

*Based on Genesis 1:1-2 and Luke 3:21-22. Water, Spirit, Grace, Being*

This is the font of identity: where we remember who we really are and to whom we really belong.

This is the font of identity, where we *remember* the crashing waters of creation and the hovering, swooping, wind-swept Spirit brooding over them like a mother hen. That same Water and Spirit continues calling us, collectively, to new creation over and over and over again.

This is the font of identity, where we *remember* the muck and the mud of the path to liberation for the ancient Israelites through the Red Sea, and a woman named Miriam jangling her tambourine as she led the people in the Song of the Sea. That same Water and Spirit continues calling us, collectively, to walk and crawl and cling to a path of our own liberation.

This is the font of identity, where we *remember* the waters of a woman's womb, carrying the very flesh of God within her, gushing forth in a borrowed room, with none but the friendly beasts to comfort her. That same Water and Spirit continues calling us collectively, to birth and re-birth the presence of God with us, even when all hope seems lost.

This is the font of identity, where we *remember* a woman and a well and a witness of Living Water to quench every thirst. That same Water and Spirit continues calling us collectively, to feed the hungry in body and soul and to quench the thirst of all our parched places.

This is the font of identity, where we remember the Word and Spirit that has called us from before God even formed us in the womb, and continues to call us until that beautiful day when a river of the water of life will flow freely from the very throne of God.

As we remember who we really are and to whom we really belong on this Baptismal Blessing Sunday, we collectively place our hands deep into the font and feel the wind-swept Spirit of grace hovering and swooping and brooding in us, equipping us, challenging us, nurturing us into the next phase of new creation.

As we remember who we really are and to whom we really belong on this Baptismal Blessing Sunday, we collectively slide our hands to the side of the font and feel the Song of the Sea soaring through us, as that same Spirit frees us from all that would hold us back in our calling.

As we remember who we really are and to whom we really belong on this Baptismal Blessing Sunday, we collectively pull our hands out of the font and feel that same Spirit gestating within us the promise of God-With-Us.

And as we remember who we really are and to whom we really belong on this Baptismal Blessing Sunday, we place a wet hand on our mouth and feel that same Spirit quenching our deep thirst, and satisfying our parched places, along the still waters of serenity, that are here for us always.

On this Sunday of Baptismal Blessings, let us

Remember.

Remember.

Remember.

We were made for this moment.

Let the church say, Amen!