

## All Saints Sunday B 2021 Sermon

November 7, 2021

### *John 11:32-44*

*When Mary came where Jesus was and saw him, she knelt at his feet and said to him, "Lord, if you had been here, my brother would not have died." When Jesus saw her weeping, and the Jews who came with her also weeping, he was greatly disturbed in spirit and deeply moved. He said, "Where have you laid him?" They said to him, "Lord, come and see." Jesus began to weep. So the Jews said, "See how he loved him!" But some of them said, "Could not he who opened the eyes of the blind man have kept this man from dying?"*

*Then Jesus, again greatly disturbed, came to the tomb. It was a cave, and a stone was lying against it. Jesus said, "Take away the stone." Martha, the sister of the dead man, said to him, "Lord, already there is a stench because he has been dead four days." Jesus said to her, "Did I not tell you that if you believed, you would see the glory of God?" So they took away the stone. And Jesus looked upward and said, "Father, I thank you for having heard me. I knew that you always hear me, but I have said this for the sake of the crowd standing here, so that they may believe that you sent me." When he had said this, he cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come out!" The dead man came out, his hands and feet bound with strips of cloth, and his face wrapped in a cloth. Jesus said to them, "Unbind him, and let him go."*

From time immemorial, we human beings have sought to remember people who lived exemplary lives, or who accomplished great things, or made great sacrifices. Heroines and heroes are memorialized in story and poetry, statuary and song.

It is no different in the Christian Church: we remember Saints who have lived exemplary lives or accomplished great things or were martyred for their faith. We honor them with their own day on our Church Calendar – usually the day they died and were born into heaven. In the *early* Church, before Christianity became the accepted religion of the Roman Empire, Christians were often persecuted and even martyred for their faith. There were too many of these martyrs for each one to have a special day on the Church Calendar, so, a tradition arose that one day each year would be set aside to celebrate all the saints who weren't recognized with their *own* day on the Church Calendar. By the late Fourth Century, All Saints' Day – also called "All Hallows' Day," began to be celebrated in many places on Nov. 1.

In the 11<sup>th</sup> Century, the day **following** All Saints' Day came to be celebrated as "All Souls' Day," or as it is now known in many traditions, "The Commemoration of the Faithful Departed." Originally, this was a day to pray for those whose *souls* were in Purgatory – not yet in heaven, as the "saints" were. In many Protestant traditions, however, where purgatory is not a part of our theology, All Souls' Day has been conflated with All Saints' Day, and we

remember **all** the departed on November 1 (or the Sunday after). After all, St. Paul in his letters used the word “saints” to refer to **all** followers of Christ.

Now, there is something *spiritual* about **this** time of year that has been perceived and recognized by many different cultures of people down through the centuries. In the ancient Celtic traditions, the feast of Samhain (pronounced *sow-in*), celebrated from sunset on October 31 to sunset on November 1, marked the end of the harvest season and the beginning of the “darker half” of the year. (We mark this “darker” time by changing our clocks.) Nov. 1 is roughly halfway between the autumnal equinox and the winter solstice, which gave it significance in the cycle of nature to which ancient peoples were so physically *and* spiritually tied. The Celts called this a “thin time,” one of those times of the year when the veil between this world and the next was considered most “thin,” and the threshold between worlds most easily traversed. A closeness to those who had died was felt strongly at this “thin” time. For some folk, this closeness was experienced as comforting; for others, who *feared* the spirits of the dead, the day was frightening, and a tradition arose that people would wear masks and disguise themselves on All Hallows’ Eve (Halloween) so that these dead spirits wouldn’t recognize them.

Episcopal monk Curtis Almquist describes how **his** experience with this holiday has changed over his lifetime. He writes:

“My first experience of the faithful departed was not a positive one. I was a young child, and it dawned on me that ‘they’ could see me. **Everyone** in heaven could see me. It was like when *I* looked down into my terrarium. It was like an Alfred Hitchcock movie with a one-way mirror... I was being watched all the time, and I was terrorized at the prospect of being seen so deeply and, perhaps, by so many in the heavens. Yikes.”<sup>1</sup>

But Brother Almquist no longer sees this time as frightening or negative.

“I’ve quite changed my mind about the faithful departed,” he writes. “I still imagine that I am seen (that we are seen) and heard and remembered by the faithful departed – whether it’s like a terrarium or a hidden microphone or whatever, I don’t know... But the **reason** I’ve changed my mind has much more to do with the nature of love. Love is not blind. Love is seeing and hearing and knowing someone deeply. Not *despite* who they are but *in light of* who they are, truly and wholly. And so to be, in some way, **remembered** by those who walked the path of this life – a path that overlaps in some way with our own – and who *knew* us **in** this life, whom we believe know us *now* – may be a source of enormous comfort. Someone taking the long and loving view of us from some larger perspective, and then whispering in Jesus’ ears about us. And so there’s another image that comes from my own childhood, and a very positive image: of parents or grandparents or teachers sitting in grandstands during a sports event whispering to one another, with great pride and affection, about the kids running around the playing field... or children who are performing on stage before adoring adults. It’s not that the [*excellence* of the] children’s sport or their art **evokes** so much love and

whispered admiration among the adults. It's simply that the adults can see in these beloved children *from where* these efforts have come and where they will lead as the child grows... and these adults can do nothing but [beam with joy].

