

Jeremiah 33:14-16  
Psalm 25:1-10  
1 Thessalonians 3:9-13  
Luke 21:25-36

Sermon for November 28, 2021

**THE FULFILLED PROMISE**  
**By Rev. Dr. Don Algeo**

Summary: The days are surely coming, when I will fulfill my promise.

This morning we celebrate the first Sunday of the season we call advent, the season in which every year we re-experience in memory the anticipation of the birth of Jesus in a manger. As children count down the days until they can finally open all those bright and tantalizing boxes under the tree, so we count down the weeks leading to what is, in a sense, the rebirth of the greatest gift of all, the gift of God's perfect and infinite love to each and every one of us. We commemorate that rebirth and the weeks leading up to it, and by remembering the new life of our Lord, we, in the reality of the spirit, we bring our Lord back to life.

And just as the arrival of the Christ child ushered in a new and fresh spiritual reality into the material universe, so the remembrance of the birth of the Christ child ushers in a new and fresh spiritual reality for all Christians. It is the advent of a new year, a new beginning, for each one of us individually.

Each of the four weeks of Advent is given a visible symbol by the four candles we light, and each of those candles represents one of the great elements of the Christian faith. When we light the Advent candle, we are in spirit rekindling that particular element, reestablishing it at the base of our own lives.

The first candle, the one we kindled this morning, is the candle of Hope. And that explains, perhaps, why the lectionary Gospel for this morning points us to those somewhat alarming verses we read from the twenty-first chapter of Luke, verses which quote Jesus saying various things using the extremely dramatic vocabulary and images that were common to Jewish writings of the time. Both Matthew and Mark quote Jesus saying very similar things, and it is fairly clear that all three of

the gospel writers were in fact pulling together various things that Jesus is reported to have said at various times and on various occasions and presenting them as if they were part of a single discourse or speech.

Since we don't have the actual context in which Jesus said those various things, it's impossible to know exactly how they were intended, but one thing I think we can say for sure is that they do all have a foundation in Hope, and I suspect that's why the people who originally put the lectionary together chose to ask us to reflect on them here at the beginning of Advent. To read those verses the way many do, as simply forecasting the death and destruction of the world and many or most of those in it, would be a violation of the very Spirit of the season we are now beginning to celebrate.

Our Christian religion is at heart a religion of hope, of looking forward. We remember the past, of course, and in so doing we bring it back to life spiritually, but we do so only because of the hopeful faith that resurrected life lives on into the endless future. The Christian hope is based on the assurance that things matter, that history is headed somewhere, both for the world in general, but far more importantly and for each of our individual lives.

As many of you know, I used to make a living by traveling around the country and doing antique shows and book fairs. These shows would normally last anywhere from two to five days, and the last day of the show would normally be a Sunday. After the show ended, usually late on Sunday afternoon, we'd have to pack up all of our merchandise, and that would take two or three hours, so that by the time I was all done and ready to drive home, it would be early evening.

On one of those occasions, I had finished doing a show in Detroit. I was living in Chicago at the time, so after having packed up the show I had to decide whether to stay in Detroit that night and drive back home on Monday, or whether to make the trip that night. It was about a five hour drive, so that meant I had a choice of getting back to Chicago in the wee hours of the morning, or waiting until Monday and wasting the whole morning and part of the afternoon getting there, and neither was a very inviting prospect.

I don't remember now after all these years why I decided to drive back that night but that's what I did. Part of the reason may have been that the drive back on Rte. 94 is a very straight shot: you just get on the westbound highway, put it on cruise control, turn on some late-night talk show on the radio, and let the hours and miles flow by. A drive like that can actually be pretty relaxing.

After driving for two or three hours, I took an exit – I think it was one for Kalamazoo – and picked up some takeout food and coffee at a fast food place, then took it back to the van, got back on Rte. 94, and continued driving. Getting the food out of the bag and trying to eat it without making a mess while looking for something to listen to on the radio may have explained what happened next, but I'll never know for sure.

