## Twelfth Sunday After Pentecost

## Wicker Park Lutheran Church

#### Rev. Kwame Pitts

## August 12, 2018

The sounds from the jail cells of the Wilmington Ten

Are echoes of a massacre keeping Black freedom locked in

The sounds of struggle you hear that are filling your world today

Are echoes of the voices your fathers killed and smothered away

You can steal my tongue

I dare you to try to hush my song

My screams of freedom will flood the air

Of your children - centuries unborn

# Good morning,

I bring you greetings

From your fellow sisters, brothers and siblings in Christ

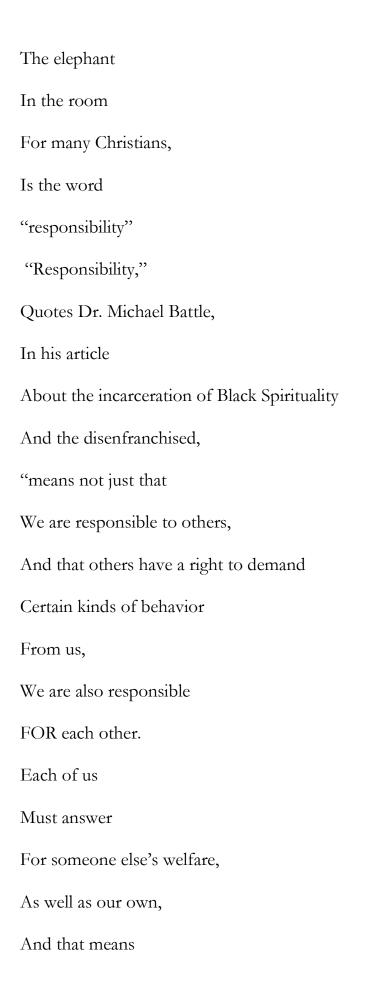
Of Body and Soul UChicago Campus Ministry,

At Augustana Lutheran Church,

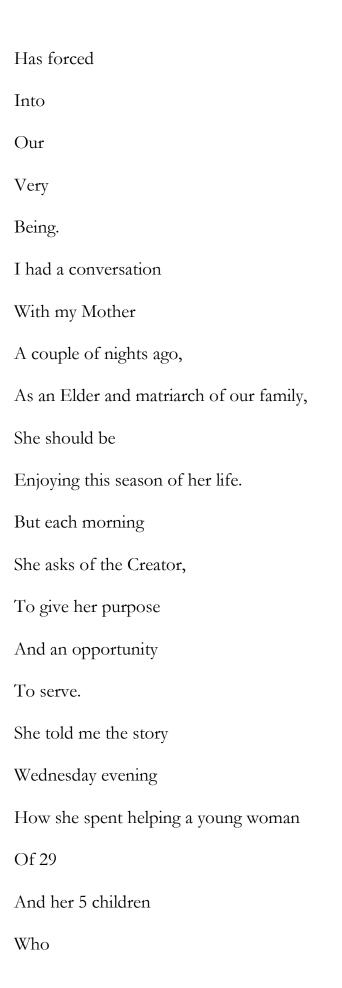
Where we are committed

To living out our faith,

Through concrete action, Because who are we to tell someone, that they should just pound the pavement until they find a job, when we know that the system is corrupted and instead, we give of ourselves not only through sacred worship but the sharing of sacred food, that should always come without price, and cost. We can spout Scripture, Twisting it to judge people, Based on our understanding And definition Of morality. But we rarely, Live it out.



