

## The Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost (2020)

Holy Spirit, Light Divine: Shine upon this heart of mine;  
Chase the shades of night away; turn the darkness into day;  
Let me see my Savior's face; let me all His beauties trace;  
Show those glorious truths to me which are only known to Thee.  
Amen.

*“See that you do not despise one of these little ones. For I tell you that in heaven their angels always see the face of my Father who is in heaven.”*

In the Name of Jesus.

Wide awake this morning? Head in ‘Bible’ mode? Spirit AND flesh willing and strong enough for the Lord’s salvation today?

I beg you: don’t let your poor pastor be the only one to answer ‘Not really!’

It’s lonely for a little child, rubbing eyes and yawning, to be singled out in the august company of a whole roomful of ‘grewed-ups!’

Jesus proved it! There is no doubt: when the LORD pulled that little one into the midst of the holy apostles—‘stood him there,’ the Book say—just go out there and have some children and behold! It is adorable. The child—I guarantee it! I saw it! The child scooted up one shoulder to his cheek; then the little lamb scooted his-self up into the enfolding arms of the Good Shepherd and buried HIS FACE.

THAT is where HE...IS...SAFE!

<sup>12</sup> And Jesus entered the temple and drove out all who sold and bought in the temple, and he overturned the tables of the money-changers and the seats of those who sold pigeons. <sup>13</sup> He said to

them, “It is written, ‘My house shall be called a house of prayer,’ but you make it a den of robbers.”

<sup>14</sup> And the blind and the lame came to him in the temple, and he healed them. <sup>15</sup> But when the chief priests and the scribes saw the wonderful things that he did, and the children crying out in the temple, “Hosanna to the Son of David!” they were indignant, <sup>16</sup> and they said to him, “Do you hear what these are saying?” And Jesus said to them, “Yes; have you never read,

“ ‘Out of the mouth of infants and nursing babies  
you have prepared praise’?” <sup>1</sup>

Same week:

<sup>41</sup> Now while the Pharisees were gathered together, Jesus asked them a question, <sup>42</sup> saying, “What do you think about the Christ? Whose son is he?” They said to him, “The son of David.” <sup>43</sup> He said to them, “How is it then that David, in the Spirit, calls him Lord, saying,

<sup>44</sup> “ ‘The Lord said to my Lord,  
“Sit at my right hand,  
until I put your enemies under your feet” ’?

<sup>45</sup> If then David calls him Lord, how is he his son?” <sup>46</sup> And no one was able to answer him a word, nor from that day did anyone dare to ask him any more questions. <sup>2</sup>

Well, that shut the ‘grewed-ups’...up!

You know what this means, my dear ones. Despite ALL my detractors—inside and outside—Jesus is MY Shepherd; Jesus is MY Redeemer; He is my King; and He is My Lord. Yours too! No matter what your insides insist—or anyone outside!

YIKES! How the OUTSIDERS are warned! Part of my calling too, this warning. They---you and I!--would LOVE to have a stone—several tons in weight—noosed to their popsicle stick and

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<sup>1</sup> [The Holy Bible: English Standard Version](#). (2016). (Mt 21:12–16). Wheaton, IL: Crossway Bibles.

<sup>2</sup> [The Holy Bible: English Standard Version](#). (2016). (Mt 22:41–46). Wheaton, IL: Crossway Bibles.

tossed into the deep. INFINITELY preferable—to seeing THAT FACE—on the Dreadful Day of Judgement, coming soon...

The Face the angels do always behold.

Learn this little ditty I learned from the great Loretta Schlecht:

Lutherans do not think they are better than anyone.

But we do insist that we are better OFF than all others.

One reason? Well—I don't mention this fellow a lot. But today is perfect. My grandson, Samuel Paul: He's already the best Lutheran I know!

For when you read a book—Bible story or otherwise—Himself is ready, WITHOUT PAUSE, to...hear...THE SAME THING...word...for...word. Dasn't change a syl-LA-ble, my dear ones. Or I cannot answer for the consequences.

