

Christ Episcopal Church

2 Emerson Street

East Norwalk,

Connecticut 06855-1330

First Sunday in Lent (B)

February 18, 2018

DRAFT

8 AM and 10 AM homilies

by the Rev. Joe Parrish

“Keep on keeping on”

The Holy Gospel: Mark 1:9-15

In those days Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee and was baptized by John in the Jordan. And just as he was coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens torn apart and the Spirit descending like a dove on him. And a voice came from heaven, "You are my Son, the Beloved; with you I am well pleased." And the Spirit immediately drove him out into the wilderness. He was in the wilderness forty days, tempted by Satan; and he was with the wild beasts; and the angels waited on

him. Now after John was arrested, Jesus came to Galilee, proclaiming the good news of God, and saying, “The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God has come near; repent, and believe in the good news.”

Create in us clean hearts, O God, and let not thy Holy Spirit be taken away.

Amen. (Psalm 51:10)

Rev. Christopher Henry tells this story: “Several years ago, I was attending a Sunday afternoon book club

in a small town in North Carolina. The participants in the club were the pastors and lay leaders of local congregations--Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, Catholics, and Presbyterians. That day we found ourselves sharing personal stories of faith formation. How did you become a Christian? Where did your faith journey begin? One by one, members of the group described how we had been raised by loving and faithful parents who brought us to Sunday school and church, told us the stories of Jesus, and helped us to grow in maturity

of faith. Each story sounded something like that, until there was only one person left to speak. As tears formed in her eyes, she said, “I am a Christian because the Christian church saved my life.” Suddenly, the chatty group fell silent. She described how she had been abandoned by her parents as an infant. Sent to a foster home, she was neglected and abused for the first six years of her life. At age seven, she was adopted by a local family. Not knowing what to expect, she spent the first night wide-awake in her new bed, afraid and

anxious. The next morning, a Sunday, the family got up early, had breakfast, and got into the car. “It was my first time at church and I had no idea what to expect. We walked into the Sunday school classroom, and the teacher's face lit up as she said to me, ‘Welcome, Janet, we've been waiting for you.’”

[Story told by The Rev. Christopher Henry, senior pastor of Shallowford Presbyterian Church in Atlanta, Georgia]

http://day1.org/3552-where_to_begin

Suppose you are here for the first time, and someone says to you:

“Welcome, we’ve been waiting for you.”

Suppose a new person comes into our midst, as happens from time to time, would we practice telling them truthfully, ‘Welcome, we’ve been waiting for you’?’

That is God’s word for each of us today: “Welcome, I’ve been waiting for you.” God welcomes us with open arms, with an warm heart, with a sincere longing for us to be close to God, to be

God's friend, to be God's representative in the world; a person who says to others seeking an answer to the wrongs of the world, of the wrongs done to us, and of the wrongs we may have done to others: 'Welcome, back, my friend.'

God is telling us. I knew you would come back to me. And we and they are welcomed back by the Father who art in heaven, hallowed be God's Name.

There is no judgment. There are no questions. There are no harsh words, just words of love and concern and welcome. During Lent we each take on

the personage of the prodigal son and prodigal daughter. We finally acknowledge that we had somehow wandered too far away from our first calling. And today, the First Sunday in Lent, we come to find again that spark of enthusiasm, that thrill of a great new friendship, a friendship with God who never left us, who never forsook us, who never forgot us. Today we come back in body, mind, and spirit once again to be cleansed of our sins and to find new forgiveness for all our shortcomings, and our sinful commissions. And we

come because we always know God loves us more than anything. We have been molded into the image of Christ Jesus who heard his Father and our Father in heaven say to us, “You are my son, you are my daughter, with you I am well pleased. Welcome back. I’ve been waiting for you.”

Vice Admiral James Bond Stockdale survived 2,714 days [almost 7 and a half years] as a P.O.W., a Prisoner of War, in Vietnam. [Wikipedia: Commander Stockdale was the senior naval officer

held captive in Hanoi, North Vietnam. He had led aerial attacks from the carrier USS Ticonderoga (CVA-14) during the 1964 Gulf of Tonkin Incident. On his next deployment, while Commander of Carrier Air Wing Sixteen aboard the carrier USS Oriskany (CV-34), his A-4 Skyhawk jet was shot down in North Vietnam on September 9, 1965.] And he was captured by the North Vietnamese.

