

PENTECOST 4 (2021)

Mark 4

Mark 4:35–41 On that day, when evening had come, [Jesus] said to them, “Let us go across to the other side.” And leaving the crowd, they took him with them in the boat, just as he was. And other boats were with him. *And a great windstorm arose, and the waves were breaking into the boat, so that the boat was already filling. But he was in the stern, asleep on the cushion. And they woke him and said to him, “Teacher, do you not care that we are perishing?”* And he awoke and rebuked the wind and said to the sea, “Peace! Be still!” And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. He said to them, “Why are you so afraid? Have you still no faith?” And they were filled with great fear and said to one another, “Who then is this, that even wind and sea obey him?”

In the Name of Jesus.

Jesus questions whether His disciples “have” any faith. What is beyond question is what they **do** have: “And leaving the crowd, they took him with them in the boat, just as he was.” Oh! My dear ones! Not **only** do they “have” Jesus—“just as he was.” I don’t know what **that** is, “just as He was.” But I know what **this** means: *“he was in the stern, asleep on the cushion.”*

When Real God sleeps through **our** lack of faith, it’s time to worship Him, to thank Him.

(I am still convinced that Jesus naps at the right hand of the Father. He likes naps, it seems. I **get** this Jesus.)

We can disagree about whether or not God takes a

nap; Real God: Christ in our flesh. But only the fool disagrees with the sketch, in the Gospel lesson today, of a disciples of Real God. Fear while Jesus slept; *more* fear when He woke up!

First fear: ‘God...don’...care.....about.....me?’

Second fear: ‘Who does this man think He is?!’

My dear ones: *Wutttttttt*.....did the disciples ‘wannntttt’.....Jesus to do; when they woke Him. Nice wake-up call that was, weren’t it?! ‘Wake up! You’re never there when *we* need you!’

Slow down with your slow-learner pastor. (Only took me two tries to gradgimate kindy-garden.)

They woke Him. He ‘rebuked’ the wind; talked to the lake. The storm stopped. And they freaked out!

Yes.

They wanted Him to bail water. For, ‘The boat was already filling.’ *That* Jesus—yes.....--*That* God would suit them. The God of water-bailing. Maybe He could throw His muscular carpenter arms to an oar? Fiddle with the sails? Ah! That’s a Jesus *with us,* *alongside us,* *like us?*

But a Real-live man Who blows out the windstorm and flattens waves? *Not* what we are looking for.

You and I—and many more—are going to be just fine on the Last Day, coming soon.

Real God chided Job, we heard today. What was it?

“...who shut in the sea with doors when it burst out from the womb, when I made clouds its garment and thick darkness its swaddling band, and prescribed limits for it and set bars and doors, and said, ‘Thus far shall you come, and no farther, and here shall your proud waves be stayed’?”

Dja catch that? ‘Womb; baby-wrap; swaddle.’ And then, ‘Run around, dear child. But here’s what you may *not* do. Don’t cross that line.’

In all the make-believe religions we make up daily and much, we cut and paste gods who need to roll up their sleeves and do what we do with us, just with more juice. Plenty of religious arenas and places of healing before Jesus and ‘til today where gods—even Jesuses!—are ‘on tap’ to take care of what we want, when we want. If only He will take care of what really matters. Idols we *must* have. And scary things that threaten our way of life; our life.

The Lord tells Job: ‘The sea is not my enemy to be conquered; nor any kind of opposing power. The sea is my baby! I’n’t he cute?!

The Lord told the Sea of Galilee: ‘Now, yer getting’ a little excited. Calm down. Don’t break anything. Oh! He’s *so* full of energy, God love ‘im!’

What Real God, Real Man-Jesus, Jesus the Nap-lover—what He is **not** chummy with, Saint Mark recorded. Bear with me, my dear ones. Three short verses from this Gospel.

Mark 3:6

⁶The Pharisees went out and immediately held counsel with the Herodians against him, how to destroy him.

Mark 8:15

¹⁵And he cautioned them, saying, “Watch out; beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and the leaven of Herod.”

Mark 12:13

¹³And they sent to him some of the Pharisees and some of the Herodians, to trap him in his talk.¹

E...V...E...R...Y.... other day—every other day lacking Jesus Christ the Son of God mucking up the works—the Pharisees and the Herodians could not stand the **sight** of each other. The Pharisees were good men and all for a good society. A more sensible group of Jews—those who won all the elections—wet their finger and found the direction of the breeze and were swept along. ‘Herod is in power? I **love** Herod!’

What reconciled these two groups? The church-going Bible believers and the Hollywood-Washington, D.C. gang? ‘Jesus; just as He was.’

My dear ones: Jesus is not worried one bit about how much or how little money you have. He’s **on** it, whatever that means. But what killed Him was that you and I need a single penny. And we do.

¹ [*The Holy Bible: English Standard Version*](#). (2016). (Mk 3:6–12:13). Wheaton, IL: Crossway Bibles.

Real God does not waste his time fretting over the nothings who dream they can get one past Him. Be they in the Supreme Court, in the Rainbow House, or piling up endless laws: none of which *they* need to keep.

Those people irrigate your poor pastor's sense of fair play. And that is why your poor pastor was drowned at a couple weeks old: in the eyes of Real God and Just-Jesus and My Holy Spirit. So that as long as He spares me and leaves me hear, He can look past all my whining and telling Him, 'Why don't you care about me?!'

You, dear child of God, are *all* that He cares about. That's why He let the best and the worst collude and hurry Him to the cross and laugh at Him until He died. Praise the Lord. *That* is the best they could do; the worst they could do. 'You think *this* man holds any sway?'

When we are honest—meaning....when we approach the Table of our Lord, the Lord calls on us to drop all our fearing, and admit that *we* agree with the Pharisees and the Herodians: 'No. Like you, I don't have it in me to trust that Pastor Tubby-Boy up there is handing me God on a plate, God in a cup, at Peace with me and the whole world.'

Go ahead and admit your frustration with your 'napping-God' who does not do battle with the powerless as we want Him to.

Because He doesn't care about *their* schemes. He only cares about *His.* He only care about you.

So much so, that He'll even let you and me suffer storms—even go under!—and it doesn't bother His dreams. We must be real idolators, nicht wahr?

Why else would Real God make Real Peace between Him and you, through the words of man like your poor pastor? The man who knows God least? 'Who does this guy think he is?!'

Or, worse. Why else would Real God make the foundation of your faith a man who can soothe terrible-two tsunami in a tantrum, when the guests start to complain about His little fella, full of energy. But He **will not** do anything to improve those who run this dying world, the best and the worst, the Pharisees and the Herodians.

Every day Real God can ask us, 'Have you not yet faith?' And every day now, the baptized can reply, 'We have the Son of God.' Peace! Be still! In the Name of Jesus.