

**ST JAMES'S CHURCH,  
PICCADILLY**

**BLESSING OF CYCLISTS  
Sunday 8<sup>th</sup> Oct 2017**



**MUSIC**

*Vagabonds* (S. Townend; Luke 14)

Come all you vagabonds,  
come all you 'don't-belongs',  
winners and losers,  
come people like me.  
Come all you travellers,

tired from the journey,  
come wait a while, stay a while,  
welcome you'll be.

Come all you questioners,  
looking for answers,  
and searching for reasons,  
and sense in it all.

Come all you fallen,  
and come all you broken,  
find strength for your body  
and food for your soul.

*Come to the feast,  
there is room at the table!  
Come, let us meet in this place.  
With the king of all kindness  
who welcomes us in,  
with the wonder of love  
and the power of grace.*

Come, those who worry  
about houses and money  
And all those who don't have  
a care in the world,  
From every station  
and orientation,  
the helpless, the hopeless,  
the young and the old.

*Come to the feast...*

Come all believers,  
and dreamers, and schemers,  
And come all you restless  
just searching for home;  
movers and shakers,  
and givers and takers,  
the happy, the sad,  
and the lost and alone.  
Come self-sufficient  
with wearied ambition,  
and come those who feel  
at the end of the road;  
fiery debaters, and religion haters,  
accusers, deniers,  
the hurt and ignored.

*Come to the feast... (repeat)*

## WELCOME

### READING

*(Adapted from Ezekiel 1.15-25.)*

I looked at all living things, and I saw wheels on the earth, one after the other. The wheels sparkled like diamonds, and all of them looked true and round. When they moved, they went in all directions without veering.

***For the spirit of the living was in the wheels!***

The wheels had rims, high and fearsome, trimmed with lights all around. When the living moved upon the earth, the wheels moved underneath them; and when the living creatures rose from the earth, the wheels rose in the air. Wherever the spirit would go, the wheels would go, and their wheels would rise up with them:

***For the spirit of the living was in the wheels!***

Wherever the living creatures moved, the wheels went. When they stood still, the wheels stood still. When they were lifted up from the earth, the wheels were lifted up with them.

***For the spirit of the living was in the wheels!***

Spread out above the living creatures was the vault of heaven, sparkling like crystal, and awesome. When the creatures moved, the sound of their wheels roared like rushing waters, like the cresting of a wave, like the voice of the Almighty.

***For the spirit of the living was in the wheels! Thanks be to the life-giving Spirit!***

## **A MOMENT OF REMEMBRANCE**

*A moment of silence is kept to remember victims of cycle-related accidents in London this past year.*

God, whose glory fills creation, who is ever with us, whoever we are, and wherever we go: we commend to your mercy all those who have died in cycling accidents in London; bless and guide these journeying souls to their eternal home.

***Amen***

## **PRAYERS**

We pray for the world, for the care of creation, giving thanks for the joy of cycling and the blessing it brings us. We give thanks for safe lanes, for the beauty of our city, and for growing numbers of cyclists each day.

God, in your mercy,  
***Hear our prayer.***

We pray for an increase of sustainable energy sources, for green solutions in public transport, for expanded cycling paths; we pray for those who set transport policy, and for those who cycle to work each day.

God, in your mercy,  
***Hear our prayer.***

We pray for ourselves, when we are driven to anger on the road; for victims of bike theft, and for the grace to forgive; for peace on our streets.

God, in your mercy,  
***Hear our prayer.***

We pray for all cyclists in their diversity: bicycle messengers, commuters, pedicab drivers, weekend riders, students; that we could care for one another and share responsibility for safety on streets, bike paths, and walkways.

God, in your mercy,  
***Hear our prayer.***

*(Prayers end with)*

*Merciful God,  
you place in our hearts the love of  
neighbour and stranger: help us  
to care for one another, and make  
us alert to dangerous driving or  
cycling; grant those who walk or  
cycle, and those who play beside  
them, gratitude for the freedom of  
mobility; make us visible to one  
another, whoever we are and  
wherever we go; and grow in us  
the will and the strength to make  
peace. Amen.*

## MUSIC

*Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home,  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.*

*I looked over Jordan, what did I  
see?  
Coming for to carry me home.  
A band of angels coming after me  
Coming for to carry me home.*

*Sometimes I'm up, sometimes  
down,  
(Coming for to carry me home)  
But still my soul feels heaven  
bound...  
(Coming for to carry me home)*

*If you get there before I do  
(Coming for to carry me home)  
Tell all my friends I'm coming too.  
(Coming for to carry me home)*

## BLESSING OF CYCLISTS

God of heaven and earth:  
we ask your blessing on these  
cyclists, and dedicate these  
bicycles as instruments of peace;  
we entrust them and their riders to  
your loving care, merciful  
protection, and to the joyful praise  
of all creation.

*(Cyclists, sound your bike bells!)*

## MUSIC

*Siyahamba ekukhanyeni kwenkos*

## FINAL BLESSING

God preserve you from all trouble;  
keep you safe, and watch over  
your going out and your coming  
in; fill you with joy; and hold you  
and your bicycles in the hollow of  
his hand, now and for ever.

*Amen.*

*With thanks to all who made this possible!*

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