



Broomhill Hyndland
Parish Church

"Lighting the Way"

for **Sunday 26 July 2020**

This week George has prepared a "View from St Kilda"
which you will find in the Newsletter.

Pentecost 9A Sun 26 July 20 P12

For those who like to follow all the lectionary readings for the Sunday and dip into the Old Testament and Epistles, the readings for this Sunday are: Genesis 29:15-28; 1 Kings 3:5-12; Psalm 105:1-11; Romans 8:26-39; Matthew 13:31-33, 44-52.

Our Sunday reflection will be based on Matthew but please read and ponder the suggested Scripture and see how it connects and what it says to you.

INTROIT

See ye first the Kingdom of God
and his righteousness:
and all these things shall be added unto you;
allelu, alleluia.
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Ask and it shall be given unto you,
seek and ye shall find;
knock, and the door shall be opened unto you;
allelu, alleluia.
Verses 1-2 (641 CH4)

Welcome to our time of worship in homes and in hearts.

CALL

We gather together to worship,
knowing that God is already here among us;
knowing that there is nothing that separates us
from the presence of our Lord.
Wherever we are, wherever we go,
God is near.
So let us enter into this service of worship
with confidence and hope,
knowing that God is already with us,
and that He stands eager to meet us
and bless us with His love.

The Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you.

PRAYER

(based on Romans 8)

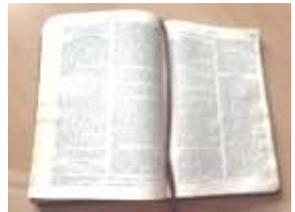
Who or what, Lord,
can separate us from you?
Will a virus?
Social distance?
Face masks?
Hand-washing?
No - all these things have been conquered
through your love!
Lord, this day,
help us focus on `nothing`.
No `thing` can keep us apart,
illness,
heartache and hardship,
the `nothing` of guilt,
the `nothing` when asked `What's wrong?`
For in between the spaces,
like the spokes in a wheel,
there you are Lord.
Like a vessel made of clay,
it is the space that has its usefulness.
Like the windows of a house,
it is on these spaces where there is nothing
that the house depends.
In the spaces of nothingness, you are there,
in our live, you are there,
for nothing, nothing,
can separate us from you and your love.

In your name we pray saying,
`Our Father...` AMEN

And now we turn to Scripture, to Matthew 13:31-33,
44-52.

Let us listen, read and hear the Word of God ...

... this is the Word of the Lord, thanks be to Him.



ILLUMINATION

Lord God, your kingdom is like: a mustard seed - full of possibilities; yeast - it helps us to grow; treasure - worth searching for; a precious pearl - worth giving up everything for; a net - ready to gather us in.
Help us discover these secrets. AMEN

REFLECTION

It's supposed to be summer: the time of holidays; fetes in the grounds; strawberries and cream; sun, sea, sand... and treasure hunts.

Remember our successful treasure hunts? If my memory hasn't failed me (yet) at the Naseby Halls a certain man of the cloth and his son triumphed and that trophy is sitting in the vestry – gathering dust (unless Ian Murray has been in with his apron and rubber gloves)!!

We've had other great treasure hunts down at Naseby too but I have been aware of the cheating going on: the removal pictures of animals to prevent others finding them is one that comes to mind!

These hunts have been good social occasions, sometimes well-attended and at other times lacking in participation. One way of encouraging others to attend might be to suggest also that there is money hidden in the route somewhere and if you follow the clues you might find the money!!

(I'll pass this on to the Social Committee.)

Then we might have the whole area even more jam-packed than it is normally, causing a traffic jam as cars tried to get up and down Marlborough.

I wonder if the kingdom of God is like that – a traffic jam around a church building, people poking in bushes, peering under park benches, elbowing others out the way, hiding pictures, whilst the smell of burgers drifts around?

In the parable found in Matthew, one of five, the parable's only character has no idea that he is about to stumble over treasure but there it is as he moves from point A to point B. The finder wasn't seeking in the way we would expect, for example in a treasure hunt, he finds it by accident.

The first thing that this parable does is that it makes me think of goals. We set plans, write job lists, aim to be a conscientious Christian by our daily prayers and the reading of Scripture but this parable throws everything up in the air.

The parable has a good belly laugh at my plans – lousy or laudable, for my life, for our church even. We try and work out what is best for our Kirk and how to move it from A to B, move it onwards and upwards to be a stronger and more faithful congregation.

And yet, and yet...

