

Thy Kingdom Come...*And How!*

In Memory of Ray Frey

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Berne, Indiana
June 28th, 2009

How the mighty have fallen, and the weapons of war perished!

– 2 Samuel 1:27

For you know the generous act of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, so that by his poverty you might become rich.

– 2 Corinthians 8:9

He allowed no one to follow him except Peter, James, and John, the brother of James. When they came to the house of the leader of the synagogue, he saw a commotion, people weeping and wailing loudly. When he had entered, he said to them, “Why do you make a commotion and weep? The child is not dead but sleeping.” And they laughed at him. Then he put them all outside, and took the child's father and mother and those who were with him, and went in where the child was. He took her by the hand and said to her, “Talitha cum,” which means, “Little girl, get up!” And immediately the girl got up and began to walk about (she was twelve years of age). At this they were overcome with amazement. He strictly ordered them that no one should know this, and told them to give her something to eat.

– Mark 5:37-43

In England in the year 1170, a few days after Christmas, a murder took place in the halls of Canterbury Cathedral—the final act in an ongoing battle between the State and the Church. For many years, King Henry II had been working to limit the Church’s power and expand the power of his throne, and Thomas à Becket—the Archbishop of Canterbury—had resisted him at every turn. Most recently, Archbishop Becket had excommunicated some of King Henry’s friends, and, when the King received the news, he is said to have bellowed, “Will no one rid me of this turbulent priest?” Several of the king’s knights overheard the cry and interpreted it as a royal decree. So they rushed to Canterbury, to kill Thomas.

While we don’t know everything that happened in the moments leading up to Thomas’s death, the great poet T.S. Eliot imagines the scene for us in his famous play *Murder in the Cathedral*. In

the play, the King's knights gather outside of Canterbury Cathedral, swords in hand; meanwhile, inside the cathedral, Thomas's fellow clergymen cry out:

Bar the door. Bar the door.
 The door is barred...
 They dare not break in.
 They cannot break in.
 They have not the force.
 We are safe. We are safe. (Eliot 72)

But Thomas won't have it: "Unbar the doors! throw open the doors!" he commands.

I will not have the house of prayer...turned into a fortress...
The church shall be open, even to our enemies. Open the door! (emphasis added, 73)

And then, moments later and just moments before his death, he declares:

...Unbar the door!
 We are not here to triumph by fighting, by stratagem, or by resistance,
 Not to fight with beasts as men. We have fought the beast
 And have conquered. *We have only to conquer*
Now, by suffering. This is the easier victory.
 Now is the triumph of the Cross, now
 Open the door! I command it. OPEN THE DOOR!" (emphasis added, 74)

So the door was opened, the knights entered, and they struck down Thomas with their swords.

By beginning with this story, I don't want to suggest that Thomas Becket is, in all ways, a model for us to emulate; in fact, I check the *Martyrs Mirror*—a book with great historical importance to the Mennonites—and it claims, at one point, that "[t]he death of Thomas Becket...was neither meritorious nor holy" (van Braght 346). (Mennonite-types can be a tough crowd to please.) But I do think Thomas's story speaks powerfully to the theme that I want to reflect on today: We know that our story starts in a garden and ends in a city, but how, exactly, do we get there from here? *How* does God's Kingdom come about?

Jesus talks a lot about the Kingdom of God, comparing it to a mustard seed, a hidden treasure, and a pearl of great price (to name a few examples). If Jesus had traveled through Berne, he

might have compared the Kingdom to sheaves of bearded wheat—which has historically been one of the symbols of death and new life in our community (Lehman 68). Each of Jesus’s metaphors reveals something important about the Kingdom; but, rather than unpack them all, suffice it to say that, for the Biblical writers, the Kingdom of God is perhaps best characterized by the Hebrew word “shalom.”

When I think of the word “shalom,” the first image that comes to mind is a shoebox. When Genevieve, Ashley, and I were little, mom devised a plan to keep us from fighting with one another—it was a colorfully decorated shoebox that she called “the shalom box.” During family meetings, we’d each have to write our name on a card and throw it in the box. Then, we’d have to draw out someone else’s name and say one kind thing about that person. There were times I hated that shoebox: no matter how wonderful your sister is, when you’re ten, nothing is worse than saying something nice about her. And now that we’re all older, we like to poke fun at the “shalom box” a bit. But it was a pretty good idea, because it attempted to restore relationships in our home, to set right what had gone wrong.

