Twenty-Fifth Sunday after Pentecost

November 15, 2026 10:30 a.m. Worship



Photo by Gerd Altmann (Pixabay)

'I was afraid. And I hid my valuable coin in the ground. Here, you have what's yours.'" *Matthew 25:25*

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: Dawn Morris

"The question the parable asks us is not 'Have you carried as much of the load as the person sitting next to you?' but 'Have you carried out your responsibility in a manner appropriate to your abilities and situation?'" —Wesley Allen, Jr., *The Working Preacher*

GATHERING MUSIC

WELCOME

PRELUDE ***Wings at My Window*** *W. Zeitler*

Allow the music to usher you into sacred space and time.

INTROIT ***Take My Life*** HENDON

Take my life and let it be consecrated, Lord, to thee; take my moments and my days; let them flow in ceaseless praise; let them flow in ceaseless praise.

***CALL TO WORSHIP**

We lift up our eyes to the Lord!

✠ **Knowing our creator meets us in this time of worship.**

We lift up our eyes to the Lord!

✠ **Trusting our redeemer to meet us with forgiveness and renewal.**

We lift up our eyes to the Lord!

✠ **Relying on our sustainer to build us up for lives of love and service.**

Let us worship together this day!

HYMN 612** ***We Praise You, O God KREMSER

PRAYER of CONFESSION

We are a people who wander from the ways of God. We have not loved, served, and given of ourselves as we should. We have sinned. Let us then offer our prayer of confession, trusting in our Savior's infinite grace and mercy. Let us first take a moment of silent prayer, and then together share our act of reconciliation.

Moment of silent prayer

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† The symbols you will see in this order of worship mean:

*** Stand if you are able** ✠ **The congregation will read.**

✠ **Loving God, you are generous in the many ways you have gifted us. We have so many blessings to be grateful for. Yet we are often motivated by fear, rather than our trust in you. We hold onto what we have, afraid we will never have enough. We become focused on protection rather than your call to welcome and love others. We see our blessings as our own, rather than seeing your care in each gift. Forgive us, God of grace. Forgive us and restore us to your vision for the world, we pray. Amen.**

ASSURANCE of FORGIVENESS

Hear the Good News! Although we have sinned against one another, in Jesus Christ we are graciously forgiven. Be at peace.

✠ **Amen.**

(We stand and sing the Response)

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

Sing three times.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

ANTHEM ***Like A River in My Soul*** [1] *arr. Tim Osick*

I've got peace like a river, like a river in my soul, I've got peace like a river, soothing river, calmly flow. When the world closes in, feel the stillness within. I've got peace like a river, like a river in my soul. I've got love, like an ocean, like an ocean in my soul. I've got love like an ocean, endless ocean, deep and full. When you're lost and alone, let the waves bring you home. I've got love like an ocean, like an ocean in my soul. I've got joy like a fountain, like a fountain in my soul. I've got joy like a fountain, like a fountain in my soul. When your hope nearly dies, just remember, once again you shall rise! I've got joy like a fountain, love like an ocean, peace like a river in my soul.

PRAYER for ILLUMINATION

✠ **Loving God, come to us in these words of scripture and proclamation and speak to us of your way in the world and in our lives. Amen.**

SCRIPTURE Matthew 25:14-29 CEB

"The kingdom of heaven is like a man who was leaving on a trip. He called his servants and handed his possessions over to them. To one he gave five valuable coins, and to another he gave two, and to

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another he gave one. He gave to each servant according to that servant's ability. Then he left on his journey.

"After the man left, the servant who had five valuable coins took them and went to work doing business with them. He gained five more. In the same way, the one who had two valuable coins gained two more. But the servant who had received the one valuable coin dug a hole in the ground and buried his master's money.

"Now after a long time the master of those servants returned and settled accounts with them. The one who had received five valuable coins came forward with five additional coins. He said, 'Master, you gave me five valuable coins. Look, I've gained five more.'

"His master replied, 'Excellent! You are a good and faithful servant! You've been faithful over a little. I'll put you in charge of much. Come, celebrate with me.'

"The second servant also came forward and said, 'Master, you gave me two valuable coins. Look, I've gained two more.'

"His master replied, 'Well done! You are a good and faithful servant. You've been faithful over a little. I'll put you in charge of much. Come, celebrate with me.'

"Now the one who had received one valuable coin came and said, 'Master, I knew that you are a hard man. You harvest grain where you haven't sown. You gather crops where you haven't spread seed. So I was afraid. And I hid my valuable coin in the ground. Here, you have what's yours.'

"His master replied, 'You evil and lazy servant! You knew that I harvest grain where I haven't sown and that I gather crops where I haven't spread seed? In that case, you should have turned my money over to the bankers so that when I returned, you could give me what belonged to me with interest. Therefore, take from him the valuable coin and give it to the one who has ten coins. Those who have much will receive more, and they will have more than they need. But as for those who don't have much, even the little bit they have will be taken away from them.

