

**New Castle United Methodist Church
510 Delaware Street
New Castle, DE 19720**

**The Message for November 8, 2020
“With Liberty and Justice for All”
Pastor Ray Eck**

Scripture: Mark 12:38-44

³⁸ “As he taught, Jesus said, “Watch out for the teachers of the law. They like to walk around in flowing robes and be greeted with respect in the marketplaces,
³⁹ and have the most important seats in the synagogues and the places of honor at banquets. ⁴⁰ They devour widows’ houses and for a show make lengthy prayers. These men will be punished most severely.”

⁴¹ Jesus sat down opposite the place where the offerings were put and watched the crowd putting their money into the temple treasury. Many rich people threw in large amounts. ⁴² But a poor widow came and put in two very small copper coins, worth only a few cents. ⁴³ Calling his disciples to him, Jesus said, “Truly I tell you, this poor widow has put more into the treasury than all the others. ⁴⁴ They all gave out of their wealth; but she, out of her poverty, put in everything—all she had to live on.”

Beatrice woke as the morning sun peeked through the closed shutters of her sparse bedroom. Every joint in her tired old body creaked like a grinding wheel in dire need of good oiling. Her arthritic hands rubbed her sleepy eyes, then instinctively reached to the empty space where her husband had slept, so many years ago... “Another Sabbath to worship Jehovah,” she smiled. “Oh Lord, thank you for my health and the strength to travel to your house today. Thank you for all the many blessings that you have showered on this old woman.”

Beatrice slipped on her worn, woolen garment; wound her grey streaked hair around her head and splashed yesterday’s water on her wrinkled face. Slipping her hand into her money pouch, hidden behind a grouping of jars, her fingers fumbled to gather an offering for the temple coffers. A heavy sigh escaped her lips as her hand retrieved two small coins. She put her hand, back in the pouch and ran her fingers from side to side. This time she came up empty. Looking at the two small coins in her hand; she continued her conversation with God. “I wish I had more to give you today. But Lord, this is all I have.” Not once did Beatrice wonder how she would buy wheat for her next meal. She knew God would provide. He always did.

Beatrice shuffled out the door and through the busy streets of Jerusalem. The population had more than doubled because of the Passover celebration. Jews from miles around gathered at the temple during the holy week. The streets were packed with people. "People, people, everywhere people," Beatrice thought to herself. "And not one notices an old, worthless widow woman like me." Beatrice kept her eyes down as she climbed the first set of steps, to the Women's Court in the temple. "I'm glad I'm not a man or priest," she mused to herself. "I don't think I could climb all those stairs to get to the upper levels." The widow made her way to the same offering receptacle she always used.

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When she raised her eyes to place the two small coins in the worn, dusty container, she noticed a man sitting right beside it. It was Jesus! It was too late to turn back or walk to another coffer. Color rose to her cheeks as she realized that the Teacher was watching her. Beatrice cringed with embarrassment as she dropped the two small coins into the large box. "What must He think of me?" she thought, "two copper coins."

When she looked up and met Jesus' gaze, He grinned from ear to ear and nodded his approval. She sighed. Every wrinkle in her face crinkled as she returned the smile. But what He said next made her feel like a spry young girl again. "Peter... James... John... Friends...come over here," Jesus called. You're looking around at all these people dropping their coins in the temple treasury and I'm sure you have noticed, some of the wealthy, made large donations. At least they are hoping you've noticed. But I tell you the truth; this poor widow has put more in the treasury than all the others. They all gave out of their wealth, but this woman, gave out of her poverty.

Jesus continued as he placed his hand on Beatrice's shoulder. She gave all she had to live on. Her gift is more precious to God than all the others combined. Beatrice gently bowed and turned to leave. Jesus laughed to himself, thinking about the many coins she would find in her money pouch when she got home. Oh, how God loves blessing His children.

Beatrice found peace that day. She gave from what she had. And she found peace in knowing God's peace and God's love; the kind of peace that passes all our understanding.

And there's another kind of peace that we celebrate today. The peace that comes from knowing that we live in a land that is protected by those in uniform. The Army, the Navy, the Air Force, the Coast Guard, and the Marines. Soldiers of God.

