Twenty-Fourth Sunday after Pentecost

November 8, 2026 10:30 a.m. Worship



JESUS MAFA. The Ten Young Women, from Art in the Christian Tradition, a project of the Vanderbilt University Divinity Library, Nashville, TN. https://act.library.vanderbilt.edu/artworks/48394 [retrieved November 5, 2026]. Original source: http://www.librairie-emmanuel.fr (contact page: https://www.librairie-emmanuel.fr/contact).

"Therefore, keep alert, because you don't know the day or the hour." *Matthew 25:13*

First Presbyterian Church

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MINISTRY OF WORD AND SACRAMENT: REV. DR. BRIAN S. SYMONDS
MINISTRY OF PASTORAL SUPPORT: REV. DR. STEPHEN W. SMITH
MINISTRY OF VISITATION: LAURIE STAFFORD
MINISTRY OF MUSIC: CURTISS ALLEN, JR., DIRECTOR OF MUSIC;
WILLIAM ZEITLER, ORGANIST;
AMY GANO, BELLS

Welcome to Worship at First Presbyterian Church

This service is being livestreamed and can be viewed on our YouTube channel in real time or as a recording. **Large-print copies of this order of service,** as well as **audio enhancement devices** are available **from the ushers.**

We gather on Sunday for 3 reasons:

- **To seek God**- whom we find in sacred text and sacrament, in music and in song, in prayer, in the beauty of this space, in the stillness where we can hear our hearts. We offer God our thanks and praise, our lament and longing, and our resources. We let go of burdens and receive grace and forgiveness. We see the One our hearts love.
- **To practice Community** – rejoice with those who rejoice, weep with those who weep. To break bread with those whom we love and those whom we need to love more fully. We practice things our culture does not emphasize: resting, forgiving, sharing. Jesus asked us to love one another as he loved us, and we cannot do so without practice.
- **To listen for our Call**- often an invitation to go out and be or do or remember. God is speaking all the time: through conscience, nature, friends, and certainly scripture. We gather to listen for that Call and to recommit ourselves to discipleship.

Information on our common life can be found on our website **www.fpcsb.net**, along with sermons and newsletters. You can participate in our work by supporting us financially with a one-time or sustaining donation.

Children are **welcome** in worship.

OUR NEXT COMMUNION will be Sunday, December 6th.

Morning Worship†

Lector: Abby Willis

Wisdom is nothing but a preparation of the soul, a capacity, a secret art of thinking, feeling and breathing thoughts of unity at every moment of life. *— Hermann Hesse*

GATHERING MUSIC

WELCOME

PRELUDE ***Andante*** *A. Vivaldi (1678-1741)*

INTROIT ***Christ Be Beside Me*** [1] *arr. Dale Grotenhuis*
Christ be beside me; Christ be before me; Christ be behind me, King of my heart.
Christ be within me; Christ be below me; Christ be above me, never to part.

***CALL TO WORSHIP** *(based on Psalm 78)*
Give ear, O my people, and listen to the words of my mouth.
✠ **We will tell the coming generations of the Lord's glorious deeds and the wonders God has done.**
Let us set our hope in God and not forget the works of the Lord.
✠ **As we wait, we will tell the story and keep the commandments.**
We come together to worship the living God.

HYMN 839** ***Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine! ASSURANCE

PRAYER of CONFESSION
If we say we have no sin, the truth is not in us. Trusting in the gracious mercy of God, we seek to begin again. With confidence that God hears us as we pray, let us confess our sins first in silence and then together.

Moment of silent prayer

✠ **God of grace, we have sinned against you by not honoring you or loving one another. We sleep when you ask us to be awake. We**

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† The symbols you will see in this order of worship mean:
*** Stand if you are able** **✠ The congregation will read.**

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fall short in our preparations for the delays that inevitably come. We fail to share what you have provided. We have lost our hope. Forgive our sinful ways, tame our wayward wills and make us more like Christ. Inspire us by your Spirit so that we will be prepared to welcome the Lord when he appears. May our lives here and now be a glimpse of what we hope all may one day enjoy.

ASSURANCE of FORGIVENESS

Friends, hear these words, and listen to this good news: Jesus died and rose again, and will bring with him both those who have died and those who are alive.

✠ **In Jesus Christ, we are forgiven, thanks be to God.**

(We stand and sing the Response)

SUNG RESPONSE 587** ***Alleluia! CELTIC ALLELUIA

Sing three times.

TIME with the YOUNG DISCIPLES

[After Time with the Young Disciples, There is KidSpace today in Room 10.]