“How wonderful it is to be remembered, and especially remembered by those who know us and understand us, and who hold us in their heart, whether these people actually be alive on this earth or whether they have died and are, in some way, still “alive in Jesus Christ” [as are all the loved ones whose names are pinned to our banner today]. Somehow **their** remembrance of *us* bridges the gap between this life and the next, helping in some way pave the way for us into eternity where we will be welcomed and reunited with those... who have died before us...”<sup>2</sup>

Brother Almquist speaks of the **dead** remembering and loving *us*. Our loved ones whom **we** remember today, some of whose names are pinned to our banner – are, in fact, standing around us, unseen, *here* and *now*! They still know and love us deeply. The opposite, of course, is also true: we who remain on this earth still know and love deeply those who have gone before us. One of Brother Almquist's fellow monks writes: “how can we stop loving someone, stop holding them in our hearts before God, simply because they have passed from this life?”

“Death cannot kill the love that binds us together in a bond which transcends time and space.

“For it is ultimately the unbreakable bond of love which lifts us **above** both time *and* space, into the very life of God himself.”<sup>3</sup> It is ultimately the unbreakable bond of love which lifts us **above** both time *and* space, into the very life of God himself.

*This*, I believe, is what our Gospel today is telling us. Twice in this chapter of John's Gospel we are told that Jesus loves Lazarus. In his deep love, notes John Shea, “Jesus enters into the place of grief and death so he can bring God's life to this lifeless situation... He totally joins [Lazarus' sisters and friends] in their tears, for the only way *beyond* death and grief is **through** it. And in a few words, the full truth of incarnation is revealed: ‘Jesus began to weep.’”<sup>4</sup> A story not found in the Bible tells of Lazarus, *after* being brought to life again, saying to Jesus, “What awoke me from the dead was the sound of your tears.”<sup>5</sup> What awoke me from the dead was the sound of your tears. Jesus in his love and grief enters into Lazarus' death, and in a powerful foreshadowing of his own death and resurrection soon to come, Jesus raises Lazarus, calling him from the tomb, and directing that the people unbind him. “God's glory is to free people and let them go,” writes John Shea. “Centuries earlier Moses told Pharaoh that God commanded, ‘Let my people go’!... Now, ‘Let my people go’ is spoken to death [itself] by the one who calls himself ‘the resurrection and the life’.”<sup>6</sup> (unquote)

I mentioned earlier that these three days (“triduum” in Latin) – these three days of All Hallows’ Eve, All Saints Day, and All Souls’ Day – are a “thin time” when the veil between this world and the next is very thin indeed. In the **Easter** “Triduum” of Good Friday, Holy Saturday, and Easter Day we face death in its fiercest form, both Jesus’ death **and** our death; and we are raised from death to life with Christ. Likewise, in the *Autumn* “Triduum” of All Hallows’ Eve, All Saints Day and All Souls Day, we also face squarely the reality of death (in displaying ghosts and skeletons and graveyards on our lawns), *and* we participate in Christ’s victory **over** death, which binds all who have ever lived or will live into one Communion of Saints.

We are not alone, my friends! The saints whose names are pinned to our banner, and the saints depicted in our stained glass windows, are still with us as “with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven” we worship God in Christ today. For you see, in reality, *every* time we celebrate Eucharist is a ‘thin time’. As we re-enact in this sacrament the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, God’s power to bring life from death is made manifest once again. “The present is once more shot through with the timeless, and we are brought through love, into the very presence of God **and** into the presence of those we love, the communion of saints and the whole company of heaven.”<sup>7</sup>

AMEN

1 from a sermon posted All Souls Day, November 2, 2005,

<http://ssje.org/ssje/2005/11/>

2 *ibid.*

3 Br. Geoffrey Tristram, <http://ssje.org/ssje/2003/11/04/all-souls-day-2/>

4 John Shea, *On Earth as it is in Heaven*, Collegeville, MN: Liturgical Press, 2004, p. 150

5 John Shea, *Eating with the Bridegroom*, Collegeville, MN: Liturgical Press, 2005, p. 123

6 Shea, *ibid.*, *On Earth*, p. 152

7 Tristram, *ibid.*

## Where Does the Soul Go?

When the soul leaves the body, it is no longer under the burden and control of space and time. The soul is free; distance and separation hinder it no more. The dead are our nearest neighbors; they are all around us. Meister Eckhart was once asked, Where does the soul of a person go when the person dies? He said, no place. Where else would the soul be going? Where else is the eternal world? It can be nowhere other than here. We have falsely spatialized the eternal world.



We have driven the eternal out into some kind of distant galaxy. Yet the eternal world does not seem to be a place but rather a different state of being. The soul of the person goes no place because there is no place else to go. This suggests that the dead are here with us, in the air that we are moving through all the time. The only difference between us and the dead is that they are now in an invisible form. You cannot see them with the human eye. But you can sense the presence of those you love who have died. With the refinement of your soul, you can sense them. You feel that they are near.

-John O'Donohue, *Anam Cara: A Book of Celtic Wisdom*, New York: Cliff Street Books, a division of HarperCollins Publishers, 1997, p. 226