

August 2020
Summer Sermon Series:
Missing Persons & One Line Sermons

Missing Persons
“Rufus”
Chosen
August 2, 2020

First Reading ~ *Mark 15:21 (likely written 65-72 AD)*

The soldiers compelled a passer-by, who was coming into the city from the county, to carry the cross (for Jesus); it was Simon of Cyrene, the father of Alexander and Rufus.

Second Reading ~ *Paul’s Letter to the Romans (likely written around 55-57 AD)*

Remember me to Rufus, chosen in the Lord,
and greet his mother- a mother to me also.

Third Reading ~ *Albert Einstein*

Although I am a typical loner in daily life, my consciousness of belonging to the invisible community of those who strive for truth, beauty, and justice has preserved me from feeling isolated. The most beautiful and deepest experience a person can have is the sense of the mysterious. It is the underlying principle of religion as well as all serious endeavors in art and science. Anyone who never had this experience seems to me, if not dead, then at least blind. To sense that behind anything that can be experienced there is a something that our mind cannot grasp and whose beauty and sublimity reaches us only indirectly and as a feeble reflection, this is religiousness. In this sense I am religious. To me it suffices to wonder at these secrets and to attempt humbly to grasp with my mind a mere image of the lofty structure of all that there is.

Fourth Reading ~ *adapted from Joy Harjo, first Native American US Poet Laureate (2019)*

Remember the sky that you were born under,
know each of the star's stories.
Remember the moon, know who she is.

Remember the sun's birth at dawn, that is the strongest point of time. Remember sundown and the giving away to night.
Remember your birth, how your mother struggled to give you form and breath. You are evidence of her life, and her mother's, and hers.
Remember your father. He is your life, also.
Remember the earth whose skin you are: red earth, black earth, yellow earth, white earth, brown earth, we are earth.
Remember the plants, trees, animal life who all have their tribes, their families, their stories, too. Talk to them, listen to them. They are alive poems.
Remember the wind. Remember her voice. She knows the origin of this universe.
Remember you are all people and all people are you.
Remember you are this universe and this universe is you.
Remember all is in motion, is growing, is you.
Remember language comes from this.
Remember the dance language is, that life is.
Remember.