

Appreciating Church

A practical Appreciative Inquiry resource for church communities



All shall be well, and all shall be well... For there is a force of love moving through the universe that holds us fast and will never let you go

Dame Julian of Norwich (c.1342-1416):
first woman to write a book in the English language

Appreciative Inquiry is a process for engaging people in building the kinds of organisations and a world they want to live in. Working from peoples' strengths and positive experiences, AI co-creates a future based on collaboration and open dialogue.

David Cooperrider:
founder of Appreciative Inquiry

Finally, beloved, whatever is true, whatever is honourable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is pleasing, whatever is commendable, if there is excellence and if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things.

Philippians 4.8

**Worship materials
and liturgy to
support the use of
Appreciative Inquiry**

PART FOUR

Worship materials and liturgy to support the use of Appreciative Inquiry

This section offers suggestions for worship materials and liturgies for introducing Appreciative Inquiry when the approach is being used with churches. You are invited to offer additional materials by sending them to the *Appreciating Church* website: www.appreciating.church.

We're very grateful for all the contributions to these worship resources. Material in the worship section has been provided by named authors, who are happy for their prayers and liturgies to be used in worship. If a prayer or other piece of work is printed for use in worship or other non-profit purposes, it should be credited to the named author and not altered. Permission must be sought in advance for any part of this publication to be reproduced in a commercial project, whether printed or digital. Please refer to the copyright information in the verso, on page ii.

Introduction

Worship itself is a supreme act of appreciation. Worship, through the Spirit, is generative. This doesn't mean that our worship of God always results in dramatic changes or actions. It may generate stillness or a sense of emptiness rather than filling-up.

This workbook already includes Bible references, quotes and real-life illustrations that can be used in acts of worship. Much of what you see in this section has been written by people who practice AI in their meetings and churches. Rather than AI being a tool or an add-on it is an integral part of their worshipping lives.

The following could be used to end or begin AI sessions or to introduce the whole idea of appreciation into services. Connections to the AI core principles are suggested in some cases.



Living in an appreciative way

Praise and Glory we present to you
for you are our lord.

All that we have comes from you.
Your whole creation is given to us as a gift.
Your love beams on us like the sun;
It burns into our very hearts,
And the light lives there,
to inspire, comfort and grow.

Great Father, we hold you in loving awe.

But there are times,
when things seem colder.
When the shadow of evil hides the sun
from our eyes,
blinded by our own inadequacies.

Then it is, that you show your loving mothers arms.
They enfold us, keep us warm,
comfort us, make us safe.

You are God for all
And you are God for each
You are God for us
And you are God for me.
Amen

Matthew Reed

Communion prayers

God of the table,
 Host of hosts,
 We keep returning here,
 We keep coming back to bread and wine,
 And we keep joining with Your people.
 It's not that somehow this meal wears off,
 It's not that our memories are that short,
 Or that it's all too hard to understand,
 (Although the more we come, the more we realise there is to understand)
 It's just that we can't seem to live in the love that we see here.....
 We thank and praise You for the love that gave birth to creation,
 We thank and praise You for the love that nurtures and provides,
 We thank and praise You for the love that rescued Your people from slavery and led them through
 the wilderness.

All of this seen in bread and wine and each other.

We thank and praise You for the love that chose to enter the human condition,
 We thank and praise You for the love that sacrifices itself for others
 We thank and praise You for the love that resists evil and death until newness comes

All of this seen in bread and wine and each other.

We thank and praise You for the love that brings joy,
 We thank and praise You for the love that binds a community together,
 And gives it courage to go beyond its walls to share good news,

All of this seen in bread and wine and each other.

We need to keep returning to this table, this bread and wine, this people.
 They show us who we really are and who, by Your saving grace, we could be.
 Host of hosts, thank you that there is a place for us here.
 Amen.