A Lutheran will not be  
BUDGED...FROM...THE...ACTUALL...SYL-LA-BLES OF  
THE HOLY GHOST!

The Shepherd of Tender Youth did NOT say that the angels are on guard, with their faces fixed, watching the little lambs. No, no! He say-ed: “*See that you do not despise one of these little ones. For I tell you that in heaven their angels always see the face of my Father who is in heaven.*”

The angels—THEIR angels— Angels.

I love to see how out of technology-touch I am. I can ask MY children to fix the noise box with all its dozens of remotes and wires—and where I am lost in a sandstorm, the boys can—with ONE hand, mind you; and never taking the OTHER HAND off of their central gizmo, doing this and that—whip what I cannot handle into shape.

E...V....E....R...Y angel of the Lord can scoop up every last weapon we punies have aimed at each other's heads—hydrogen, nuclear, eyeballs, tongues, fingers, social media—and without stopping 'Doodle-jump' with their other hand, ANY ANGEL has the power to snuff out all our rage like a birthday candle.

And them angels—are glued to the Face, of the Father.

Father sees His children; and He smiles—so says the Shepherd they spat on and crowned with thorns and tortured until He screamed and died—

Christ has GAINED for us That Father, That Face—

A Holy God—Who's done given up his Holiness; if Holiness is 'uppity-ness.'

And now—He acts like us sinful fathers—bearing with the sins of our children, giving them the breaks, and joyful just because they are OURS.

A parent NOT doomed to be chained to the bottom of the ocean loves his children—NOT because they are GOOD all the time. He sticks with them: because they are HIS.

Christ has made YOU—His! His Father's child—as much—NOPE!—Y...O...U! YOUUUUUU....RRRRRRR.....MORE a child of the Unseen Father! MORE—INCALCULABLY MOREEEEE... than the Eternal Son of God is God's Child!

Because I SEE IT! And I SAY SO!

HE was forsaken!

YOU—oh, your poor pastor, weak angel, has my eyes glued to your Father's Face—

YOU...CANNOT...BE...FORSAKEN!

Not after Calvary.

And not after Easter.

And not after your Baptism at His authority.

And not after I—

C'mon, the Father has a heart for me too! Tell me I got my Halloween costume right!

Y'all know what a social moron your poor pastor is.

20 some years ago now. I run down the street to one of the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. Ray and Linda, two of her many guardian angels. And filled with Disney cartoons—little Zabitha appears at Halloween: dressed in white, with black spots all over her, and black, floppy ears, smiling away!

'Pastor! Guess what I am!'

I come from Wisconsin. So I smiled and got ready to make her day! 'Oh, my dear Zabitha! You're a COW!'

‘Dalmatian.’ The answer we were looking for is ‘Dalmatian.’ I’m still apologizing for that, decades later. (Tell Zabby I know she was a Dalmation, plz)

And plz tell your poor pastor that I got MY costume right!

Angel! Right? White! Holy Trinity symbols all over! The cross dead center!

And I see His Face now—and I have one thing to declare: I wipe your sins clean; I—right here! Social doofus and tubby and sinful with a willing spirit and weak, weak flesh—I...YOUR PASTOR...I ... DAB OFF...ALL YOUR INIQUITIES

I COVER them up!

And blessed is the man whose transgressions the Lord does not hold against him!

That...is...you!

The Lord’s Supper, my dear ones, is for growed-ups; bad ones; to be warned.

Seek Christ’s pardon for what you’ve done this week. Dropping patience, forbearance, long-suffering, charity—how fast? Because—what?

‘You’re acting like a child!’

‘When are you gonna grow up?!’

‘When are you gonna start taking responsibility....?’

To crawl along in this world, some of that chastening hasta go on, my dear ones. But where's the line? Between tough love and helping; and the little ones' angels faces turning to rage because the Father has had ENOUGH of His children being ABUSED?!

Your poor minister doesn't really know why else we gather, ever; other than to eat and drink His Body and His Blood, with the bread and the wine—to turn again, become little, and gain, again, the Father's beaming Face in the Name of Jesus.