It's been like that ever since our country was born, you know. Men and women taking a stand for our country by serving in the military. And after they have served, they are known as "Veterans." You know them...You've seen them marching in parades or speaking up for others who have no voice of their own. They sometimes wear hats that show when and where they served. They did what needed to be done to secure peace for our country with the help of God. Always, with the help of God.

When you think about the many freedoms you enjoy, don't forget to thank a Veteran. My friends, "Freedom is Not Free." These words are etched on a stone monument at the gate of the FBI training facility in Quantico, Virginia. I saw it... I know. Whenever you see a Veteran just smile and say, "Thank you for your service!" Some gave a few years of their lives to protect your freedom, and some gave all that they had; some gave their very lives.

And thank Jesus too, for all he has done for you so that you might have a wonderful life in this "Land of the Free, Home of the Brave." He gave *his* life for each of us. What more could he do?

"O how he loves you and me! O how he loves you and me!
He gave his life, what more could he do?
O how he loves you; O how he loves me;
O how he loves you and me!"

Let's pray:

Dear Father, thank You for the many blessings you have given us. Thank you for our freedom and allowing us to live in a land where we are free to worship you as we choose. And thank you, that with our freedom, we have the privilege to vote for those who will represent us in our land.

And in our worship, help us to trust you more with our finances so that we can joyfully give you more... more than we ever have before. This way, others will hear about you and your amazing grace!

Let there be peace on Earth. and let it begin with me.

In Jesus's name, we pray, Amen.



Music for November 8

-- Bill Mathews, Director of Music Ministries

As we thank our Veterans in the upcoming week for their dedication and service to our country, let us also acknowledge those who continue to serve by protecting us and striving for peace. With our first piece of music, we recognize all of them in a way unique to 2020. Recorded virtually, a Brass Quintet, with each player representing a branch of the Armed Forces – the trumpets are from the Coast Guard and the Marines; the horn is from the Air Force; the trombone is from the Army; and the tuba is from the Navy. Feel free to stand for your branch of service!

The United States Armed Forces Medley

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=D2L-6z81nzc>

In pastor Ray's message, he spoke of Beatrice, and as she found peace in knowing God's peace and God's love, we continue to pray for a day "when hatred and division give way to love and peace." In William W. Reid's 1958 hymn, he reflects on the "strife-torn world," but also prays to God for a world of peace. Rev. Reid served in the United States Army Medical Corps for twelve years, earned three battle stars, and was imprisoned in Germany for eight months.

O God of Every Nation, UMC Hymnal no. 435, as sung at First-Plymouth Church, Lincoln, Nebraska
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https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OfvR_NL6MHk

Verse 1:

O God of every nation,
Of every race and land,
*Redeem the whole creation
with Your almighty hand;*
Where hate and fear divide us,
and bitter threats are hurled,
*In love and mercy guide us,
and heal our strife-torn world.*

Verse 3:

Lord, strengthen all who labor
that all may find release
from fear of rattling saber,
from dread of war's increase;
*When hope and courage falter,
Lord, let Your voice be heard;
With faith that none can alter,
your servants undergird.*

Verse 2

From search for wealth and power
and scorn of truth and right,
From trust in bombs that shower
destruction through the night,
From pride of race and station
and blindness to Your way
*Deliver every nation,
eternal God, we pray.*

Verse 4:

Keep bright in us the vision
of days when war shall cease,
When hatred and division
give way to love and peace,
*Till dawns the morning glorious
when truth and justice reign,
And Christ shall rule victorious
o'er all the world's domain.*

music continues on the next page

In Pastor Ray's closing prayer, he quotes the popular song, *Let There be Peace on Earth*. May we, as individuals, as a church, as a community, state, nation, and a world, "take each moment and live each moment with peace eternally."

***Let There be Peace on Earth*, no. 431 in the UMC Hymnal, sung by the Harlem Boys' Choir**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FJfgoXc8L88>

Let there be peace on earth,
and let it begin with me;
Let there be peace on earth,
the peace that was meant to be.
With God as our father,
family all are we.
Let us walk with each other
in perfect harmony.

Let peace begin with me;
Let this be the moment now.
With every step I take,
let this be my solemn vow:
To take each moment and live each moment
with peace eternally.
Let there be peace on earth,
and let it begin with me.



**“ZOOM” Worship
every Sunday @ 11am**

**Order of Worship
and sign-in information
are on pages 7-8.**

Our Prayer Requests and Food Closet needs are on the next page.