“On one occasion, the North Vietnamese handcuffed Stockdale’s hands behind his back, locked his legs

in heavy irons, and dragged him from his dark prison cell to sit in an unshaded courtyard so other prisoners could see what happened to anybody who refused to cooperate. According to the Navy's official report of the episode, Stockdale remained in that position for three days. Since he had not been in the sun for a long time, he soon felt weak, but the guards would not let him sleep. He was beaten repeatedly. After one beating, Stockdale heard a towel snapping out in prison code the letters GBUJS. It was a

message he would never forget: ‘God Bless You Jim Stockdale.’” GBUJB.

Story told by Jim Fitzgerald,
Preacher's Magazine, 2006.

<http://www.nph.com/nphweb/html/pmol/pastissues/Lent%202006/webmar5.htm>

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/James_Stockdale

From Wikipedia: ‘When Jim Collins, author of the book, “Good to Great”,

asked Commander Stockdale: ‘who didn't make it out of Vietnam?’, Stockdale replied: “Oh, that's easy, the optimists. Oh, they were the ones who said, ‘We're going to be out by Christmas.’ And Christmas would come, and Christmas would go. Then they'd say, ‘We're going to be out by Easter.’ And Easter would come, and Easter would go. And then Thanksgiving, and then it would be Christmas again. And they died of a broken heart.’ [19]

‘Stockdale then added: “This is a very important lesson. You must never confuse faith that you will prevail in the end—which you can never afford to lose—with the discipline to confront the most brutal facts of your current reality, whatever they might be. [19]”

[19] "The Stockdale Paradox".

VenChar. Retrieved 2013-05-30.

“Stockdale wound up in Hoa Lo Prison, the infamous ‘Hanoi Hilton,’ where he spent the next seven years as

the highest ranking naval officer and leader of American resistance against Vietnamese attempts to use prisoners for propaganda purposes. Despite being kept in solitary confinement for four years, in leg irons for two years, physically tortured more than 15 times, denied medical care and malnourished, Stockdale organized a system of communication and developed a cohesive set of rules governing prisoner behavior. Codified in the acronym **BACK U.S. (Unity over Self)**, these rules gave prisoners a sense of hope and

empowerment. Many of the prisoners credited these rules as giving them the strength to endure their lengthy ordeal. Drawing largely from principles of stoic philosophy, notably Epictetus' The Enchiridion, Stockdale's courage and decisive leadership was an inspiration to POWs.

◁▷ “his determination to die rather than to cooperate [resulted in] that the Communists ceased the torture of American prisoners and gradually improved their treatment of POWs. Upon his

release from prison in 1973, Stockdale's extraordinary heroism became widely known, and he was awarded The Medal of Honor by President Gerald Ford in 1976." "He was one of the most highly decorated officers in the history of the Navy, wearing 26 personal combat decorations, including two Distinguished Flying Crosses, three Distinguished Service Medals, two Purple Hearts, and four Silver Star medals in

addition to the Medal of Honor.

He was the only three-star admiral in the history of the Navy to wear both aviator wings and the Medal of Honor.”

<https://www.usna.edu/Ethics/bios/stockdale.php>

Admiral Stockdale died July 5, 2005. His Navy obituary reads, “Vice Admiral James Stockdale, who has died at the age of 81 after suffering from Alzheimer's disease, was what his

beloved Greek philosophers would have called a ‘great-souled man’.

<https://www.theguardian.com/news/2005/jul/08/guardianobituaries.usa>

When Jesus was driven into the wilderness, he needed supernatural help; Jesus needed his Father’s angels, and indeed those angels showed up and “waited on him.” But eventually no help would save him from the cruel cross on Calvary. Yet still he endured to the end. Christ endured so that we

will forever be saved from the power of satan over our eternal life.

Sometimes we are in a wilderness from which there seems no escape, but even there God has not abandoned us; God knows us as the apple of God's eye; and God never fails us, even to the last breath we may breathe. We are indeed precious in God's sight and loved as no other creature on earth.

As we await the time when we will be ready and able and willing to call our next priest, we will be called to endure times we never really 'signed up for'.