ANNOUNCEMENTS

ANTHEM ***Fill-a-me Up*** [2] *Pepper Choplin*

Fill-a-me up, come-a Holy Spirit. Fill-a-me up to the top-a my soul. Fill-a-me up, come-a Holy Spirit. Fill-a-me up now and take control. Fill-a-me up, come-a Spirit come. Fill-a-me up, Holy Spirit, O come. So many things try to fill me up. So many things try to weigh me down. Fill-a my heart now until you stay--and Chase the other things away. *Fill-a-me up, come-a Holy Spirit. . .* Now my heart is an open door. Here your Spirit is welcome Lord. Fill-a my heart now and let it grow and change my life so all will know. *Fill-a-me up, come-a Holy Spirit. . .*

PRAYER for ILLUMINATION

✠ **Inspire us by your Holy Spirit that the words we read on the page might become living words in our hearts and lives as we encounter the grace, love and peace of Jesus Christ. Amen.**

SCRIPTURE I Samuel 17: 38-40

Then Saul dressed David in his own gear, putting a coat of armor on him and a bronze helmet on his head. David strapped his sword on

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over the armor, but he couldn't walk around well because he'd never tried it before. "I can't walk in this," David told Saul, "because I've never tried it before." So he took them off. He then grabbed his staff and chose five smooth stones from the streambed. He put them in the pocket of his shepherd's bag and with sling in hand went out to the Philistine.

Matthew 25:1-13

"At that time the kingdom of heaven will be like ten young bridesmaids who took their lamps and went out to meet the groom. Now five of them were wise, and the other five were foolish. The foolish ones took their lamps but didn't bring oil for them. But the wise ones took their lamps and also brought containers of oil.

"When the groom was late in coming, they all became drowsy and went to sleep. But at midnight there was a cry, 'Look, the groom! Come out to meet him.'

"Then all those bridesmaids got up and prepared their lamps. But the foolish bridesmaids said to the wise ones, 'Give us some of your oil, because our lamps have gone out.'

"But the wise bridesmaids replied, 'No, because if we share with you, there won't be enough for our lamps and yours. We have a better idea. You go to those who sell oil and buy some for yourselves.' But while they were gone to buy oil, the groom came. Those who were ready went with him into the wedding. Then the door was shut.

"Later the other bridesmaids came and said, 'Lord, lord, open the door for us.'

"But he replied, 'I tell you the truth, I don't know you.'

"Therefore, keep alert, because you don't know the day or the hour.

This is the word of faith that we proclaim

✠ **Thanks be to God.**

SERMON ***Plan Beyond*** *Rev. Dr. Stephen W. Smith*

THE OFFERING of OUR TITHES and GIFTS

(We offer our tithes and gifts to be part of God's purposes in the world, and we invite you to take part. You may give your offering to the usher. You may always send gifts by mail or online.)

OFFERTORY

***DOXOLOGY** OLD HUNDREDTH

✠ **Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;**
Praise God all creatures here below;
Praise God above, ye heavenly host;
Creator, Christ and Holy Ghost, Amen.

***PRAYER OF THANKS**

We give you thanks, O God, for the many blessings that you have bestowed upon us. Receive these gifts as symbols of the dedication of our very lives and signs of trust in your coming reign of justice and peace. In Christ's name we pray.

✠ **Amen.**

PRAYERS of the PEOPLE and OUR LORD'S PRAYER

✠ **Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.**
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread;
and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors;
and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever.
Amen.

HYMN 700** ***I'm Gonna Live So God Can Use Me I'M GONNA LIVE

***MOMENT for REFLECTION**

Where have you seen or experienced Christ in this service?

***CHARGE and BENEDICTION**

RESPONSE ***Christ Be Beside Me*** [3] *arr. Dale Grotenhuis*

Christ be in all hearts thinking about me; Christ be on all tongues telling of me.
Christ be the vision in eyes that see me; in ears that hear me, Christ ever be.

POSTLUDE

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GREETER: Jeanne Clark
USHERS: Mark Adelson, *Lead Usher*
Dave Thomas, *Hospitality Usher*
SOUND ENGINEERS: Dan Direen, Brent Nord, Brandon Turner
LIVESTREAM TEAM: James Welte, Kevin Lamb,
Oliver Lamb, Lynn Usher

REMEMBER IN PRAYER THIS WEEK
Ron & Ruby Kraft, Bob Saenz
Elders: **John-Paul Fletcher, Jon Horstmann, Lynda Savage**
Deacons: **Joanna Nord, Mindy Rueda, Kristine French**

This Weeks' Celebrations
Nov 8 **Cliff & Bobbi Cummings**
Nov 9 **Deb & Joy Burgan-Price**
Nov 10 **Martin Luther** *(b. 1483)*
Nov 13 **Susan Zeitler**

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Pastor Brian will be away November 2-8 in Guatemala with the PC(USA) and the MesoAmerican Migrant Network. Approximately 45 people of faith from Central and North America will be gathering in Guatemala City to continue the conversation and learning opportunities about changing migration patterns and migrant needs within Central America. Those gathered will also explore how we in the States can best and better support our migrant neighbors, known and unknown. We pray for the work of the MesoAmerican Migrant Network.

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The Pastor's Book Club will meet **Thursday, November 12 at 5:00 p.m. at the Lamplighter**, 255 E. 40th Street. The book club will use scripturally provocative and institutionally controversial writings to generate real conversations with each other. The book for discussion is ***Everything Is Tuberculosis*** by John Green.

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There will be a Congregational Meeting on
Sunday, November 15, directly after worship.

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Thank you for your generous support of our food participants.