This is the word of faith that we proclaim
✠ **Thanks be to God.**

SERMON ***When the Result of Fear Is Inaction*** *Rev. Dr. Brian S. Symonds*

PRESBYTERIAN WOMEN'S MOMENT of SHARING *Amy 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**

God of grace and God of glory, we dedicate these gifts given this day to your work in the world. May these gifts bring hope and light to all who need it.

✠ **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 716** ***God, Whose Giving Knows No Ending BEACH SPRING

***MOMENT for REFLECTION**

Where have you seen or experienced Christ in this service?

***CHARGE and BENEDICTION**

RESPONSE ***Take My Life*** HENDON

Take my voice and let me sing always, only for my King; take my lips and let them be filled with messages from thee, filled with messages from thee.

ANNUAL MEETING of the CONGREGATION

POSTLUDE

GREETER: Amy & Mindy Rueda
USHERS: Brad Smith, *Lead Usher*
Marilyn Kraft, *Hospitality Usher*
SOUND ENGINEERS: Dan Direen, Brent Nord, Brandon Turner
LIVESTREAM TEAM: James Welte, Kevin Lamb,
Oliver Lamb, Lynn Usher, Axel Gaeta-Symonds

REMEMBER IN PRAYER THIS WEEK
Judy Steppins, Lorraine Bishop
Elders: Sue Alexander, Jeanne Clark, Kathy Showman
Deacons: Joyce Lyons, Chris Thomas, Rick Rodriguez

This Weeks' Celebrations

Nov 15	Alyssa Arellano	*Nov 19*	Earleen Dudley
Nov 18	Marion Wiens		Linda Murray
	Ed & Stephani Congdon	*Nov 20*	David Dennis
	Susan & William Zeitler	*Nov 21*	Terry & Stephanie Ross

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Music Box

There once lived a gardener who could hear the dreams of seeds.

It was a peculiar gift, and one he had possessed since childhood. If he held a seed in his palm and listened carefully, he could hear what it dreamed of becoming.

Some dreamed of roses with petals as blue as the evening sky. Others dreamed of blossoms that glowed in moonlight, or flowers whose fragrance reminded people of places they had never been. One tiny seed dreamed of a flower that would sing whenever it rained.

The gardener loved these dreams. He collected seeds from distant mountains, forgotten valleys, and gardens beyond the sea. He kept them in little wooden drawers, each carefully labeled, and spent his evenings listening to their extraordinary visions.

But there was a problem.

Whenever he planted a seed, the flower that emerged was never quite as magnificent as the one he had heard in its dreams.

The blue roses turned out purple. The moonlit blossoms glowed only faintly. The singing flowers barely made a sound at all.

The gardener found this terribly disappointing.

Eventually, he stopped planting seeds.

Instead, he devoted himself to preserving their dreams. His collection grew until every wall of his cottage was lined with drawers. Visitors came from far away to hear him describe the marvelous flowers that slept within.

Meanwhile, his garden, once famous for its beauty, grew empty.

One spring morning, while walking along the garden wall, the gardener noticed something yellow among the weeds.

It was a flower.

A small, ordinary flower, growing from a crack between two stones.

He knelt beside it. Five yellow petals surrounded a dark center. Its stem was crooked, and one leaf had been nibbled by a caterpillar.

"Not much of a dreamer, were you?" he murmured.

He was about to pull it up when a bee arrived.

The bee circled the flower, landed on its yellow petals, and did what bees do.

The gardener watched.

Soon another bee arrived, then a third. They came and went throughout the morning, their legs dusted with yellow pollen.

One bee flew over the garden wall toward distant orchards. Another disappeared among the hedgerows. A third settled briefly on the gardener's sleeve and flew in a direction he couldn't follow.

He looked again at the little yellow blossom.

Its petals were uneven. Its stem was crooked. It was nothing like the magnificent flowers he had heard dreaming in his cottage.

Yet the bees kept coming.

The gardener sat down beside it.

He remained there until the shadows grew long, watching the small visitors arrive and depart.

That evening, he returned to his cottage and opened a drawer he had not touched in years.

Inside lay a small brown seed.

He held it in his palm and listened.

It dreamed of a flower with seven silver petals, each holding a different color of starlight. Its fragrance would be sweeter than honey, and its leaves would shimmer whenever the wind spoke its name.

It was a magnificent dream.

For a while, he listened.

Then he carried the seed outside.

Beside the little yellow flower, he made a small hole in the earth. He placed the seed inside, covered it gently, and watered it.

He sat down on the grass.

A bee landed on the yellow flower, gathered what it needed, and flew away over the garden wall.

The gardener watched it disappear into the evening sunlight.

"I wonder if bees dream too..." -- *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.