

27 June 2021

Fourth Sunday after Trinity

The Collect

O God, the protector of all who trust in you,
without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy:
increase and multiply upon us your mercy;
that with you as our ruler and guide
we may so pass through things temporal
that we lose not our hold on things eternal;
grant this, heavenly Father,
for our Lord Jesus Christ's sake,
who is alive and reigns with you,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever.

First Reading

2 Samuel 1.1,17-27

After the death of Saul, when David had returned from
defeating the Amalekites, David remained two days in Ziklag.

David intoned this lamentation over Saul and his son Jonathan.

(He ordered that The Song of the Bow be taught to
the people of Judah; it is written in the Book of Jashar.) He
said:

Your glory, O Israel, lies slain upon your high places!

How the mighty have fallen!

Tell it not in Gath, proclaim it not in the streets of Ashkelon;
or the daughters of the Philistines will rejoice, the daughters
of the uncircumcised will exult.

You mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew or rain
upon you, nor bounteous fields!

For there the shield of the mighty was defiled,
the shield of Saul, anointed with oil no more.

From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty,
the bow of Jonathan did not turn back,
nor the sword of Saul return empty.

Saul and Jonathan, beloved and lovely!
In life and in death they were not divided;
they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than
lions.

O daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed
you with crimson, in luxury, who put ornaments of
gold on your apparel.

How the mighty have fallen in the midst of the battle!

Jonathan lies slain upon your high places.

I am distressed for you, my brother Jonathan;
greatly beloved were you to me; your love to me was
wonderful, passing the love of women.

How the mighty have fallen,
and the weapons of war perished!

Psalm 130

1 Out of the depths have I cried to you, O Lord;
Lord, hear my voice; ♦

let your ears consider well the voice of my
supplication.

2 If you, Lord, were to mark what is done amiss ♦
O Lord, who could stand?

3 But there is forgiveness with you, ♦
so that you shall be feared.

4 I wait for the Lord; my soul waits for him; ♦
in his word is my hope.

5 My soul waits for the Lord,
more than the night watch for the morning, ♦
more than the night watch for the morning.

6 O Israel, wait for the Lord, ♦
for with the Lord there is mercy;

7 With him is plenteous redemption ♦
and he shall redeem Israel from all their sins.

Second Reading

2 Corinthians 8.7-15

You excel in everything – in faith, in speech, in knowledge, in utmost eagerness, and in our love for you – so we want you to excel also in this generous undertaking.

I do not say this as a command, but I am testing the genuineness of your love against the earnestness of others. For you know the generous act of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, so that by his poverty you might become rich. And in this matter I am giving my advice: it is appropriate for you who began last year not only to do something but even to desire to do something – now finish doing it, so that your eagerness may be matched by completing it according to your means. For if the eagerness is there, the gift is acceptable according to what one has – not according to what one does not have. I do not mean that there should be relief for others and pressure on you, but it is a question of a fair balance between your present abundance and their need, so that their abundance may be for your need, in order that there may be a fair balance. As it is

written,

‘The one who had much did not have too much,
and the one who had little did not have too little.’

Gospel

Mark 5.21-43

When Jesus had crossed again in the boat to the other side, a great crowd gathered around him; and he was by the lake. Then one of the leaders of the synagogue named Jairus came and, when he saw him, fell at his feet and begged him repeatedly, ‘My little daughter is at the point of death. Come and lay your hands on her, so that she may be made well, and live.’ So he went with him.

And a large crowd followed him and pressed in on him. Now there was a woman who had been suffering from haemorrhages for twelve years. She had endured much under many physicians, and had spent all that she had; and she was no better, but rather grew worse. She had heard about Jesus, and came up behind him in the crowd and touched his cloak, for she said, ‘If I but touch his clothes, I will be made well.’ Immediately her haemorrhage stopped; and she felt in her body that she was healed of her disease. Immediately aware that power had gone forth from him, Jesus turned about in the crowd and said, ‘Who touched my clothes?’ And his disciples said to him, ‘You see the crowd pressing in on you; how can you say, “Who touched me?”’ He looked all around to see who had done it. But the woman, knowing what had happened to her, came in fear and trembling, fell down before him, and told him the whole truth. He said to her, ‘Daughter, your faith has made you well; go in peace, and be healed of your disease.’

While he was still speaking, some people came from the leader’s house to say, ‘Your daughter is dead. Why trouble

the teacher any further?' But overhearing what they said, Jesus said to the leader of the synagogue, 'Do not fear, only believe.' He allowed no one to follow him except Peter, James, and John, the brother of James. When they came to the house of the leader of the synagogue, he saw a commotion, people weeping and wailing loudly. When he had entered, he said to them, 'Why do you make a commotion and weep? The child is not dead but sleeping.' And they laughed at him. Then he put them all outside, and took the child's father and mother and those who were with him, and went in where the child was. He took her by the hand and said to her, 'Talitha cum,' which means, 'Little girl, get up!' And immediately the girl got up and began to walk about (she was twelve years of age). At this they were overcome with amazement. He strictly ordered them that no one should know this, and told them to give her something to eat.