

November 1, 2020

“Our Inheritance”
Sermon by Rev. Susan Drake

Scripture Reading:

Colossians 1: 9-14

9 For this reason, since the day we heard it, we have not ceased praying for you and asking that you may be filled with the knowledge of God's[d] will in all spiritual wisdom and understanding, 10 so that you may lead lives worthy of the Lord, fully pleasing to him, as you bear fruit in every good work and as you grow in the knowledge of God. 11 May you be made strong with all the strength that comes from his glorious power, and may you be prepared to endure everything with patience, while joyfully 12 giving thanks to the Father, who has enabled[e] you[f] to share in the inheritance of the saints in the light. 13 He has rescued us from the power of darkness and transferred us into the kingdom of his beloved Son, 14 in whom we have redemption, the forgiveness of sins.

SERMON: “Our Inheritance”

The Christian tradition of celebrating those that have gone before us on this day dates back to the 5th century but having a day set aside to remember our ancestors spans across many different cultures and religions and is as old as the dawn of time.

Many think that Old Hallow's Eve, which actually means the “evening of the saints” has roots in old Celtic and Gaelic traditions. Many of you have heard of the “Day of the Dead” in Mexico and in Japan they believe our ancestors protect us, so they set out food for them and invite them in.

What I like about this day is that for many the hardest part of the loss of a loved one has softened slightly and you are able to see clearly with your heart how someone truly shaped your life.

I have here before me objects of people that have meant something to me, you could come in my home and steal all my electronics and my car but they aren't my treasure. These are my treasures because they remind me of the people I have loved. My grandmother Momma Fern's sweater with just the slightest hint of emeraude still lingering on it.

My great uncle's favorite coffee mug that brings back memories of early morning fishing trips and playing games late into the evening. A sheep from a professor who taught me that the heart of ministry is feeding God's sheep.

This Christmas Cactus was made from a cutting of my grandmother Hazel/s that I got last time I saw her almost thirty years ago. Julie's Mom's Bilek, and a bottle from her Paw Paws dairy. My Great Grand daddy's spittoon, or chamber part, Mom wasn't real clear on that when she passed it on to me, and so forth. But my true inheritance from each of them is the love that they gave to me, values they instilled in me, faith they passed on to me. My resilience is theirs, my strength is theirs, my humor, my love of music and flowers and sunrises. All came from my parents and my saints.

In the week ahead for sure, and in the months ahead. May you all gather in your saints. Remember what they endured, remember their love, remember their kindness, strength and faith and draw on it, for it is your own. Your inheritance. AMEN

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