**Worship for Sunday** (for family worship: [**www.rootsontheweb.com/familiesathome7june**](http://www.rootsontheweb.com/familiesathome7june))

**Opening Prayer:**

Great Creator God, as we worship you today our hearts are filled with awe:

we see your glory in the night sky, the moon and stars shining on, century after century,

we see your glory in the land around our feet, beauty and abundance to sustain life,

we see your glory in all people, humankind made in your image,

we worship you.

Jesus Christ our Redeemer, as we worship you today our hearts are filled with praise:

you are the timeless Word of God, through whom all things were created,

you are the incarnate Word of God, demonstrating life in all its fullness,

you are the eternal Word of God, present with us now and to the end of the age, we worship you.

Holy Spirit, Energy of God, as we worship you today our hearts are filled with wonder:

we feel you sweeping across the earth now, as you swept over the waters at creation

we feel you stirring your church now, as you first stirred the church at Pentecost,

we feel you connecting your worldwide family now, as we are joined with one another, we worship you.

Gracious God, One-in-Three and Three-in-One, accept our worship, our praise and our wonder.

Reveal again to us your great glory through your Living Word, as we are transformed by your tireless Spirit. We worship you.

Amen.

**God’s word:** Read one or more of these passages and allow time and space for God to speak though his word: Genesis 1:v1 – 2v4a, Psalm 8, 2 Corinthians 13v11-13, Matthew 28v16-20.

**Read or Sing The Following Hymn:** [**https://youtu.be/SGJlZvl8PJM**](https://youtu.be/SGJlZvl8PJM)

**657 STF You give rest to the weary**

You give rest to the weary, You bring strength to weak;

As they wait in Your presence, There is grace for their need.

*So I'll wait, I'll wait, Yes I'll wait for you.*

*I will say of the Lord 'He is my refuge.'*

*I will say of the Lord 'He is my strength.'*

*I will say of the Lord "He is my shelter, my hiding place'*

You can come in the silence; You can come in the noise.

Bringing peace in a moment, Bringing comfort and joy.

*So I'll wait, I'll wait…*

I will come to the source of all creation; I will drink from the well that never dries.

I will draw from the one who won't grow tired, the Lord of all.

*So I'll wait, I'll wait…*

**Read and think: Read the following Trinity story: The Milking–Stool**

Johnny’s granny had been a milkmaid. Not recently, of course, for Johnny’s granny was a *very* old lady. But Johnny’s granny had been a milkmaid, ages and ages ago, when she was not much older than Johnny was now – so she delighted in telling him. For Johnny just loved it when his granny told him stories about ‘the olden days’, like when she had been a milkmaid, ages and ages ago.

Johnny never really understood much about his granny being a milkmaid till he had been on a visit to a farm with his school class. To be honest, he wasn’t that interested up till then. He knew that milkmaid and ‘granny when she was young’ went together, but not much more. But the visit to the farm had changed all that. It had been so *fascinating*. He’d watched in awe as the farmer got those big, mucky cows into the shed and steered them into their proper places for milking. His eyes had nearly popped out of his head when he’d seen the men washing the rubbery udders – disgusting and amazing at the same time. He’d been riveted when the big suction tubes were fitted on the udder of each cow. He’d been mesmerised by the rhythmic swish- swish-swish as the milk was squirted into the glass vats.

Johnny couldn’t wait to get home to tell his granny that he’d seen what she’d done as a milkmaid in the olden days. And tell her he did, in breathless excitement, in minute detail. Johnny’s granny listened with rapt attention, only speaking when Jonny needed a bit of encouragement to explain things in proper order, rather than galloping on too fast with his story. In time, the whole story of the visit to the farm was done. But Johnny wasn’t finished yet. He had lots of questions for his granny.

‘Did you work on a farm like that in the olden days, granny?’ The old lady smiled. ‘well, nearly like that. But it was a long time ago, and things were very different then.’ ‘Did you have to get the cows into the shed like the farmer did, granny?’ ‘No,’ she replied, ‘and it was called a byre in my day. No, son, your grandad did that. It was his job. He was a dairyman, and he looked after the cows, fed them, and things like that. He got them into the byre, and I did the milkin.’

