

Quiet Moments with God

Allow these Quiet Moments to draw you into a time of rest and reflection with the Lord. Open your heart. What is He saying to you?

Fear Not

[Song: O Holy Night. Celtic Woman](#) (Click to open link) (Lyrics on page 2)

[Reading: Unafraid, Free to Give](#) (Click to open link)

[Song: Heaven Everywhere. Francesca Battistelli](#) (Click to open link) (Lyrics on pages 2&3)

But the angel said to him: 'Do not be afraid, Zechariah; your prayer has been heard. Your wife Elizabeth will bear you a son, and you are to call him John.

Luke 1:13 NIV

But the angel said to her, 'Do not be afraid, Mary, you have found favour with God.

Luke 1:30 NIV

And there were shepherds living out in the fields near by, keeping watch over their flocks at night. An angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were terrified.

But the angel said to them, 'Do not be afraid. I bring you good news that will cause great joy for all the people. Today in the town of David a Saviour has been born to you; he is the Messiah, the Lord.

Luke 2: 8-11 NIV

The royal line of David will be cut off, chopped down like a tree; but from the stump will grow a Shoot—yes, a new Branch from the old root.

And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the Spirit of wisdom, understanding, counsel, and might; the Spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.

His delight will be obedience to the Lord.

He will not judge by appearance, false evidence, or hearsay, but will defend the poor and the exploited. He will rule against the wicked who oppress them. For he will be clothed with fairness and with truth.

Isaiah 11 Living Bible

O Holy Night

Celtic Woman

O Holy Night! The stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of our dear Saviour's birth.
Long lay the world in sin and error pining
Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.
Fall on your knees! Oh, hear the angel voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was born;
O night divine, O night, O night divine!

Chains he shall break, for the slave is our brother,
And in His name all oppression shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,
Let all within us praise His Holy Name.
Christ is the Lord! Then ever, ever praise we,
Noël, Noël, O night, O night divine!
Noël, Noël, O night, O night divine!
Noël, Noël, O night, O night divine!

Songwriters: Traditional

Heaven Everywhere

Francesca Battistelli

I hear the bells, they're ringing loud and clear
You can't help but love this time of year
It's Christmastime, there's something in the air
There's a little bit of heaven everywhere

Somehow there's a little more of love
And maybe there's a little less of us
Or maybe we're just slightly more aware
There's a little bit of heaven everywhere

It's the smile on a man who has finally found hope
It's the tears of a mother whose child has come home
It's the joy that we feel and the love that we share
There's a little bit of heaven everywhere
There's a little bit of heaven everywhere

It's funny how it takes a holiday
To show us how the world could truly change
If we all took the time to really care
There'd be a little more of heaven everywhere

It's the smile on a man who has finally found hope
It's the tears of a mother whose child has come home
It's the joy that we feel and the love that we share
There's a little bit of heaven everywhere
There's a little bit of heaven everywhere

It's the grace that we show to a world that needs hope
It's giving our lives knowing they're not our own
It's the joy that we feel and the love that we share
There's a little bit of heaven everywhere
There's a little bit of heaven everywhere

Angels we have heard on high
Sweetly singing o'er the plain
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their joyous strains
Hallelujah, hallelujah

It's the joy that we feel and the love that we share
There's a little bit of heaven everywhere
There's a little bit of heaven everywhere
There's a little bit of heaven everywhere

Angels we have heard on high
Sweetly singing o'er the plain

Songwriters: Ben Glover / Francesca Battistelli