

Job. "I know that my Redeemer lives." I don't understand all the words, but something in it feels strong and stubborn, like when the tide's against you and you keep rowing anyway. Job had lost everything, but he still believed that somewhere, somehow, goodness hadn't died. That there was still someone - something - that would stand for him in the end.

I think about the wars we hear about on the news - Ukraine, Gaza, Sudan - places where young people like me are trying just to survive. It's hard to believe in hope when every headline seems full of fire and rubble. But then I look around me. Old veterans with their medals, the bugler with his trembling hands, my friends standing in silence beside me. Maybe this is what it means to remember with hope - not pretending the world is okay, but believing that love and courage still count for something.

As the Last Post fades, I imagine a light - a tiny one, like the flame of a candle - burning beside the poppy on my coat. A light for peace. A light that says, even in the middle of all this mess, our Redeemer lives. And maybe, one day, we'll learn how to live like that too.
Spend time in silence

Earthing the Reading Living It Out

Invite the group to connect the passage with their own context:

- What are the places of loss, injustice, or remembering in your community today?
- How might this story inspire you to act with hope - to be a "living witness" to compassion, reconciliation, or truth?
- This week, could you light a candle beside your poppy, or at another time of remembering, as a sign that love's light still burns

Encourage participants to share insights, prayers, or creative responses with those who lead worship or preach, so that the heartbeat of community reflection flows back into the gathered church.
Time of open Prayer

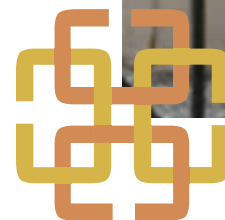
Prayer of Hope

Living God,
in the silence of remembrance,
you hear every cry
and hold every story



www.heartedge.org

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HeartBeat

Remembering with Hope

Sunday 9th of November

Lectionary Reading:
Job 19: 23-27a

Opening

Begin with quiet and presence. Invite people to sit comfortably, take a deep breath, and become aware of the space and one another.

Ice Breaker

Luke 6:20-26:

Share information about the one simple object, place, or person that helps you remember hope when life feels hard.

It might be a photograph, a song, a poppy, a candle, or a person who has shown resilience.

(If online, invite each person to hold the item up or name it briefly.)

Hearing the Word

First Reading

Listening for the whole story

Have someone read Job 19: 23–27a aloud slowly.

Pause for a short silence.

Second Reading :

Listening for the word or phrase that stands out

Read the passage again, perhaps from a different translation or by a different voice.

Ask each person to notice:

What word or image caught your attention?

What might God be whispering through that word today?

Short Commentary for sharing

Job is a good and faithful man who has lost almost everything - his family, health, home, and reputation. Three friends have come to comfort him, but their comfort quickly turns into argument. They insist that his suffering must be punishment for sin;

Job insists that he has done nothing to deserve it. Chapter 19 is one of his most heartfelt replies.

At this point, Job feels abandoned by everyone - even by God. Yet instead of giving up, he cries out that there must still be truth and justice somewhere. He longs for his words to be written down “with an iron pen and lead,” so that people in the future will know he spoke honestly. Out of the darkness he declares, “I know that my Redeemer lives.” This is not calm confidence but fierce, defiant hope.

What “Redeemer” means

The Hebrew word *go’el* means a family defender — someone who protects the rights of a relative who has been wronged, or who buys back lost land, or stands up in court on their behalf. Job believes that even if no human being speaks for him, a living Redeemer - perhaps God himself - will one day set things right and tell the truth about his life.

For Christians hearing this text later, that idea of a living Redeemer came to point towards Christ. But for Job, it first meant a conviction that justice and truth are alive somewhere, even when the world feels against him. What the words about “seeing God” mean

When Job says, “After my skin has been destroyed, yet in my flesh I shall see God,” he may not be describing

resurrection in the later Christian sense. Instead, he’s saying that even if he dies, there will still be a moment when truth and goodness are seen clearly — that his relationship with God cannot finally be destroyed. It’s a hope that justice and meaning endure beyond the limits of this life.

Going Deeper: Scaffolding Questions

Context and feeling

- What do we learn about Job’s situation and emotions here?
- Where do we sense despair? Where do we glimpse hope?
- How does Job’s experience of loss connect with experiences of grief in our world today?

Step 2: The Redeemer

- What do you think Job means by “my Redeemer”?
- How does this image of a living Redeemer differ from an idea of rescue or escape?
- In what ways does Job’s confidence in a “witness” or “advocate” speak to our longing for truth, justice, and remembrance?

Step 3 : Faith that protests

- How does Job’s faith challenge the idea that believers should simply accept suffering?
- Can you think of times when honest questioning or protest has deepened your own faith?

Step 4 : Hope beyond loss

- What does it mean to “see God” after destruction?
- How might this passage shape how we remember those who have died — not with despair, but with faith that nothing is finally lost?

Wonderings

- I wonder what it meant for Job to say “I know” when everything around him said otherwise.
- I wonder where I have seen signs that “my Redeemer lives” — even in sorrow or silence.
- I wonder what it means for our community to remember with hope

Read this together and reflect as a group

A young Sea Scout reflects at a war memorial

The wind comes in over the sea , tugging at my cap as I stand by the memorial. Our troop has been here every Remembrance Sunday for as long as I can remember. As I stand in formation around the town memorial I notice the names carved into its stone - names of people from my town, names from other centuries. I wonder what they were like. Were they scared? Did they miss home like I did when I went to camp?

Someone reads from the Bible ... from something called the book of