

Welcome to St Barnabas, Gillingham

<http://www.achurchnearyou.com/gillingham-st-barnabas/>



Contact Details

For service & other
church enquiries Belinda 01634 320833
For hall hire enquiries Jon 305852 (after 6pm)
By email: enquiries@stbarnabas-gillingham.uk

Open for Business, God's Business

Services to June 2015

(we hope to follow the programme but please see website for any unavoidable changes)

Weekly Church events – all welcome

Weekly Communion Service each Sunday 10.15am
Weekly Tea/Coffee hours each Wednesday 2-4pm
Sure Start each Thursday 1.30-2.45pm
Friday Fun Club Term time 4.30-6.30pm

Special Services & Events

Wed 18th Feb 7.30pm Ash Wednesday Service with
imposition of ashes
Sun 15th Mar 10.15am Mothering Sunday service
with flowers for mum
Sun 29th Mar 10.15am Palm Sunday with
procession
Sun 24th May 10.15am Pentecost Sunday (the
Church's Birthday)
Thu 11th June 7.30pm St Barnabas Feast day
special celebration
Fri 12th – Sun 14th June St Barnabas Church's 125th
Anniversary

Holy Week 30th Mar -5th Apr 2015

Mon 7.30pm Stations of the Cross
Tue 11am Stations of the Cross then
bread and soup
Wed 7.30pm Stations of the Cross
Thu 7.30pm Maundy Thursday Service
Fri 11-2pm Good Friday Workshop (all
ages - bring a packed lunch)
Fri 3pm Good Friday Service
Sun 8.30am Easter Breakfast
Sun 10.15am Easter Service (followed by
easter eggs & hot cross buns)

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CHRISTMAS MIDNIGHT MASS (Fr John)

Acts 13.16-26 & Luke 1. 67-79

Please join us for Christmas Cake and
mulled wine after the service

Christmas Day Eucharist (Fr Michael)

Christmas Day (said service) **9am**

*Best wishes for the Happiest Christmas
from all at St Barnabas*

Opening Hymn

Once in royal David's city
stood a lowly cattle shed
where a mother laid a baby,
in a manger for his bed;
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven,
who is God and Lord of all,
and his shelter was a stable,
and his cradle was a stall;
with the needy, poor and lowly,
lived on earth our Saviour holy.

For he is our childhood's pattern,
day by day like us he grew,
he was little, weak and helpless,
tears and smiles like us he knew;
and he feeleth for our sadness,
and he shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see him
through his own redeeming love,
for that child so dear and gentle
is our Lord in heav'n above;
and he leads his children on
to the place where he is gone.

REACHING OUT, WELCOMING IN

Gradual

Silent night, holy night.
All is calm, all is bright,
round yon virgin mother and child;
Holy infant, so tender and mild,
sleep in heavenly peace,
sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night.
Shepherds quake at the sight,
glories stream from heaven afar,
heav'nly hosts sing alleluia:
Christ, the Saviour is born,
Christ, the Saviour is born.

Silent night, holy night.
Son of God, love's pure light,
radiant beams from thy holy face,
with the dawn of redeeming grace:
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth

Offertory

Good King Wenceslas looked out
on the feast of Stephen,
when the snow lay round about,
deep, and crisp, and even;
brightly shone the moon that night,
though the frost was cruel,
when a poor man came in sight,
gath'ring winter fuel.

'Hither, page, and stand by me,
if thou know'st it, telling,
yonder peasant, who is he,
where and what his dwelling?'
'Sire, he lives a good league hence,
underneath the mountain,
right against the forest fence,
by Saint Agnes' fountain.

'Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
bring me pine logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine,
when we bring him thither.'
Page and monarch, forth they went,
forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
and the bitter weather.

'Sire, the night is darker now,
and the wind blows stronger;
fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer.'
'Mark my footsteps good, my page;
tread thou in them boldly:
thou shalt find the winter's rage
freeze thy blood less coldly.'

In his master's steps he trod,
where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christians all, be sure,
wealth or rank possessing,
ye who now will bless the poor,
shall yourselves find blessing.

Communion Hymn

The first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds In fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

*Chorus: Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell
Born is the King of Israel.*

They looked up and saw a star,
shining in the East, beyond them far,
and to the earth it gave great light,
and so it continued both day and night. *Chorus*

And by the light of that same star,
three wise men came from country far;
to seek for a king was their intent,
and to follow the star wherever it went. *Chorus*

This star drew nigh to the north-west,
o'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
and there it did both stop and stay
right over the place where Jesus lay. *Chorus*

Then entered in those wise men three,
full rev'rently upon their knee,
and offered there in his presence
their gold and myrrh and frankincense. *Chorus*

Then let us all with one accord
sing praises to our heav'nly Lord,
who with the Father we adore
and Spirit blest for evermore.

Final hymn

O come all ye faithful,
joyful and triumphant,
o come ye, o come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him, born the King of angels:

*Chorus: O come, let us adore him,
O come let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord*

God of God,
Light of light,
lo he abhors not the Virgin's womb,
very God, begotten not created: *Chorus*

See how the shepherds,
summoned to his cradle,
leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;
We to will thither bend our joyful footsteps: *Chorus*

Lo, star-led chieftains,
magi, Christ adoring,
offer him incense, gold and myrrh:
We to the Christ-child bring our hearts' oblations: *Chorus*

Child, for us sinners
poor and in the manger,
fain we embrace thee, with love and awe;
Who would not love thee, loving us so dearly? *Chorus*

Sing, choirs of angels,
sing in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above
glory to God in the highest: *Chorus*

Yea Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning.
Jesu, to thee be glory giv'n;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing. *Chorus*