...as we make these all important decisions, are we walking across a 'field' and missing the treasures that lie there? We continue walking and treasures unseen and seen are missed as we walk on. My mother-in-law has often said that most people miss the architecture of Glasgow because they never look up: not looking up, or looking down, what have we walked past?

I read on my phone Michelle Collins being criticised because she stepped over a homeless man to take a photograph of him. Words of abuse were hurled at her for not communicating with him, offering him help or money. Others applauded her for highlighting the homeless issue. Where was the treasure? Where was the kingdom?

Looking down and seeing the face of Jesus and helping him there and then and making a difference? Bringing focus to those who live on our streets? Where can the treasure be found?

We keep walking because our goals are the priority. The Parable of the Good Samaritan is the classic example of this: opportunities missed of seeing and bringing in the kingdom because we are hurrying off elsewhere to carry on what we perceive to be our religious duties. We keep walking because we are afraid to change our routine. We keep walking because we're afraid to stop and risk something new. We keep walking, averting eyes, to allow us to claim there wasn't any treasure to be found.

My mind drifts back to the many families who have promised so much at a time of Baptism. As their little treasure is being sprinkled with the holy stuff, water and the word, they miss the treasure of being in our church, the body of the people praying with them, the body of the Kirk themselves – all of you who bring so much to our church and community life – all of these things are missed because the only focus is jumping through the church hoop to getting the child blessed...

...all the other treasures lying around in the Naseby to be found, as well as the presence of Christ himself, missed, stepped over.

And when you meet them in the street afterwards and ask them why they are not back on a Sunday they look at you incredulously because what is done is done, the goal achieved.

We often sing 'Seek and you shall find', but this Parable troubles me because there was no seeking, only finding. May be the seeking is done by God. It is He who leaves these treasures lying around for us to find to make the connection and build the kingdom.

We know that right from the beginning in the Garden of Eden God sought after Adam and Eve. 'Why are you hiding?' he asked. Every since, God has sought after that which he loves the most – you and I.

We step over the cow pats in the fields, we jump the brooks but we also miss so many treasures waiting to be found. Like an Easter service where we ask the children to find the eggs, God asks us to find the little resurrections that abound.

How do use your time? How did you use the time during lockdown?

Did you use it wisely and look for the clues that God lay out for you?

God sets the treasure hunt – I like that.

His clues will be easier than some compilers!!

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. AMEN

PRAYER

God who scatters the seeds,
You scattered the stars and the planets
across the universe,
then told our ancestors of Abraham and Sarah
that your love was greater than this.

You scattered your seeds upon the earth
and told us that your love was like the smallest of these seeds
and would grow into a home
for all who wander.

You scattered your seeds among creation
and whispered to us,
that if we hold on to you
we will find our foundation in good soil
and bring forth a harvest.

Scatter your seeds again,
the seeds of hope
for we desperately need it.

We stand in a long history
of the flawed, the loved, the eloquent, the duplicitous.
In our groaning and in our rejoicing,
You empower us and never give up on us.

You speak of hidden treasure and finest pearls,
of joyful relinquishing and eager keeping.
You invite us to search for and find true life.
You ask us to plant the smallest of seeds,
You task us with rolling up our sleeves and working in the yeast of good-
ness.

And all with Your help, our faithful God.
Please will You repeat this encouragement
to the people who most need to cling to it today.
Wherever understanding has withered
and peace has run dry,
may life come sprouting through the cracks.
Wherever reconciliation has gone into reverse
and binding ties have come undone,
may sinews of protecting grace begin to cover raw wounds.

Lord, we recognise
that all creation cries out to be cared for;
that every living creature is owed respect;
that every person needs nurture;
that every nation thrives only through justice;
that every heart needs room to grow.

Will you come, then,
to where destructive powers are strong,
the weeds many
and the atmosphere hostile,
and make people restless till we do the things that make for peace.

Remind us of Your design and purpose
and fan the flames of courage and persistence within us
that the kingdom might come.

Amen.

BENEDICTION

Whoever welcomes you welcomes me.

Quench our thirst for love,
satisfy our need to be known,
assure us that we are indeed
prophets of welcome.

Let us go to proclaim this peace
in God's name.

Go this day
and may the blessing of God Almighty,
the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit
be with you all.

AMEN



Whose house is this?
(Last week, it was
Linda and John Boyle)

Broomhill Hyndland Church of Scotland
Minister: Rev George Mackay
Tel 0141 959 8694 Mob 07711 569 127
Church Office: 64 - 66 Randolph Road, Glasgow G11 7JL Tel 0141 569 5059
office@broomhillhyndlandchurch.org www.broomhillhyndlandchurch.co.uk
Scottish Charity Number SC007820