

All Saints Sunday
November 1, 2009
St. Ann's, Old Lyme

For all the saints who grace this earth: for those who have gone before us, for those among us now, and for those who are yet to come. We commend them all into the care of God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

I sing a song of the saints of God.
It's All Saints day; that's what we do.

So I sing to every saint in every place and every time who knows the sovereignty of God and the Lordship of Christ, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

I sing a song to famous saints – to Mary, the mother of our Lord, and Ann, the patron of this parish; blessed are the pure in heart. I sing to the apostle Paul; blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness.

And I sing a song to not-so-famous saints, those unknown, except in their own generations: to my parents – and to yours – wherever they may be.

I sing a song to all the saints who respond in their lives to God's undying love – to saints I know by name, and to saints that I will never meet.

I sing to saints we see no more, who now live by sight, while we still live by faith.

And I sing a song to saints who grieve. Blessed are those who mourn.

I sing to saints who strive against wars: who labor for peace in faraway lands, and who labor for peace close to home. Blessed are the peacemakers.

I sing to saints who have died for their faith that we might live freely with ours; blessed are they who are persecuted for the sake of the Gospel.

I sing to saints who give credible expression to God's work in our world today.

I sing a song to all the saints who allow God to use them for the ongoing work of redemption; blessed are the meek.

I sing to saints with different gifts: to the farmer who ploughs the fields, to the judge who wields the gavel, and to the student who seeks after wisdom.

I sing a song to imperfect saints, people like you and me, who stumble and fall a million times and stand up again in the strength of God's forgiveness; blessed are the poor in spirit.

I sing to you, the saints I see every day. I sing to you who sing with me; I sing to you who pray with me. I sing to you who laugh with me and weep with me and work with me.

I sing this day to the Communion of Saints: the Church, the Body of Christ. I sing to all who are marked not so much by what we do, as by what Christ has done for us. I sing to all who bear God's seal – not earned by us, but given by the One who died for us.

I sing a song to the saints of God – to all those saints and to all us saints.

We will inherit the earth; we will be comforted; we will obtain mercy; and we will be satisfied. For ours, through Christ, is the Kingdom of Heaven, and we shall see God. Amen.

The Rev. Nancy Miller