‘Did you have to fit the rubber pipes on to the cows, granny?’ Johnny’s granny laughed. ‘No, laddie, we had no machines like that back then. We had to do it all by hand.’

Johnny wrinkled his nose and furrowed his brow. ‘By hand, granny? Do you mean you had to get the milk out of the cows’ …..eh ….. thingies …. with your *hands*?’

Granny laughed again. ‘Aye, I did that. And hard work it was too. One hand on one teat, and one on the other, pulling on one, then on the next, making sure the milk got down into the bucket and none got spilled. And then working with the other two teats, until the bucket was full or the cow was done.’

It was Johnny’s turn to listen with rapt attention. ‘Bucket, granny, what do you mean? Didn’t you have a glass churn like the farmer? Why would you use a bucket?’

‘Because that’s what you did. A white bucket, galvanised, we called it. And when the bucket was full the milk was tipped into a big metal churn. We had to do it all by hand. No machines then. I spent half my life under a ow, sitting on my three-legged stool.’

This was getting more than enough for Johnny. ‘Stool, granny, what’s a stool?’ ‘A stool, son is a wee seat with three legs, just at the right height to get in the right place for the milkin’.

‘*Three* legs, granny? Not four like our chairs?’

‘No, Johnny, it had to be three. It was perfect for the uneven floor of the byre, don’t you see? Four would have been too wobbly. Two? Well. I would just have fallen over. But three was perfect for a milkin’ stool, just perfect …..’

Johnny had had enough for now. His head was swimming with the information about granny being a milkmaid in the olden days, and not having machines, sitting on a three-legged stool, and *everything*….. So he slipped off his granny’s knee and went away to process his learning – ancient and modern.

He’d left his granny smiling, not just in recollection of the olden days, and the smell of the byre, and the feel of the milking, and the swish-swish-swish of the milk in the bucket, and the handsome dairyman she’d had her eye on for ages. But she was smiling to herself about how she’d described the three-legged stool, four legs was too many, two legs wasn’t enough, one leg and it wasn’t a stool at all. But three legs? Her seat for the milking with three legs, each one important, so that a milking-stool could work on an uneven floor. A three-legged stool for the milking. Three legs together …. Perfect, just perfect.

**Trinity**

Trinities of things,

Repetitive and compelling –

Abraham, Isaac and Jacob;

The Way, the Truth and the Life;

Faith, Hope and Charity;

One Church, one Faith, one Baptism-

Holding together,

A three-way tie;

Any two not surviving without the other.

Is God like that-

Father, Son and Holy Spirit;

Creator, Redeemer and Sustainer;

Or whatever –

Repetitive and compelling;

Holding together,

A three-way tie;

Any two not surviving without the other?

Or should I be happy with the whole

And not worry about the different parts,

As long as I can sit properly on a wobbly floor

And not fall over.

**Once you have read the story & reflection, what is your reaction? Note how the story makes you feel. Spend time and rest in the mystery of God…..speak to him now.**

**Prayers**

We offer our prayers for others to the God who is Creator, Redeemer and Sustainer, already present in every place, already bringing good out of every evil, already holding in love every person:

We hold in our prayers those who feel surrounded by chaos at this time… Lord, give calm.

We hold in our prayers those who walk in the valley of the shadow of death… Lord, give light.

We hold in our prayers those who are oppressed by violence and war… Lord, give peace.

We hold in our prayers those who seek to lead our communities, our nations and our world…

Lord, give wisdom.

We hold in our prayers those who find it hard to believe, who struggle with doubt… Lord, give courage.

We hold in our prayers those with whom we try to share the Good News of your love… Lord, give grace.

We rejoice in your promise to be with us always, to the end of the age, as we commend all those for whom we pray into the care of our Three-in-One God.

Amen

The Lord’s Prayer

Our Father ……

**Listen & Sing:**

Stand in Your Love – Josh Baldwin <https://youtu.be/MHLEZzyAZrI>

Waymaker – Bethel Worship <https://youtu.be/BfdOP8139i4>

Go forth and tell <https://youtu.be/XNyDd9qtuk0>

The Church Christ In Every Age <https://youtu.be/_wUvPH_gy1c>

**Blessing:**

Holy God,

be with me as I leave this time of worship.

May I know your presence in my every day and live your message of love and hope.

Amen