

Sunday 18<sup>th</sup> April 2021 at 10.30

**Welcome and Announcements:**

**Long as I live, I'll bless your Name**  
my King, my God of love;  
my work and joy shall be the same,  
in the bright world above.

Great is the Lord, His power unknown,  
And let His praise be great:  
I'll sing the honours of your throne,  
Your works of grace repeat.

Your grace shall dwell upon my tongue,  
and while my lips rejoice,  
the men that hear my sacred song  
shall join their cheerful voice.

Fathers to sons shall teach Your Name,  
and children learn Your ways;  
ages to come Your truth proclaim,  
and nations sound Your praise.

Your glorious deeds of ancient date  
shall through the world be known:  
Your arm of power, your heavenly state,  
with public splendour shown.

The world is managed by Your hands,  
Your saints are ruled by love;  
and Your eternal kingdom stands  
through rocks and hills remove.  
*Isaac Watts, 1674 - 1748*

**Prayer**

**Children's Talk:**

**All my days I will sing this song of gladness,**  
give my praise to the Fountain of delights;  
for in my helplessness You heard my cry  
and waves of mercy poured down on my life.

I will trust in the cross of my Redeemer,  
I will sing of the blood that never fails,  
of sins forgiven, of conscience cleansed,  
of death defeated and life without end.

*Beautiful Saviour, Wonderful Counsellor,  
clothed in majesty, Lord of history,  
you're the Way, the Truth, the Life.  
Star of the morning, glorious in holiness.  
you're the risen One, heaven's champion  
and you reign, You reign over all!*

I long to be where the praise is never ending,  
yearn to dwell where glory never fades,  
where countless worshippers will share one song  
and cries of 'Worthy' will honour the Lamb!

*Beautiful Saviour, Wonderful Counsellor,  
clothed in majesty, Lord of history,  
you're the Way, the Truth, the Life.  
Star of the morning, glorious in holiness.  
you're the risen One, heaven's champion  
and you reign, You reign over all!*

*Stuart Townend, b. 1963©  
1998 Thankyou Music*

**Prayer:**

**Bible Reading: John Chapter 21 verses 1 - 25**

**21** <sup>1</sup>After these things Jesus showed Himself again to the disciples at the Sea of Tiberias, and in this way He showed *Himself*: <sup>2</sup>Simon Peter, Thomas called the Twin, Nathanael of Cana in Galilee, the *sons* of Zebedee, and two others of His disciples were together. <sup>3</sup>Simon Peter said to them, "I am going fishing."

They said to him, "We are going with you also." They went out and immediately got into the boat, and that night they caught nothing. <sup>4</sup>But when the morning had now come, Jesus stood on the shore; yet the disciples did not know that it was Jesus. <sup>5</sup>Then Jesus said to them, "Children, have you any food?"

They answered Him, "No."

<sup>6</sup>And He said to them, "Cast the net on the right side of the boat, and you will find *some*." So they cast, and now they were not able to draw it in because of the multitude of fish.

<sup>7</sup>Therefore that disciple whom Jesus loved said to Peter, "It is the Lord!" Now when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he put on *his* outer garment (for he had removed it), and plunged into the sea. <sup>8</sup>But the other disciples came in the little boat (for they were not far from land, but about two hundred cubits), dragging the net with fish. <sup>9</sup>Then, as soon as they had come to land, they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid on it, and bread. <sup>10</sup>Jesus said to them, "Bring some of the fish which you have just caught."

<sup>11</sup> Simon Peter went up and dragged the net to land, full of large fish, one hundred and fifty-three; and although there were so many, the net was not broken. <sup>12</sup> Jesus said to them, "Come *and* eat breakfast." Yet none of the disciples dared ask Him, "Who are You?"—knowing that it was the Lord. <sup>13</sup> Jesus then came and took the bread and gave it to them, and likewise the fish.

<sup>14</sup> This *is* now the third time Jesus showed Himself to His disciples after He was raised from the dead.