The struggle to be a self-sufficient parish is not an easy struggle. My parish in New Jersey, St. John's in Elizabeth, over a period of 24 years nearly collapsed several times, if one looked at our books. On the surface we should not have survived, but survive we did. It took an amazing amount of courage on the behalf of our Vestry and Wardens. It took an amazing numbers of God's miracles to keep us afloat. But in the end we did survive, the Episcopal Church with largest physical plant in the State of New Jersey, seating 750, and

originally designed to be the signature Cathedral of the whole state; soon after St. John's construction the Civil War broke out, and the demographics of the state changed dramatically after the War. Yet the church stayed the course. It continued as a leader for the community--all the community--rich, middle class, and down to the homeless. And it still survives today. Last year, eight young teenagers were Confirmed; its largest church service had over a hundred for Easter.

So do not be either obsessed with getting a new leader, nor drop into somnolence and sleep until the next priest is hired. But be aware of the angels who lift us. Be thankful to God for the gifts God has given each of us. And let us use our time, our talent, and our treasure to assure the long and historic traditions of Christ Church, East Norwalk, Connecticut. May God continue to be with us in the times to come and give us faith and courage to stand, and to grow.

Amen.

Description:

Even in times of distress, God sees us and gives us the miraculous angels to be our help. We need only to endure, not to give up, and not to turn inward. We need to welcome the new comers with the words, “Welcome, we been waiting for you.”

Tags:

Jesus, Christ, Lent, wilderness, Vice
Admiral, Jim, James Bond Stockton,
Vietnam, hero, persevere, POW,
captivity, endure, Vestry, Wardens,
Christ Church, East Norwalk,
Connecticut, stoic, Episcopal, Church,
New Jersey, Elizabeth, optimists,
realists, Purple Hearts, Jim Collins,
author, “Good to Great”, “7 Habits of
Highly Effective People”, Navy

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[More interesting stories:]

“You are perhaps aware of the cross national studies that compared the lives of people who live in Egypt and people who live in Germany. The standard of living for people who live in Germany is four times greater than those who live in Egypt. Logically, the Germans should be four times as happy as the Egyptians. Is that true? You know it is ludicrous. Germans are not happier. If you measure the happiness quotient of

Germans and Egyptians, they are about the same. It is an illusion when we think that a little bit more money will make us happier or will make our families happier. What a deception. What an illusion.

“You may also be aware of studies that compared the rich, the middle class and the lower class. All three groups wanted a little bit more money and they thought they would be happier. They wanted twenty-five percent more and consequently, happier. The rich, middle class and lower class all believed that a

little bit more money would help them enjoy life more. The lower class didn't want to be middle class. The middle class didn't want to be upper class. The upper class didn't want to be filthy rich. They all [just] wanted a little bit more money, so they could then be happier. But the rich and the middle class weren't any happier than anyone. A little bit more money does not make you any happier, although a lot of you believe it in the secrecy of your hearts.

“There is an epitaph on a tomb that reads: ‘She died of things.’ The next

tomb said, ‘He died providing things for her.’ As important as material things are, sooner or later, you will realize that they cannot be at the core of your life and will never satisfy the deepest needs within you.”

-story by Rev. Edward F. Markquart

http://www.sermonsfromseattle.com/series_b_sugar_cookies_ice_cream_and_popcorn.htm

Rev. Rosemary Brown wrote, “When I was serving in a church out in Franklin, Tennessee, I had a phone call one night that two of the little boys that went to our church were missing. They lived across the street from the church. It was already pitch black dark. Mother and Dad were in a panic. We searched and searched everywhere and we couldn't find them. And, finally, I opened the door to the church and was going to use the phone in my office to call for more help. As I passed through the darkened sanctuary, I heard

somebody say, ‘Ssshhhhhhhh,’ and I looked down front and I could see the outline of two little heads. Those little boys were sitting down front in that darkened church and as I approached them, I said, ‘What are you doing here?’ ‘We were waiting for the Holy Ghost,’ one of them said. We had been teaching them in Sunday School about the Holy Ghost, the Holy Spirit, and there they were in their Father's house waiting for that Holy Ghost.”

