



**Broomhill Hyndland
Parish Church**

“Lighting the Way”

for **Sunday 27 June 2021**

Dear Friends, welcome to another Sunday and a time of worship.

If you recall last Sunday's message, we reflected on the story of David and Goliath. On Tuesday I had a meeting, as Interim Moderator for Ruchill Kelvinside, and decided to hold it at 6pm because the Biblical drama was about to take place again, after Wembley, at Hampden Park.

Alas the underdogs did not win! To compound the misery, some kind person sent me a message with the scene from the M and M's sweet advert. The M and M sweet steps out of the bedroom cupboard and announces instead of 'Scott's home early' - 'The Scots are home early!!'

How cruel! I'll never be able to watch that advert again, or eat M and M's for that matter.

As always, I thank you for your support of both the Watson and Proudfoot families for the funerals that took place last week. Strangely, because Dumbarton is now in Level 1, at Sheila Proudfoot's service we were able to sing, yes sing, for the first time in 18 months. The Lord is my Shepherd never sounded so good.

Daniel will be baptised near the end of the service today. I have a picture of Daniel and other Junior Church members in the Vestry. The picture is years old: even my children look young. From Junior Church, Daniel joined the Crack Merchants in 2017 and used to sit up in the gallery and then meet in the Upper Room to have discussions and tea with Kathleen Hamilton. He is a fine lad who has just completed his highers at Hyndland Secondary and is about to study Law.

Today, as a young adult, he professes his faith in baptism and reminds us all of the dying and rising of Christ and the new life he offers.

We wish Daniel every blessing in this new step in his faith journey.

Have a super Sunday.

George

***Bookings for 4 July are open next Friday from 10am until 3pm.
Telephone 07851 591 503. Each week thereafter please phone to book.
Although seats should be available, we still need your details for the
Scottish Government's Test and Protect.***

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

30 June	Graduation Service (Kingsborough) led by the Moderator
4 July	Morning Worship (Naseby)
5 July - 21 July	Minister's Holidays

11 July Morning Worship led by John Boyle

18 July Morning Worship led by Mat Morton

(Pastoral cover – in the first instance, as always, our Session Clerk. Presbytery are aware of the Minister's holidays and the Revd Tim Sinclair of Partick Trinity will help out if he can.)

Sunday 27 June – Pentecost 5 (Year B)

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: 2 Samuel 1: 1, 17-27; Psalm 130; Psalm 30; Lamentations 3: 23-33; 2 Corinthians 8: 7-15; Mark 5: 21-43.

For those who miss the hymns I have added them in here: CH3 Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old; 718 We cannot measure how you heal; 536 May the mind of Christ my Saviour; 352 O for a thousand tongues

Our Sunday reflection will be based on Mark 5 but please read and ponder the suggested Scripture and see how it connects and what it says to you.

Rest in His arms read, reflect, rejoice...

CALL

Loving God,
we are yours.

We come as we are, with our cares and concerns.
We long to touch you and find healing in your embrace.
Strengthen our faith and heal our brokenness,
that we may worship you with joy. AMEN

PRAYER OF APPROACH AND LORD'S PRAYER

Gracious God,
we love you and magnify your name.
Lord,
a touch from you is what we need every day.
Your Spirit is guiding us to live for you,
continuing and directing our restoration journey.
We want to touch your garment, Lord,
forgive us for being afraid to touch
those who come to us for hope.
We want to love the whole world;
forgive us for ignoring our neighbour.
We long for peace;
forgive us the pain we inflict on families and friends.
We want to share with those we love and like;
forgive us for walking past those who need you most.

Forgive us, Loving God,
that we do not excel in everything you call us to do.

Give us grace
to touch those who frighten us,
to carry the Bread of Life to the hungry,

to offer the blessings of the kingdom to everyone we meet.

May God bring life to all humanity in new ways
and send us forth to witness transformation.
Continue to remind us that you are known by your love
and that you make time for the crowds who are drawn to you for healing.

Call us to believe
that we can feed the world in ways that are pleasing to you.
We celebrate that your healing hands are touching hearts,
so that we will shine new lights where the world seems dark.
In your Name we pray. AMEN

Let us turn to God's Word, in Mark 5: 21 - 43
'This is the Word of God. Thanks be to Him.'

And now a hymn. Choose one from our opening page...

PRAYER OF ILLUMINATION

Come close to our hearts this day and listen to our prayers. Let
us feel your presence ever near us as we lay our burdens at your feet and offer
our souls for service. AMEN

REFLECTION

"Don't touch."

We've all heard the command.

Gone are the days, it seems to me, when we were taken to the shops and told
not to move. Told not to ask for anything...

... and of course, not to touch !

That's the way we were brought up. No matter where you were, you did not touch.
Whether it was in Galbraiths or Woolworths when you eyed some toys; or your
aunt's house with her odd ornaments; a sibling's possessions, or for our safety,
a hot radiator or a red hot cooker ring.

"Don't touch."

It was instilled in us from the very beginning. That's probably why, all those
years ago, prams were left outside shops. No one touched a child or a pram.
Say hello to the child yes, leave some coins for a new child, but that was it. I
even recall a story of Ian Anderson coming home and realising that there was
something missing – he hadn't touched the pram either...

... and had left Karen outside somewhere!

You know, my mother left me outside in the pram once and my older brother
came running into the house and when asked what was wrong, he replied,
'There is a dog eating George!!' (It was licking my face!!)

