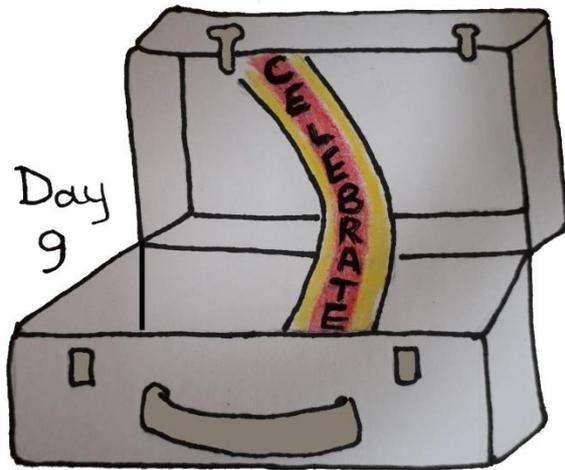


Day 9 CELEBRATE

Party time as we celebrate God's love for us and find room in our case to pack the word CELEBRATE.

Jesus told a story about a woman who celebrated when she found a lost coin. Celebrate that God loves you today and share 5 things you will be celebrating.



I celebrate the constant seasons of the year; the cold of Winter; the hope of Spring; the heat of Summer and the dying back, but the preparation for new life, of Autumn.

I celebrate the comings and goings of our families; the excitement of new birth, the regret of death; the joining's, the loosening's; the highs and the lows; the enjoyment of being together; the remembrances.

I celebrate being moved by music and song, by paintings, by the spoken word and those read in silence.

I celebrate the exhilaration of the mountain top, the depths of the sea, the rushing rivers, the plunging waterfalls, the rugged heathland and the pastoral meadows.

I celebrate the rising of the sun at the start of a fresh day and the splendored setting at the end; as constant as the rise and fall of our breathing.

Prayer

Who would have thought?

Who would have thought that you were a party God:
a God who loved a celebration;
a God who loved the sound of laughter –
and would belt out a song from the karaoke machine;
a God who could strut his stuff on the dance floor
and do an eightsome reel with the rest of us?

Who would have thought that you were a patient God,
who watched, and waited and fretted,
when we had turned our back on you;
who saw us squander our life and treasures
on things we thought were important,
only to realise that, in the end,
they just leave us exhausted, worn out and disillusioned?

Who would have thought that you were a God of love,
who cherished people regardless of their personality,
who gave the clothes off his back to dress us,
the food from his table to feed us,
and the finest jewels from his safe to adorn us,
and who would uncork the best wine from his cellar to welcome us home?

Open our eyes today that we might see you, O God,
not as some far-flung heavenly being,
but as a friend who truly understands us.

Open our ears, that we might hear you in your songs of praise,
or in the whispering voice which tells us that you are near.

Open our mouths that we might speak to you and for you
in our homes and communities,
so that others will know
how wonderful you are.

Liz Crumlish, Spill the Beans

Celebrate, come on and Celebrate; Lord, may our celebration of your love light up our church and spill over
to encompass all who pass in the celebration.

Two days to go!