
For all your saints who from their labors rest, all who by faith before the world confessed your name, O Jesus, be forever blessed. Alleluia.

You were their rock, their fortress and their might; you, Lord their captain in the well fought fight, You in the darkness drear their one true light. Praise the Lord.

For whom did you praise the Lord as we sang this hymn? For Peter, or for Mary, or for Paul, or Martin Luther? Or for someone closer to home, a father, a mother, a sister, brother, husband, wife, maybe all of those. A son, a daughter, a dear friend. The longer we live the more saints we know who are now resting from their labors, the closer we come to joining them. We have known them as real people, not pedistal people. We have seen them in moments when they sacrificed for those they loved, for us. We saw them fail, and succeed. laugh and cry, believe and fear. Maybe we even learned from them how it is a person who believes dies. Or watched as aging and dying changed them, so that we hardly knew them anymore.

This we know: They were people for whom Christ has died. They were lost sheep that the shepherd went out to seek. And we trust found, and brought back to his flock.

Paul wrote: Since all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God they are justified by his grace as a gift through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus to be received by faith.

Everyone needs the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, everyone. There are not some good enough people, people who can pave their own road into the kingdom. Every single saint is a saint because of what Christ has done. Giving his life for their forgiveness, being raised to go before them into life. So as we think back about Mom or Dad, or our husband or wife, or a son or daughter we need not fear what our memories will bring us. If we see weakness, Christ's death will cover that, if we see pettiness, Christ will not flee from that. If there was abuse and drunkenness, if there was one
face for the world, another face in the home, remember that Christ died for sinners. Paul even goes further, saying Christ died for the ungodly. &xx

Now what Christ's judgement will be at the last day, we cannot know. I can never look into the heart of another person. We see their deeds, we hear their words, but we each know how complicated things are within ourselves. How faith and fear lie right beside each other, and love and hatred. Do I declare my love for Christ because I really love him, or just to save my own eternal skin? Do I give my money to help the poor in gratitude, or to ease that voice that cries, Your should do more? Do I stand here before you as one who truly believes, or as one who is just making a living? Or am I simply living out my mother's need to have a son be a pastor? I don't know. If I can't know about myself, how could I ever know about someone else? And so in first Corinthians Paul writes: But with me it is a very small thing that I should be judged by you or by any human court. I do not even judge myself. I am not aware of anything against myself, but I am not thereby acquitted. It is the Lord who judges me. Therefore do not pronounce judgement before the time before the lord come, who will bring to light the things now hidden in darkness and will disclose the purposes of the heart.

This I know: For myself, and all whom I have known it is enough to know who the judge will be. If at the judgement my good deeds were to be placed on one side of a scale, and on the other, all sin and unbelief in me, then I would have no hope. But there is no scale at the judgement seat, only our being placed in the hands of Christ who died for sinners. You will all your complicated feelings, with all your hurts and healings, and your hopes will be placed in the hands of Christ. Those whom you have known, who have blessed you, and cursed you and held you and struck you, they will be placed in the hands of Christ.
Yesterday as I prepared to type this sermon, I looked in my concordance for the word saint. What I found is that in almost all the instances that the word saint is used in the New Testament it refers to those who are living here on earth. The saints, another way of saying, the church, the people of God, the baptized. You.

You are the saints, you know that the judge who will one day take you in his hands, now holds you in his hands. Jesus Christ has grasped hold of you sins and strengths, loves and hatreds, faith and fears. He walks with you, his spirit dwells in you.

My hope is that one day God’s people will sing to Christ of us: You were their rock, their fortress and their might, you Lord thier in the wellfought fight, you in the darkness drear thier one true light.

Alleluia.