

Quiet Moments with God

*Allow these Quiet Moments to draw you into a time of refreshing,
reflection and rest with the Lord.*

Shining Bright

[Reading: Unity in diversity](#)

[Song: City on a Hill. Casting Crowns](#) *(Lyrics on page 2)*

*“You are the light of the world—
like a city on a hilltop that cannot be hidden ...
In the same way, let your good deeds shine out for all to see,
so that everyone will praise your heavenly Father.*

Matthew 5:14,16 NLT

In his grace, God has given us different gifts for doing certain things well.

*So if God has given you the ability to prophesy, speak out
with as much faith as God has given you.*

If your gift is serving others, serve them well.

*If you are a teacher, teach well. If your gift is to encourage others,
be encouraging. If it is giving, give generously.*

If God has given you leadership ability, take the responsibility seriously.

And if you have a gift for showing kindness to others, do it gladly.

Don't just pretend to love others. Really love them. Hate what is wrong.

*Hold tightly to what is good. Love each other with genuine affection,
and take delight in honoring each other.*

Romans 12:6-10 NLT

City On the Hill

Casting Crowns

Did you hear of the city on the hill
Said one old man to the other
It once shined bright, and it would be shining still
But they all started turning on each other

You see the poets thought the dancers were shallow
And the soldiers thought the poets were weak
And the elders saw the young ones as foolish
And the rich man never heard the poor man speak

But one by one, they ran away
With their made-up minds to leave it all behind
And the light began to fade
In the City on the Hill, the City on the Hill

Each one thought that they knew better
But they were different by design
Instead of standing strong together
They let their differences divide

And one by one, they ran away
With their made-up minds to leave it all behind
And the light began to fade
In the City on the Hill, the City on the Hill

And the world is searching still

But it was the rhythm of the dancers
That gave the poets life
It was the spirit of the poets
That gave the soldiers strength to fight
It was fire of the young ones
It was the wisdom of the old
It was the story of the poor man
That needed to be told

It is the rhythm of the dancers
That gives the poets life
It is the spirit of the poets
That gives the soldiers strength to fight

It is fire of the young ones
It is the wisdom of the old
It is the story of the poor man
That's needing to be told

But one by one will we run away
With our made-up minds to leave it all behind
As the light begins to fade in the City on the Hill

One by one will we run away
With our made-up minds to leave it all behind
As the light begins to fade in the City on the Hill
The city on the hill

And the Father's calling still
(Come home)
To the city on the hill
(Come home)

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