-story by the Rev. Rosemary Brown,
former pastor of Monroe Street and

Jordonia United Methodist Churches in
Nashville, Tennessee

[http://day1.org/691-
the_apple_of_my_eye](http://day1.org/691-the_apple_of_my_eye)

The following story is by the Rev.
Andrew M. Greeley in one of his
columns for the Chicago SunTimes:
Daily Southtown.

“Once upon a time, not so very long
ago, the women who were the ‘leaders’
in a certain parish decided that their
Lenten project should be something that

would benefit the whole parish. They met several times to discuss what each of them thought would be most beneficial project they could sponsor. One woman suggested they have a children's Easter fashion show. She knew her daughter would love to do something like that. Another woman suggested a 'house walk' where some of the owners of the newest and biggest houses in the community could let the rest of the community see how they decorated their houses for Easter. Several similar ideas were put forth but

support for each idea was rather evenly split. Finally, one woman who had been silent during the whole discussion suggested that a Lenten project that would benefit the entire parish might best be one in which everyone in the parish could participate as they lived out the season of preparation for Easter.

The other women were a bit surprised at her suggestion. No one had stopped to think ‘outside the box’ of spring fashion shows and hose walks. As they thought about it and discussed what they might do, they came to realize that they had

gotten caught up in ideas that didn't really reflect the spirit of Easter. This shared insight helped them focus on ways in which their project would be one that would help the whole community appreciate the spirit of resurrection.”

-story by Andrew M. Greeley

[http://www.agreeley.com/hom03/mar09.
htm](http://www.agreeley.com/hom03/mar09.htm)

Rev. Susan R. Andrews, Bradley Hills Presbyterian Church, Bethesda, Maryland writes, “There is a true story

about a man who experiences a time in his life when everything seemed flat, boring, dull. He went to this physician who found nothing wrong with him physically. The doctor then suggested that he take a day for some spiritual renewal. He was to go to a place that had been special to him as a child. He could take food, but nothing else. The doctor then handed him four prescriptions--one to be read at 9AM, one to be read at noon, one at 3PM, and the final one at 6PM. The patient

agreed and the next day, drove himself to the beach.

“At 9AM he opened the first prescription, which read. ‘Listen carefully.’ For three hours do nothing but listen? Our friend was annoyed, but he decided to obey. At first, he heard the wind, the birds, the surf--predictable beach sounds. But then he found himself listening to his inner voice, reminding him of some of the lessons the beach had taught him as a child--patience, respect, the interdependence of the different parts of nature. Soon, our

friend was feeling more peaceful than he had in a long time.

“At noon, he opened the second prescription, and it said, ‘Try reaching back.’ His mind began to wander, and he discovered himself being overwhelmed by all the moments of joy and blessing and giftedness he had been given in the past.

“At three, he opened the third prescription. This one was harder. It read, ‘Examine your motives.’

Defensively, this man listed all the motivating factors of his life--success,

recognition, security--and found satisfactory explanations for them all.

But, finally, it occurred to him, in a shattering moment, that those motives were not enough--that the lack of a deeper motive probably accounted for the staleness and boredom of his life.

‘In a flash of certainty,’ he wrote, ‘I saw that if one's motives are wrong, nothing can be right. It makes no difference if you are a scientist, a housewife, a mail carrier, or an attorney. It is only when you are serving others, that you do the

job well and feel good. This is a law as irrefutable as gravity.’

“At 6:00 PM he read the final prescription. It said, ‘Write your worries on the sand.’ He took a shell, scratched a few words, and then walked away-- never turning back. He knew, with a great sense of relief, that the tide would come in, and his anxieties would be washed away.” (adapted from Stephen Covey, “The 7 Habits of Highly Effective People”, pp. 292-294)

“My friends, today Jesus grows up in the wilderness. He listens to his inner

voices, he reaches back for the blessings of his past, he examines his motives, and then, when he finally understands who God has called him to be--he moves back out into the world, ready to serve. And he leaves his worries written in the barren sand of the wilderness.

This Lenten season, may we, too, allow God to lead us on a desert Journey, welcoming the wild beasts as our companions. May we allow the angels to minister to us as we struggle to accept our own authority and responsibility. Then, leaving our anxieties behind, let

us so forth to serve others--energized
and committed to preach Good News
and be Good News for a world in need.
This is the promise and possibility of
this season.”