Suzanne Nockels

We come to this table with glad thanksgiving –
 God, you create the world we live in and you made us in your image:
 creative and caring.
 In scripture and history we learn of your continual attention and interest,
 calling men and women in all times and places to challenge injustice and offer a better way.
 We praise and thank you
 that such love never ceases, even when your people have turned away.
 In Jesus, we meet you in a life both like and unlike ours:
 born into a loving family, yet called to show you to the world:
 healing and teaching,
 provoking and questioning,
 laughing and crying.
 And when the crowds rejected him and handed him over to trial and execution,
 you gave him back to us.
 Across time and space, we cannot but sing of your glory –
**Holy, holy, holy Lord, God of power and might,
 heaven and earth are full of your glory.
 Hosanna in the highest.
 Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
 Hosanna in the highest.**
 Sending your Spirit to dance within and around us
 to comfort and challenge,
 we are strengthened and inspired to follow your call.
 Be present now in this bread and wine
 feeding us
 filling us, body and blood,
 to live in the world as the Body of Christ
 loving and caring till the Kingdom comes.
 Amen

Kathryn Price

No day but today

(adapt the examples to your own context)

This is our life now

The community worshipping on Sunday, regulars, visitors occasional and new, children and young people

Coming to meet God, listening for God's word, loving, admitting faults, receiving forgiveness, sharing concerns, sharing bread and wine

Pilots learning about the world they live in, having fun, playing games, making things

Women's fellowship meeting faithfully to pray, to talk to care for each other, to hear a visitor

The singers struggling with a new tune

A café for those who can't normally afford to eat out, stained glass workers, jujitsu classes, Cub Scouts, bands practicing

Our past life we rehearse and reprise often

Our future seems like a wish list

The coming year end and anniversary unintentionally encourage both

Just now, be still

Be still and know that I am God

There's only now – listen

There is never silence, there is a world living and breathing with us

God is in this world, in this place

There's only love

And love is to be enjoyed, savoured, given, known

Love is not always wishing things/people were as they used to be

Love is not always thinking about how much greener the grass is elsewhere

Love is not always wishing the time away in daydreams of an impossible tomorrow

Love takes time

Love looks

Love listens

Love feels

Love accepts

God, we say, is love

God, we say, is eternal

What does eternal mean if not here, now

Yes it means then and there also, but here and now is important for us

Here and now is where we are

Where love is concerned, eternal must mean no day but today

New every morning is the love . . .

At every moment God is striving for perfection, drawing us to the good, the best

And us?

We rush from here to there, making do, grabbing a bite, faster cars, longer hours, cramming more and more in

Reminiscing, regretting, planning, forecasting

Complaining of too little time

Take time

Take time to be with God, for God always has time for us

Time to be with God's people, for not all are able to rush any more and have too much time

Time to look at God's world and see its beauty and its destruction

Time to love and be loved

Jesus said: do not worry about tomorrow, it will have enough worries of its own

Jesus said: I will be with you always, to the end of the age

Hear the Word of God

Believe it, trust it, live it

Kathryn Price

St Bride's

Drawing on texts from the appreciative conversations and poems created during the process (see page 68 for the St Bride's AI story), these prayers were created for a service marking the 12-month anniversary of the start of the AI project. The worship theme was 'the wounded healer'.

The intention of St Bride's to be a safe sacred place for all emerged from the work. In the middle of the service, there were discussions in small groups on two questions: *What brought you to St Bride's? And what do you bring to St Bride's?* After the small group discussion there was an opportunity for people to share their experiences and stories.



Let us pray

God has no favourites

He bothered to give time and attention to the stranger

A refuge for the disillusioned

I'm not on my own,

Dead words broken open, give life to

To me

When I dare to be vulnerable

I'm not on my own

The flame of faith is kept alive

When I dare to be vulnerable

He bothered to give time and

attention to one stranger

God has no favourites

Let us pray

It gives us heart

A place of belonging, stillness and peace

It's how God created us

Community of the wounded

My deep call to serve others

Is how God created us

There's a feeling of walking into a sanctuary

My deep call to serve others

In the unplanned spaces that arise where God is

There's a feeling of walking into a sanctuary

Community of the wounded in the unplanned spaces that

Arise where God is

Give us heart

A place of belonging, stillness and peace



Releasing our fears

Let us pray

A presence

Opens doors for whoever wants to come in

Most of what he does is listen

Bring more heart centred

You totally accepted me

Most of what he does is listen

It felt like a shaft of light

You totally accepted me

Releasing people's gifts

It felt like a shaft of light

Being more heart centred

Releasing people's gifts

A presence

Opens doors for whoever wants to come in

Expressing Our Hopes

Let us pray

To forgive

I have discovered a language to express things

It calls me to lifestyle shifts

A new kind of freedom

Daring to dream dreams

To sit with doubts and mystery

It calls me to lifestyle shifts

A new kind of freedom

To sit with doubts and mystery

The divine enables me to move forward

A new kind of freedom

Daring to dream dreams

The divine enables me to move forward

I have found a language to express things to forgive

St Bride's

Simultaneity Principle

Finding love again: a creative liturgy

The kingdom of heaven is like treasure hidden in a field.

