

twelvebaskets



ORDINARY 10A

A complete Sunday service ready to use
for worship and inspire ideas in your church

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Tenth Sunday in Ordinary Time - Year A
7th June 2026



Order of Service

Call to worship

Hymn:

462 STF – Come with me, come wander OR

25 STF – God is here! As we his people

Opening Prayers

The Lord's Prayer

All Age Talk

Hymn:

454 STF – Where shall my wondering soul begin? OR

79 STF – I'll praise my Maker while I've breath

Readings: Genesis 12:1-9; Psalm 33:1-12; Romans 4:13-25; Matthew 9:9-13, 18-26

Hymn:

248 STF – I heard the voice of Jesus say OR

107 STF – I sing the almighty power of God

Reflections on the readings

Hymn:

254 STF – Seek ye first the kingdom of God OR

463 STF – Deep in the shadows of the past

Intercessions

Offering / collection

Blessing the offering

Hymn:

459 STF – Captain of Israel's host, and Guide OR

255 STF – The kingdom of God is justice and joy

Blessing

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Call to worship

The Lord is inviting you into the house of the divine.
The Light is shining out into the world.
The Spirit is alive in our communities.
Come, Lord Jesus, into this time of worship, we pray

Amen.¹

Hymn:

462 STF – Come with me, come wander OR
25 STF – God is here! As we his people

Opening Prayers

Loving God,

We come to worship, each carrying our own life music:
melodies that are uniquely ours,
shaped by all that we have lived through.

From the restless strains of anxiety and worry,
to the deep, steady bass notes of quiet moments,
we come before you.

Some of us arrive ready to sing your praise with joy;
others come seeking rest and the gift of silence.

Meet us here, Loving God,
and draw us into your greater melody,
already being played among us.

Amen.²

We say together the Lord's Prayer

All Age Talk

I wonder if you've ever been asked to go somewhere, without really knowing where you're going.

Maybe it was your first day at a new school. Or starting a new job. Or walking into this church for the very first time.

Or perhaps, if you're younger, it's that moment when a grown-up says, "Come on, trust me," and you're not entirely sure what's coming next.

Pause.

¹ Call to worship written by Tim Baker

² Opening prayers written by Hannah Baker

Today's readings (which we will hear later in the service) are full of moments just like that. Moments of being called, and not having the full picture.

In our reading from Genesis, we meet Abram, before he becomes Abraham. God says to him, quite simply: "Go." Go from your country. Go from your family. Go to a land I will show you.

Not a map, or plan, just a promise. But Abram goes.

That's a big kind of trust, isn't it? Not just believing something in your head, but trusting enough to take a step with your feet.

Then, in the Gospel reading, we see something similar, but it looks a little different.

Jesus walks past a man called Matthew, sitting at his table, doing his job.

And Jesus says just two words: "Follow me." But that's enough Matthew gets up and follows. No long speech, no list of instructions. Just an invitation.

And then, as the story continues, we see who Jesus spends time with: not the perfect people, not the ones who seem to have everything sorted, but rather people who were often left out, looked down on, or quietly avoided.

And when others question this, when they ask, "Why them?"

Jesus says something simple and powerful: "I have come not for the healthy, but for those who need healing."

So across these readings, there's a thread that runs through them all: a call, a response, and a widening circle of welcome.

Abram is called to step into the unknown. Matthew is called to leave behind what he knows. And in Jesus, we see that the call is not just for a few, but for all kinds of people.

Now, it's easy to think of these as very big, dramatic stories, but crucially they also connect with the small, everyday moments of our lives. Because most of us won't be asked to leave our whole country behind, but we might be asked to take a small step into something new.

To speak to someone we don't know.

To show kindness when it's not easy.

To change our mind.

To begin again.

And sometimes, like Matthew, the invitation comes right in the middle of ordinary, everyday lives.

And here's the gentle, hopeful thing: in all these stories, people don't have everything figured out before they begin. Abram doesn't know the destination. Matthew doesn't know what following Jesus will look like. Faith, in these readings, isn't about certainty, it's about trust, about taking a step, even when the path isn't completely clear.

Jesus doesn't wait for people to be perfect, he meets them where they are, which means that this story, this call, isn't just for people long ago: it's for us, all of us.

Where might you be being invited to take a step? Where might I?

