



The Cathedral of St. Andrew - Honolulu

Sermon: Year A – 5th Sunday after Pentecost, July 9, 2017

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May I speak to you in the name of the Lover, the Beloved, and the Love between them. Amen.

When I was in middle school—
About sixth grade, I think –
I was bullied.

My friend group was going through some internal drama,
Which is relatively typical of twelve-year old girls –
Deciding some of us didn't like each other very much,
Or some of us were closer friends and kept secrets.

A few times, the group had made plans to meet at the lily pond after school
When I got there, no one was around –
They had ditched me.

After about the third time it happened, I finally broke down
Telling my mom how hurt I was.
I already felt uncomfortable in my own skin –
Now I felt rejected, too. Unloved. Maybe even unlovable, I thought.
There must be something wrong with me, that my friends don't like me any more.

My mom went to the school and told them what happened.
The next day, we all got called in to the office.
Through tears that were a mix of shame, embarrassment, and pain,
I told them what happened.
My friends sat there and looked at me as I told the story.
Mr. Lucas, the middle school principle, turned to them.
“Is that true?” he asked.
“No!” they all replied, shaking their heads.
I was taken aback. I wanted to yell - Of course it was true! I am telling the truth!
Instead, I listened as they wove another story –
One where I was the bad guy, being mean to each of them in turn.
One that explained why they didn't want to play with me anymore.
Mr. Lucas looked between us and told us all to apologize to each other.
I did as I was told, but I was so mad.
I had told the truth – they had lied – and yet there was no difference in treatment between us. They were not punished, and I was made to apologize for something I didn't do.



Year A –Lent 3 – March 26 (7:00 am), 2017, cont'd

As I went home with my mom, I was furious with her.
“You told me to tell the truth! And I did! And nothing changed!”
“Don’t worry, Jazz” came her steady and sure response.
“The truth will come out. The truth always comes out”.

My mom was telling me the same eternal truth that this gospel proclaims.
Wisdom is vindicated by her deeds.
John the Baptist was judged – Jesus too, was judged –
We can never please all people.
But, we can trust that the truth will come out.

And, maybe if we can learn to trust this,
Then we can take seriously the invitation that Jesus gives –
“Come to me, all you who are weary”.
It seems to me that we are all weary.
This world is hard – and I’m sure you don’t need me to tell you that.
Sometimes it can feel as if we are spinning in the hamster wheel and
Going nowhere at all.

In the face of judgment, and in the face of weariness,
Jesus offers an alternative.
Rest.
Come to me, and I will give you rest.
I will give you a space to stop worrying over the outcome,
To know that wisdom will be vindicated – that the truth will come out –
And in the meantime, we are invited to rest.

Before graduation, I sat down one day with one of my middle school friends.
She and I had learned to be acquaintances, but our friendship stopped after that day with Mr.
Lucas.
She told me she was sorry. She told me she knew it was wrong, and that they had decided
together to lie, because they were afraid of getting in trouble.
The truth came out. It only came out to me, and it only came out years later –
But my mom was right. It did, eventually, come out.

I wish I had taken Jesus’ invitation sooner, and trusted that I could rest while the truth worked
itself out. Instead, I lost more than a few nights’ sleep and many tears.
Perhaps, though, we can learn from our mistakes.
Perhaps we can, today, hear this invitation anew.

“Come to me, all you that are weary and are carrying heavy burdens, and I will give you rest.
Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me; for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you
will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.”

Amen.