

A New Look at the Old Testament

Sermon Notes

July 15, 2018



Through Bathsheba's Eyes

Many may know the story of King David and Bathsheba, or at least one side of the story. We recognize that all of God's people struggle, but this morning we give voice to the women who have been objectified by mankind and redeemed by God.

1 Kings 2:19-20

When Bathsheba went to King Solomon to speak to him for Adonijah, the king stood up to meet her, bowed down to her and sat down on his throne. He had a throne brought for the king's mother, and she sat down at his right hand.

"I have one small request to make of you," she said. "Do not refuse me."

The king replied, "Make it, my mother; I will not refuse you."

OBSERVATIONS

King Solomon shows respect to his mother and bring's her her own throne.

Note the similarity, Jesus sits at the right hand of the Father (Romans 8:34). This is a seat of power, dignity, and authority.

Bathsheba finds her voice.

Solomon is a good son, honoring his mother.

Bathsheba's story

It was spring and my husband was off to battle again. Jerusalem was not the same without him. But he was where he belonged, with the army of Israel. He was a noble soldier and did his duty to his King. It wasn't always bad that he was gone. My menstrual cycle came...again...and therefore so did the ritual purification. It was a nice evening though to bathe to cleanse myself. The sky was clear and beautiful.

The next day, a messenger from King David came to my home and summoned me to the palace to see the King! I didn't know what to expect. What I got was a night as the King's concubine, but then sent home in the morning. What did I do to be treated in such a way? Why did the King seek me out and then send me away? He had made me impure.

I became pregnant from my night with the King. So I sent a message to him. I was scared. The penalty for adultery is death and my husband is away, people will notice I'm pregnant when I should not be. He got me into this situation. I hope he gets me out of it.

No word. Not a single word came from King David to help me in my despair. I shut myself away so people would not see what had become of me. If they knew I was pregnant, they would stone me.

Then a knock came on my door. Uriah, my noble husband, had been killed in battle. Oh how I mourned him. What will become of me? Then another knock came, and it was King David's messenger again. I went to the palace and was married to the King. Me. Pregnant me was now one of the wives of King David.

The day finally came and I gave birth to a beautiful baby. What a precious gift. My child was the joy in my life. But suddenly my precious baby was very ill. No one could tell me what was wrong. I nursed and comforted my child for days. David did not come. On the seventh day of the illness, my child died. My baby was gone. My Uriah was gone. Where was God? Why did my child die? I can't take anything else.

Then David came, after our child was dead. Then David came to me, spent the night with me, and I became pregnant again. I gave birth to a strong baby boy and named him Solomon (although the prophet Nathan calls him Jedidiah - the Beloved of God). Through all of my pain, I found joy knowing that Solomon would be raised as a son of the king and enjoy the benefits of palace life. But I have heard rumors about how Uriah died in battle. My heart is broken again at the thought of the cover-up that King David created. Why did he summon me in the first place? Who was I to refuse his messenger? He had all the power. I had none. I paid such a high price for the sin of the King.

Now my son has grown. I have remained the King's wife, but I am one of many. The day came and David died. It was a time of many mixed emotions for me. But that time is over. Now I sit at the right hand of my son, King Solomon. My honor has been restored. I no longer feel forgotten by God. I know that God has brought blessing on my life.

God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change;
courage to change the things I can; and the wisdom to know the difference.

Living one day at a time; Enjoying one moment at a time;
Accepting hardships as the pathway to peace;
Taking, as He did, this sinful world as it is, not as I would have it;
Trusting that He will make all things right if I surrender to His Will;
That I may be reasonably happy in this life
and supremely happy with Him forever in the next.
Amen.

by Reinhold Niebuhr (1892-1971)