

## INAUGURAL WORSHIP

### 1. Welcome and opening prayer

### 2. Hymn : Blessed Assurance

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God, Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

*This is my story, this is my song. Praising my Saviour all the day long. (2)*

Perfect submission perfect delight, Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;  
Angels descending, bring from above Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

*This is my story.....*

Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am happy and blest;  
Watching & waiting looking above Filled with His goodness lost in His love.

*This is my story.....*

### 3. A Scripture Reading : Matthew 9:35-38

### 4. Homily

### 5. Prayer of Thanksgiving *(all stand and say together)*

God of wisdom and love, giver of all good things, we thank you for your loving-kindness, And for your constant care over all creation. We bless you for the gift of life, for your guiding hand upon us, and your sustaining love within us. We thank you for your servant William Carey, the fruit of whose labour we benefit from today. We give you thanks for his vision and mission and for the lasting legacy he has left for the Indian Church. We bless you for Jesus Christ, your Son, our Saviour, for the living presence of your Spirit, for your Church, the body of Christ, and all the means of grace. In our weakness, you are our strength; in our darkness, light; in our sorrows, comfort and peace. From everlasting to everlasting you are our God, Father, Son and Holy spirit, one God glorified for ever.

*Amen*

### 6. Hymn : How great Thou Art

O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder, consider all the works thy hands hath made.

I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,

Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to Thee. How great Thou art! How great Thou art! Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee, How great Thou art! How great Thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander , And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees:  
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur, And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze;

And when I think that God His Son not sparing, Sent Him to die – I scarce can take it in.  
That on the cross my burden gladly bearing, He bled and died to take away my sin.

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation, And take me home – what joy shall fill my heart!  
Then shall I bow in humble adoration And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!

### 7. Closing Prayer & Benediction

