

St Leonard's Church
Mass of Thanksgiving on the occasion of
the 40Th Anniversary of the Ordination of
Rev Gerard Chromy

Opening Hymn

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
who thee by faith before the world confessed,
thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.

Alleluia, alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their might;
thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
thou in the darkness drear their one true light.

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
and win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

O blest communion! Fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

Gloria Sung

Responsorial Psalm

Lord, how can I repay all you ever give to me? Your
endless love an eternal flame: Lord, if you say the word, I will
take your blessing cup and I will call on your holy name.

Offertory Hymn

Take me, Lord, use my life in the way you wish to do.
Fill me, Lord; touch my heart till it always thinks of you.
Take me now as I am. This is all I can offer.

Here today I the clay will be moulded by my Lord.

Lord, I pray that each day I will listen to your will.
Many times I have failed but I know you love me still.
Teach me now, guide me, Lord. Keep me close to you always.

I am weak. Fill me now with your strength and set me free.
Make me whole. Fashion me so that you will live in me.
Hold me now in your hands. Form me now with your Spirit.

Sanctus Sung

Agnus Dei Sung

Communion Hymns

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
Nought be all else to me save that thou art;
thou my best thought in the day and the night,
waking or sleeping thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom; be thou my true word,
I ever with thee and thou with me, Lord;
thou my great Father and I thy true son;
thou in me dwelling and I with thee one.

Riches I need not, nor man's empty praise,
thou mine inheritance through all my days;
thou, and thou only, the first in my heart,
high King of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, when battle is done,
grant heaven's joys to me, O bright heaven's sun;
Christ of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

From heaven you came, helpless babe, entered our world, your
glory veiled, not to be served but to serve, and give your life that
we might live.

*This is our God, the Servant King; he calls us now to follow him,
To bring our lives as a daily offering of worship to the Servant King.*

There in the garden of tears my heavy load he chose to bear;
his heart with sorrow was torn, "Yet not my will but yours" he
said.

Come see his hands and his feet, the scars that speak of sacrifice,
hands that flung stars into space to cruel nails surrendered.

So let us learn how to serve and in our lives enthrone him,
each other's needs to prefer for it is Christ we're serving.

Post- Communion Hymn

Lord, you have come to the seashore,
neither searching for the rich nor the wise,
desiring only that I should follow.

*O Lord, with your eyes set upon me,
gently smiling you have spoken my name.
All I longed for I have found by the waters;
at your side I will seek other shores.*

Lord, see my goods, my possessions
in my boat, you find no power, no wealth.
Will you accept then my nets and labour?

*O Lord, with your eyes set upon me,
gently smiling you have spoken my name.
All I longed for I have found by the waters;
at your side I will seek other shores.*

Lord, take my hands and direct them.
Help me spend myself in seeking the lost,
returning love for the love you gave me.

Lord, as I drift on the waters,
be the resting place of my restless heart,
my life's companion, my friend and refuge.

Exit Hymn

Faith of our fathers, living still
in spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
O how our hearts beat high with joy
whene'er we hear that glorious word!

*Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death,
we will be true to thee till death.*

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
were still in heart and conscience free.
How sweet would be their children's fate
if they, like them, could die for thee!

Faith of our fathers, Mary's prayers
shall win our country back to thee;
and through the truth that comes from God
our land shall then indeed be free.