

Sermon: January 16, 2020

"Her last supper"

There are times when we just can't predict what the day will bring.
Like today.

I love Communion. Simple. Majestic. Personal.

Last Sunday I talked about having Communion with Judy Edberg in her home. Sitting at her tray table in her living room. I'm getting ready for Communion, and her friend gets ready to go ... and Judy says:

"Aren't you going to have Communion with me??" She stays.

The health care worker starts to leave. Judy says: "Aren't you going to have Communion with me?"
She stays. Her tray table is the altar, and we share the gifts.

Little did I know ----- this would be Judy's "last supper." She died this morning ... before the early service.
May she "knew something" more when we gathered around her tray-table-turned altar.

I've had the 23rd Psalm on my mind all week. I'm reading the verse ---- "Yea, tho' I walk through the valley of the shadow death ... I fear no evil ---- for thou art with me."

As I'm reading these words this morning ... the phone rings. It's Judy's son ... letting me know that his mom has passed. "Don, I know you have church soon ..."

"Seeing you and your mom now is a lot more important than any sermon I might write!!!"

I sometimes struggle with what to say on Sunday morning. You all have unique journeys. You are all going through "stuff" that is personal to you.

In a way ----- we've all been "walking through the valley of the shadow of death" for the past two years.

*Some of you have lost loved ones. *Maybe you haven't been able to see those most important to you.

*We all have a list of things we "can't do" and we want so much to get back to a "can do" world.

But I keep hearing the message: "For thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff ... they comfort me."

This weekend marks the anniversary of the birthday of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.
He would be 93 years old.

I remember being in college when he was assassinated. Those were such unsettling times --- his death, the Vietnam war. College kids marching in protest ... while some of our colleagues are being killed in action!!

Dr. King was a preacher. Baptist, for sure but in reading his sermons, he could have been a Lutheran. Talking about peace, and grace, and the power of love. He embodied non-violence and the quiet power of love. He knew the spiritual foundation of our country ... the principles men and women have fought and died for. Yes, I sometimes doubt the power of love. But the legacy of Jesus and people like Dr. King who embody that legacy ----- they restore our faith in the power of love.

I'm on my way back to church from Judy's house ... and I see the sun rising over Costco.

I pull over ... get out of my truck, and take a picture.

I soak in the beauty of another sunrise.

I think of the SON ----- who rises every day in the hearts and souls of each one of us.

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Yes ----- I CAN LOVE.

Yes ----- I CAN GIVE.

We can't let the "clouds of doubt" get in the way of giving each day our best shot!!

Speaking of "giving life your best" ...

We've been praying a lot for JJ. 7 years old. Lives with spina bifida.

He's having his second of two surgeries this week.

He is sweet.

He is gentle.

He is caring.

He exudes kindness.

And his cup? Half-full??? ----- no, totally full!!

Full of courage and grace.

Now, if he can have that kind of spirit every day please send some
of that medicine to me!!

Tray tables and Communion.

A wheelchair carrying a 7-year-old angel.

Amazing all the shapes and sizes of God's spirit.

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