

Medley: Power and Spirit / Give Till It Hurts

Ian Anderson

Touch down after muddy rugby in the softer evensong.
Steal through open doors to heaven in angelic sing-along.
Tinsel echoes in the rafters still the air in stained glass light.
Our voices chaste, un-
broken, pure, take manly message to the fight.

I sense the power. And I sense the spirit move
In stately corridors of oak and stone, vaulted above.
Beyond the nave, beside dark transepts, candles flicker in the quire.
First the glow deep in the belly, tight grip of faith to fan the fire.

In the chapel, I am wondrous in the eyes of lesser boys.
Raptures touch me, lift me, shape me. Brotherhood, an ode to joy.
Stiff white ruffs on cassock'd ranks with hand on heart and hand on sword.
Elevated, born to service, to service of the Lord.

I sense the path. I sense the glory road.
Position, influence, my head above the earthly clod below.
Follow me to serve dark Master, He whose number might be His name.
Branded, burning, power unholy, just have to love Him all the same...

Let us pray... Dear Beloved Father...

We know it's tough to make ends meet through troubled times
As economic woes grow, bad to worse.
But call out to our family of treasured followers
To make a pledge today, give 'til it hurts.
Our coffers almost empty, but our flock stands faithful by
As we set out to shave the needy and bereft.
Together we can fleece our willing congregation
And I can live on any small change that's left.
So, give 'til it hurts. Give 'til it hurts. Make a pledge and give 'til it hurts.

That was today's speaker, the humble Reverend Gerald. Tune in to the National Godspend Channel next week.

Praise be to Him and HALLELUJAH. Remember to keep those pledges coming in and - give 'til it hurts.