When a man found it he hid it again and then in his joy went and sold all he had and bought that field.

It might be good to project a picture of a field, or print an image for everyone

Why was the treasure in the field?

Why was something so precious and beautiful closed up and put out of sight where it risked never being found again?

I can imagine someone in the dark of night slipping out of the house and moving away the earth with his hands.

The dark times are good for burying parts of our humanity.

No-one will see. Tomorrow we will act just as we did before. Except a part of us will be missing – a certain sparkle that we have pushed deep down.

Why was the treasure in the field?

Was it because in some great chaos it was safer that way? It couldn't get knocked or stolen?

Was it because its shine reminded its owner of better times and now it was just too painful to look at?

Get rid of it, he told a servant and the servant did.

Was it meant to be buried for just a little while, for the duration of a crisis, but after a time did it just seem easier to leave it there?

I don't know why I question.

For you and I bury treasure all the time.

We bury our childish innocence,
our youthful enthusiasm.

We pile our cynicism and weariness upon them.

We bury our dreams,
those pictures we had of the people we might become,
people that made a difference in the world.

We pile sensibility over them,
say things like 'that was then – this is now'
or 'I'm too old for that kind of thing'.

We don't imagine that we could be as care-free as the children we once were, running down a slope on a windy day.

We don't imagine that we could experience the same thrill at being alive as standing on Waterloo Bridge and seeing the capital stretch out before us, thinking 'I'm part of this great city'.

We don't imagine that we could have the same sense of belonging as we did in our lover's arms.

Or the same sense of inner peace as when the sun sets over the fells.

It is impossible to go back, it's gone; buried back in time.

We bury hope by calling it naivety or 'not being realistic'.

We box up faith and say we're too wise for that now.

Worst of all, we bury love or we bury the potential to love.

We can't love a fellow human being because we bitter.

We can't love a fellow human being because we cannot forgive.

Love is either too hard or it has no place in our lives anymore.

Pieces of heaven that we no longer want to look at.

It's true we can't go back again.

But our 'never say never' God will not let the treasure of the kingdom stay submerged forever.

He looks at the well-worked field of our lives and says 'again' –

again you will laugh

again you will dream

again you will hope

again your faith will rise

again love will stir within you

again.



And so a new face, a new person, a new circumstance comes and gently brushes away our earth and in some corner of our heart-land a quiet resurrection happens and our treasure once more sees the light.

Hand round scraper boards

I love restoration programmes on the television. Somehow it always seems glorious to me when a hidden garden layout is revealed from something that just looks like a rubbish dump, or someone gets out a hanky and rubs on a painting and all the true colours come through.

You have been handed what looks like a grubby piece of card. You might be able to detect colour underneath but it has been buried.

It strikes me that Jesus was in the restoration or recovery business. He stood in the synagogue and declared that he would liberate the captives, recover the sight of the blind, and free the oppressed. He would move away with his life the poverty, the persecution, the sadness, the sin that buried the brightness of human beings. In a short while I'd like you to think of what you would ask Jesus to recover in you – what has been buried that you would like to come to the surface again?

And I ask you to scratch that word into the black wax – like this (*demonstrate*). When you've done that – when you've made your prayer, you can come and place it around the cross and perhaps read what others have written and pray for them.

It's just one word so no one will know your precise situation. If you don't want to write, you could draw a picture or a symbol.

Play some music and end with a prayer of blessing.

Suzanne Nockels

Letting go of stones

[The woman caught in adultery – John 8.1-11]

I was so angry. I have never been so angry. I have never been swept up in so much anger. How dare she! How dare she go against what was right! How dare she spit on all that I hold dear. How dare she unsettle our whole community! How many people has she hurt? She will bring the wrath of God down upon our heads.

They dragged her from the house, the teachers must have been watching, and they took her through the streets to the wandering preacher from Nazareth. She looked a mess. She looked like the fallen woman she was. They asked the preacher what he thought. Should she be stoned? The woman howled and begged for mercy. They piled up the evidence. They quoted from the Law of Moses. Which side was he on? Was he righteous or did he condone her behaviour? After all he was friends with publicans and tax-collectors. Question after question – flying like stones. There was no way out of this. It was clear that there was only one option. Not to participate was to become as bad as her. I searched the ground and found a suitable stone.

