

College Lutheran Church  
Dec. 3, 2017

***“Time! To make up your mind!”***

Excuse me, but do you have the time?  
I lost my watch, and it was the kind  
that showed the time and date and all;  
I think I lost it at the mall  
when I was *shopping* last weekend;  
*Shopping!* I don't have that time to spend.

This Christmas stuff just drives me crazy.  
It's not because I'm late or lazy;  
I just don't have the time to do it;  
I just wish that we were through it!

It's not *just* me; I'm sure that's true;  
I'll bet the same is true for you.  
Will everyone with tons of time  
Just raise your hand like I've raised mine...  
See, your time, like mine, is really full;  
So fully full you couldn't pull  
Another minute from your day.

Or, are you one of those who say  
That you have loads of time to waste,  
And, you're not caught up in this breakneck haste?

Well I doubt, that 'round your house you sit,  
With lots of time or even a bit.  
What exactly is the time we have *for*?  
Why is there so little; can we get more?  
You have time for fun? Or, maybe you don't?  
Or, time to go shop; or maybe you won't?

Time for work? Time for play?

Time to run or time to stay?

***Why do we have time, anyway?***

What's it for, and where did you get it?

And what should you do with it, so you won't regret it?

We don't want to regret the time that we spend;

We don't want to waste it, 'cause that would offend

Our sense that time is precious, and there's just too little

To squander it, waste it, to carelessly fiddle...

Time is so precious, a limited commodity.

Anyone who ignores that fact is really an oddity

In this world of racing 'round with no time to spare;

I mean you gotta run here, you gotta run there,

To get from this place to that, and that one to this;

Don't want anyone thinking that we've been remiss.

Eight days in a week, that's what we need,

Or, 25-hour days would help us to lead

Lives that are calmer and slower and easy

Instead of lives that just leave us queasy!

'Course another way to save some time

Is to try to avoid sermons that are written in rhyme!

But, now, just one second, before we quit,

I call your attention to just one little bit

Of our second lesson, it starts at verse eight

Where Peter is saying that *God is not late!*

See, some people think he should have been back last week.

And they're kind of impatient 'cause what they really seek

Is to have God come back and give what's deserved:

Hellfire and damnation for all those *sinner*s reserved!

But Peter is saying, hold on now just a sec!

Perhaps you don't know, or you may not detect

That God is not late, he's not slow, not behind;

He's giving you **time to make up your mind**

'bout how you're gonna spend all this time you've been given,

Spend it on nothin' or spend it on livin'

According to the plan he's laid out for us all;

That's why he's not back already this fall.

It's to our advantage he hasn't returned,

'Cause a whole lot of people might really get burned;

I'm not making that up; it's there in verse ten;

Thank God, God is patient with all his children.

You among them, remember, you're s'posed to wait

For God to return and break down the gate

Of this world that ignores and despises his name,

That imagines this god-stuff is just a mind-game;

But we don't wait around with nothing to do;

The time you've been given has been given to you

To do something with. Do you understand

That you're only still here by his gracious hand?

There's work to be done before he gets back.

And he expects *you* to do it because you do not lack

Any gift that is needed to get the job done,

You're baptized and holy and part of the one

Body of Christ that's been called to the task

To get the world ready 'cause that's what God asks

Of us who are given the talent and time.

No, don't make excuses sad or sublime.

We are called to a task that takes courage and *guts*,  
 So, to get on with the work, let's get off our...*pews*,  
 And recognize this is God who has called us  
 To ministry, mission and spreading good news.

Now, just calm down from your flurry and worry,  
 And listen to Peter who says God's in no hurry.

A thousand years is, in his way,  
 As long as we think is just one single day.  
 But this understanding you better not lack:  
*Sometime before long you can bet he'll will be back!*

And, when he comes with a trumpet's loud sound,  
 It's without spot or blemish that you should be found.  
 That's what it says right there in verse fourteen  
 And, if you don't listen, it's disaster you're courting.

So what sort of person ought you to be?  
 Well, one who lives life ho-la-leely!  
 The Word to the world is that we're forgiven,  
 That given to us is the promise of heaven!  
 So, turn your attention to his only Son  
 Through whom it is that our faith is begun.

The one who comes blessing in bread and in wine,  
 And in preaching and teaching this *Word* he defines:  
 The *hope* we have here while we all wait  
 And the *hope* that's given, still not too late  
 To this whole world and all of its kin,  
 Providing the Word is gladly shared in  
 The world for all of it's so many people,  
 Not just hidden here 'neath our fancy steeple.

That means that there is work to do,  
 For you and you and you and you.  
 The advent call is to spread God's Word,  
 You can't do that and it can't be heard,  
 If all you do is keep your seat.  
 You've got to be up and on your feet,

Committed to the Spirit's call  
 To tell of God, who's all in all;  
 Who's Alpha and Omega, too,  
 Start and finish of all that's new  
 In this new kingdom that he brings in  
 Through the life of the child of Bethlehem.

He'll bring it in at his own pace;  
 When he's good and ready you'll see his face,  
 And when you do I hope he'll say  
 You helped to make the world *his* way.

So, never mind how rushed things are,  
 Instead, you look upon the star  
 That guides us all to the holy place  
 Where Christ is born; so face to face  
 We can thank God for his timeless gift  
 That brings us all our heads to lift  
 In joyous and thanksgiving praise.  
 So, stand up now and voices raise!

Give thanks to God for the gift of time...  
 ...and, forgive the preacher for his lame rhyme.

*Pastor Dwayne J. Westermann*