



Pour It Out: For Expanded Ministry

Use the imagery of the hymn "*Children of the heavenly Father*" to offer prayers for the believers who gather at Lindale.

Children of the Heavenly Father
Safely in His bosom gather
Nestling bird nor star in heaven
Such a refuge e'er was given

God His own doth tend and nourish
In His holy courts they flourish
From all evil things He spares them
In His mighty arms He bears them


Neither life nor death shall ever
From the Lord His children sever
Unto them His grace He showeth
And their sorrows all He knoweth

Though He giveth or He taketh
God His children ne'er forsaketh
His the loving purpose solely
To preserve them pure and holy

Lo their very hairs He numbers
And no daily care encumbers
Them that share His ev'ry blessing
And His help in woes distressing

Praise the Lord in joyful numbers
Your Protector never slumbers
At the will of your Defender
Ev'ry foe man must surrender.

"In the midst of the revolutionary and turbulent [1850's Europe] a small and sick Lina Sandell wrote about the safety of the faithful crowd. Her first [version of the] text said nothing about children, only about the faithful crowd of Christians throughout history. The first verse started: 'No one can be safer than the faithful little crowd.' Probably she thought of the martyrs of the Christian story. Later an editor changed her text and put in the image of children."



Your love, flowing within us,
living water,
purifying in that cleansing flow;
and our worship,
in sweet harmony,
echoing through the air as birdsong
at the dawning of this day.
Stream meets stream and river flows,
emptying into Ocean's store.

Pray for God's Love to flow among us

Your grace,
offering to us forgiveness,
liberty from all that binds us;
and our prayers,
joining together,
rising as a fragrant offering
to the heart of the Divine.
Stream meets stream and river flows,
emptying into Ocean's store.

Pray for God's Grace to flow among us

Your call,
whispering to us,
offering encouragement
on our journeying;
and our service,
the only response we can give,
a willing sacrifice to the Godhead,
Three in One.
Stream meets stream and river flows,
emptying into Ocean's store.

Pray that we may hear God's whispers