By Rev. Susan R. Andrews, Bradley
Hills Presbyterian Church, Bethesda,
Maryland

<http://www.sermonmall.com/TheMall/18/021818c.html>

St. Stephen's Episcopal ProCathedral

**35 South Franklin Street
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania 18701**

First Sunday in Lent (B)

February 22, 2015

DRAFT

A Sermon by the Rev. Joe Parrish

“What is God saying to us today?”

The Holy Gospel Mark 1:9-15

Lord God Almighty, save, protect,
and defend us from all temptations and
assaults of our enemies and of the evil

one so that we may more perfectly love you and more faithfully serve you, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior. Amen.

In around two hundred seventy AD (270 AD) there arose a holy man by the name of Antony of Egypt, later referred to as the first “Desert Father”. Antony felt moved by God to go away from civilization which he sensed was becoming very corrupt, and he went into the Egyptian desert and survived for decades. During his wilderness

experience Antony noted the spiritual challenges one finds in the wilderness; one saying ascribed to St. Antony is, “Wherever you find yourself, do not go forth from that place too quickly. Try to be patient and learn to stay in one place.” Antony is thought to have lived to be about 105 years old, but he lived most of his long life in wildernesses.

Antony, note his name does not have the letter “h” in it, it is pronounced, “An-to-nee”. Antony went from place to place surviving for decades at some point in very desert places where he felt

he was besieged by demons or evil spirits, and he had reveries of sexual perversions and suffered great bodily weakness from time to time as he fasted every other day at times and even then only ate bread and water. He lived a very austere life, much of the time alone. In his latter phase of life many new converts to the ascetic lifestyle gathered around him, and he had quite a following. As a result Antony as one of the very first monastics and powerfully influenced monasticism even to this day nearly eighteen centuries later.

The wilderness challenges Jesus faces in today's Gospel according to Mark are not detailed, though they are greatly embellished in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke. But by the end of Jesus' time in the desert we find that a smalltown carpenter has suddenly changed into a mighty evangelist proclaiming the Good News that "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God has come near", and he calls us to "repent and believe in the good news." He is saying that the prophecies of millennia of prophets are finally coming

to fruition in him. God's kingdom is very close at hand, and Jesus calls the people to turn from their sinful ways and thoughts, and believe the good news that the way for all people to come into the kingdom of God is through him. We here are the beneficiaries of Jesus' wilderness journey and experiences.

During this interim time here at St. Stephen's you yourself may experience a sense of wilderness: where are we going? Who is going to lead us? How will the rest of the folks react? How will I myself feel when a new priest has

been called? There is a sense of uncertainty, which is very normal. But during this precious time of wilderness we have the particular task of listening carefully to what God is calling us to do, and where God is calling us to go.

St. Stephen's has a great history of involvement with the community, both ecumenically and with those who are downtrodden by society, and St. Stephen's along with others has been able to respond strongly and positively in the face of insurmountable odds to improve the lives of many who

otherwise would simply die of starvation, exposure, and/or disease.

And in the midst of all that, we have had our hearts warmed in many ways, by the various preachers we have heard, by the music and other programs we have attended, and by the liturgy season by season and week by week. But what is the result of all this activity? How has it changed us? And how have we personally and communally responded? The wilderness time is a time to take stock, to evaluate where we have gone, how we are doing at the moment, and

where we see ourselves heading in the next three or four years, and then on into the future.

Our budget is very constrained, as you probably have discerned, as for many years we have been spending well beyond what we take in, and there are few comforting financial words that we have heard. We hear, “the money is in our pockets,” “the challenge is ours,” and we feel the pressure of our own lives being squeezed between our personal needs and the future of our congregation. It is an uncomfortable

experience if we dwell on our shortcomings, so instead we need to set our eyes on how Jesus is leading us, guiding us in this wilderness journey that maybe we didn't sign up for, but we have 'spread our spiritual tent here' and here we plan to stay, somewhat like Antony who was not moved by his reveries and feelings of threats from evil spirits and bad dreams.

So today let's briefly dwell in the wilderness of Lent and see what turns we need to take in our lives and in the life of our congregation.