Amen.³

³ All Age Talk written by Tim Baker

Hymn:

454 STF – Where shall my wondering soul begin? OR

79 STF – I'll praise my Maker while I've breath

Readings: Genesis 12:1-9; Psalm 33:1-12; Romans 4:13-25; Matthew 9:9-13, 18-26

Hymn:

248 STF – I heard the voice of Jesus say OR

107 STF – I sing the almighty power of God

Reflections on the readings

Matthew tells us two healing stories, but he doesn't tell them separately. He folds one inside the other. Jairus comes to Jesus, a named man, a synagogue ruler, a person of standing and makes a desperate, legitimate request: come, lay your hand on my daughter, and she will live. Jesus goes.

On the way, a woman appears. She has no name. She has been bleeding for twelve years, which in the purity codes of her day meant twelve years of ritual exclusion, twelve years of being untouchable, twelve years of standing outside the community's full life. She doesn't ask. She reaches through the crowd and touches the hem of Jesus' cloak.

And then Jesus stops. He turns. The urgent task for Jairus's daughter pauses. The named man with the dying child has to wait, while Jesus attends to the unnamed woman who had no right to touch him at all.

These are not two separate stories. They are one story about two daughters and about who gets to bear that name.

The daughter who reached

Her action is transgressive by every measure her world offered. She is unclean. Contact with her transmits impurity. In the logic of her world, this should have made things worse. Impurity flows outward from her. That is how the system works.

Except it doesn't in this incident. The power flows the other way. Healing moves from Jesus toward her, and it moves because she reached.

She did not wait for clearance. She did not first go to the priests, undergo the prescribed rituals, and return to community on the community's terms. She reached. And what she reached for the fringe of his garment, was the same fringe that Torah-observant Jews wore as a sign of their obligation to God's commands. She grabbed hold of the law itself, in the body of the one who embodied it.

"Take heart, daughter; your faith has made you well."

Daughter. Of all the words available to him, woman, friend, sister, he chooses daughter. It is a word of belonging. It places her inside a family. It is the same word Jairus used when he came begging for his child.

And notice what Jesus does not say. He does not say "I have healed you." He says: your faith has made you well. He returns the agency of her healing to her. After twelve years in which the system had stripped her of agency, told her she was the problem, that her

condition disqualified her, that she must wait outside, Jesus says: your reaching was the right thing. Your audacity was faith which made her heal and now she is part of the family.

The daughter who was sleeping

By the time Jesus reaches Jairus's house, the mourners have arrived. The flutes are playing. The community has gathered to mark what the community has decided: this girl is dead.

Jesus says she is sleeping. They laugh at him.

The crowd's laughter is not cruel, it is the laughter of people who know what death looks like and find it absurd that anyone would suggest otherwise. They are the voice of settled reality. They have named what is, and they find Jesus' word to be wishful at best, delusional at worst.

Jesus puts them out of the house. He does not debate them. He removes from the room the people who have decided what is possible, and then, in the quiet, he takes her hand. She rises.

She has no lines. She does nothing. She is simply raised, the second daughter of this passage, the one whose rising depends entirely on someone refusing to accept the crowd's verdict about her.

What the two daughters share

One daughter reaches. One daughter is raised. One acts boldly, the other cannot act at all. They seem like opposites but Matthew has bound them together for a reason.

Both have been named, by their world, by their circumstances, as beyond the boundary of full life. One by purity law. One by death itself. Both are outside the circle of those whose belonging is straightforward and uncontested.

And in both cases, Jesus crosses the line his world had drawn around them. He stops for the woman nobody stops for. He enters the room everyone else has conceded to death. He speaks a word, daughter, that places both of them inside a family they had been told was not quite theirs.

The subversive claim of this passage is not simply that Jesus performs miracles. It is that the miracles consistently happen on the wrong side of the lines drawn by religious and social power. The unnamed woman's healing is not brokered through proper channels. Jairus's daughter's raising does not follow the community's script for what death means.

The kingdom of heaven, in Matthew's telling, does not flow through managed access. It moves toward the edges. It stops in the street for the woman no one sees. It walks into the room the mourners have already claimed.

A word for us

Both daughters are us.

There are times we are the bleeding woman, living with something the community around us has decided disqualifies us, something we have been managing in silence for years. And the invitation of this text is that we can reach. That the reaching itself, the audacious, unauthorised, I-have-tried-everything-else reaching, is what faith looks like. That Jesus will stop. That he will turn. That he will call us daughter, son, beloved and mean it.

And there are times we are the girl in the room, when we cannot reach, cannot act, cannot do anything except be raised. When the situation is past what we can fix or manage or faith our way out of. And the word for that moment is that Jesus walks into rooms that everyone else has conceded to death, and his word rewrites what was settled.

