



Order of Worship

PRELUDE *“Spirit of God, Descend Upon My Heart”*

WELCOME and ANNOUNCEMENTS

CALL TO WORSHIP adapted from Psalm 30:8-12
I called on the Lord. I cried for mercy. What good is my
silence? It cannot praise you.

Hear me, Lord, and be merciful. Help me.

You can turn crying into dancing. You can distribute joy.

I want to praise you, Lord my God.

I want to have a heart that will sing forever.

INVOCATION

HYMN #484 “We Cannot Measure How You Heal”
(v. 1,3-4,6)

SCRIPTURE

2 Samuel 13:1-21

David’s son Absalom had a beautiful sister whose name was Tamar; and David’s son Amnon fell in love with her. ² Amnon was so tormented that he made himself ill because of his sister Tamar, for she was a virgin and it seemed impossible to Amnon to do anything to her. ³ But Amnon had a friend whose name was Jonadab, the son of David’s brother Shimeah; and Jonadab was a very crafty man. ⁴ He said to him, “O son of the king, why are you so haggard morning after morning? Will you not tell me?” Amnon said to him, “I love Tamar, my brother Absalom’s sister.” ⁵ Jonadab said to him, “Lie down on your bed, and pretend to be ill; and when your father comes to see you, say to him, ‘Let my sister Tamar come and give me something to eat, and prepare the food in my sight, so that I may see it and eat it from her hand.’” ⁶ So Amnon lay down, and pretended to be ill; and when the king came to see him, Amnon said to the king, “Please let my sister Tamar come and make a couple of cakes in my sight, so that I may eat from her hand.” ⁷ Then David sent home to Tamar, saying, “Go to your brother Amnon’s house, and prepare food for him.” ⁸ So Tamar went to her brother Amnon’s house, where he was lying down. She took dough, kneaded it, made cakes in his sight, and baked the cakes. ⁹ Then she took the pan and set them out before him, but he refused to eat. Amnon said, “Send out everyone from me.” So everyone went out from him. ¹⁰ Then Amnon said to Tamar, “Bring the food into the chamber, so that I may eat from your hand.” So Tamar took the cakes she had made, and brought them into the chamber to Amnon her brother. ¹¹ But when she brought

them near him to eat, he took hold of her, and said to her, "Come, lie with me, my sister." ¹² She answered him, "No, my brother, do not force me; for such a thing is not done in Israel; do not do anything so vile!" ¹³ As for me, where could I carry my shame? And as for you, you would be as one of the scoundrels in Israel. Now therefore, I beg you, speak to the king; for he will not withhold me from you." ¹⁴ But he would not listen to her; and being stronger than she, he forced her and lay with her.

¹⁵ Then Amnon was seized with a very great loathing for her; indeed, his loathing was even greater than the lust he had felt for her. Amnon said to her, "Get out!" ¹⁶ But she said to him, "No, my brother; for this wrong in sending me away is greater than the other that you did to me." But he would not listen to her. ¹⁷ He called the young man who served him and said, "Put this woman out of my presence, and bolt the door after her." ¹⁸ (Now she was wearing a long robe with sleeves; for this is how the virgin daughters of the king were clothed in earlier times.) So his servant put her out, and bolted the door after her. ¹⁹ But Tamar put ashes on her head, and tore the long robe that she was wearing; she put her hand on her head, and went away, crying aloud as she went.

²⁰ Her brother Absalom said to her, "Has Amnon your brother been with you? Be quiet for now, my sister; he is your brother; do not take this to heart." So Tamar remained, a desolate woman, in her brother Absalom's house. ²¹ When King David heard of all these things, he became very angry, but he would not punish his son Amnon, because he loved him, for he was his firstborn.

PRAYERS (see insert)

SERMON *"Tamar's #MeToo Moment"* Meagan Gillan

HYMN #445 *"We Search for Language to Explain"*

BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE *"Prelude" (Chopin)*

Offered Prayer

God with us,
we have gathered with a sense
of the sacredness of this space,
aware of your presence flowing from one person to
another.

We come with our wounds wide open,
with our defenses down,
wearing our personal needs like placards,
calling to you as did so many who approached Jesus, saying
“Heal me, help me, touch me!”

We work hard at being happy,
at coping, at surviving, at holding on,
but we have come here hoping to let go
and to open ourselves to Christ’s healing flow.

Touch our lives, our God, as we worship here today, and
cast your sunlight through our tears till rainbows rise,
and plant dreams where wounds leave scars
like furrows in broken ground,
rekindling our hope,
reviving our strength,
refreshing our faith.

Amen.

– Ruth Duck,
Touch Holiness,
The Pilgrim Press
(from AVA website)

Responsive Prayer

We offer ourselves to you, O God, our Creator.

We offer our hands.

May we use them to extend a healing touch to comfort
sisters and brothers and children, youth, and elderly who
are afraid.

We offer our eyes and ears.

May we see and hear the signs and stories of violence so
that all may have someone with them in their pain and
confusion.

We offer our hearts and our tears.

May the hurt and sorrow of the abused echo within us.

We offer our own stories of violence.

May we be healed as we embrace each other.

We offer our anger.

Make it a passion for justice.

We offer all our skills.

Use our gifts to end violence.

We offer our faith, our hope, our love.

May our encounters with violence bring us closer to you
and to each other.

**All this we ask through Jesus Christ who knows the pain of
violence. Amen.**

– *The Sabbath of Domestic Peace*
(from AVA website)