A pastor in San Diego by the name of Adam Stadtmiller has written a book, “Praying for your Elephant”, in which he tries to get us to focus on the big things of our lives which may be short-circuiting our spiritual growth as mature Christians. He notes that prayer is a conversational way we are to talk to God, but for us Episcopalians that may be a bit of a revelation. We are accustomed to list this petition and that petition, mutter that thanksgiving and the other thanksgiving, and end with a hearty “Amen” and “Thanks be to God”

when we oftentimes haven't allowed God to edge God-self into our inmost being in months or maybe years. We sort of drum along doing mostly the same old, same old, and our journey seems to get stale and unimaginative. We have so many things on our plates that we cannot imagine God doing something radically new in our lives that changes us into dynamic spiritual beings that can set the world on fire with our zeal for Jesus Christ. We tend to creep--somewhat like the story of the duck preacher, who told his duck

congregation, “Spread your wings and fly,” “Spread your wings and fly,” and then all the ducks said, “Amen, preacher, fly, fly” and then all the ducks waddled out of the duck church and waddled home, never really expecting to use their God-given wings to fly.

Shrove Tuesday is a time when the old things in our larder were to be thrown out or at least to be eaten and shared among ourselves what was valuable, but then our larders, our food supplies were to be emptied, given to the poor, and ready to be resupplied for

the long winter still ahead. Instead we tend just to cook pancakes using newly bought pancake batter without much if any attention to cleaning out and sharing everything that was in our refrigerators and food pantries. In much the same way we do not clean out our feelings of never being able to accomplish much. And these feelings we have of inadequacy weigh us down so that we cannot be revitalized to face the spiritual challenge of living as Easter people, enlarged by our faith and ready to take on the world with our zeal to bring

others into God's kingdom. It is easier to find excuses than to ask God to excuse us. It is easier to find excuses, than to ask God to excuse us.

When the Diocesan Stewardship officer came here to preach a few months ago, during my time with him somehow the topic came up, "What does St. Stephen's need?" "What does St. Stephen's need?" And without hesitation he said St. Stephen's needs 'spiritual renewal,' 'spiritual renewal.' But what is 'spiritual renewal'? In his experience 'spiritual renewal' often

comes when a congregation participates in a program called “Cursillo”.

“Cursillo” is a word that means “course”, or “short course”, and it is a truncation of the whole phrase, “Cursillos de Cristiandador”, or “short course in Christianity”. Maybe some of you have been on a ‘Cursillo’, as have I, but maybe it didn’t ‘take’, as in my case. So the ‘cursillo’ formula may not always “work” for everyone. But it is eye opening for many, and they return ready to take on the world for Christ. Our stewardship officer said he had

been on a Cursillo which he said had changed his life. It is a lay led program, with clergy present as chaplains.

I won't go into why I didn't experience Cursillo the way he had, I think I was a bit blighted by already being an ordained person, but so many find a new spiritual rebirth there that it surely can be commended, and he could probably help you find a Cursillo that would fit your schedule. It requires a full weekend beginning on a Friday and continuing through Sunday and some prior preparation as well.

In my personal experience, there is at least one alternative that I have found has been remarkably successful, a short program that helps one find one's spiritual gifts—none of us have the same spectrum of spiritual gifts, but we are greatly benefitted when we are able to realize what our gifts are and how we can use them to be the best ministers for Christ that we can be. And that discernment combined with a good Bible study program has been the most effective program I have worked with. If you think you might find an interest in

that avenue of discernment, please let me know.

Every Sunday for nearly a year right at the end of the Prayers of the People we here have prayed a prayer for St. Stephen's Church which includes this phrase: "Lead us to see and nurture in each other the gifts necessary to live out our mission while we discern our future. Grant us open hearts and minds so that we may hear your prophetic truth and respond with humility and diligence as we become the hands of Christ in the world." I believe that prayer is finally

beginning to work its way into our minds and hearts. Prayer is powerful, so be sure to listen to each word you pray today in that prayer and ask God to give you an open heart and mind, to see how to nurture the gifts within us necessary to live out our mission to know Christ and to make him known in our time and in our place. This is our challenge today and on each Sunday during Lent.

Antony finally came out of the wilderness just as did Jesus Christ, and just as Antony changed the future world of all monastic life, Jesus Christ

changed the life of every human being who listens to him and does his bidding in their lives to bring the kingdom of God to our lost world.

May we be Christ's partners in saving the world.

Amen.