

Beulah Presbyterian Church

Digital Worship ~ November 8, 2020



WELCOME

PRESBYTERIAN WOMEN — Thank Offering

CALL TO WORSHIP

When we come to this space, we bring all of ourselves.

We bring joy and hope,
dreams and prayers,
grief and doubt,
memories and heartache.

God meets us here.

God hears our prayers and sees our scars.

With open hearts and authenticity,
Let us worship good and gracious God.

HYMN

O for a World

MC KEE

*O for a world where everyone respects each other's ways,
where love is lived and all is done with justice and with praise.*

*O for a world where goods are shared and misery relieved,
where truth is spoken, children spared, equality achieved.*

*We welcome one world family and struggle with each choice
that opens us to unity and gives our vision voice.*

PRAYER OF CONFESSION

God of creation, humanity is capable of such evil. Stories in scripture alongside stories on the news remind us of that truth all the time. For the moments when we choose violence over peace, exclusion over inclusion, and fear over hope—forgive us. When we choose pride over what is right, and comfort over justice—show us mercy. And when we numb our pain instead of leaning into empathy—unravel us, for we long to be changed. Gratefully we pray, Amen.

ASSURANCE OF GOD'S FORGIVING GRACE

Righteousness does not come from our own doing or not doing. Righteousness comes from God, by faith. Through the faithfulness of Christ, our Lord, we are forgiven.

TIME WITH OUR YOUNG DISCIPLES

Holly G. Knott

READINGS AND TIME FOR REFLECTION

*Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.*

*Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.*

*Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

—Dylan Thomas

The Road Not Taken

By Robert Frost

*Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there*

*Had worn them really about the same,
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.*

2 Samuel 3:7; 21:1-14

Now Saul had a concubine whose name was Rizpah daughter of Aiah. And Ishbaal said to Abner, “Why have you gone in to my father’s concubine?”

Now there was a famine in the days of David for three years, year after year; and David inquired of the Lord. The Lord said, “There is bloodguilt on Saul and on his house, because he put the Gibeonites to death.” So the king called the Gibeonites and spoke to them. (Now the Gibeonites were not of the people of Israel, but of the remnant of the Amorites; although the people of Israel had sworn to spare them, Saul had tried to wipe them out in his zeal for the people of Israel and Judah.) David said to the Gibeonites, “What shall I do for you? How shall I make expiation, that you may bless the heritage of the Lord?” The Gibeonites said to him, “It is not a matter of silver or gold between us and Saul or his house; neither is it for us to put anyone to death in Israel.” He said, “What do you say that I should do for you?” They said to the king, “The man who consumed us and planned to destroy us, so that we should have no place in all the territory of Israel— let seven of his sons be handed over to us, and we will impale them before the Lord at Gibeon on the mountain of the Lord.” The king said, “I will hand them over.”

But the king spared Mephibosheth, the son of Saul’s son Jonathan, because of the oath of the Lord that was between them, between David and Jonathan son of Saul. The king took the two sons of Rizpah daughter of Aiah, whom she bore to Saul, Armoni and Mephibosheth; and the five sons of Merab daughter of Saul, whom she bore to Adriel son of Barzillai the Meholathite; he gave them into the hands of the Gibeonites, and they impaled them on the mountain before the Lord. The seven of them perished together. They were put to death in the first days of harvest, at the beginning of barley harvest.

Then Rizpah the daughter of Aiah took sackcloth, and spread it on a rock for herself, from the beginning of harvest until rain fell on them from the heavens; she did not allow the birds of the air to come on the bodies by day, or the wild animals by night. When David was told what Rizpah daughter of Aiah, the concubine of Saul, had done, David went and took the bones of Saul and the bones of his son Jonathan from the people of Jabesh-gilead, who had stolen them from the public square of Beth-shan, where the Philistines had hung them up, on the day the Philistines killed Saul on Gilboa. He brought up from there the bones of Saul and the bones of his son Jonathan; and they gathered the bones of those who had been impaled. They buried the bones of Saul and of his son Jonathan in the land of Benjamin in Zela, in the tomb of his father Kish; they did all that the king commanded. After that, God heeded supplications for the land.

The Word of the Lord. **Thanks be to God.**

HOMILY

Facing Down Justice

Rev. Dr. Diane M. Baldwin

SILENCE IS OBSERVED

HYMN

O for a World

*O for a world preparing for God's glorious reign of peace,
where time and tears will be no more, and all but love will cease.*

BENEDICTION