

Children's sermon (boy) Pent5B18.sermonslides 24 slides

(The) Jesus Movement was in some trouble. While Jesus had healed many people, and had taught of the Kingdom of God using simple stories as metaphor, all in all, he received mixed reviews.

The (Pharisees) early on decided that he needed to die. His family thinks he is crazy and would like to restrain him at home, to prevent this ridiculous message from being spread. (People) keep coming asking for help, and healing, and heaven's grace. The disciples' numbers are too small, and despite that Mark is clear to tell us that they simply do not get Jesus, even though they claim to be his students. This is not a good place for the Jesus movement.....can you imagine yourself as one of his disciples? I can just hear them muttering....(what) have we gotten ourselves into? People are saying he is crazy, and we are supporting his craziness. How did we get ourselves into this mess? Good question. What would you say?

Mark's Gospel, I believe, shows (Jesus) to be the most human of the four Gospels. Jesus is present. Jesus is not as "divine" as John or Luke would have us see. In Mark, Jesus doesn't come with the fanfare of Matthew, or the ethereal strings of John. In Mark, I see Jesus as a blue-collar Messiah. His strength is in his ability to bring the Kingdom of God, like in last week's parables of the seeds...(and his) calming touch. It brings healing to the storms that rage around us.

Today's reading focuses on the disciples and Jesus. Keep in mind the underlying question of the 12 was....(how) did we get ourselves into this mess? Well, it was the same call that we have received from the Lord of Life. Follow me. Look to me. Find life in me. While we may not know where the Lord is leading, our trust in God's goodness is enough to follow by faith.

This past week, that's the message I've been (sharing) with Jaedyn my niece. Her two cancers have not responded to treatments, even the bold chemo approach. Radiation has worn her out. I hear in her small voice that question...(how) did I get myself into this mess?

While it was nothing Jaedyn has done, her hope is grounded in those around her. When your voice is small, and the storms are raging around you, whose name do you cry out?

We've heard that in the news for the past months. (When) a child is in distress, filled with fear, and facing the darkness of an unknown night.... cries arise to Mama.....and Papa. When the distress of the potential loss of the one you truly love....the deep, deep sobs and cries can steal away our breath. To whom do you cry? Mama, come get me. Papa come hold me, I am afraid, I am scared, I am.....alone. How did we get into this mess? Basic to the human experience in children is the fear of abandonment. Mama...Papa you wouldn't leave me....or would you?

Imagine the struggles that lie ahead for a child whose confident love in Mom or Dad is undermined by their absence. At what (cost will) therapy for this future teenager be.....whose issues with love and abandonment have burrowed deeply in their psyche and soul? I can only imagine.

Understand that Jesus was exhausted from teaching, healing, and debating. (That) is what Mark tells us. It was late in the day, the fishermen raise sail, and do what they've done for decades, every single day...they sail east. The exhausted Jesus sits in the back of the boat, and (soon)

falls asleep. It is a tender scene, isn't it. Jesus is resting in me. Jesus has found his place in my heart, my soul. I rest in him, he rests in me.

Remember, Jesus had said, "Let's go (to the) other side." Sounds simple, doesn't it. On the other side were gentiles. It was a foreign land. Jews believed God did not love those people like God loves us. Sound familiar?

What do you think the disciples talked about? (Why) do we have to go over there? Why can't we just stay here, and do what we've always done? My family wants me to come back home and help with the family business. My children ask me every day when I'm coming home again. All I can say is "soon, baby, I'm coming home soon." I won't be there, again, tonight. Why are we going over there? How did we get ourselves into this?

Jaedyn (tells me) that the night is the hardest time for her. In the darkness her thoughts are fixed on dying. What if I stop breathing? What if I can't call out? What if no one hears me? When your voice is little those can be the most fearful times.

In the darkness, the fishermen piloted the boat eastward. The wind from the north kicked up. (As the) wind grew in intensity, it's friction on the waters created waves. The wind, the (waves), the water began swamping the small boat. Can't you hear the accountant, Matthew, holding on for dear life saying to himself....how did I get myself into this mess?

When it was clear they could do nothing...they remembered.....(Jesus.) That happens doesn't it? Some believe Jesus (is our) get-out-of-jail-free card. Jesus becomes their hope...exactly like the hope of those neighbors and family friends who had been bringing their loved ones to Jesus to heal them. (Could) it be only when the disciples experienced that deep level of personal fear, that they discovered their need for a deep level of confident trust in God's presence?

Where does the Spirit of God dwell? (Deep.) In the depths of our fear; in the depths of our need; in the depths of our love...there dwells the Spirit of God. In that place the water is cold, and the water is dark....it can be frightening to go to that place within us...but, it is there that peace dwells, and it is there that calm is given. It is there that Jesus sleeps despite the storms and (offers) us.....peace.

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