<sup>15</sup> So when they had eaten breakfast, Jesus said to Simon Peter, "Simon, *son* of Jonah, do you love Me more than these?"

He said to Him, "Yes, Lord; You know that I love You."

He said to him, "Feed My lambs."

<sup>16</sup> He said to him again a second time, "Simon, *son* of Jonah, do you love Me?"

He said to Him, "Yes, Lord; You know that I love You."

He said to him, "Tend My sheep."

<sup>17</sup> He said to him the third time, "Simon, *son* of Jonah, do you love Me?" Peter was grieved because He said to him the third time, "Do you love Me?"

And he said to Him, "Lord, You know all things; You know that I love You."

Jesus said to him, "Feed My sheep. <sup>18</sup> Most assuredly, I say to you, when you were younger, you girded yourself and walked where you wished; but when you are old, you will stretch out your hands, and another will gird you and carry *you* where you do not wish." <sup>19</sup> This He spoke, signifying by what death he would glorify God. And when He had spoken this, He said to him, "Follow Me."

<sup>20</sup> Then Peter, turning around, saw the disciple whom Jesus loved following, who also had leaned on His breast at the supper, and said, "Lord, who is the one who betrays You?" <sup>21</sup> Peter, seeing him, said to Jesus, "But Lord, what *about* this man?"

<sup>22</sup> Jesus said to him, "If I will that he remain till I come, what *is that* to you? You follow Me."

<sup>23</sup> Then this saying went out among the brethren that this disciple would not die. Yet Jesus did not say to him that he would not die, but, "If I will that he remain till I come, what *is that* to you?"

<sup>24</sup> This is the disciple who testifies of these things, and wrote these things; and we know that his testimony is true.

<sup>25</sup> And there are also many other things that Jesus did, which if they were written one by one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that would be written. Amen.

### **What gift of grace is Jesus my redeemer**

There is no more for heaven now to give  
He is my joy, my righteousness, and freedom  
My steadfast love, my deep and boundless peace

To this I hold, my hope is only Jesus  
For my life is wholly bound to His  
Oh how strange and divine, I can sing, "All is  
mine"  
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

The night is dark but I am not forsaken  
For by my side, the Saviour He will stay  
I labour on in weakness and rejoicing  
For in my need, His power is displayed.

To this I hold, my Shepherd will defend me  
Through the deepest valley He will lead  
Oh the night has been won, and I shall overcome  
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

No fate I dread, I know I am forgiven  
The future sure, the price it has been paid  
For Jesus bled and suffered for my pardon  
And He was raised to overthrow the grave.

To this I hold, my sin has been defeated  
Jesus now and ever is my plea  
Oh the chains are released, I can sing, "I am free"  
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

With every breath I long to follow Jesus  
For He has said that He will bring me home  
And day by day I know He will renew me  
Until I stand with joy before the throne.

To this I hold, my hope is only Jesus  
All the glory evermore to Him  
When the race is complete, still my lips shall  
repeat  
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

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All the glory evermore to Him  
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Message: **“Follow me: lessons in Christian discipleship from Peter – Part 1”**

**My God, how wonderful thou art,**  
thy majesty how bright,  
how beautiful thy mercy seat,  
in depths of burning light!

How dread are thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord,  
by prostrate spirits day and night  
incessantly adored!

How wonderful, how beautiful,  
the sight of thee must be,  
thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
and awful purity!

O how I fear thee, living God,  
with deepest, tenderest fears,  
and worship thee with trembling hope  
and penitential tears!

Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,  
almighty as thou art,  
for thou hast stooped to ask of me  
the love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like thee,  
no mother, e'er so mild,  
bears and forbears as thou hast done  
with me, thy sinful child.

Father of Jesus, love's reward,  
what rapture it will be,  
prostrate before thy throne to lie,  
and ever and gaze on thee!

*Frederick William Faber, 1814-1863*

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