

**Entrance: Like a sea without a shore** *(Estelle White© Kevin Mayhew Ltd)*

Like a sea without a shore love divine is boundless.  
Time is now and evermore and his love surrounds us.

***Maranatha! Maranatha! Maranatha! Come, Lord Jesus, come!***

So that we could all be free he appeared among us,  
blest are those who have not seen, yet believe his promise.

All our visions, all our dreams, are but ghostly shadows  
of the radiant clarity waiting at life's close.

Death where is your victory? Death where is your sting?  
Closer than the air we breathe is our risen King.

**Preparation of the Gifts: Colours of Day** *Sue McClellan, John Paculabo, Keith Rycroft*  
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Colours of day dawn into the mind, the sun has come up, the night is  
behind. Go down in the city, into the street, and let's give the message to  
the people we meet.

***So light up the fire and let the flame burn, open the door, let Jesus  
return. Take seeds of his Spirit, let the fruit grow, tell the people of  
Jesus, let his love show.***

Go through the park, on into the town; the sun still shines on, it never  
goes down. The light of the world is risen again; the people of darkness  
are needing a friend.

Open your eyes, look into the sky, the darkness has come, the sun  
came to die. The evening draws on, the sun disappears, but Jesus is  
living, his Spirit is near.