

He saw. He sent. He took. He lay. King David, King David, King David.

Kings, Presidents and Prime Ministers. Political leaders have always asserted their power and privilege, and eventually, they take what they want. In our story, a woman. He saw, he sent, he took, he lay. Short, sharp words which cut and rip and tear. Cut at the integrity of the actor. Rip at the body of the acted on. Tear at the fabric of community and dignity.

There is a war. But David sends Joab in his place. A new war is to be unleashed. As he walks upon his roof, he sees something he wants. A woman. He sends for information; she is Bathsheba, daughter of... Eliam. Wife of...Uriah, a person in community, loved and cared for.

He sends for her. He takes her. He lays with her. The story is as the action is. Swift and decisive without thought or care. There is no pausing, no waiting, no hesitating.

In all this action, David does not speak to her, does not call her by name. At the end of this congress, she is still, only, "the woman."

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Then it comes undone. The woman conceives, this is a problem. Again, there is no pausing, no waiting, no hesitating. The story is as the action is. Swift and decisive without thought or care. More sending. More taking. This time Uriah comes. The King speaks three things to Uriah. Wellness of Joab. Wellness of the people. Wellness of the war. This is a King who speaks wellness, but acts disease and death. David wants Uriah to "go down to his house and wash his feet".

But Uriah is all the King is not. He is at the war, not at home. He is aware of his faith responsibilities. He knows he is a person in community. What the others don't have, he won't have. David tries again. This time with eating and drinking. Again, Uriah is all the King is not. He does not "go down to his house and wash his feet" and this is a problem.

Now, what has been hinted at, by “this taking man, this man who has been given everything”, is exposed ... and what is uncovered is not life, but death

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David has a flair for this.

Such is the way of power, of Kings, Presidents and Prime Ministers.

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Lest we identify ourselves solely with the good Uriah in this story, lest I identify with the good Uriah in this story, and miss it calling me out on the arrogance of my power and privilege, the moral blindness of my greed and desire ...

I was at the gym Friday morning, when a woman’s movement caught my eye all I could think was

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