But here is the harder word.

Sometimes we are the crowd. Sometimes we are the ones who have gathered in confidence around what we have decided is finished, a person, a relationship, a possibility and we are laughing at anyone who suggests otherwise. We are performing grief over something we have declared dead. And Jesus needs to put us out of the room before he can do what he came to do.

The question this text leaves us with is not simply: do we believe Jesus can heal? It is: have we already decided what is and isn't possible? Have we named realities that perhaps we should hold more loosely?

Two daughters. One story. One Jesus who crosses every line to reach them and who names them both, in different ways, his own.

“Take heart, daughter; your faith has made you well.”

“The girl is not dead but sleeping.”

Amen.⁴

Hymn:

254 STF – Seek ye first the kingdom of God OR

463 STF – Deep in the shadows of the past

Prayers of intercession

For those who feel they do not belong

Lord Jesus, you stopped for a woman the crowd had learned to walk past. You turned to her, named her, and told her she belonged.

We pray for all who feel they are on the outside, those who have been told, in ways spoken or unspoken, that they are not quite welcome here. Those who carry something that makes them feel disqualified from love, from community, from God.

Help us to be a people who stop and turn. Help us to see who is reaching.

Lord, hear us.

Lord, graciously hear us.

For those who are suffering in silence

Lord Jesus, the woman in the crowd had been suffering for twelve years. She had run out of options. She reached in desperation and in faith.

We pray for all who are carrying pain they have not been able to name out loud, illness of body or mind, grief, loneliness, shame, or fear. Those who have been suffering quietly for a long time, who are not sure anyone would stop if they reached.

May they know that you still stop. That your healing still moves toward them. That their reaching- however faltering - is enough.

Lord, hear us.

Lord, graciously hear us.

For the sick and those who care for them

Lord Jesus, Jairus came to you in desperation for his daughter. He did not know what else to do except fall at your feet and ask.

⁴ Reflection written by Jasmine Devadason

We pray for all who are ill, and for those who love them and feel helpless. For those in hospital, in hospice, at home with long-term conditions. For doctors, nurses, and carers who give so much of themselves.

Silence is kept.

We remember before you those known to us who are in particular need of your healing and your peace.

Lord, hear us.

Lord, graciously hear us.

For those who have been given up on

Lord Jesus, the mourners had already decided the little girl was dead. They laughed when you said otherwise. You put them out of the room, took her hand, and she rose.

We pray for all who feel written off - those whose situations seem beyond hope to everyone around them, including sometimes themselves. Those in addiction, in long imprisonment, in deep depression, in broken relationships that no one believes can be mended.

Where we have been the laughing crowd, certain about what is finished, forgive us. Teach us to hold our verdicts more lightly than you hold your mercy.

Lord, hear us.

Lord, graciously hear us.

For the grieving

Lord Jesus, you walked into a house of mourning and were not overcome by it. You entered the grief and you transformed it.

We pray for all who are bereaved - those in the rawness of new loss, and those carrying grief that is older but no less heavy. For those for whom this season of the year makes the absence feel sharper. For those who grieve alone.

Be close to them. May they know that death does not have the last word.

Lord, hear us.

Lord, graciously hear us.

For our church and our community

Lord Jesus, you called both daughters yours, the one who reached boldly and the one who could not reach at all. Your kingdom has room for both.

We pray for this church that we would be a community where both kinds of people find a home. Where the bold and the broken are equally welcome. Where no one has to prove themselves before they belong.

And we pray for our neighbourhood, our town, our world, that your kingdom would come in the places and among the people that the world has given up on.

Lord, hear us.

Lord, graciously hear us.

Merciful Father, accept these prayers
for the sake of your Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Amen.⁵

⁵ Prayers of intercession written by Jasmine Devadason

We will now take up the offering.

This day, O God,

We give thanks for all that we have received, and wish to bless you for all the ways you love us.

Come into this day, into our lives, we pray, and bless these gifts for the use of your grace here on earth.

Amen.⁶

Hymn:

459 STF – Captain of Israel’s host, and Guide OR

255 STF – The kingdom of God is justice and joy

Blessing

Go out, people of the living Christ,

Knowing that the inclusive, expansive, grace-filled invitation, to join in with God’s work in your home community is extended to you.

Go with the peace of Christ,

Amen.⁷

⁶ Additional prayers by Tim Baker

⁷ Additional prayers by Tim Baker