

Waiting for Waffles

Christ the Redeemer Church
April 26, 2009
3rd Sunday of Easter

Luke 24:36-48
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www.christredeemerchurch.com

Waiting to receive power. Curtis often asks me “Well, anything good happening at the Synagogue?” Or he ends a conversation by saying “See you at the Synagogue.” Funny Synagogue reference coming from a Church of Christ man. But I like it. Temple. Synagogue. Church. All the same in concept. A sacred place where people gather for strength to face the coming days.

Our Risen Lord told the Disciples to stay in the Temple in Jerusalem and to **wait** until they received power from heaven. So they stayed in the Temple all the time, praising God. They had all abandoned their Friend at the cross but now He was again among them, wishing them “Peace” and seeming to enjoy being in their company. It was the next stage of an up and down but treasured relationship. Jesus did not focus on how they had abandoned Him at the cross. He was only concerned about their well-being. A true Friend.

There was certainly a lot of work to be done, a lot of healing to be done, a lot of teaching to be done, a lot of building to be done. But they were told to **wait**. So they stayed in the Temple and **waited** all the time, praising God.

I was so excited about the way that Easter morning went here at Christ Redeemer Church. The breakfast on the River, the 6 foot 2 inch tall ugly Easter Bunny, the 4 baptisms in the San Marcos River, the choir, the great attendance at all celebrations...it was great.

I asked Randy how he thought it all went and he said, “I thought it all went great. The only thing that could have made Easter better would have been if I had been served breakfast in bed on Easter.”

Well, Randy will be **waiting** a long time to be served Breakfast in Bed by the church or pastor.

The Disciples had been through a lot. They escaped being crucified themselves and then scattered after denying even being friends with Jesus, then the tomb was empty, then Jesus invited them to eat some fish with Him on the shores of the lake, and now they were back together for a second round of following the Lord.

Now they are to **wait**. So they praised God in the temple and **waited**.

Amity was waiting at our house for life to get better while she was going through her difficult days some months ago after life crucified her. John Ed Mathison, then the pastor of Frazer United Methodist Church in Montgomery, Alabama, which has several

thousand members for John Ed to care for as a pastor, took the time to call her on the phone when Amity was living with us temporarily here in Texas. Joe Ed had thousands of church members to care for...and he took the time to call Amity. That call meant the world to Amity and to Pam and me. It is the little things in life that heal and help.

When Amity eventually went back to work and to live in Auburn she did two things at the Auburn Methodist Church. She signed up to teach Sunday School and she signed up to attend the Divorce Recovery Group meetings on Wednesday evenings. She was waiting in the Temple for healing to come. As she said, during those difficult days of waiting to see if healing would come, the highlight of her young life was to attend a mid-week Divorce class. Some life.

Last Sunday a dear friend of hers from Auburn college days came and visited Amity. This 27-year-old female friend is a widow at age 27. She married last year and a few months after marriage her husband died of a heart problem. The autopsy showed he had a heart problem that no one knew about. So two 27-year-old college roommates met for a weekend for the first time since one survived a divorce and the other is now a widow.

They went to Auburn United Methodist Church together. Turns out John Ed was the guest preacher that morning. His brother is the senior minister at Auburn Methodist.

After the service Amity went up to say "hi" to John Ed and John Ed's face and voice lit up and he hugged Amity and Amity introduced John Ed to her friend. John Ed then started introducing Amity around to folks and telling of the year 1994...when Amity went through Confirmation classes at his church along with 125 other 6th graders and that Amity's father led the Confirmation Retreat that year and that I gave crosses to all 125 youth being confirmed. John Ed made Amity and her friend feel so special last Sunday in church by being so friendly and recalling in such detail some fun church stories in Amity's life.

It is the simple things like remembering people and making them feel special in God's kingdom...those are the things that count in life.

I love good church stories like that. Stay in the Temple and gain the strength from heaven to face life.

Daniel always asks us on the phone "How is church going?" He misses you all.

43 members of this church were at the Co-Ed softball game this past Wednesday. 29 fans and 14 players. And Cameron Baird brought his 18 Barbie dolls from home to play with. Pam lined up the Barbie dolls on the seat in the stands and was having so much fun with the Barbies and with visiting. She told some of you that she quit playing with Barbie dolls back in the 7th grade. Janice said, "Pam, it looks to me like you are still playing with them as much fun as you are having here tonight."

Having fun in the Temple. I believe having fun in the Temple is one way God energizes us, through the Holy Spirit, to face what we have to face in life during the week.

Two weeks ago Nelwyn had a birthday. I started thinking about Randy saying that the only thing that could make Easter better was to have been served breakfast in bed.

So, as a joke, I wrote on Nelwyn's birthday card that the card was good for one free Homemade Waffle Breakfast served in her home to her and Jerry on the morning of her choice. Homemade cinnamon waffles, fresh strawberries and bananas, hot syrup, whipped cream, orange juice, sausage served on Polish pottery by her minister. Much to my surprise, she has asked me several times via the phone and email when she can collect on her birthday breakfast. She is **waiting** for breakfast from me.

So this Thursday morning at 8 am she and Jerry are being served Homemade Waffle breakfast in their English Cotswald-style cottage home on Belvin Street by their minister.

Nelwyn and Jerry are visiting First United Methodist Church here in San Marcos this morning. She said, "Gary, I don't want you to think we are changing churches. We are going to the Methodist Church this morning to be there for our grandson Max's Confirmation Ceremony." I told her that is where she needed to be...at the church with her grandson when he is Confirmed in the United Methodist Church. A special moment. One that will inspire and sustain them all over the coming years. Gathered in the Temple as family. Beautiful picture of life.

I was not worried about them joining either the Baptist Church where they have dear friends or about their joining the Methodist Church where their daughter and grandson attend. Not worried one bit...for I know that neither pastor at either church will show up at 8 am on a House Call to bake and serve Homemade Waffles to Nelwyn and Jerry in bed! Both pastors are great people with wonderful ministries but neither will serve Waffles to parishioners via Home Visits!

Very good things happen in God's Temple while we are waiting in the Temple for power to face life. Curtis always says to me, "See you at the Synagogue." It is a good place to gather and to wait for the power to face what is approaching us.

And if each of you is waiting to get Homemade Waffles served to you in your home in this coming year by your pastor, you are crazy. You have to be seasoned a bit in life, like Nelwyn and Quin. Quin got a coupon also on his birthday this month also...for he and Lisa. Amen.