What I do know is that I drove contentedly on through the dark for a couple more hours, feeling pretty good about myself and life in general – I'd made a pretty fair amount of money at the show that week – when I looked up at an exit sign, and realized that I was driving back into Detroit.

That's right, I was back where I started. The Greeks have a myth about a fellow named Sisyphus, who was condemned for cheating death to spending eternity pushing a huge rock up a mountain, only to have the rock, once after a long and enormous effort he had reached the top, roll all the way down to the bottom again. That's how I felt that night, and it gives me a sinking feeling in my stomach even now when I think about it.

I suspect we all have had bad dreams that give that same sort of feeling: dreams in which we're wandering with some vague purpose or destination, wandering through a town or some giant building; and in the dream we find ourselves in one room or place where this or that happens, and then in another place where something else happens, and then another, and so on, although we never reach where we were trying to go, and somehow that starts just not to matter. And when we wake up, it's with a sense of vague uneasiness, Perhaps even a sense of...hopelessness?

The first pillar of the Christian religion is hope, the hope that each of our lives is going somewhere, the hope that we are not just heading somewhere for a while, only to find ourselves back where we started, the hope that we are not just wandering for seventy or eighty or a hundred years from one scene to the next and that's all there is to it, the hope that our efforts matter, that leading our lives in a certain way makes a difference, not just or even necessarily to 'history', but on an individual basis.

You sometimes hear non-Christian folk resting their sense of meaningfulness on thoughts of 'human progress' or 'the greater good for the greater number' or something along those lines. Our lives matter because we're contributing to a future

where people will travel among the stars, or where people will live in perfect harmony or perfect health or perfect equality.

But do we really think that the significance of the life of some poor Irish washerwoman who died at the age of thirty a thousand years ago consists in how much she contributed to the development of electricity or the birth of democracy or the wonders of the iPhone? Obviously not. Then why would we say the same thing about ourselves today?

The individual Christian's hope doesn't depend on whether the next generation lives in a metaverse, or whether the oceans rise another foot or two, or whether humanity someday reaches the stars.

The Christian hope is that our lives have value in themselves, not based on the destination of the human race, but on the destination each of us has in the eternal household of our Father in heaven. The mother's love for each of her children doesn't depend on whether the child is part of some great and sweeping project to improve the human race. The mother loves her child, come what may.

And just so, the Christian hope is that our lives – that your life and my life – have an infinite value in the reckoning of God.

But now, here's what's important. Our hope is not just wishful thinking. It's a hope based on a fulfilled promise. And what is that promise? It's the promise we found expressed in the divinely inspired words of the prophet Jeremiah we read this morning:

**Jeremiah 33:14-16**

*33:14 The days are surely coming, says the LORD, when I will fulfill the promise I made to the house of Israel and the house of Judah.*

*33:15 In those days and at that time I will cause a righteous Branch to spring up for David; and he shall execute justice and righteousness in the land.*

And the fulfillment of that promise was the birth of Jesus Christ in Bethlehem. The branch of David became flesh and dwelt among us in the fulfillment of the promise of God that He loves each and every one of us with an infinite and everlasting love.

“For God so loved the world” the Gospel of John tells us, “that he gave his only begotten child, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.”

That baby born in a manger in Bethlehem grew up to be our Lord and Savior, who lived a perfect life for us, and whose final words on the Cross right before he died were:

“It is accomplished.”

What was accomplished? What was accomplished was the fulfillment of God's promise that he loves his children, each and every one of us, with a parent's love; the fulfillment of God's promise that our lives are the first step of a journey with a direction, with a destination, with a meaning that doesn't depend on this world. The fulfillment, the accomplishment, the proof, the foundation for our hope.

And so our prayer for this first Sunday of Advent, heavenly Father, is that we ever be mindful of the basis for our hope, the life of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, who fulfilled for all eternity the promise of Your love for us, and we offer this prayer in His holy name. Amen.