The preacher said . . . nothing . . . He simply doodled in the sand. We all looked and tried to see something in the patterns or the shapes. What was he doing? It's only now that I realise what he was up to. He was taking the attention away from her; letting the heat of our anger dissipate in the stillness.

He slowly straightened up and said 'Let any one of you who is without sin be the first to cast the stone'. It was as if we had simply interrupted his day-dreaming, because he went back to doodling in the sand.

We looked at each other. Who was going to go first then? I couldn't. My sin loomed large in my memory. Last year I could see that our small crop was about to be ruined by the weather – so, unseen, I had harvested what I could – on the Sabbath. Every sweep of the scythe had cut my soul.

I could hear the thud, thud, as people let go of their stones and walked away; the eldest first – maybe because maturity brought a certain honesty. I wanted to stay angry. I wanted to stay superior and use her as a way of making myself feel better, but I couldn't. One by one my fingers released the stone. As it fell I felt a burden, a guilt drop from my soul.

There is always another way. There is always a different question, a different place to start. We can start with stones and moral cul-de-sacs or we can let the silence speak.

Suzanne Nockels

Anticipatory Principle

Walking on the water

Lord the life of this world is like the rough choppy waters of the open sea
and yet you call us to walk on the waves
so we pray
for all who are damaged by the storms of life: living with violence, abuse, exploitation, neglect
Give them grace and courage **to walk on the waves**
for all who are wearied by the struggle: dealing with loss – of health, of loved ones, of work and
home, of self-esteem
Give them grace and courage **to walk on the waves**
for all who feel excluded and will not accept that the call is to them too
Give them grace and courage **to walk on the waves**

And if the world is that rough sea, then our communities must offer the safety of the boat
so we pray
when we see a hand held out for support
Give us grace and love to **welcome and restore**
when we recognise fellow rescuers who are not part of our group
Give us grace and love to **welcome and restore**
when we must risk all for the sake of another
Give us grace and love to **welcome and restore**

Lord, hear our prayer
In the name of Jesus who calls us out and in the power of the Spirit who lifts us up
Amen

Kathryn Price



Poetic Principle

Flower, Hand, Heart liturgy

Distribute flowers, one for each person present.
Look at this flower.
Such deep colours,
Intricate patterns,
What detail!
Balanced to perfection.
Loved in its making.

Silence to appreciate God's Creation

We thank you Lord
For all that you give us.
We marvel at your beautiful imagination
Awestruck by your power,
So softly and luxuriously expressed.

You hold this flower in your hand
And what a hand
So wonderfully constructed,
Fantastic mechanisms – And it lives!
All it can do, all it has done,
Maybe not as strong or as sure as it has been,
But think of all that it has held,
All it has stroked,
All it has operated
And it is just a hand.
And your neighbour has one too.



Silence to appreciate all that God gives us

We thank you Lord
For all that you give us.
We marvel at your beautiful imagination
Awestruck by your power,
So softly and luxuriously expressed.
You look at your heart,
And at your life.
Glorious moments of joy and fun,
Times of sadness and pain,
of regret and sorrow
Periods of deep uncertainty
But others of confidence, clarity or security.
All a pattern of the Spirit
As we serve the Lord,
Knowing and unknowing

Silence to appreciate God's love for us as people.

We thank you Lord
For all that you give us.
We marvel at your beautiful imagination
Awestruck by your power,
So softly and luxuriously expressed.
You look at the flower,
You glimpse the father, the creator God,
You look at your hand, you glimpse Jesus, for these are his hands, commissioned for his work.
You look at your heart, you glimpse the Spirit, God's empowering love active in you.
We thank you Lord
For all that you give us.
We marvel at your beautiful imagination
Awestruck by your power,
So softly and luxuriously expressed.
Amen

Matthew Reed

Perfume

Read John 12: 1-8

Did the perfume linger Lord?
 In the days ahead did you catch its fragrance?
 Like honeysuckle on the breeze.
 Did it take to you back to the beautiful thing;
 The evening spent with friends,
 The last time you were touched with gentleness?

When the holy turned to hate
 Did it remind you of the temple?
 Against the metallic smell of your own blood
 Did it provide a note of care?
 When bones were broken
 Did you smell crushed roses?
 In the reeking stench of death
 Was there still an undertone of love?
 I hope so.

What lingers
 What remains
 What stays
 May be as insubstantial as perfume in the wind.
 But it is more solid than anything.

