

**Rockland Benefice**  
**Sunday 21<sup>st</sup> November**  
**Christ the King**



**Reflection and Prayers....**

## A reflection on Revelation 1:4-8

Today is the Feast Day of Christ the King. It is the final Sunday of the Church's year. Next Sunday, Advent Sunday marks the beginning of a new year. Year's endings and beginnings remind us of the eternal nature of God; The Alpha and Omega as recorded by John in the reading we have just shared.

Spend a few moments considering that eternal nature of God throughout time and history, throughout place and experience.

*What does it mean for us as we stand on the threshold of a New Year?*

We also read “<sup>7</sup>Look! He is coming with the clouds; every eye will see him.” - *What might this be saying about the mission of the Church and the waiting world?*

Waiting is a familiar theme in Advent- we wait for Christmas through a journey of preparation; we wait for the coming of God's Kingdom here on earth and we wait for our fullest encounter with Christ at the end of our lives. Hoping and waiting are very closely linked.

*As we anticipate this season of waiting what are you hoping for perhaps in the world around you or in the deeper parts of your life?*

Gathering as a Christian community involves waiting- we wait for worship to begin, we wait for worship to end, we wait for a new season or the end of a sermon or our favourite hymn to be sung we wait for God to hear our prayer and we wait for the comfort and healing that blessing or Holy Communion might bring.

Within our life of faith waiting is very much a 2 way process for when we gather to worship we join the worship of heaven; think of those beautiful words from the service of Holy Communion “Therefore with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven we praise and glorify your name....”. God

whom we gather to worship is already waiting for us to draw near.

Today we have an image of God's Son- Christ the King- reigning not from the cross but from heaven where he remains as the human form of His Father at God's right hand loving us all with his Kingly and eternal presence.

May we as we approach and enter the season of Advent do so as a people who wait and a people who know too that God is longing and waiting for us. May we bear that light and hope in our homes and communities.

### **Prayers**

We pray for all those in positions of power,  
that they may govern with wisdom and integrity,  
serving the needs of their people.

May your reign come;

**Lord, hear our prayer.**

We pray for the Church, the sign of your reign,  
that it may extend your welcome to people of every  
race and background.

May your kingdom come;

**Lord, hear our prayer.**

We pray for Christians of every denomination,  
that together we may come to understand  
the royal priesthood you bestowed on us in baptism.

May your dominion come;

**Lord, hear our prayer.**

We pray for those whose commitment to truth

brings them into conflict with earthly powers,  
that they may have the courage to endure.  
May your rule come; **Lord, hear our prayer.**  
We pray for this community of faith,  
that attentive to your word  
we may always worship in spirit and in truth.  
May your reign come;  
**Lord, hear our prayer.**  
Loving God,  
you have taught us that the power of the heart  
is greater than the power of wealth and might.  
Hear us as we pray for the fulfilment of your reign.  
We ask this through Jesus Christ our King;  
to him be glory and power for ever.

**Amen.**

**Christ the King**

*by Malcolm Guite*

Our King is calling from the hungry furrows  
Whilst we are cruising through the aisles of plenty,  
Our hoardings screen us from the man of sorrows,  
Our soundtracks drown his murmur: 'I am thirsty'.  
He stands in line to sign in as a stranger  
And seek a welcome from the world he made,  
We see him only as a threat, a danger,  
He asks for clothes, we strip-search him instead.  
And if he should fall sick then we take care  
That he does not infect our private health,  
We lock him in the prisons of our fear  
Lest he unlock the prison of our wealth.  
But still on Sunday we shall stand and sing  
The praises of our hidden Lord and King.