

The Day of Pentecost
Year of the Lord 2019
John 14

**“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!”**

John 14:23–31 *Jesus answered him, “If anyone loves me, he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him and make our home with him. Whoever does not love me does not keep my words. And the word that you hear is not mine but the Father’s who sent me.*

“These things I have spoken to you while I am still with you. But the Helper, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things and bring to your remembrance all that I have said to you. Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. Not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid. You heard me say to you, ‘I am going away, and I will come to you.’ If you loved me, you would have rejoiced, because I am going to the Father, for the Father is greater than I. And now I have told you before it takes place, so that when it does take place you may believe. I will no longer talk much with you, for the ruler of this world is coming. He has no claim on me, but I do as the Father has commanded me, so that the world may know that I love the Father. Rise, let us go from here.

In the Name of Jesus:

This is Peace with our Father: ‘Rise, let us go from here!’ HIS Words on OUR Day of Resurrection; and the Word you and I have heard and received when and where God The Holy Spirit was pleased to get us out of HERE already, to raise us from all THIS. ‘Rise; let us go from here.’ Ay-men!

For OUR Ruler has no place HERE, NOW; His Kingdom is not OF this here. Admit, beloved, that that scares you. The YOU that is still YOU that has not, CAN NOT be born from above. There is a man at war with heaven inside each of us. And when he is not sinning with abandon, he is trying to arrest and molest Heaven;

clambering into It upon his little blocks and glue, towering cities and ladders and steps. Doctor Luther teaches the Church that the ladder is three-sided: Look at ME! Watch what I DO! Hear what I know and have MASTERED! Be STRUCK by the ME that is ME, that YOU should hope to be one day. Hands, head, heart; works, knowledge, feelings. The things that make a mockery of PEACE in this place, for now.

‘Not as the world gives—I truly DO what the world and its ruler CANNOT do with PEACE: give it! But, Jesus says, I, your Christ and King and Ruler and Brother and Son of God just like you: it’s ALL...I...KNOW, all I do, all that’s in my heart: to give to those who can only be given to! ME! PEACE! With heaven for certain; and now, let’s turn to other poor sinners!’

I failed with your bulletin cover today. Did not look too closely at the drarwring! Luther teaches the Church that the artists almost always get Pentecost all wrong! The flame, the TONGUE—tongue...goes...in...MOUTH! The apostles, the BIBLE sez!, heard a mighty wind from the SKY. So, Luther: the apostles are looking UP! Where their Lord had ascended. And the tongues that are flames and fire landed on them where tongues belong: their mouths. So they spoke; then, He wrote it down.

But influenced by Antichrist and the ruler of this world, the artists insist on making the MAN the object of inspiration and deification. Flame above, halo, glow; and we’re on the road to hand, head, heart, works, knowledge, boasts.

My dear friends: HIS words are like that white line painted all along the road—so that you know you are not YET in the ditch!, even if you cannot see much else!—the Lord holds us close in love, the Father’s love—which is all Jesus does, all He knows, all that is in His heart:

‘All the LOVE that I am looking for, aimed FROM Y’ALL...AT ME...is that you hear what I say, and as you gain GOD in eating MY flesh and blood, trusting my incarnation among you, so you gain the Father’s very Own Spirit, as you, as children, ignore the

things that can only bother grownups: works, knowledge, boasts. You just worry about keeping MY words!’

Put on the spot by a seminary professor, I made a good confession one day. Pushed—as he was pushed, as all pastors are pushed by people to turn the Lord’s Kingdom, Church, into a mockery, into a this-world kingdom—pushed, I replied, ‘Look! This is not MY Church! I just WORK here! Take it up with the OWNERS!’

He’s a strange duck; so his response was, ‘Glor-i-ous!’

I think that’s some sort of British-ism for: ‘Just like a child!’

One of the greatest in the kingdom of heaven—one of my god-daughters here!—was talking with another great one in that high and awe-full place where the rest of us are not allowed: kindergarten. And the great one, blithely, naturally, with Old Eve in her tamed until she starts to do, know, erupt in feelings—pray for her!—

She was explaining to another great one on that Mountain Top, what it is to be baptized and a child of God. God forgive me for any incorrect words; I heard it second-hand.

‘Oh, you just go up front, pastor pours water on you, and then you’re forgiven and a child of God! (Can I have that blue crayon? Thanks!) Oh—and even though pastor is pouring water on your head—it looks like water, but it’s really God and His Word!’

Now I know what I HAVE been baptized for, and kept from the flames for! I’ve been wondering why me? To live each second that my god-daughter keeps that word, those words, that God, that faithfulness; despite the hordes out there who will certainly come along with: ‘Now, now; that’s all cute and everything; but what you should REALLY be worried about is how YOU take over now, ride God’s Spirit like a wave, and wow the crowds!’

On the way to Church this morning, Drew Brees told me that the way for me to start every morning is with a Smoothie King drink. Never had one! But I know Drew means me well; he put up a huge billboard to tell me! Maybe he's on to something.

A happy reminder, though, of what Doctor Luther taught the Church: for the Holy Spirit could do NOTHING ELSE than GIVE to Luther, he was such a poor, miserable sinner. Left to ourselves, the day MUST devolve in OUR majestic-a-bility: head, heart, hands. The tools of the ruler of this world, to keep us blind and deaf and anxious and dead.

How to start the day? END it too?! In the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit! THERE'S a King! What King? I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth. And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord...

And the day MAY—when and where it please the Lord and Giver of Life—this day MAY turn from death to life, from boasting to coloring, from us, TO HIM!!!!!!

Blithely, half-concentrating, nothing-but-given-to:

‘Well, I can put smoothies and cereal and donuts inside of me to get going today; but GOD has already been poured into me, the Spirit of the Father's Son! It looked like water; but it was really God and His Things, My Father in heaven and His Words.’

E...V...E...N....Peter was brought back to kindergarten and schooled that day: Pentecost! When the drunkards of this world condemned the apostles of drunkenness—takes one to know one!—Peter did NOT put on his high-and-mighty hat: ‘How DARE YOU! We is talking fer Gawd!’

Instead, Peter spoke as a baptized child of God, with a tongue in his mouth that is the fire of God's love for us—Christ Crucified, Risen, Ascended, PRESENT!—

And Peter spoke as a Lutheran; as my god-daughter; Peter, pretending to be such a great one. 'Drunk? But fellas! It's not even NOON!'

A great one is going to share hurt feelings with you, soon!; something he knows that hurts, something you have done that hurts. And YOU...are...BAPTIZED! The Spirit of Jesus and His Love makes His HOME with you!

Follow the white line on the side of the road! You are NOT in the ditch yet, if you hear what hurt comes from YOU, and you can respond as a child of God. NOT: but I do THIS, I know THIS, MY FEELINGS have also been bruised.

But rather, 'It is finished! My peace I give to you; my peace I leave with you. Behold the Lamb of God that takes away the sin of the world.'

'Have I hurt you? Pardon me. Maybe I'm striking back at YOUR hurt. I pardon you too!'

Will it CHANGE the next man? Improve his deeds, knowledge, breath? Maybe.

But you'll have forgiven him. Then you can ask him to share his crayons, and see how the day goes. That's the way the Holy Spirit does His wonders. I've seen them in the Name of Jesus.