We are using all of your helpful donations. Right now, we most need **pop-top meals-in-a-can (e.g. spaghetti-os) or pop-top or pouched tuna & chicken for non-cooking bags.**

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Available for Food Work? If yes, please contact Rick so we can add you to a list we can call when we need more workers for sorting, organizing, shelving, bagging or distributing food, photocopying and folding handouts, assembling kits, or maintaining food storage spaces. Thanks!

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Music Box

The physician was preparing for bed when someone pounded on her door.

She opened it to find two men supporting a third. Blood soaked his tunic, and one leg dragged behind him.

"Bandits," one explained. "They attacked us on the north road."

"Bring him inside."

They carried him to her examining table. She lit two candles, fetched her instruments, and began cutting away his clothing.

Then she saw his face.

Seven years had passed, but she knew him immediately.

He had commanded the soldiers who occupied her village during the war. He had ordered her husband hanged in the market square for sheltering fugitives.

She remembered standing in the crowd, gripping her husband's coat. She remembered the officer giving the order with an almost imperceptible gesture.

And now that same man lay bleeding on her table.

"Can you help him?" one companion asked.

She examined the wound beneath his ribs. It was deep, and he had lost so much blood.

"I can try."

She sent the men for hot water and linen. Then she washed her hands and began.

The officer drifted in and out of consciousness. Once he opened his eyes and looked at her, but there was no recognition.

"Am I going to die?" he whispered.

"Be still."

She cleaned the wound, searching for the bleeding. Her instruments were well worn but well maintained. Her hands had performed these tasks hundreds of times.

At last she found it, deep beneath the ribs. There was a way to reach it, but the procedure was difficult, and even if she succeeded, he might die before morning.

"I could dress the wound, make him comfortable, and leave the rest to Providence," she thought. "No one would accuse me of negligence. No one would ever know."

Her hands began to tremble.

She set down her instruments.

"I need some air."

Outside, the rain had softened to a drizzle. The village lay dark beneath the clouds.

A little girl sat beneath the eaves. She could not have been more than eight. Her cloak was soaked, and she gripped her father's leather gloves.

"Are you the doctor?" the girl asked.

"Yes."

"Is papa going to be all right?"

The physician looked at the gloves that dwarfed the child's hands.

"He is badly hurt."

The girl nodded solemnly.

"He said we'd be home tomorrow. It's my birthday."

For a moment neither spoke.

Then the girl asked, "May I see him?"

"Not yet."

"Will you tell him I'm here?"

The physician looked toward the doorway. Inside, candles flickered over the wounded man's face.

"Yes," she said. "I'll tell him."

She stood beneath the eaves a little longer.

Seven years earlier, she had waited in the market square for a man who would never come home. She remembered the desolation afterward, the way ordinary things had continued as though nothing had happened. Bread still needed baking. Fires still needed tending. Rain still fell upon the rooftops. All belonging to a world that was no longer hers.

"Come inside. You'll catch cold."

She settled the girl beside the hearth, wrapping her in a blanket. Then she returned to the table.

The officer's breathing had grown shallower.

She looked at him. Then she rolled up her sleeves, moved the candles closer, and washed her hands again.

There was one more thing she could try.

She worked all night. Twice she thought she had lost him. Once the bleeding began again, and she had to reopen the wound. By dawn, her back ached, her eyes burned, and she could hardly move her hands.

But the bleeding had stopped.

The officer slept.

For three days he hovered between life and death. The physician changed his dressings, cooled his fever, and fed him broth when he could swallow.

His daughter seldom left his side.

On the fourth morning, the fever broke.

A week later, the officer could sit beside the window. His daughter brought him wildflowers, arranging them in a chipped clay cup.

When the physician came to change his bandage, he thanked her.

"You've saved my life," he said. "I don't know how I can repay you."

She tightened the last knot and put away her instruments.

"Keep the wound clean. No riding for another fortnight."

He nodded.

Days later, the physician watched from her doorway as the officer and his daughter departed in a wagon. The girl sat beside her father, her arm threaded through his.

At the bend in the road, she turned and waved.

The physician waved back.

Then she went inside. Other patients were waiting. -- *William Zeitler*



The seal of the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.) is a symbolic statement of the church's heritage, identity, and mission in contemporary form. Its power depends on both its simplicity and complexity, as well as its traditional and enduring qualities.

The basic symbols in the seal are the cross, Scripture, the dove, and flames.

As a church of the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.), our congregational life is governed by the Ruling Elders of our current Session:

Sue Alexander, Jeanne Clark, Kathy Showman, Norm Wallis,
Pat Morris, Susan Skoglund, Katie Smith, Neal Williams,
Robin Edwards, John-Paul Fletcher, Jon Horstmann, Lynda Savage,
and Clerk of Session Amy Smith

and supported by our Board of Deacons:

Kristine French, Joyce Lyons, Joanna Nord, Mindy Rueda,
Amy Gano, Rick Rodriguez, Jim Siegmund, Kyle Smith,
Rebecca Allen, Brent Nord, Dave Thomas, and Chris Wright-Thomas.