

Season of Creation

Year A

Sunday 6 September

FIRST READING

Genesis 28.10-17

Reader: A Reading from the Book of Genesis

Jacob left Beer-sheba and went toward Haran. He came to a certain place and stayed there for the night, because the sun had set. Taking one of the stones of the place, he put it under his head and lay down in that place. And he dreamed that there was a stairway set up on the earth, the top of it reaching to heaven, and the angels of God were ascending and descending on it. And the Lord stood beside him and said, "I am the Lord, the God of Abraham your father and the God of Isaac; the land on which you lie I will give to you and to your offspring, and your offspring shall be like the dust of the earth, and you shall spread abroad to the west and to the east and to the north and to the south, and all the families of the earth shall be blessed in you and in your offspring. Know that I am with you and will keep you wherever you go and will bring you back to this land, for I will not leave you until I have done what I have promised you." Then Jacob woke from

his sleep and said, “Surely the Lord is in this place — and I did not know it!” And he was afraid and said, “How awesome is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.”

Reader: Hear what the Spirit is saying to the Church.

All: **Thanks be to God.**

SECOND READING

Breaths by Birago Diop

Listen more often to things rather than beings.
Hear the fire's voice,
Hear the voice of water.
In the wind hear the sobbing of the trees,
It is our forefathers breathing.

The dead are not gone forever.
They are in the paling shadows,
And in the darkening shadows.
The dead are not beneath the ground,
They are in the rustling tree,
In the murmuring wood,
In the flowing water,
In the still water,
In the lonely place, in the crowd:
The dead are not dead.

Listen more often to things rather than beings.
Hear the fire's voice,
Hear the voice of water.
In the wind hear the sobbing of the trees.
It is the breathing of our forefathers,
Who are not gone, not beneath the ground,
Not dead.

The dead are not gone for ever.
They are in a woman's breast,
A child's crying, a glowing ember.
The dead are not beneath the earth,
They are in the flickering fire,
In the weeping plant, the groaning rock,
The wooded place, the home.
The dead are not dead.

Listen more often to things rather than beings.
Hear the fire's voice,
Hear the voice of water.
In the wind hear the sobbing of the trees.
It is the breath of our forefathers.

GOSPEL

John 4.7-15

Reader: The Lord be with you.

People: **And also with you.**

Reader: He Shows Goodwill Tells the Good Story.

People: **Glory to you, Lord Jesus Christ.**

A woman from High Place came to the well to draw water. Creator Sets Free saw the woman and said to her, "Would you give me some water to drink?" She found her voice and asked, "Why would you, a man from the tribes of Wrestles with Creator, ask me for a drink, seeing that I am a woman from High Place?" She said this because the tribes of Wrestles with Creator have no dealings with the people from High Place.

"If you only knew about Creator's good gift," he answered, "and who it is who asks you for a drink, you would ask him for living water and he would give it to you." She said to him, "Honoured One, this watering hole is deep, and you have no way to draw out the water. Where will you get this living water? Are you greater than our ancestor Heel Grabber, who gave us this well and was first to drink from it with his children and animals?" "The ones who drink from this well will thirst again," Creator Sets Free answered. "But the ones who drink the water I give will never thirst, for this water will become a

river flowing from inside them, giving them the life of the world to come that never fades away, full of beauty and harmony.”

“Honoured One, please give me this water,” she said to him, “so I will never thirst again or need to walk this long path to get a drink.”

Reader: The Gospel of Christ.

People: **Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ.**