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No Faith In Fossil Fuels service for Ash Wednesday 2025

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Welcome and Introduction

Screen: **Rise: From One Island To Another** - 6 minute film of poem by Kathy Jetnil-Kijiner from the Marshall Islands and Inuk poet Aka Niviâna from Greenland
<https://350.org/rise-from-one-island-to-another/#poem>

Brief Silence (1 minute)

Hymn

Abide With Me - sung seated

*Author: Henry Lyte 1847, Composer: William Henry Monk
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1 Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see.
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and strength can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Penitential Responses

For the scandal of our dependence on fossil fuels
Lord have Mercy
All **Christ have Mercy**
For our scorched and blackened earth
Lord have Mercy
All **Christ have Mercy**
For the silencing of protest
Lord have Mercy
All **Christ have Mercy**
For the sin of consuming and commodifying our world
Lord have Mercy
All **Christ have Mercy**
For the sin of Ecocide
Lord have Mercy
All **Christ have Mercy**
We confess that we have oil on our hands and that the death of so much of your
created world, lies at the foot of the cross you bore with love for us, Lord have
Mercy
All **Christ have Mercy**
Through your death and resurrection, you showed us the way to new life. We ask
forgiveness now for all that has destroyed your love and the sacred, in ourselves, in
each other and in all of creation.

Poem

‘Lent’ by Kathy Galloway read by 5 voices

Do not retreat into your private world,
That place of safety, sheltered from the storm,
Where you may tend your garden, seek your soul,
And rest with loved ones where the fire burns warm.

To tend a garden is a precious thing,
But dearer still the one where all may roam,
The weeds of poison, poverty and war,
Demand your care, who call the earth your home.

To seek your soul is a precious thing,
But you will never find it on your own,
Only among the clamour, threat and pain
Of other people's need will love be known.

To rest with loved ones is a precious thing,
But peace of mind exacts a higher cost,
Your children will not rest and play in quiet,
While they still hear the crying of the lost.

Do not retreat into your private world,
There are more ways than firesides to keep warm;
There is no shelter from the rage of life,
So meet its eye, and dance within the storm.

Ashing

Invitation to come to ashing stations

Poem by Ann Lewin

Light as a feather
A finger touched me,
Branded me cross-shaped,
Smudged me with ash.

Light as a feather,
God's finger caressed me
With sign of forgiveness,
Marked me with love.

Light as a feather,
Penitent, shriven,
Signed with his life-mark,
I go on my way.

Brief silence

Choir sings Domine Christe and Calm me, Lord by Margaret Rizza

© 2012 Kevin Mayhew Ltd., CCLI License #41185 as people come forward for ashing

Prayer

**Holy God,
our lives are laid open before you:
rescue us from the chaos of sin
and through the death of your Son
bring us healing and make us whole
in Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen**

Reading

Matthew 4.v.1-11

1. Then Jesus was led up by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted by the devil. ² He fasted for forty days and forty nights, and afterwards he was famished. ³ The tempter came and said to him, 'If you are the Son of God, command these stones to become loaves of bread.' ⁴ But he answered, 'It is written, "One does not live by bread alone, but by every word that comes from the mouth of God."' ⁵ Then the devil took him to the holy city and placed him on the pinnacle of the temple, ⁶ saying to him, 'If you are the Son of God, throw yourself down; for it is written, "He will command his angels concerning you", and "On their hands they will bear you up, so that you will not dash your foot against a stone."' ⁷ Jesus said to him, 'Again it is written, "Do not put the Lord your God to the test."' ⁸ Again, the devil took him to a very high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the world and their splendour; ⁹ and he said to him, 'All these I will give you, if you will fall down and worship me.' ¹⁰ Jesus said to him, 'Away with you, Satan! for it is written, "Worship the Lord your God, and serve only him."' ¹¹ Then the devil left him, and suddenly angels came and waited on him.

Prayer

Riding Wilderness Winds by Bruce Sanguin

Voice 1:
O Blessed One,
and blessed Oneness,
we long to find for ourselves
the eagles grace
to ride effortlessly,

the thermals of life.

Voice 2:

Distrust keeps the wings of our hearts closed.
We have been swept up once too often
by promises unkept,
by tragedies unexpected,
by twists of fate unanticipated.

All:

**And so, in this Lenten season,
we journey with Jesus,
Spirit-led,
into the wilderness of our apprehension
To face our demon of distrust,
and to find the courage
to lean once more into the winds of grace
to be uplifted by your mistral presence,
to resist the greed that seeks to destroy
and to stand before the walls of power.**

Amen

Extemporaneous prayer

Hymn

We shall go out with hope of resurrection

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Words June Boyce-Tillman, tune: Londonderry Air

We shall go out with hope of resurrection,
We shall go out, from strength to strength go on,
We shall go out and tell our stories boldly,
Tales of a love that will not let us go.
We'll sing our songs of wrongs that can be righted,
We'll dream our dream of hurts that can be healed,
We'll weave a cloth of all the world united.
Within a vision of a Christ who sets us free.

We'll give a voice to those who have not spoken,
We'll find the words for those whose lips are sealed,
We'll make the tunes for those who sing no longer,

Vibrating love alive in every heart.
We'll share our joy with those who are still weeping,
Chant hymns of strength for hearts that break in grief,
We'll leap and dance the resurrection story
Including all within the circles of our love.

This we know the earth does not belong to us,
All **we belong to the earth.**

This we know, all things are connected
All **like the blood that unites one family.**

For we did not weave the web of life,
All **we are merely a strand of it.**

Whatever we do to the web,
All **we do to ourselves.**

Blessing

Beannacht by John O'Donohue

On the day when
the weight deadens
on your shoulders
and you stumble,
may the clay dance
to balance you.

And when your eyes
freeze behind
the grey window
and the ghost of loss
gets into you,
may a flock of colours,
indigo, red, green
and azure blue,
come to awaken in you
a meadow of delight.

When the canvas frays
in the currach of thought

and a stain of ocean
blackens beneath you,
may there come across the waters
a path of yellow moonlight
to bring you safely home.

May the nourishment of the earth be yours,
may the clarity of light be yours,
may the fluency of the ocean be yours,
may the protection of the ancestors be yours.

And so may a slow
wind work these words
of love around you,
an invisible cloak
to mind your life.

.....and the blessing of God Almighty etc

Depart singing:

Sent Out In Jesus' Name

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Sent by the Lord am I;
my hands are ready now
to make the earth the place
in which the kingdom comes.

Sent by the Lord am I;
my hands are ready now
to make the earth the place
in which the kingdom comes

The angels cannot change
this world of hurt and pain
into a world of love,
of justice and of peace.

The task is mine to do,
to set it really free.

Oh, help me to obey;
help me to do Your will.