Tristan Beeson, Pam Whary's nephew, and the Fire Company he's associated with, affected by COVID

Ruth Ann Chisholm

Paul Coffin, Michelle Jordan's godfather

Hoover & Anita Counterman

James Costenbader, Hoover & Anita's son-in-law

Joanne Davis

Wilbert Esler, Sharon Kimmel's father

Richard Hastings

Rev. Jerrold, Sally, Elizabeth, and Jennifer Knotts

Tammy McAleese

Ron Pochvatilla

Joan Skilton's daughter, Sue, and her family

David Warner

Margaret Weyl

Greyson, a 3-year-old boy diagnosed with neuroblastoma.

Those diagnosed with the coronavirus and the families of those who have lost loved ones

The staff and the patients of our nursing homes

The homeless

Those who struggle with addiction

If you have someone that you'd like included on our Prayer List,
please let us know by contacting
either

Doris Poultney, Prayer Chain
Coordinator,

@ 302-378-1184,

or Pastor Ray @ 302-740-3932 or

snowman3girls@gmail.com



✓ **Food Closet Needs**

- ✓ Instant Potatoes
- ✓ Instant Oatmeal packets
- ✓ Rice a Roni or 1 lb. bags of rice
- ✓ Canned entrees – stew or chili
- ✓ Canned fruit

And remember, store brands are always acceptable.

New Castle United Methodist Church

"Zoom" Worship Service

November 8, 2020, at 11am

The 23rd Sunday after Pentecost

If you have a computer, smartphone, or tablet...

Click on this link (or copy it into your browser):

<https://us04web.zoom.us/j/76997795253?pwd=VFR2eThNb0VlanVtVTdRalFPWXEvUT09>

For those using a regular phone... the number for our Zoom Communion is (301) 715-8592. Remember... the phone number is long-distance and you should be sure your phone plan covers it.

Meeting ID: 769 9779 5253

Passcode: 12345. On a computer, then hit "Enter." On a phone, then hit "#".

Order of Worship

The Greeting

Pastor Ray Eck

Introit: *This is My Father's World*

Bill Mathews

This is my Father's world, the birds their carols raise,
the morning light, the lily white, declare their maker's praise.
This is my Father's world: he shines in all that's fair;
in the rustling grass I hear him pass;
he speaks to me everywhere.

...UMC Hymnal, no. 144, v. 2

The Lord's Prayer

Call to Worship

Led by Eleanor Allione, Liturgist

Our Father in heaven, a day in your courts is better than a thousand elsewhere.

I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield and bestows favor and honor upon those who love him.

No good thing does the Lord withhold from those who walk uprightly. O Lord of Hosts, blessed are those who trust in you!

Opening Prayer, in unison

Holy Lord, it is you that hears our prayers. You have said that you will be present whenever two or three are gathered together in your name. We welcome your presence and grace in our lives this day. We ask that you manifest your glory within us and shine your light on us. Through your light, may we illuminate the lives of those around us. As we feel your presence in worship today, may our knowledge of your divine mysteries continue to grow and change our lives forever.

Our Joys and Concerns and Pastoral Prayer

Scripture Lesson: Mark 12:38-44

The Message: "With Liberty and Justice for All"

Pastor Ray

Hymn: *America the Beautiful*

O beautiful for heroes proved in liberating strife,
who more than self their country loved,
and mercy more than life!

America! America!

May God thy gold refine,
till all success be nobleness,
and every gain divine.

America! America!

God shed his grace on thee,
and crown thy good with brotherhood
from sea to shining sea.

...UMC Hymnal, no. 696, v. 2

Benediction: "May the Lord bless thee and keep thee while we are absent, one from another."

Closing Hymn: *This is My Song*

This is my song, O God of all the nations,
A song of peace for lands afar and mine.
This is my home, the country where my heart is;
Here are my hopes, my dreams, my holy shrine;
But other hearts in other lands are beating
with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.

My country's skies are bluer than the ocean,
And sunlight beams on cloverleaf and pine;
But other lands have sunlight too, and clover,
And skies are everywhere as blue as mine.
O hear my song, Thou God of all nations,
A song of peace for their land and for mine.

...UMC Hymnal, no. 437, v. 1-2
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