



Welcome

We welcome you today whatever your reason for coming

**'A global Christian family following
Jesus at the heart of London'**



**9:30 am Sunday, 14th December 2025
3rd Sunday in Advent**



METHODIST
CENTRAL HALL



ONLINE SERVICE

Preacher: Revd Dr Joyce Popoola with Deacon Ali McMillan

Matthew 11:2-11

LIVE-STREAM WELCOME

VIDEO CALL TO WORSHIP – Triumph and Joy
Radiant Advent

VIDEO SONG – Tell Out My Soul

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord!
Unnumbered blessings, give my spirit voice;
tender to me the promise of his word;
in God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice;

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his name!
Make known his might, the deeds his arm has done;
his mercy sure, from age to age the same;
his holy name – the Lord, the Mighty One.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his might!
Powers and dominions lay their glory by;
proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to flight,
the hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul, the glories of his word!
Firm is his promise, and his mercy sure.
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord
to children's children and for evermore!

Timothy Dudley-Smith (b.1926)

OPENING PRAYERS

Revd Dr Joyce Popoola

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Please join in using your own language or the version you prefer.

Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your Name,
your kingdom come,
your will be done,
on earth as in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins
as we forgive those who sin against us.
Save us from the time of trial
and deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power
and the glory are yours,
now and for ever. Amen.

VIDEO LESSON Matthew 11:2-11

Read by Areanne Denzo

² When John, who was in prison, heard about the deeds of the Messiah, he sent his disciples ³ to ask him, 'Are you the one who is to come, or should we expect someone else?'

⁴ Jesus replied, 'Go back and report to John what you hear and see: ⁵ the blind receive sight, the lame walk, those who have leprosy are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and the good news is proclaimed to the poor. ⁶ Blessed is anyone who does not stumble on account of me.'

⁷ As John's disciples were leaving, Jesus began to speak to the crowd about John: 'What did you go out into the wilderness to see? A reed swayed by the wind? ⁸ If not, what did you go out to see? A man dressed in fine clothes? No, those who wear fine clothes are in kings' palaces. ⁹ Then what did you go out to see? A prophet? Yes, I tell you, and more than a prophet. ¹⁰ This is the one about whom it is written:

"I will send my messenger ahead of you,
who will prepare your way before you."

¹¹ Truly I tell you, among those born of women there has not risen anyone greater than John the Baptist; yet whoever is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he.

VIDEO HYMN – My Song is Love Unknown

My song is love unknown,
my Saviour's love to me,
love to the loveless shown,
that they might lovely be.
O who am I,
that for my sake
my Lord should take
frail flesh and die?

He came from his blest throne,
salvation to bestow;
but they made strange, and none
the longed-for Christ would know.
But O my Friend,
my Friend indeed,
who at my need
his life did spend!

Sometimes they strew his way,
and his sweet praises sing;
resounding all the day
hosannas to their King.
Then 'Crucify!'
is all their breath,
and for his death
they thirst and cry.

Why, what has my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
he gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
Yet they at these
themselves displease,

and 'gainst him rise.

They rise, and needs will have
my dear Lord made away;
a murderer they save,
the Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful he
to suffering goes,
that he his foes
from thence might free.

In life no house, no home,
my Lord on earth might have;
in death, no friendly tomb
but what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heaven was his home;
but mine the tomb
wherein he lay.

Here might I stay and sing,
no story so divine:
never was love, dear King,
never was grief like thine!
This is my Friend,
in whose sweet praise
I all my days
could gladly spend.

Samuel Crossman (1624-1683)

SERMON 'The bitter and the sweet'
Revd Dr Joyce Popoola

VIDEO SONG – Way Maker

You are here, moving in our midst;
I worship you, I worship you.
You are here, working in this place;
I worship you, I worship you.
You are here, touching ev'ry heart
I worship you, I worship you.
You are here, healing ev'ry heart
I worship you, I worship you.

*You are way maker, miracle worker, promise keeper,
light in the darkness, my God, that is who you are.
You are way maker, miracle worker, promise keeper,
light in the darkness, my God, that is who you are.*

You are here, touching ev'ry heart
I worship you, I worship you.
You are here, healing ev'ry heart
I worship you, I worship you.
You are here, touching ev'ry heart
I worship you, I worship you.
You are here, healing ev'ry heart

I worship you, I worship you.
You are here, touching ev'ry heart
I worship you, I worship you.
You are here, healing ev'ry heart
I worship you, I worship you.
You are here, touching ev'ry heart
I worship you, I worship you.
You are here, healing ev'ry heart
I worship you, I worship you.

Refrain

You are here, turning lives around;
I worship you, I worship you.
You are here, mending evry heart;
I worship you, I worship you.
You are here, turning lives around;
I worship you, I worship you.
You are here, mending evry heart;
I worship you, I worship you.

Refrain

That is who you are.
That is who you are.
That is who you are.
That is who you are.

Even when I don't see it, you're working.
Even when I don't feel it, you're working.
You never stop, you never stop working.
You never stop, you never stop working. (x4)

Refrain

That is who you are.
That is who you are.
That is who you are.
That is who you are.

Osinachi Kalu Okoro Egbu

PRAYERS FOR OURSELVES AND OTHERS
Deacon Ali McMillan

VIDEO SONG – We Have Sung our Songs of Victory

We have sung our songs of victory,
We have prayed to You for rain;
We have cried for Your compassion
To renew the land again.
Now we're standing in Your presence,
More hungry than before;
Now we're on Your steps of mercy,
And we're knocking at Your door.
How long before You drench the barren land?
How long before we see Your righteous hand?

*How long before Your name is lifted high?
How long before the weeping turns to songs of joy?*

Lord, we know Your heart is broken
By the evil that You see,
And You've stayed Your hand of judgement
For You plan to set men free.
But the land is still in darkness,
And we've fled from what is right;
We have failed the silent children
Who will never see the light.

Refrain

But I know a day is coming
When the deaf will hear His voice,
When the blind will see their Saviour,
And the lame will leap for joy.
When the widow finds a Husband
Who will always love His bride,
And the orphan finds a Father
Who will never leave her side.

*How long before Your glory lights the skies?
How long before Your radiance lifts our eyes?
How long before Your fragrance fills the air?
How long before the earth resounds with songs of joy?*

Stuart Townend

ANNOUNCEMENTS

GLOBAL GREETINGS

Children from the Philippines

OFFERING PRAYER

Deacon Ali McMillan

VIDEO HYMN – Hark the Herald

Hark! The herald-angels sing
glory to the new-born King,
peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
join the triumph of the skies;
with the angelic host proclaim:
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'

*Hark! The herald-angels sing
glory to the new-born King.*

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
late in time behold him come,
offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, the incarnate Deity!

Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel:

*Hark! The herald-angels sing
glory to the new-born King.*

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
born that man no more may die,
born to raise the sons of earth,
born to give them second birth:

*Hark! The herald-angels sing
glory to the new-born King*

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

HEALING PRAYER TEAM

Revd Dr Joyce Popoola

THE BLESSING

Revd Dr Joyce Popoola

VIDEO OUTRO ORGAN

Lloyd Webber God rest you merry, gentlemen - Gerard Brooks

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The Methodist Church 