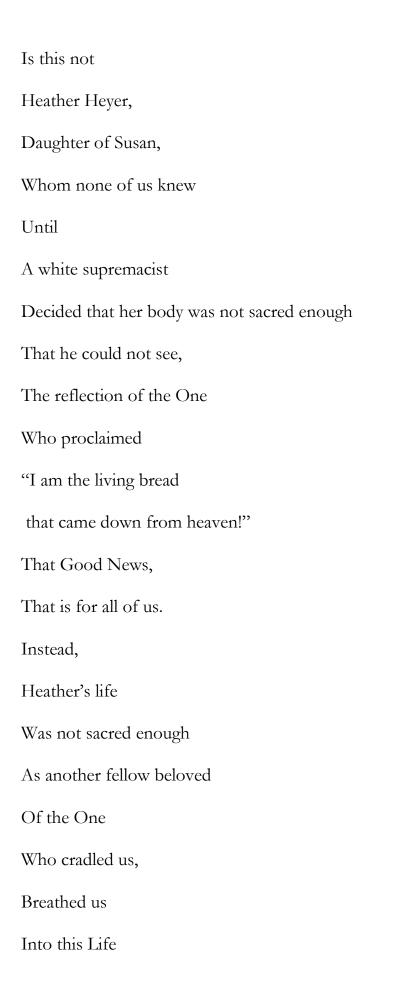
That someone else
Must answer for us,
Whose concern
Is
Our
Welfare."
We,
As Christians
In this American context
Have done a poor job
With hearing the WORD
And allowing that WORD
To feed us
Allowing that WORD
To nurture those seeds
That the Creator planted
Within us
Allowing the WORD
To heal us
When we stumble back,
When we stumble back, Reeling from the poison

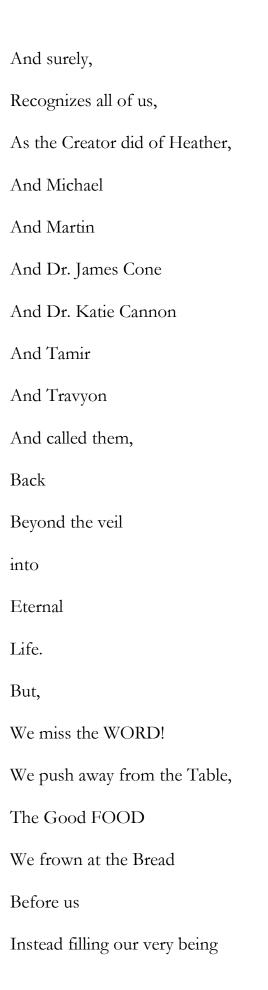


Were homeless.
My mother lives in South Holland, IL
It is the place I first served after I was ordained
It is also the place I became even more disillusioned
With those who identify,
But do not walk
Or follow
The Risen One,
Jesus Christ.
In this entire suburb,
With more churches
Per square foot,
None of them
Were open,
None of them
Were willing
None of them,
Answered my mother's call
For assistance.
The local police,
Disregarded
This young mother,

Disregarded perhaps, The WORD that I would hope Was being preached and taught In those holier than thou churches That I knew, Many of these public servants Were "members" "So then, putting away falsehood, let all of us speak the truth to our neighbors, for we are members of one another" But apparently, These teachings, These words here, Hold no weight For police officers Who only saw Michael Brown's skin And decided That he was a threat That merely needed to be

Eliminated
These people
Watching the anguish of a city
Pointing and judging a community
Saying
"Are these not the same
POOR
PEOPLE.
The children of
Ferguson,
Because we never bothered to build relationships
With their mothers
And fathers
And we know,
Won't amount
To anything.
Why are they
Protesting?
Why are they
Resisting?
Why are they
Reacting?





With other things. That never satisfy our cravings And can we talk about the shade Jesus throws here? "Your ancestors ate the manna in the wilderness, and they died" Like Jesus gets real. This physical food, That we think can cure all Cannot. This human made power, That we think can fulfill our every wish Cannnot. These status symbols, This selfish way of living That we think can make our lives great again, CANNOT. Especially, When we're not even living According to what Jesus Christ had been teaching the people, His disciples Those non believers-

Who did not want to believe in Jesus Because His way, God's Word, The Spirit feeding us Makes us Uncomfortable Because then, We live our lives For others, And not just For ourselves When we refuse, this life giving food, that Jesus gives of Himself and feeds us "and the bread that I will give for the life of the world is my flesh." "Let no evil talk come out of your mouths, but only what is useful for building up,

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as there is need,
so that your words
may give grace
to those who hear."
Who needs to hear,
From you
Who needs to be fed
With the food you carry,
Which comes from the seeds
Planted within,
How will we remember,
Repent
And
Repair
What will we commit to?
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