

FIRST SUNDAY IN EASTER
PASTOR JULIE MCCAIN

PSALM 40:9-10;

The Great Commission – a la Dr. Seuss!

FIRST LUTHERAN, MARSHALL

PASTOR SCOTT FULLER

MATTHEW 28:16-20



Dear friends in Christ: Grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Prepare our hearts, Lord, to receive your Word. Silence in us any voice but your own that in hearing we may believe and in believing we may obey your will revealed to us in Jesus Christ. Amen.

Our thanks to three sources who inspired this work:

-Holy Hears a Who - Matt Tullos <http://www.sermonspice.com/product/37668/holy-hears-a-who>

-Dr. Seuss Gospel Reading - Ryan Marsh <http://belovedschurch.org/2008/11/18/dr-seuss-gospel-reading/>

One day I was walking, when I heard someone talking.
The voice was so slight – It was quiet as light.
I looked up and looked down, and all over the ground
But though looking around, no one could be found!

So then...I just listened...

I listened and listened and listened some more,
I listened until my listeners were sore.
And while I was listening it came to my brain
About folks in the bible who listened the same.

Moses, you know, heard God speak from a bush,
A bush that was burning without causing a WHOOSH!
10 plagues the Lord sent down on old Pharaoh's head,
But God's people were freed – they were all Moses-led.

You heard that Elijah hid out in a cave –
He was scared and angry and not very brave.
The priests of a false god he thoroughly beat,
But his fear made him beat a most hasty retreat.

He felt an earthquake, he saw fire, and heard many rocks fall,
But did God speak through these forces? Not once, not at all.
They were ignored by the Lord, all three, one and all,
For God chose to speak only in a voice that was small.

And then I thought of that first Easter Day,
When Mary and Mary were making their way
To the place where the body of Jesus lay cold.
Their hearts were so heavy, yet still they were bold.

Their eyes were surprised by a few sights that day:
An earthquake, an angel and the stone rolled away.
They thought he was dead, that he wasn't around
But then they all learned that he rose from the ground.

But as they returned to tell all the boys
That Jesus was raised – they heard a small noise.
The Marys both heard from our Jesus that day...
He said to them, *Greetings!* Saying he was okay.

And so we are told that God still speaks in this manner-
Not with loud fanfare, nor big garish banner.
Yes, God continues to call his people in quiet,
Not with loud trumpets or the sound of a riot.

God speaks through his Word, and through other people,
When they're standing in nature, or under a steeple.
God speaks to us constantly, throughout every day
As we work at our work, and play at our play.

As we trim-up our bushes and wash-up our dogs,
As we balance our checkbooks and unplug the clogs.
As we fuss and we fight over how money is spent
As we program remotes and dust off those vents.

And maybe that's part of the problem, you see
We're busy, oh, so busy – don't you agree?
There's so much to do – no time here to spare!
In spite of how much we really do care.

But need we be worried? Ought we give up?
No, because God's got a plan all thought up.
God's plan is a big one, there can be no doubt.
But remember – he likes to whisper, not shout.

It's a plan that is custom created for each,
 A practical job, not some figure of speech.
 God wants us to listen and pray one and all,
 No matter how short, no matter how tall.

God wants us to serve all our neighbors in need,
 God wants us to care for creation – indeed!
 God wants us to know that Christ died – once for all!
 God wants us to know that he'll help when we fall.

It's Springtime and Easter— We've got so much joy!
 A tomb once contained him, but no longer – oh Boy!
 For this is good news that we're all called to preach
 So that all people know we're in God's loving reach.

Don't fret if your tongue is caught-up in a tangle.
 Don't fuss if your chattering teeth jitter-jangle.
 Don't worry about suffering a squawky voice squeak.
 God's Spirit is with you – you'll know what to speak.

The followers of Jesus all started out shy.
 They hemmed and they hawed and they couldn't say why.
 But God wanted them all to be a brave herald,
 Be they a Mary, a Mark, a Jennie or Gerald.

Just think of them gathered on top of that hill,
 With Jesus beside them – ooh, what a thrill!
*Authority has been given to me, said the Lord,
 And I give it to you, so c'mon, climb aboard!*

So go with this good news, dear friends, one and all,
 Take it and share it with all – that's our call.
 By the Lord we are gifted and sent out to the fields.
 Our fears will be lifted when God's Word we yield!!

Go out to the nations, go baptize and teach,
 Go near and go far, go welcome folks each.
 Remember the Father, the Spirit and Son,
 They'll lovingly bless us all each – everyone!
 Amen.