Suzanne Nockels

Consider the lilies

'Consider how the wild flowers grow. They do not labour or spin. Yet I tell you, not even Solomon in all his splendour was dressed like one of these'

The word 'consider' in New Testament Greek means not a quick glance but 'to deeply learn from'. Observing or watching implies a passive act and looking should be active and engaged. However, looking can also sound like an imperative 'hey- you must look at this'. Take time, slow down, don't force meaning, soak up what you are seeing and return to it again and again.

Show a copy of Stanley Spencer's painting 'Christ in the Wilderness- Consider the Lillies'. You can find it here: <http://www.wikiart.org/en/stanley-spencer/christ-in-the-wilderness-consider-the-lilies>. Ask people to spend time focused on the picture. Ask them just to take in the colours, the detail, the size and position of things. Allow at least three minutes of quiet contemplation.

Then as a group discuss the following. Remember this is an artwork – there are no wrong or right interpretations, just the association that individuals make.

- Despite 'lilies' being in the title of the painting why do you think Stanley Spencer has painted different flowers?
- What does the position of the Christ figure remind you of?
- What do you make of the difference in size between Christ and the daisies?
- It is almost as if Christ and the wild flowers are looking and talking to each other. What do you think they might be saying?
- When was the last time you 'stayed with' an artwork or something in the natural world and it taught you something valuable?
- This is part of a series called 'Christ in the Wilderness'. Does this painting fit/not fit with experiences of spiritual wilderness?
- After looking at, and discussing this painting how might considering the flowers either relieve anxiety or undermine our trust in status and riches?.

Then come back to the painting and look at it together again before reading the prayer below.

Jesus who looked first and looked long,
 Help us not dismiss the unspectacular,
 Help us stay with those things which will not give up their secrets easily,

Help us find beauty in surprisingly simple places,
Like a dandelion poking through cracked concrete.
We thank you for the sights that have fed our souls
The ones we return to in our gallery of memories.
Considering Christ, help us learn deeply
For these precious, unpurchaseable things show us how to live free in this world.
Amen.

Suzanne Nockels



Visions and dreams

Arthur Stace grew up in Sydney, Australia. He was a child of alcoholics who searched bins for scraps of food. At 15, he too hit the bottle as a way to escape. He was sent to jail, came out and worked as a scout for his sister's brothel. In 1916 he enlisted in the army and saw action in World War One. He heard two great sermons which captured his imagination and he gave his heart to Jesus. Revd John Ridley's sermon included these words - 'Eternity, Eternity, I wish that I could sound or shout that word to everyone in Sydney. You've got to meet it. Where will you spend Eternity?' Stace later said, 'Eternity went ringing through my brain and suddenly I began crying and felt a powerful call from the Lord to write Eternity'. This was a man who was illiterate and could hardly write his own name, yet when he wrote 'Eternity', he did so in a beautiful copperplate style.

For the next 35 years he wrote it all over the city, getting up at 5am so as not to be spotted. He wrote it some 500,000 times. The 'eternity man' became the stuff of urban legend. In 1963 a photographer spotted him coming out of the church where he worked as a cleaner. Stace stopped and wrote on the pavement. He took two pictures before Stace disappeared. Two of his inscriptions are in the National Museum of Australia, where they have inspired a whole gallery. Another is inside the bell of the General Post Office Tower, though no-one knows how it got there. At the 2000 Olympics, his 'Eternity' was lit up on Sydney Harbour Bridge.

Positive Principle

Dare to dream

To the tune 'Woodlands' ('Tell out, my soul')

We're not alone! God speaks and helps us know:
God sees all people's pain and hears their cries.
Through burning bush, God tells us we should go,
like Moses, go and help the slaves arise!

But who are we to hope we might be heard,
and dare to dream that slavery still could end?
We're not alone! So do not be deterred:
God says, 'I will be with you as your friend.'

We're not alone! God's Spirit gives us power
to bring good news to those in poverty.
Through prophecy, God says this very hour
like Jesus we've the word of liberty!

But who are we to think we understand
and dare to dream the system could be fair?
We're not alone! God's Spirit is at hand
to help us help each other truly share.

We're not alone! The Spirit's dancing flames
transform us so we strive as dreamers must.
Through burning bush and prophet God proclaims
we're called to make a world that is more just!

Graham Adams

Graham is a congregational minister and theological educator who has been working in inner-city Openshaw, East Manchester, since 2002.

Feeding the five thousand

'You give them something to eat.'