"Don't touch !"



You know, I wonder what will happen when we are freer than we are at the moment from COVID. I wonder if we will ever go back to touching the way we used to. Handshakes will seem alien, a hug suspicious – it might suit some Scots, who are not the most tactile people in the world, especially the men!

'Don't touch.'

And the same thing applied to the woman in our New Testament story today.

According to St Mark, the woman had been bleeding for twelve years. Her condition rendered her ritually unclean — not just for a day or a week or a month, but indefinitely.

She could not enter the Temple, the heart and soul of her religious community.

She could not touch or be touched by anyone without rendering them unclean too. By the time she approached Jesus, she had spent every penny she owned and "endured much under many physicians" to find relief, but things had only worsened. The woman's very body had become a source of isolation and disgrace. She was an outcast, an embarrassment, a pariah.

Lonely beyond description -

and so it might have remained if the woman hadn't — in a desperate and stunning act of civil disobedience — defied the religious rules of her day to pursue an encounter with Jesus. She knew she had no business polluting the crowds with her presence. She knew she was forbidden to touch any man, least of all Jesus.

She knew that even her fingertips on his cloak would defile him.

She decided to touch him anyway.

We live in a world where we are frightened to touch and that is before COVID. What was once automatic in our generation, to give a child a hug after a skinned knee or a fall, we step back from, frightened of what others might say or interpret. Even my sister, who was a district nurse, recalls someone taking ill on the Glasgow Underground and her reluctance to step in and get involved in case legal action followed.

Go on. Do it!

Run the tip of your fingers along his clothing.

That's all it was – the lightest of touches: nothing more perhaps than a feather landing, the glance of a touching leaf, the whisper of a breeze.

She knows her body has changed.

She feels relief at last.

But then she realises that the crowd has stopped.

There are hisses of derision.

There are shouts of anger. Too many people are aware of her circumstances. All turn towards her. Then Jesus speaks, "Who touched my clothes?"

As normal, the disciples don't know what is going on. "They are pushing and shoving, how can we know who touched you?"

The crowd knows full well who touched him.

And the nameless woman knows the crowd knows.

And she knows what the consequence of that knowing is. She deliberately touched him, contaminated him, made her impurity his impurity. Even now people are shuffling back, making space. They don't want it to spread.

She's gone too far. There will be consequences. Does she see out of the corner

of her eye someone reach down for a stone, and another pick up a stick. Whatever use Jesus might have been to Jairus and to the crowd, he is of no use now. He'll have to put himself through the purification ritual. Until he does so we want nothing more to do with him – anymore than we want to have anything to do with her.

“Daughter,” Jesus says.

He calls her daughter: he says you're mine. You belong to this family – outcast no more – you are my daughter, you belong. Your faith, your action in reaching out has made you well. You knew what was good for you. Be at peace – be afraid no longer. You are healed, daughter.

Who needs to be included?

Who is on the margins unnoticed?

In each of the stories we read today, Jesus takes a hold of what others see impure in order to practice mercy. In each story a previously hopeless daughter goes in peace because Jesus finds value where no one else will.

We are always looking for straplines to sum up our church – for Christ, it is quite simple, 'if it doesn't look like love, it isn't Christian.' Period.

What looks like love? What looks like Jesus of Nazareth?

- the one whose heart melts at the cry of a desperate father;
- the one who visits the sick child and takes her limp hand in his;
- the one who risks defilement to touch the bloody and the broken;
- the one who insists on the whole truth, however falteringly told;
- the one who listens for as long as it takes;
- the one who brings life to dead places;
- the one who restores hope;
- the one who turns mourning into dancing.

The one who renames the outcast, “Daughter,” and bids her go in peace.

“Don't touch, ” we tell our children, and yet it is when we are vulnerable that we find out who we really can trust and rely on.

Reaching out and touching can be risky. It will be in a changed future.

The Good News we believe in asks us to interact, to respond, to take part, to take a risk.

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

OFFERTORY PRAYER

God of power and might,

you bring forth life in the midst of death,

hope in the darkest places of our despair.

You reach out for our hand that we might be made whole

but also that our hands might bring healing and life to others.

May the gifts we offer to you this morning

bring life and healing to your children

near and far. AMEN

PRAYERS OF INTERCESSION

We will never know, Lord God,
what makes us so worthy of your attention.
Whether we are like Jairus
who threw himself at your feet in full view of the crowd:
or whether we are like the woman who dared to brush against you
only because she was hidden from view: you notice us.

You see our need.
You acknowledge our hope.
You glimpse the little bit of faith that keeps us hanging on
in the hope of a miracle.
Thank you Lord,
for recognising us in the noise of life and the confusion of our souls.

As we pray now for our world,
as we pray now for Your people in all their needfulness and searching,
notice us Lord.
See our need for ourselves and for others,
recognise the hope we have for creation and accept our faith,
whether it is rich in its abundance or modest in its poverty.

We lay the world at your feet now, the many places and situations
which seek your loving influence and liberating intervention;
the many people who yearn for the certainty of your presence.
Turn to face them, Lord, that they might recognise you
and know comfort and consolation.
All this we ask in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN

BENEDICTION

Incarnate God,
bless our hands
to hold and heal,
to love and forgive,
to include and to welcome,
to give and receive.
Go in Peace... and may the Blessing of God Almighty, Father, Son and Holy Spirit
be with you all.
AMEN
Go and serve the Lord.