

INDUCTION SERVICE

of

Rev Philip Wickenden

to the pastorate of

Becontree Avenue Baptist Church
Dagenham

CHAIRMAN: Rev Tony Noles

INDUCTION: Rev David Harper

ADDRESS: Mr Roger Russell

CALL TO WORSHIP

And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!

'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies:
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above –
So free, so infinite His grace –
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray –
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

PRAYER

Almighty God, we bring You praise
For Your Son, the Word of God,
By whose power the world was made,
By whose blood we are redeemed.
Morning star, the Father's glory,
We now worship and adore You.
In our hearts Your light has risen;
Jesus, Lord, we worship You.

Praise You, Lord, for the wonder of Your
healing.

Praise You, Lord, for Your love so freely
given,

Out-pouring, anointing, flowing in to heal
our wounds.

Praise You, Lord, for Your love for me.

Praise You, Lord, for Your gift of liberation.

Praise You, Lord, You have set the captives
free;

The chains that bind are broken by the
sharpness of Your sword,

Praise You, Lord, You gave Your life for
me.

Praise You, Lord, You have born the depths
of sorrow.

Praise You, Lord, for Your anguish on the
tree;

The nails that tore Your body and the pain
that tore Your soul.

Praise You, Lord, Your tears, they fell for
me.

Praise You, Lord, You have turned our
thorns to roses.

Glory, Lord, as they bloom upon Your
brow.

The path of pain is hallowed, for Your love
has made it sweet,

Praise You, Lord, and may I love You now.

INDUCTION: Led by Rev David Harper

READING: Ephesians 4:11-16

1 At Your feet we fall, mighty risen Lord,
As we come before Your throne to worship
You.

By Your Spirit's power You now draw our
hearts,

And we hear Your voice in triumph ringing
clear.

*I am He that liveth, that liveth and was
dead.*

Behold, I am alive for evermore.

2 There we see You stand, mighty risen Lord,
Clothed in garments pure and holy, shining
bright.

Eyes of flashing fire, feet like burnished
bronze,

And the sound of many waters is Your
voice.

I am He that liveth . . .

3 Like the shining sun in its noonday strength,
We now see the glory of Your wondrous
face.

Once that face was marred, but now You're
glorified,

And Your words like a two-edged sword
have mighty power.

I am He that liveth . . .

ADDRESS: Mr Roger Russell

May the mind of Christ my Saviour
Live in me from day to day,
By His love and power controlling
All I do and say.

May the Word of God dwell richly
In my heart from hour to hour,
So that all may see I triumph
Only through his power.

May the peace of God my Father
Rule my life in everything,
That I may be calm to comfort
Sick and sorrowing.

May the love of Jesus fill me,
As the waters fill the sea;
Him exalting, self abasing,
This is victory.

May I run the race before me,
Strong and brave to face the foe,
Looking only unto Jesus,
As I onward go.

CLOSING PRAYER: Rev Philip Wickenden

Please do stay for tea!