What kind of answer is that? It's up there with 'Let them eat cake!' Jesus have you seen the size of this crowd? How much money do you think we've got? Do you think we've been stashing it away while we've been wandering about the countryside with you? Do you think that some of us are getting banker's bonuses without you knowing? We don't have the resources. We don't have the money. We don't have the time (Jesus, it's late). We don't have the energy of people (there's only twelve of us).

We have a crowd of needs in our area but we don't have the right building, the support, the money to pay for a community worker – our minister is on quarter-time.

We have a crowd of opportunities in our area but we don't have the technology, the publicity, the youngsters with get-up-and-go. We don't have guitars.

We can't feed these people.

Jesus looks at us and asked 'How many loaves do you have'. 'Go and see'. Go and honestly see not what you haven't got, but what you have. Sit down, gather in expectation, form new relationships.

Even if it's the equivalent of five loaves and two fish. Place them in His hands, pray and let the sharing begin.

Suzanne Nockels



God has no favourites

He bothered to give time and attention to one stranger
a refuge for the disillusioned.
The flame of faith is kept alive
and dead words broken open, give life to me,

a refuge for the disillusioned.
I'm not on my own,
dead words broken open, give life to me
when I dare to be vulnerable.

I'm not on my own.
The flame of faith is kept alive
when I dare to be vulnerable.
He bothered to give time and attention to one stranger,
God has no favourites.

St Bride's

Opening prayers

We rise to the dawning of life;
Countless beings sing the hymn of creation.
We feel the spirit moving in all things;
The earth, sky and sea bring us healing.
We touch the humming lines of connection;
The web of all things sparkles with energy.

May the Spirit of creation, healing and connection
Bless and hold this space, this time, this being-together.
And may all that we bring and all that we are
Find a welcome in the silence.

Silence

Through the spaces of our city,
Public and private,
Sacred and profane,
Neglected and contested,
Divided and united,
Commercial and communal,
The Spirit makes its exile way:
Seeking a home,
Seeking a face,
Seeking a listening ear.

**Spirit of God,
Be with us here.**

Through the spaces of our lives
Confused and radiant,
Hurting and healing,
Anxious and confident,
Ashamed and proud,
Beautiful and broken,
The Spirit walks the inner path:
Seeking the truth,
Seeking the soul,
Seeking the child within.

**Spirit of God
Be with us here.**

Steven Shakespeare, St Bride's

Invitation to communion

All are welcome in this place.

With our conflicts and fears,
Human in our vulnerability.

All are welcome in this place

With our doubts and questions,
Longing for a living truth.

All are welcome in this place

With our queerness and unspoken dreams,
Seeking a space to be ourselves.

All are welcome in this place

With our gifts, celebrated and unsung,
Trusting that here we are known.

All are welcome in this place

With all who need food and drink and companionship;
With all who are simply human;
With all living things;

We are welcome in this place.

In silence, we pause to remember that we are welcome,
And to bring to mind those who are not physically present,
But who are with us in spirit.

Jesus said that many would come from east and west to eat at the table of the kingdom.

He ate with those who were called sinners and unclean without asking them to make themselves pure or 'normal'.

He was the guest at many tables.

And finally, he was the host, when he shared his life, his living companionship, with those he called friends.

**May this be a table of meeting, of inclusion, of liberation, from all that breeds hatred, prejudice and division.
In the name of Jesus. Amen.**

Steven Shakespeare, St Bride's

A small selection of other resources:

Hymns:

Dare to dream, Fred Kaan from his book *The Only Earth We Know* © 1999 Stainer & Bell / Hope Publishing Company

I dream of a church, Kate Compston Words © 1994 Hope Publishing Company

Songs to shake us up 200 new hymn texts with well known tunes to challenge church and society. John Campbell. © 2016 Kevin Mayhew Publishers.

Prayers and other worship material:

- *A wee worship book: 4th edition*; Wild Goose Worship Group (have a look at their other material too)
- *Making liturgy: creating rituals for worship and life*, edited by Dorothea McEwan, Pat Pinsent, Ianthe Pratt, Veronica Seddon © 2001 Canterbury Press
- *Psalms Redux, Poems and Prayers* Carla Grosch Miller © 2014 Canterbury Press
- *Meditation on a Hazelnut*, from *Revelations of Divine Love*, Julian of Norwich

Online resources:

- The Peace Pole project <http://www.peacepoleproject.org/index.html>
- Prayer of Examen <http://www.ignatianspirituality.com/ignatian-prayer/the-examen>
- Steven Shakespeare, *Prayers for an Inclusive Church* (Canterbury Press, 2008).

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