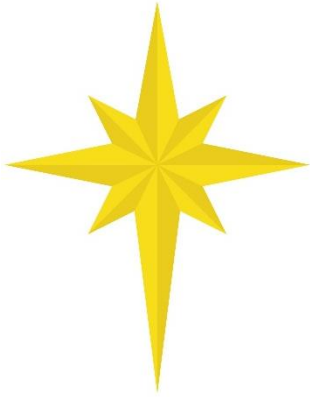
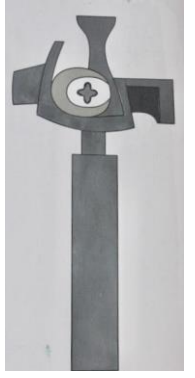




***Whangarei Co-operating Churches
Kaurihohore / Kamo and
St John's Golden Church***



***WEDNESDAY
24 DECEMBER
2025***

***CHRISTMAS
EVE***

***COMBINED
SERVICE***



Music – [O Holy Night](#)

Introduction

As it once appeared in ancient fields, the mystery of God's glory shines around us again this Christmas Eve.

Welcome to this service, with an invitation into the quiet sacred mystery of the evening; of the birthing of new life; to peace, joy and love.

Call to Worship

In this new beginning is a child, and the child is with the Holy One, and the child is Holy One.

This child is the new beginning with the Holy One. All things come into renewed being with this child, and what is renewed through this child is life! This life is light in all that has being.

The light shines through the night, and the night cannot extinguish it! This child, this light, holy and true, born tonight. We welcome the child. We receive the child. We too, become children of Holy One.

Carol: [It is Upon a Summer's Day](#)

(Lyrics by Jan Chamberlin, Tune: Noel)

It is upon a summer's day we celebrate a birth
When God sent us his only son, to live with us on earth.
And as each year we see with joy Pohutukawa flame;
We sing in summers balmy air and praise his holy name.

It is upon a summer's night that we set out to sing;
The sun still high above the sea as we go carolling.
Hibiscus glows in garden beds as night eclipses day.
We smell the new mown grass, as we go singing on our way

When Christmas comes at summer time, our hearts are filled with joy.
We raise our voices up in thanks for Mary's baby boy.
As angel voices peal on high, our hallelujahs ring,
For light and love and peace on earth at Christmas time we sing.

Prayer (Psalm 98)

Sing, O sing a new song, my friends!

Holy One remembers love and faithfulness.

Joy, O Joy, a new song, all the earth!

Make music, bring dance, to Holy One with praise.

Valleys and hills clap your hands,

sea and land lift your voices;

creatures all, from depths to heights,

sing, oh sing, this new song with Holy One!

1st Reading – Isaiah 9: 2-7

(page 1073)

The Prophet Isaiah foretells the coming of Jesus as the saviour of the world.

Carol: [O Little Town of Bethlehem](#)

2nd Reading – Luke 1: 26-38

(page 1591)

The angel Gabriel tells the Virgin Mary that she will bear the promised saviour from the royal line of King David, and that the child conceived in her by the power of the Holy Spirit will be the Son of God.

Tread Lightly

(The Weight of Wings – Faith in Grey Places

<https://faith.workthegreymatter.com/luke-1-26-38-weight-wings-poem/>)

‘Tread lightly’ you said.

And I did.

But still she heard me touch the earth.

‘Reassure her’ you said.

And I did.

But still her eyes were poised upon me.

She saw my feathers ruffling at the softest breeze,
And yet she knew my wings were heavy.
The contradiction didn't seem to trouble her.

'Tell her' you said.
And I did.
But still she examined my words.

'Explain to her' you said.
And I did.
And I shouldn't have been surprised, but I was.

I did everything you asked.
And now my wings are tired.
But, as you'll know, that's the cost of treading lightly.

3rd Reading – Luke 2: 2-7 (page 1593)

Saint Luke tells of the birth of Jesus.

Carol: [Born in the Night](#)

Prayer

Gracious God,
Love is born again tonight, as we tell again your story. May love truly
live in us, as we enact your story in our tomorrows.
Love that brings light into dim places, comfort for the hurting, company
for the lonely, compassion for our opposition, camaraderie with the
oppressed.
May your light grow in us, re-kindled this sacred night.
May your love shine through us, each day, each moment: Holy Light.
Amen

4th Reading – Luke 2: 8-16 (page 1593)

*A host of angels declare Jesus' birth and his identity as Messiah and
Lord, to the shepherds in the fields around Bethlehem*

Carol: [While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night](#)

5th Reading – Matthew 2: 1-11

(page 1501)

The wise men are led by a star

Carol: [As With Gladness Men of Old](#)

6th Reading – John 1: 1-14

(page 1646)

St John unfolds the great mystery of the incarnation of Jesus Christ, Son of God.

Silent and Still (by Sarah Agnew, L3, Liturgy, Learning and Life)

I visited Joseph in the night, when his imagination was ready.
Night is the time for sacred play, when ordinary everyday is sleeping.

I visited Joseph in the sacred time, in the quiet, the still, in secret.
What I had to say was for Joseph alone.
Stay with Mary. Take heart, Holy One is here.

I visited shepherds in the night, in the still of rest
In their watchfulness for the wolves that come in the night.

I brought more angels on the night, to fill the sky with song!
We turned night to day for the shepherds,
for Holy One was turning night to day, fear to love, trouble into peace,
for the shepherds, for all, that sacred night!
I hovered by that dwelling that night, where the shepherds ran to see;
I hovered there in the mystery of life emerging from its secret
beginnings; seeds grow in the dark earth, and stars shine in the night
sky. Life grows like light and seeds; slowly, in silence, in the sacred
mystery of night.

I meet you here in the night; in the still, in the quiet, this sacred night.
For the wonder of the Holy One born among you can best be known
and told, in the quiet, in the still, in the sacredness of night.

Carol: [Silent Night](#)

(please remain seated)

Blessing

In this new beginning is a child; the child is with Holy One – the child is Holy One.

Go into a new beginning, again and again, light kindled in the dark, stillness cradling the heart, love growing, growing, Holy One born within, Holy One present in the world through you.

May Holy Light bless you and bless others through your love. Amen

Carol: [O Come All Ye Faithful](#)

Resource:

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St Joseph

We could not love you better had you lived here,
And had a quarter acre in the North,
Doing piecework with saw and nails and hammer
Till Caesar badged you forth.

You might have come from Auckland for the counting,
Along the hot, dust-deep December road,
Sighing for Mary in the saddle near you,
Short-breathing with her load.

A tall, grave, country workman in the city,
Answering questions with an absent nod,
And puzzled by some power, some dignity about him –
protector of a God.

You might have made your way out to Kaurihohore,
And stumbled on some open cattle shed,
Half-thankful, half-ashamed, to lead her to it,
To rest her weary head.

We could not love you better had we seen you
In your own province, planing on a board,
And droning tender lullabies at twilight
Unto a sleepy Lord.

*Adapted from a poem by Eileen Duggan
Carol our Christmas, The New Zealand Hymnbook Trust*