That’s what “shalom” is—it’s a just and lasting peace, involving the restoration of one’s relationships. And someday, the shalom we work for now will be made perfect. God will restore all of our relationships: with nature, with other human beings, with culture, and with God (who, when the Kingdom comes in all its fullness, will dwell in our midst again) (Wolterstorff 262). St. John describes the culmination of the Kingdom for us in the Book of Revelation; he writes:

And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying, “Now the dwelling of God is with men, and he will live with them. They will be his people, and God himself will be with them and be their God. He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away.” (Revelation 21: 3-4)

I'm encouraged by the new order of things described in this passage, and it's not simply a future reality. In Mark's gospel we learn that the reality that John describes is very, very close at hand. At the command of the Christ, stormy seas turn to silver glass, devils are driven into suicidal swine, blind men blink at the dawn, and—in our reading for today—a little girl stirs from death itself and finds herself clutching Jesus. Yes, the Kingdom of God is—quite literally—close at hand; God is touching us, wiping tears from our eyes, making his dwelling among us. Immanuel.

The miracle described in today's gospel reading—the resurrection of Jairus's daughter—is a powerful example of “shalom”: a father has been reunited with his little girl; death has been overcome. Mark tells us that the eyewitnesses were astonished, and I can't help but think that the family must have been overjoyed—perhaps there was even whispers of throwing a party in Jesus's honor. But Jairus never has a chance to uncork the champagne, because Jesus won't have it. Instead, Jesus downplays his miracle. First, he claims that the girl isn't dead but sleeping, and then he tells eyewitnesses to keep the whole thing under wraps. What's more, Mark reports that Jesus only allowed three of his disciples to witness the miracle—Peter, James, and John. What are we to make of Christ's curious behavior here?

To answer that question, I thought we might on a brief pilgrimage with Peter, James, and John. After all, this wasn't the only time that these three were granted a special glimpse of Christ's glory. Later in his gospel, Mark writes: “Jesus took with him Peter and James and John, and led them up a high mountain by themselves. And he was transfigured before them, and his clothes became radiant, intensely white, as no one on earth could bleach them” (Mark 9:2-4).

When the three disciples' eyes finally adjust, they look and see the King of Glory talking with Moses (who represents the law) and Elijah (who represents the prophets). And then they hear a

voice, saying, “This is my beloved Son; listen to Him.” Here, then, in all His glory, is the anointed one who fulfills the law and the prophets—the Messiah. Not surprisingly, Peter doesn’t want the moment to end. He wants to set up shelters, in order to give some permanence to this new reality. It’s not too difficult to imagine what the disciples must have been thinking: “This is the one we’ve been waiting for! The Kingdom of God is here!”

Or is it? For as quickly as the vision had come, it vanishes: when the disciples look again, they find themselves alone with Jesus, on a dreary mountainside, the wind whipping through their cloaks. Then it’s time to trudge back *down* the mountain. “What?” you can hear the disciples saying to each other. “It’s over?” And then comes yet another disappointment: As they make their way down the mountainside, Jesus tells them, once again, that they’re not allowed to tell anyone.

Now we don’t know what the disciples were thinking at this point, but it seems pretty likely that they were growing weary of Jesus’s tight-lipped approach to the ministry. In Mark’s Gospel, almost every time Jesus reveals His glory, in the next moment, he’s hushing people up. It’s a common refrain: Jesus cleanses the man with leprosy, then orders him not to tell anyone; he grants speech to the mute man, then commands all the witnesses to be silent; he restores the sight of the blind man, then sends him straight home, saying, “Don’t go into the village.” This hush-hush approach—which Biblical scholars have dubbed “the Messianic Secret”—strikes us as odd and, for those of us who claim to be *evangelicals*, perhaps even disturbing. Why would the Good News Himself try to keep the good news hidden? As we read in the gospels about the transfigured Christ and Christ the miracle-worker, Peter’s reaction on the mountaintop resonates with us. We, too, are prone to say, “Lord, it’s good to be here. Let’s stay and build shelters.” Or, to put the matter more bluntly: “Why O Lord—in this world marked by sickness, despair,

poverty, and the sting of death—Why won't you come, now, in all your glory and power and might?" "If you are in fact the Messiah, why must you go to Jerusalem?"

