

The 9<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Pentecost

August 11, 2019

The Rev. Kara Wagner Sherer

St. John's Episcopal Church

[Luke 12:32-40](#)

I have a large cardboard box in my basement, filled with hardly used, basically new purses, wallets, backpacks and bags. They were once THE thing my daughters had to have to hold their wallets, laptops etc. but a second after they were purchased they were out of style, hence the large box of purses in my basement.

When I read the parable today I thought, "Great!" I don't have to prepare a sermon this week, I can just bring that box to church and give everyone an almost new purse and tell you "Jesus said, sell all your things, give the money away. Make for yourself purses that do not wear out, treasures in heaven!"

I think I am in a cleaning mode because of this week's news. Those of you who were alive on 9/11 will never forget where you were. I haven't. It was the month we moved into a new apartment, before I started seminary. I was cleaning. And when I heard the news I just kept cleaning. Listening to the radio and cleaning. It is what I do when I am under stress, paralyzed by the world.

So I've called you here today to ask, "What should we do?"

Should we raise money and send all the lawyers at St. John's to the border and to Mississippi? Should we gather the doctors, nurses and counselors that we know to go Dayton and El Paso and the streets of Chicago? Should we get all our writers and artists and musicians to Washington, DC to write new protest songs, bang on drums, make signs and not be silent until our elected officials do their jobs? And who will stay home to help Mark plan his mother's funeral, and mourn with our neighbor whose husband's funeral is next week? Who will take care of the kids and make dinner?

Suddenly the side door opens (the one by the organ that no one ever uses) and a stranger walks in. We've never seen him before, but we know exactly who he is. He looks at me and says, "Kara, sit down!" and at all of us and says, "Stop, breathe, hold on."

"But Jesus! What should we do? Should we go to the border? To Mississippi and Dayton and El Paso. What about our own Chicago neighborhoods? And who will watch the kids?"

Jesus doesn't answer. He goes downstairs. He puts on an apron, not one of the white ones, but that one from Nicaragua with all the embroidery on it. And he rummages in the fridge. And suddenly we are all eating. Nothing fancy, but good food, lots of fruit and vegetables, home-made, nothing processed...real comfort food. And Jesus serves the food and picks up the dishes. And washes them. And Jesus says "Stop, breathe, eat, enjoy each other's company. You have everything you need. You are ready."

"Now go and do what I have called you to do."