

*St Andrew's Church*  
*Tenth Sunday after Trinity*  
*Newsletter for August 8<sup>th</sup> 2021*

*10.00am Mass in Church*

*Celebrant and Preacher; Brother John*

**Collect**

Let your merciful ears, O Lord, be open to the prayers of your humble servants; and that they may obtain their petitions make them to ask such things as shall please you; through Jesus Christ your son our Lord, who is alive and reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever **Amen.**

**Reading**

**2 Samuel 18;5-9, 15, 31-33**

The king ordered Joab and Abishai and Ittai, saying, "Deal gently for my sake with the young man Absalom." And all the people heard when the king gave orders to all the commanders concerning Absalom.

So the army went out into the field against Israel; and the battle was fought in the forest of Ephraim. The men of Israel were defeated there by the servants of David, and the slaughter there was great on that day, twenty thousand men. The battle spread over the face of all the country; and the forest claimed more victims that day than the sword.

Absalom happened to meet the servants of David. Absalom was riding on his mule, and the mule went under the thick branches of a great oak. His head caught fast in the oak, and he was left hanging between heaven and earth, while the mule that was under him went on. And ten young men, Joab's armour-bearers, surrounded Absalom and struck him, and killed him.

Then the Cushite came; and the Cushite said, "Good tidings for my lord the king! For the Lord has vindicated you this day, delivering you from the power of all who rose up against you."

The king said to the Cushite, "Is it well with the young man Absalom?"

The Cushite answered, "May the enemies of my lord the king, and all who rise up to do you harm, be like that young man."

The king was deeply moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, he said, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would I had died instead of you, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

**Gospel**

**John 6;35,41-51**

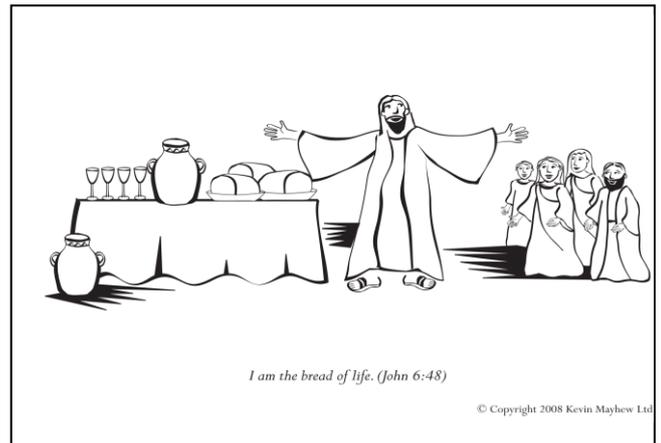
Jesus said to them, "I am the bread of life. Whoever comes to me will never be hungry, and whoever believes in me will never be thirsty.

Then the Jews began to complain about him because he said, "I am the bread that came down from heaven." They were saying, "Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? How can he now say, 'I have come down from heaven'?"

Jesus answered them, "Do not complain among yourselves. No one can come to me unless drawn by the Father who sent me; and I will raise that person up on the last day. It is written in the prophets, 'And they shall all be taught by God.' Everyone who has heard and learned from the Father comes to me. Not that anyone has seen the Father except the one who is from God; he has seen the Father.

Very truly, I tell you, whoever believes has eternal life. I am the bread of life. Your ancestors ate the manna in the wilderness, and they died. This is the bread that comes down from heaven, so that one may eat of it and not die.

I am the living bread that came down from heaven. Whoever eats of this bread will live forever; and the bread that I will give for the life of the world is my flesh."



### **Post Communion Prayer**

God of our pilgrimage, you have willed that the gate of mercy should stand open for those who trust in you; look upon us with your favour that we who follow the path of your will may never wander from the way of life, through Jesus Christ our Lord, **Amen.**

**Please pray for people who are sick or in need of prayer:** Gordon Ryall, Linda, Amaani, Baby Maxwell and family, Shaheed, baby Valerie Rose, Hayden Lewis, Gloria James, Gloria Boothe, Janice Bissell's family and friends, Beverley James' family and friends.

**For those who have recently died:** Charlie Brown.

**Anniversary of death:** Elsie Kightley, Neville Williams.

### **A Poem to Pray**

#### **The Bible; Thomas Traherne**

That! That! There I was told  
That I *the Son of God* am made  
*His image*, O Divine! And that fine Gold,  
With all the joys that here do fade,  
Are but a Toy, compared to the Bliss  
Which Heven'ly, God-like, and Eternal is.

That We on earth are Kings;  
And, tho we're cloath'd with mortal Skin,  
Are inward Cherubims; hav angels Wings;  
Affections, Thoughts, and Minds within,  
Can soar throu all the Coasts of Hev'n and Earth;  
And shall be sated with Celestial Mirth.