That's a question that Christ himself wrestled with. Let's follow our three disciples—Peter, James, and John—on one more journey with Jesus.

And they went to a place called Gethsemane. And he said to his disciples, "Sit here while I pray." And he took with him Peter and James and John, and began to be greatly distressed and troubled. And he said to them, "My soul is very sorrowful, even to death. Remain here and watch." And going a little farther, he fell on the ground and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him. And he said, "Abba, Father, all things are possible for you. Remove this cup from me. (Mark 14: 32-36)

In his seminal book *The Politics of Jesus*, Mennonite theologian John Howard Yoder prompts us to consider what Jesus is actually asking for when he says, "Take this cup from me" (46-47).

What would have happened, at this moment, had Jesus decided to forego the cross? Yoder says (and I think he's exactly right) that "the only imaginable real option in terms of historical seriousness and the only [option] with even a slim basis in the text" is that, at this moment, heaven would have opened its gates, and the armies of the Lord would have descended on the earth in all their might, and Jesus Christ—the King of Kings and Lord of Lords—would have fully revealed Himself again, in all his terrible and awesome holiness, and reigned down judgment on the land (46-47). If you believe that Jesus really *is* the Son of God (and I do), there is no reason to think he would have stopped being the Son of God had he chosen not to go to the cross. What would have changed was his way of dealing with sin: Christ would have initiated nothing less than a holy war against evil, and you and I and everyone else would have been at the wrong end of the sword—the victims of great and terrible Messianic violence.

You see, our question—"Why can't the Messiah come now in all His glory and power and might?"—was, in fact, one of Jesus's greatest temptations, and—thankfully, for us—it's a

temptation that Jesus rejected time and time again (as Yoder points out¹). During his forty days in the desert, Jesus rejects the temptation to demonstrate his Messianic glory by turning stones to bread, by throwing Himself from the Temple, and by taking over all the Kingdoms of the Earth in one fell swoop. When Peter pulls Jesus aside and rebukes Jesus by saying he needn't suffer and die, Jesus proclaims, "Get behind me, Satan! You are a hindrance to me. For you are not setting your mind on the things of God, but on the things of man." And later, in the garden, when Peter uses his sword to strike off the ear of the high priest's servant, Jesus commands Peter to put his sword away, heals the servant's ear, and then—using the very same language of his Gethsemane prayer—says, "Shall I not drink the cup the Father has given me?" Here Jesus is explicit about his rejection of Messianic violence: "Do you think," he says, "that I can not appeal to my Father, and he will at once send me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then should the Scriptures be fulfilled that it must be so?" (Matthew 26:53-54).

No. Christ will not allow his miracles to be perceived as spectacle. He will not leap from the temple. He will not remain transfigured. He will not call down legions from heaven. He will not start a holy war. His way will not involve Messianic violence. Instead, the one born in a simple manger-bed will enter Jerusalem on a lowly donkey and will drink the cup the Father has given him—a cup brimming with suffering and death.

Let's leave our three disciples and turn again to the story from today's gospel reading—which is actually a story within a story. Mark tells us that, as Jesus was on his way to resurrect Jairus's daughter, a sick woman grasped the hem of Jesus' garment and was instantly healed. Mark wants us, the readers, to see these two miracles as interconnected: The sick woman had been bleeding

¹ In the paragraph that follows, I sketch some of the evidence that Yoder provides for the claim that Jesus is tempted by, but repeatedly rejects, the way of Messianic violence.

for twelve years; Jairus's daughter was twelve years old. Both Jairus and the sick woman fell down at Jesus's feet. And—most importantly—both miracles involved touching Jesus.

This last point would have been highly significant for a Jewish audience.² For the Jews, the bleeding woman would have been considered unclean; and, because anyone she touched would have also been rendered unclean, she was probably living as a kind of exile among her people (Buchanan). When this woman (who probably hadn't touched another person for twelve years) touched Jesus, he would have been unclean until sundown according to Jewish law (Leviticus 15:19). Jesus's reaction to the woman must have thrown Jewish witnesses for a loop. Instead of rebuking her, Jesus gave her his blessing—"Daughter, your faith has healed you. Go in peace and be freed from your suffering." Then, instead of going to seek purification, he immediately continued to the home of Jairus. Now Jairus was a synagogue ruler, which means he probably looked after the building and supervised worship. Given his role, it's likely that he followed Jewish custom very closely and that, when Jesus entered Jairus's home, there were only two unclean things in the whole place—Jairus's dead daughter and Jesus himself (Buchanan). But what does Jesus do? He takes the dead girl by the hand—allowing himself to be rendered unclean a second time (Buchanan)—and says, "Talitha koum!"—"Little lamb, I say to you, get up!" And then, after the girl's eyes flutter open, he says, "Give her something to eat...and don't tell anyone what you just saw."

