worship. Find a comfortable place. In silence, sit comfortably with your feet on the floor, your hands rolled open. Breathe deeply and be aware of your breath. Listen to the sounds in the room and beyond the room. Listen within for God's voice. Open yourself for an encounter with God today.

**Welcome and Centring Time**

**Call to Worship** *light a candle*

*by Ruth Burgess & Chris Polhill from Eggs and Ashes ©2004 by Wild Goose Publications*

Loving God, hear our cry, bring us to life.

Redeeming God, rescue us, bring us to life.

Spirit of God, breathe on us, bring us to life.

Ezekiel 37.1-14

*The Message ©1993, 2002, 2018 by Eugene H. Peterson*

God grabbed me. God's Spirit took me up and set me down in the middle of an open plain strewn with bones. He led me around and among them—a lot of bones! There were bones all over the plain—dry bones, bleached by the sun.

He said to me, "Son of man, can these bones live?"

I said, "Master God, only you know that."

He said to me, "Prophesy over these bones: 'Dry bones, listen to the Message of God!'"

God, the Master, told the dry bones, "Watch this: I'm bringing the breath of life to you and you'll come to life. I'll attach sinews to you, put meat on your bones, cover you with skin, and breathe life into you. You'll come alive and you'll realize that I am God!"

I prophesied just as I'd been commanded. As I prophesied, there was a sound and, oh, rustling! The bones moved and came together, bone to bone. I kept watching. Sinews formed, then muscles on the bones, then skin stretched over them. But they had no breath in them.

He said to me, "Prophesy to the breath. Prophesy, son of man. Tell the breath, 'God, the Master, says, Come from the four winds. Come, breath. Breathe on these slain bodies. Breathe life!'"

So I prophesied, just as he commanded me. The breath entered them and they came alive! They stood up on their feet, a huge army.

Then God said to me, "Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel. Listen to what they're saying: 'Our bones are dried up, our hope is gone, there's nothing left of us.'

“Therefore, prophesy. Tell them, ‘God, the Master, says: I’ll dig up your graves and bring you out alive—O my people! Then I’ll take you straight to the land of Israel. When I dig up graves and bring you out as my people, you’ll realize that I am God. I’ll breathe my life into you and you’ll live. Then I’ll lead you straight back to your land and you’ll realize that I am God. I’ve said it and I’ll do it. God’s Decree.’”

Another Voice

*Martin Wallace from Celtic Reflection © Published by Tim Tiley Ltd.*

Once we think we have arrived, our soul has died.  
The Celtic cross was never intended to be a dead monument or even an interesting ornament, but an encouragement to deep spiritual life.  
Never used to mark the site of a graveyard, the Celtic Christians placed their crosses to mark a place of life.

Reflection Time

Play a meditative piece of music, if you like. Consider the readings.  
Write down your thoughts or share them if you are with someone or others.

Prayer For Our Own Reshaping

*Anonymous*

O Christ, the Master Carpenter,  
who at the last, through wood and nails, purchased our whole salvation,  
wield well your tools in the workshop of your world;  
so that we who come rough-hewn to your bench  
may here be fashioned to a truer beauty of your hand.  
We ask it for your own name’s sake.

Blessing

The love of God is at home in us, centring us in peace.  
The justice of Jesus is at home in us, filling us with hope.  
The wildness of God’s spirit is at home in us, opening us to wonder and joy.