



Saddleworth St Chad

Vigil Service... Remembering

10th August 2014

A Vigil Service is a reflective night service of readings and prayers in which we bring our sorrows, confusion and longings as we pray for the dawning of God's mercy, protection and peace. On this occasion we recall those who waited, some in fear, others flushed with excitement of an impending battle, the news of the declaration of war.

Tonight we remember those men of this parish who gave their lives in the Great War. We remember their loving families waiting here for their return. We remember their ultimate sacrifice. "No one has greater love than this, to lay his life down for one's friends" John 15. v13.

We give thanks for the researchers, for their dedication to the task, which has enabled us all to know a little of the lives of the men whose names are inscribed on the memorial tablet in the sanctuary.

THE VIGIL - Welcome

First Reading 2 Corinthians 4: 6-11

For it is the God who said, 'Let light shine out of darkness', who has shone in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. But we have this treasure in clay jars, so that it may be made clear that this extraordinary power belongs to God and does not come from us. We are afflicted in every way, but not crushed; perplexed, but not driven to despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; struck down, but not destroyed; always carrying in the body the death of Jesus, so that the life of Jesus may also be made visible in our bodies. For while we live, we are always being given up to death for Jesus' sake, so that the life of Jesus may be made visible in our mortal flesh.

Remembering - The first of the names from the WW1 memorial tablet are read, a candle is lit in memory and to remind us that "The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it."
John 1 v5

Psalm 36

All say

- 1 Sin whispers to the wicked, in the depths of their heart;
there is no fear of God before their eyes
- 2 They flatter themselves in their own eyes
that there abominable sin will not be found out.
- 3 The words of their mouth are unrighteous and full of deceit;
they have ceased to act wisely and to do good.
- 4 They think out mischief upon their beds
and have set themselves in no good way;
nor do they abhor that which is evil.
- 5 Let not the foot of pride come against me,
nor the hand of the ungodly thrust me away.
- 6 Your love, O Lord, reaches to the heavens
and your faithfulness to the clouds.
- 7 Your righteousness stands like the strong mountains,
your justice like the strong deep; you, Lord, shall save both man and
beast.
- 8 How precious is your loving mercy, O God!
All mortal flesh shall take refuge under the shadow of your wings.

All say

O God, the source of life,
banish our pride and enlighten us with wisdom,
that we may be led by your light,
and come to see your glory in the face of Jesus Christ, the Prince
of Peace.

Amen.

Remembering - More names are read and candles lit.

Second Reading

Rose Macaulay – Many Sisters to Many Brothers

When we fought campaigns (in the long Christmas rains)
With soldiers spread in troops on the floor,
I shot as straight as you, my losses were as few,
My victories as many, or more.
And when in naval battle, amid cannon's rattle,
Fleet met fleet in the bath,
My cruisers were as trim, my battleships as grim,
My submarines cut as swift a path.
Or, when it rained too long, and the strength of the strong
Surged up and broke a way with blows,
I was as fit and keen, my fists hit as clean,
Your black eye matched my bleeding nose.
Was there a scrap or ploy in which you, the boy,
Could better me? You could not climb higher,
Ride straighter, run as quick (and to smoke made you sick) . . .
But I sit here, and you're under fire.
Oh, it's you that have the luck, out there in blood and muck:
You were born beneath a kindly star;
All we dreamt, I and you, you can really go and do,
And I can't, the way things are. In a trench you are sitting, while I am
knitting
A hopeless sock that never gets done.
Well, here's luck, my dear;--and you've got it, no fear;
But for me . . . a war is poor fun.

Remembering - The final names on the WW1 memorial tablet are
read, candles are lit.

All say

The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it.

**We are lead in prayer
Let us pray**

Each name we have heard was a life. A life we did not know but for which we give you thanks.

Amen

For their families and friends, waiting patiently for their return, we give you thanks.

Amen

For the ultimate sacrifice these men made, we give you and them our eternal thanks.

Amen

Look down, O Lord, from your heavenly throne,
illuminate the darkness of this night with your celestial brightness,
and from the children of light banish the deeds of darkness;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

Lighten our darkness, Lord, we pray;
and in your mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night;
for the love of your only Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Amen.

All say

In your tender compassion, O God, the dawn from on high shall break upon us. To shine on those who dwell in darkness and the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace. May God the Holy Trinity guard and defend us on every side, strengthen us to face times of difficulty, and keep us rooted in faith and hope; and may God's blessing be with us and all whom we love, this night and always. Amen.

The candles are left burning.

You are welcome to stay behind and view the exhibition.