What a strange sort of God this Jesus is. He's a God that breaks Jewish purification laws; a God that tries to hush up people instead of revealing His glory; and a God that actually gives up some of his power upon being touched by a sick woman. I must confess that, each time I read this

² Several of the ideas in this passage come from a sermon delivered on July 9, 2006 by John M. Buchanan of Fourth Presbyterian Church in Chicago.

story, I'm perplexed anew by the fact that that an omnipotent (all powerful) God could be sapped of some of his power—like an improperly wired battery. But my perplexity is the result of a fundamental misunderstanding about who the God we worship is: He's certainly not the untouchable God of the philosophers. Rather, He's a God willing to become unclean for the unclean, to die for those trapped by sin and death. He is, as Archbishop Desmond Tutu is fond of saying, "a wounded healer."³

Paul's word for Christ's self-emptying love is the Greek word *kenosis*. It appears in Philippians 2—in which Christ is spoken of as having "made himself nothing, taking the form of a servant... And being found in human form, he humbled himself by becoming obedient to the point of death, even death on a cross. (Philippians 2:3-8). And Paul picks up on this same theme in today's reading from 2nd Corinthians: "For you know the generous act of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, so that by his poverty you might become rich" (2 Corinthians 8:9).

In these passages, Paul is telling us something important about who God is. But he also is suggesting something about who we should be: in his acts of *kenosis*, of self-emptying love, Christ serves as a model for us. We, too, are called to be "wounded healers." In other words, Christ's way offers us an ethic—a way of acting in the world. The ramifications of this are startling. What it means is that "shalom" is not simply the *goal* of the Kingdom of God; it's also the *way* we act to bring about that goal.

³ This phrase is also the title of a book by Henri Nouwen and is mentioned in the sermon I cite from John Buchanan.

Now perhaps you think this ethic, with its emphasis on peace, sounds overly-sentimental, like the message on Hallmark Greeting Card. But don't kid yourselves: Christ's ethic is actually radical. It's radical because it stands at dramatic odds with the often-violent politics of the state. Our proclamation of peace calls into question the military power of governments; our praise for humility shames those who buy into the cult of political celebrity; our prayers for our enemies condemn those who would use weapons or torture in the name of justice.

Contrary to what many American politicians and (sadly) many American Christians preach, you simply don't get shalom by putting on soldier's gear, climbing into the cockpit of an F-16 and killing others. It's *only* in allowing such weapons to be turned on ourselves that shalom survives.

At this point, some of you may be thinking: "Sure, Jim. Christ's ethic is all well and good *in theory*. But is it actually possible in a world like ours? Don't terrorists need to be stopped? Don't tyrants need to be overthrown?"⁴ To that I respond, "You may be right. Violence may be *necessary* in this world of ours. However, don't be fooled into thinking that it will bring shalom or that it will advance the Kingdom of God." Theologian Miroslav Volf writes, "If one decides to put on the soldier's gear instead of carrying one's cross, one should not [expect recognition] in the [Kingdom of] the crucified Messiah. For there, the blessing is given not to the violent but to the meek" (Volf 306).

