

The Sixth Sunday after Pentecost (2017)

Matthew 13 “⁸ Other seeds fell on good soil and produced grain, some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty. ⁹ He who has ears, let him hear.”¹

So it's EARS the Teacher is looking for! Just like sins! Happy Day! We have both! In the Name of Jesus:

Ears for “The Word of the Kingdom of Heaven.” For “God’s authorized message to us, delivered from Heaven’s Kingdom, and Her King.” That’s the Sower’s Seed.

The Say-So—NOT JUST a communication or report—but the very blood-soaked PLEDGE...BY...WHICH our lowly-saving Master instructs us—and thus makes good things happen, makes all sorts of life sprout and grow—ha-ha!—DESPITE OURSELVES; and despite all the other, less dangerous foes: enemies, temptation, devils, popes, relatives; even pastors. My dear old friend,

¹ [The Holy Bible: English Standard Version](#). (2016). (Mt 13:8–10). Wheaton: Standard Bible Society.

Robert Betz, loved to grow roses. And he showed his pastor and buddy the awful things he'd plant the roses in and squish into the rose bed to make them so beautiful. So I learned the Gospel from Bob!

OURSELVES! For WE are what, in the LAW's final Judgment, gets in the way of The King's Oath—praisetheLord!

For NOWWW—The One Whose Thoughts are not our thoughts, Whose Ways are not our ways—swears on oath that HE is ONE of us; but utterly NOT...ONE...OF...US!

Thus, the Cross! God is US, but NOT US; and He guarantees that we are His Children, as if we are JUST LIKE HIM, though we are not at all like Him! The Cross: in short, our Baptism at His hands. But no! Even better! Not at HIS HANDS, which might cause quite a scene! How many would want to squeeze into THAT PICTURE?! 'Look at me 'n Jesus!'

No, to SALVAGE US: He baptizes us at the

hands of Peter the denier and all the others who ran away when most needed; or worse, he absolves us, baptizes us, teaches us, feeds us, through the hands of yours truly. ‘WHO authorized THIS FELLA to wrap the Kingdom of Heaven around our bawling little rebels against God?!’

Who? GOD, my dear ones! God-now-One-of-us; but Who PLEDGES that He...will...NOT be like us; not for a moment!

Great good! The Word of Jesus; of His Spirit. For moment-BY-moment, DANGER, the doubt and unbelief and fear: is the Word being snatched away, throttled, scorched? Or will it FINALLY take root? Will it—at last!—bear fruit? Even in me?!

Praise the Lord! For from the LORD’S point of view, He is SATURATING the earth with His Assurance, Heaven’s Declaration that is Mary’s Boy, Jesus; just as the snow and the rain soak the earth. Now risen and ascended, the Lord is not fretting—and forbids US to fret, instead of praying! He is utterly COMPOSED about you and me, about the grain that comes from That Word, from Him; and so,

from His Church!

So much so, that the apostle of the Gospel— Paul—declares us FREE from the debt of the Law and all that explaining, and excusing and answering for ourselves; and INDICTS us, the baptized, as thoroughly IN DEBT to THAT Message, That Spirit, Holy, Unlike what WE are wired for!

So as the Eternal Hand-Selected Holy Ghost filled agent of YOUR HEAVEN—the God and Heaven Who is all and ONLY wrapped up in YOU—I smile at you and FORBID YOU, ever again, to derail LIFE into explaining yourself to Highest Heaven or to the inmates of the Pit—and so, NEVER AGAIN to quake about positioning yourself favorably in regard to any man; or woman; or child; or menace.

My doctor's new medications are quite limiting. Another feebleness with which our Old Adams today must bear. Ha-ha!

So I cannot be simpler or plainer than I have

been.

This sower and seed and different soils parable and interpretation is certainly NOT about YOU and YOUR RECEPTIVITY, YOUR orientation to the Bible, to Jesus, to Church, to anything!

Such possibilities arise only for the sinless and the earless; for those with busy hands and mouths and smart brains and rushing feet; for those who hear these words and then look to see what—this time—this one, this Gee-Zuss is looking for FROM US; and whether or not it's worth chipping in our little bit, just to make sure.

But for you, the disciples, whose living the Forgiving Lord guarantees with His Body and His Blood—for you, He tells such a happy story, assuring you that God's orientation toward you is in HIS hands, so weak they could be pierced; still so weak, that His Spirit searched and searched until He turned up the turnip before you. THAT sure, dearly beloved; as if the ONLY thing you look to have going for you is that lowly word.

What joy, His accounting of the yield! 30? 60? 100? Prime of life? Full life? Old as Art life? Or, the DESCENDING amounts! That's the way of the Gospel!

A hundred-fold, wow! Or sixty fold, sort of on half-steam, but pleasing still to heaven. Or since these people lived on a lunar calendar, thirty days each month: 'Surely, at least ONE TIME this day, each day, there is time and place to praise Heaven for becoming Man, and to assure the next man and Heaven is for HIM!'

Again, all HIS accounting, He promises. And so, His yield. So all that matters is that we are HIS. And what is our guarantee of that?

The sower takes no heed of where the seed is scattered! So, if The Gospel is IN THAT WAY sent and meant with no lament—then why...not...me?!

Why not me, indeed? Or you? Or the next poor man, woman, child, menace; who only has going against him what we all do: the poor condition of our

soil, and the cares of life and the devils and preachers who uproot the peace of heaven on earth from us, and leave us to what we are, by nature, and anxiously look for something we cannot give, other than more anxiety.

Doctor Luther called the ‘ear’ the ‘most fitting organ of faith.’ Isaiah calls out to us with the Gospel, to ‘stretch out’ our ears! (I’ve been trying all week to stretch out my ear!)

Rejoice! The ear can ONLY receive; and that’s the perfect place for the Gospel, the Message of the Kingdom.

When men can only accuse and pin you down and demand explanations from you—the Word of the Kingdom ORDERS YOU—ha! The Gospel ‘Commands you’—soak THAT in! COMMANDS YOU--: to close your ears. And when THAT is all that YOU can do to others, demand from others: ‘EXPLAIN YOURSELF, NOW, AND ENDLESSLY!’—it’s the Kingdom that permits those men to close their ears to you.

The sower does not sow soil; does not sow seed to make more SOIL, better SOIL. He sows seed, which grows in the most beat-up, loose and malodorous of places. ‘I have not come to call firm packed, well-traveled, profitable people; but those you can’t ever seem to get ANYTHING FROM...!’

THIRSTY ground soaks up the saturating snow and rain, the meek are blessed, the hungry are fed, the mourning are comforted, and the dead can ONLY be RAISED to: Life—

As long as YOU have ears: the Seed and the Sower, Good News and Good Man are for you! So says the least likely man you could find to guarantee it! MORE Good News!

Forget your lowly pastor’s part. Yours too, my dear ones! The most humble King of Heaven saturates you too, with His gifts, His Word, His Gentle Spirit, His Body and His Blood: His Seed. Which can be YOUR happy part to sow too!

Where?

Where NOT?! Meaning: everywhere there are ears in the Name of Jesus!