

## The Twenty-fourth 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.

**Matthew 25:14–30 ‘So take the talent from him and give it to him who has the ten talents. For to everyone who has will more be given, and he will have an abundance. But from the one who has not, even what he has will be taken away. And cast the worthless servant into the outer darkness. In that place there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.’**

In the Name of Jesus.

All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me. To ME, your pastor: selected from all eternity to remove from y'all all doubt and anxiety and its attendant sin. Jesus shares this authority—but He done gave it away, even to me. You too! ALL disciples have been given this authority. HE has been given the only authority that means anything in heaven and on earth. So, so have you and so have I.

So, let's rule!

I guarantee you, my dear disciples, that since you have been washed in the Name of the Blessed Holy Trinity and you have been taught to obey the commands of The King of the Mountain Who is NOT Moses:

When Jesus says the Kingdom of heaven will be like this dreadful story of those who look forward to the master's return and the one who does not, this IS NOT a story to bring BACK to y'all your sin and then anxiety and DOUBT! 'Oh, pastor! Am I a good servant or a wicked one?!'

You are a FORGIVEN servant of God! Your pastor—who has been GIVEN all authority in heaven and on earth—spoke away all what and where this week you got going on your OWN schemes rather than the scheme of Heaven; and those most dreadful times when you brought up to everyone who must suffer your reports the sins of your fellow man: causing doubt and anxiety and more and more sin.

This is no joke. My word is not just words blowing and honking like the circus-masters and carnival barkers of religion this world REEKS of!

When I pardon you, Sunday by Sunday, that means you're in need of pardon and are truly set ABOVE HEAVEN NOW!

Ignore all the ebullient preachers, the boisterous and charming and flattering and greasy and breathless evangelists who have no breath left in them to pardon, EVER!

ALL they have breath for is religious rules and laws. They even PRETEND to take the side of Moses. Whereas MOSES needs no helps: He condemns and kills without discrimination.

And SINCE all authority in heaven and earth has been given to me, this man, Paul, your minister, I PLEDGE to you in the NAME of the Unbreakable One: this story is MOST aimed at comfort, for you; me too; and all the little ones who expect Christ and beg for His reappearing.

Praise be to Our Holy Spirit for this comfort, as we EXPECT and are STUDING with ZEAL the Second Advent of our King!

For there ARE those like the calculating servant; and such a man IS busy in this world, makes a lot of noise, what with

all HIS inside knowledge of his UNSEEN master and his ways and schemes.

And the sick who are healed and mended wonder why everyone does not feel better and look forward to this good physician all what we are made of.

And the sinner who has a slave in white who dabs away the few sins we'll admit to, ALONG WITH the mountain of shame we dream we hide well from God and man—

‘WHY is the final word on just about every religious loudmouth oriented TOWARD...THE...LAW?! Instead of toward the sure word and place of pardon and peace?’

I pledge you today in the Name of your King Jesus, Who was crucified, died and was buried to be THIS kind of Master and King and Authority-hander-outer:

If you've been pardoned five loads—no doubt five loads of pardon have come from you and will come from you and THAT is what pleases your Master! And it's optimism all around for you, and for those who breathe your air. The Master is just over the horizon; that's the ONLY certainty! Unlike whether or not the sun will rise in the East or set

t'other way.

And if you've been raised in a peculiar way in this world, and you behave a tiny bit, and you need only two loads of pardon: that's good too! The One Who dishes out the currency of life dishes out as He wills it. Still, two loads of pardon pouring out is good stuff.

The story goes all weepy and teeth-grinding when a man is SO 'NOT-IN-NEED' of what HE considers God's puny gift, that NOTHING comes of it. The King was crowned with thorns to Rule ALL those whom guilt and fingers can point out and pin down! But there will be at least ONE MAN—the Lord CALLS him a servant; yes, and wicked and dead-useless!

There is at least one servant through whom the Master gains NO increase. At least one.

This one, right here, standing where I'm standing, is trying not to be that one man; at least today. It's formal, even formulaic: our Baptismal Name, Holy Absolution, leading the Creed recitation; heading to the laying out today's agenda for our Father in heaven, and eating and drinking Christ's Body and Blood, the currency of the Kingdom. And off you go in peace.

It seems this is the way the Holy Spirit can save men like me; relying not a BIT on MY currency, talents, the magic elixir that is ME! Man, I had all the wrong mentors at the seminary, didn't I?!

You too. All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to you! Your natural gifts and created-ness may do some good in this world. Use your charm, your sharpness, your pennies, to try to do some good. All the servants in the story used them, no doubt. But the dead-useless, wicked servant: that's all he had. 'Look at ME!'

Enrich those who hate you.

Promote those who curse you.

Unburden those who persecute you.

Improve the reputation of those who say wicked, false things about you.

How, pastor? How?

It all begins and ends and lives and thrives  
FROM...HIS...GIFTS! NOT yours, mine, the next poor  
man's abilities.

Throw all that's YOU into all that's HIM—and you and I  
will look forward to the final word, the Last Day, when  
Christ appears and then dissolves away all doubt and  
anxiety with the sin that causes it.

My dear ones, I urge you to chew on this wonderful quote  
of a Lutheran giant who actually knows the theology of  
Doctor Martin Luther. I keep chewing and chewing.  
Everlasting gobstopper this one!

‘The history of the world is NOT the judgment of the  
world. The END of the world is. Until then, the wicked  
are mixed in with the good. And they will be separated; but  
only as Christ can separate them.’

No word, no election, no news report, no boast, no pretense  
of holiness and no swaggering sinner bold and resigned to  
be wicked—NONE of those things are the judgement. Our  
Master will judge and separate, reward and punish, when  
He appears. He appears soon!

So there's no need to stop instructing our dear Father in heaven, daily and much. 'You can learn this, dear Father! Watch me suffer real injury; and watch me fight and weep and try with little heart and then meditate on your Son and what HE'S like! And then, you will have no trouble rewarding me with forgiveness now and forever, one, two, five, ten, and MORE in the Name of Jesus.'