But Jim, you say, won't our enemies destroy us? Perhaps not—shockingly, there *is* power in the way of peace. I'm reminded of a story told by Jim Wallis—author of the book *God's Politics*. As you may know, until the mid-90s, South Africa was characterized by apartheid—a system of

⁴ These questions are adapted from similar statements made by Miroslav Volf in *Exclusion and Embrace* (306).

legal, racial segregation. Blacks and other marginalized races were forced to live in particular regions of the country, they couldn't use the same public facilities as whites, they were wrongly imprisoned, and they were sometimes even killed, often in horrible ways. At one point during the apartheid years, Jim Wallis traveled to South Africa—secretly—to offer support to church leaders, like Desmond Tutu, who were protesting the state's unfair policies. Wallis tells the story this way:

I'll never forget my first day at St. George's Cathedral in Cape Town, South Africa. A political rally [to oppose apartheid] had been called. [But the government found out, and the government forced the people to cancel the rally.] [S]o Archbishop Tutu said, "Okay, we're just going to have church then." And church he had. They gathered together in that Cathedral and the police were massing by the hundreds on the outside and they were there to intimidate, to threaten, to try and frighten all the worshipers. [Wallis says:] I will testify, being on the inside, that I was scared. You could feel the tension in that place. The police were so bold and arrogant they even came into that Cathedral and stood along the walls. They were writing down and tape recording every thing that Archbishop Tutu said. But he stood there to preach. And he stood up, a little man with long, flowing robes, and he said, "This system of apartheid cannot endure because it is evil." That's a wonderful thing to say, but very few people on the planet believed that statement at that point in time. But I could tell that he believed it. Then he pointed his finger at those police standing along the walls of his sanctuary and said, "You are powerful. You are very powerful, but you are not gods and I serve a God who cannot be mocked." Then he flashed that wonderful Desmond Tutu smile and said, "So, since you've already lost, I invite you today to come and join the winning side!" And at that the congregation erupted. They began dancing in the church. They danced out into the streets and the police moved back because they didn't expect dancing worshipers. (Wallis)

What a strange—and wonderful—Kingdom we are a part of. It is a Kingdom that comes not by force, not by the gun or the sword, but through peace. When St. George's Cathedral in Cape Town was invaded by the powers of the apartheid state, the people helped usher in the Kingdom, not by punching and kicking the police but by kicking up their feet and cutting a rug. When Canterbury Cathedral in England was invaded by King Henry's knights, Thomas à Becket ushered in the kingdom not by setting up a barricade but by throwing open the door and embracing death.

So what does all this mean for you and me? Oftentimes, preachers answer this question by calling

us to go forth, taking the message out into the world. While I believe these calls are important, they set up a distinction between our worship (on the one hand) and action (on the other); Sunday worship, we are told, is preparation for our action in the world. But let me trouble that distinction: worship is not simply preparation for action; it *is* action. In fact, I believe it's the church's *principle* action in the world. So instead of concluding by presenting you with some practical application for living in the world, my answer to the question "what does this really mean for you and me" is to offer you a few remarks about our worship practices—and, in particular, Communion.

If I were to take a survey of all Christians throughout history and ask them, "What is the most important element—the central element—of your worship," no doubt I'd get a variety of answers. There would, however, be two answers that would predominate. A great many Christians—especially those of us who consider ourselves to be Evangelicals—would answer "the Proclamation of the Word" (i.e., the sermon). And a great many other Christians would answer "Communion." The Word and the Table. Throughout history, these two practices have constituted the core of Christian worship, and, depending on one's denomination, Christians have tended to emphasize one or the other. Mennonites, I think it's fair to say, have emphasized the Word more than the Table. But this emphasis comes at a heavy price, and I'd like to suggest to you that it's important that Communion happen more regularly in the Mennonite Church. (I realize that I may be preaching to the choir here, but that's what guest speakers do). One reason our worship should emphasize both Word and Table is that, as theologian Simon Chan notes, the two practices have distinct, yet complementary functions (65-70). Each is necessary to the other:

The Word prompts *reflection* about our faith; the Table prompts *participation* in our faith;

the Word *reveals* the good news; the Table allows us to *respond* to that good news in action; the Word *proclaims* the coming Kingdom; the Table *fulfills* that proclamation, by granting us a foretaste of the heavenly banquet; the Word *prepares* us to reconcile with God and one another; the Table *accomplishes* that reconciliation. (Chan 65-70)⁵

Reflection and Participation. Revelation and Response. Proclamation and Fulfillment. Preparation and Accomplishment. Word and Table are complementary practices, and we should emphasize both.

Furthermore, emphasizing both Word and Table would, according to theologian Jean-Jacques von Allmen, bring our worship services more in line with Jesus's own ministry, which included "a 'Galilean' moment—centered on the sermon—and a '[Jerusalem]' moment—centered on the Eucharist" (qtd. in Chan 69). Von Allmen continues: "The preaching of the Kingdom could not have been properly understood if Jesus had not sealed it with His blood; but neither could the crucifixion have been understood if Jesus had not prepared it by His prophetic ministry" (qtd. in Chan 69).

