

Sermon: Youth Sunday
May 12, 2019
Psalm 23

“The Lord is my Shepherd.”

Good morning everyone, my name is Mac Kincheloe and I am currently a senior at Robert E. Lee High School here in Staunton. Next year I am planning on taking my next step in life at the University of Pennsylvania and I could not be more excited to do so; however, I, like many others my age, am incredibly confused and lost on what to do with my life. The reality is, life is terrifying. I have lived in the same small town for nearly all of my life, yet now, all at once I am being thrown into the “real world” with little more than a pat on the back and a few “good lucks.”

Luckily for me, however, this is not the first time I have been tossed into the fire, so to speak. A couple years ago, I and a few other members of Emmanuel and Trinity went off to Honduras to help repair a church especially susceptible to floods. Now, I truly had no idea what to expect, I had only left the country once prior, and this was my first experience with international mission work. And so I was, truly, in the dark. Of course I wasn't completely alone, for I had some amazing people along with me who had been before and helped so much, but still, I was very much in the dark on what to be expecting.

But my time in Honduras was a life changing one. While I was there, I was so blessed to both meet so many beautiful souls, some of which I am still in contact with today, and to build onto some of my closest friendships, creating unbreakable bond for years to come. I also found solace and purpose in helping the town of Santa Rita. Things like carrying buckets of cement and shoveling away, day after day, felt bigger than me, bigger than anything else I had done. Psalm 23 tells of how The Lord leads us to brighter days and a beautiful future, and Indeed, in that moment, with my new friend Olman Santos in tow, up on my shoulders, as I made my way down to the river to skip stones and eat lunch, I felt The Lord's presence, for there, He led me down path of righteousness.

The Lord is my shepherd

I would be lying if I said I was ready to move away from Staunton, Virginia. Away from my friends and my family, my home and this church, all the little things I've learned to hold so dearly over the last 18 or so year of my life. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't scared. I am terrified.

But that is life, and I know, I must not let fear paralyze me. Life is a bunch of little leaps of faith. Every single day, we close our eyes, maybe say a quick prayer and take a quick jump. Some are bigger than others. Maybe you cross your fingers that you have enough money on your card and it doesn't get declined, or that you made it through that yellow light, or that you remembered to set your alarm, or maybe even that you are able to succeed in His name in Honduras, a country so far from home.

Now, this jump is a bit bigger than most of those, the ledge farther away, the pit below pitch black, the fog thick, but still, I will make the jump regardless, and in confidence too, for I know I have The Lord watching me, guiding me. And His hand does not fail, and I trust it with all I have.

So, now I ask you all to embrace that jump that the Shepherd is calling you to, no matter if you are a 8, 18, or 80. I ask you to take a minute and pray on it, seek out His helping hand, and then close your eyes and make that jump. Because you will never know what you may find. In Honduras, I found fellowship and love. In Pennsylvania, I hope to find purpose and life. I know I may fail, and I am scared of that, but I have accepted that. At least, by taking that jump, I know I am falling forward, for I am guided by The Lord, and falling forward is better than stagnation.

So have faith, and take that jump, for

“Even when I walk in the valley of darkness, I will fear no evil for You are with me; Your rod and Your staff-they comfort me.”