

Palimpsest* (pa • limp • sest)

Week of **November 7, 2021**
24th Sunday After Pentecost

Sermon: A Future With Hope
Scripture: Psalm 71:1-9, 17-21

Sermon Supplemental Reading

Because I do not know any medicine for grief but to let ourselves grieve.

Because I do not know any cure for sorrow but to let ourselves sorrow.

Because I do not know any remedy but to let the heart break,
to let it fall open, then to let it fall open still more.

Because I do not know how to mend the unmendable,
unfixable, unhealable wound that keeps finding itself healed as we tend it,
as we follow the line of it, as we let it lead us on the path it knows.

Because I do not know any solace but to give ourselves
into the love that will never cease to find us,
that will never loose its hold on us, that will never abandon us
to the sorrow for which it holds the cure.

– Richardson, J. (2016) “The Cure for Sorrow.” *The Cure for Sorrow*.

In the rising of the sun and in its going down, we remember them.

In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter, we remember them.

In the opening of buds and in the rebirth of spring, we remember them.

In the blueness of the sky and in the warmth of summer, we remember them.

In the rustling of leaves and in the beauty of autumn, we remember them.

In the beginning of the year and when it ends, we remember them.

When we are weary and in need of strength, we remember them.

When we are lost and sick at heart, we remember them.

When we have joys we yearn to share, we remember them.

So long as we live, they too shall live,

for they are now a part of us as we remember them. Amen.

– Jewish Prayer

* A Palimpsest is: 1: writing material (as a parchment or tablet) used one or more times, 2: something having unusually diverse layers or aspects apparent beneath the surface

Your Notes

You got me when I was an unformed youth,
God, and taught me everything I know.
Now I'm telling the world your wonders;
I'll keep at it until I'm old and gray.
God, don't walk off and leave me
until I get out the news
Of your strong right arm to this world,
news of your power to the world yet to come,
Your famous and righteous
ways, O God.
God, you've done it all!
Who is quite like you?
You, who made me stare trouble in the face,
Turn me around;
Now let me look life in the face.
I've been to the bottom;
Bring me up, streaming with honors
turn to me, be tender to me,
- Petersen, E. (1998) Psalm 71:17-21
The Message

“We are all portents for someone.”
- Mays, J. (1944) *Interpretation: Psalms.*

Questions

- Who are you remembering this All Saints Sunday?
- Who has been a “portent” for you?
- What of your life is a portent, or a sign, for others?