In worship, there must be a time for speech; but there also should be a time when all talking must cease, when all voices must be silent, and we must go—once again—with our Lord to Jerusalem. And here is the rub: in the act of Communion, we celebrate the Kingdom's arrival (as we share in the heavenly banquet), even as we celebrate *how* that Kingdom comes. In Communion, we put peace into each others' hands (as one of our hymns for today notes), and we are reminded that the Kingdom comes through an act of self-emptying love, *kenosis*: Christ's body is broken for us; his blood is shed for us.

⁵ Chan elaborates on these distinctions in his book *Liturgical Theology*.

In that sense, I want to suggest to you that many of the central tenets of the Mennonite faith are “articulated” no where more clearly than in the act of Communion. In Communion, we are drawn into the life of the One whose way involves nonviolence and suffering, and we enact our radical politics. In Communion we re-member—we re-assemble as the body of Christ, uniting ourselves with Christians in Berne, in Indiana, in the U.S., and throughout the world. For a moment, we stand together as we will be in glory: we stand not as Americans or Koreans or South Africans or Iraqis. We do not fly the stars and stripes. No—at the Table of our Lord, we stand as citizens of the Kingdom of God, declaring our allegiance to Him alone.

It can, of course, be difficult for us to believe that nonviolence will triumph in the end. Viewed from the floor of Canterbury Cathedral, Thomas Becket’s death seems so final. His defeat at the hands of the Powers seems so complete. But, of course, the story doesn’t end there. Shortly after his death, people began setting out for Canterbury to pay homage to the priest and worship in the cathedral. A pilgrimage was born. In the 14th century, Geoffrey Chaucer would write his famous Canterbury Tales—a collection of stories, told by various pilgrims, on their pilgrimage to Canterbury.

In the prologue to the Canterbury Tales, the guide of the pilgrims—who Chaucer calls “our host”—proposes a game. On the trip to Canterbury, all the pilgrims will tell a story, and the person who tells the best story will receive a free meal, paid for by all the other members of the group (1.798-99). As you probably know, the stories the pilgrims tell range from vulgar tales to moral lessons, but one of the most important stories is a story that Chaucer doesn’t tell

explicitly. It's a story that readers of the *Canterbury Tales* often miss. David Lyle Jeffrey, a Professor of Literature at Baylor University, fills in some of the gaps for us in his book, *People of the Book*:

“[T]he reader [of the *Canterbury Tales*] waits in vain for the Host's announcement revealing which pilgrim has told the [best] tale...and who therefore has won the free meal...As the pilgrims wend their way at eventide into Canterbury, and the shadows lengthen and the moon...ascends, the focus dissolves away from the group of storytellers as a whole...It is a time for personal measurement, examination of conscience before going to the cathedral church of St. Thomas a Becket for confession and, yes, communion. (Jeffrey 205-206)

The time for storytelling—for speech—has ended; now it's time for silence. Reflection gives way to participation. Jeffrey continues:

[S]uddenly...the Christian reader...realize[s] that it is not...the pilgrim who...tells the best tale who wins this Last Supper free, nor is it paid for...[by all of the other pilgrims]. The Eucharist to which all the company goes has been paid for at the cost of One...And in this [act, we realize that the guide, “the Host,” of the pilgrims represents another Host] ...the Word in humility made flesh for our salvation, that...One who...could say softly at the crucial moment: ‘Not my will but Thine be done.’” (Jeffrey 205-206)

Like these fictional pilgrims, Thomas's death would ultimately bring many to the Table of our Lord Jesus Christ and build the Kingdom of God. By embracing our enemies and acting in nonviolence, the mustard seed becomes a tree, filled with rustling leaves and birds. Or, as Naomi Lehman recorded in her book *A Swiss Community in Adams County*, the sown seeds of the sheaves of bearded wheat lose their lives, so that they may “grow and multiply” (68). And so it is that the Kingdom of God comes on Earth as it is in Heaven: sometimes at the touch of His cloak; sometimes at the touch of His hand, sometimes in secret; sometimes through dance; sometimes in suffering—but always through peace.

Amen.

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