

Cycling – Walking Them Home



Dad: Do you have the car? Are we going home? Me: No, we can't go home. You're in the hospital. Dad: Oh. When are we going to go? Me: I'm not sure. We have to find a place for you to rehab. Dad: Can we go home. Where's your car? Me: Dad, we aren't going [...]

via [Cycling – Walking Them Home](#)

A Prayer of Collective

Repentance

Lord, have mercy upon us. We have shouted more than we have listened. We have looked through rage and defiance and have brutalized our brothers and sisters. We have forgotten your Word, which calls upon us to turn the other cheek, to defend those who are on the bottom rung, and to live at peace as long as it depends on us.

We have politicized the Bible and have taken scripture out of context to reframe it so that it fits our personal worldview.

Forgive us, Lord. We've forgotten that our kingdom is not of this world, that we are all aliens, and that we have a greater work to fulfill. This work is a labor of love, and if we are to be honest with You, we have not been laboring very well. As a nation we have sold our birthright for a crude pot of rage.

Lord of Compassion, we have forgotten what it means to listen to our brothers' words. We have discounted their stories and we have lacked the empathy that leads to understanding. May we weep for America as You wept for Jerusalem.

Prince of Peace, we need You now more than ever. We don't need editorials, rants, or bullhorns. We just need You. Lord, shatter our pride. Make quick work of our prejudice. Keep us from coded words, false pretences, and sarcasm. Hold a mirror to our souls and collectively, let us see our iniquity.

Lord Jesus, Son of God may we look at the cross and remember how You suffered under the greatest, deepest triangulation of injustice, betrayal and vitriolic anger while praying, "Forgive them." Teach us how to love like that.

May the Church lead out in love and courage. May we bind the wounds of the brokenhearted and diffuse the anger of a dying culture. Transform us Lord. Teach us how to season our words with grace.

We pray this in the Name of the One who wept,

Amen...

When Jesus is in the House

Just another time to worship... Then, suddenly, something happens. Flecks of the ceiling are falling on the teacher's shoulder. The flecks turn into chunks and out of a gaping hole a paralyzed man is lowered down by four guys in the first elevator in church history. The man is healed and the people went away amazed saying, "We've never seen anything like that before!" If only church was like that more often. Drug addicts are welcomed and then healed. Homes are restored. The prodigal son walks in and the down the aisle smothered by a family weeping for joy. These things happen. I've witnessed them. It's then that we can truly say, We've never seen anything like this before. Why don't we see it more often? I think it has a lot to do with two things: Very few people think creatively about how to get their friends to Jesus, like those four guys did in the story. And, sadly, I think we lose sight of the fact that Jesus, the wonder-maker and the game-changer is in the house.

When You Say Farewell

We all learn that people come and people go. You could lose the one you love in the turn of a road, in a sudden bend in the stream and life in its infinite mystery vanishes like the morning dew in the warm break of dawn.

The universality of loss is indellable. I remember dropping my best friend off at the airport in Nashville. I can still see him smile and casually wave goodbye as I pulled away merging back into traffic. I had no idea that would be the last time I'd ever see him. That's life. And that's death.

Accidentally or intentionally...

Sweetly or somberly...

Long farewells or brief goodbyes...

People go away...

Something inside says this is not the way it should be.

Others turn their backs. This is the lesson we all learn. Some graves are not found in cemeteries. They are cloistered inside our souls. Through emotional illness, anger, misunderstanding or fate we lose and say farewell to those we love. There are no ceremonies to mark their departures. But there is One that hears the sound of our weeping and whispers, "Me too."

The creator of reunions... He is the One in the gap of our disconnection.

His name is Jesus.

The Matchless King who wrapped himself
in a garment of earthly flesh

Jesus

The Christ

And Peter said, "You are Christ the Son of the Living God."

Jesus

The Anointed One sent from the throne of the Father

Jesus

The Lord,

Whose arrival was announced by a host of angels.

The Lord – the Master of our lives.

Jesus

Our peace... not a state of mind but a Person. For He is Peace.

Oh war-torn world, prepare yourself for the coming of the Prince of Peace.

Jesus

Wonderful Savior- If you have ever come to the realization of who we are and who He is, and what He does, how can you doubt that

Jesus' Name is Wonderful... Counselor The God who listens and directs.

He is light in darkness,

Voice in silence, and wisdom in a land of lostness.

Jesus

The Mighty God

Jesus

The Everlasting Father

Have you ever mourned the loss of a father or mother? See the joy of a Father who never dies. He lives forever.

Jesus

The Word of God

In the beginning was the Word

and the Word was with God

and the Word was

Jesus

The fourth man in the furnace

Jesus

The Friend

The One who never leaves.

A Sacred Connection

The child arrives on the planet and a new daddy shouts, and the grandparents weep with joy, but the mother is the first to see her child deeply. Children are born and you don't have to teach a mother or child how to feel love. They bring their love with them.

She sees her baby and realizes that the old saying is true- babies come through us but not from us. And God whispers the words He always whispers following another stroke of wonder: "It is good." He created the child and He created the relationship. There is a sacred connection between mother and child.

And the journey begins on that first day of life and the journey is filled with a vast collection of memories:

The first birthday cake

Mud pies

First steps

Bike rides on Christmas mornings

Lines on the door frame celebrating growth

Time out in the corner of a kitchen

A sudden illness followed by floods of concern

Healing and overwhelming relief

T-ball games

Goldfish funerals

Messy rooms

Adolescent brooding

Consoling heartbreaks

Failures and successes

ACTs And SATs and waiting nervously for results

Unexpected tears upon the realization that the journey into adulthood would soon be over.

The mother and the child

Their connection constantly changing and shifting over 17 years.

And as they back out of the driveway, boxes and memories stuffed away in the trunk, one last time they are off. This time not to camp, or a game, or a weekend but rather to a world of adventure that mothers and father release them to experience. They'll be back again and again- but the journey has begun. Their daily presence is gone.

But not the love.

A mother's love lasts, from birth, to childhood, through the teen years and beyond...

Endlessly unfolding...

The love never changes.

It is held in the mighty hands of Jesus.

Sometimes It's Hard to Sing

Every now and then, pain steals something so important to us. External forces or internal conflicts arise and over time, we discover that we have lost our song. How is it possible to sing when our hearts are heavy and our hope wanes?

You lose a friend to cancer. You are unjustly attacked. A child turns his back on you. Your heart is broken by the one person who promised to be with you until death. You lose a job, a dream or a destiny.

If that's where you've been or where you are, allow me to share a little blues from an old songbook called Psalms:

"By the rivers of Babylon— there we sat down and wept when we remembered Zion. There we hung up our lyres on the poplar trees... how can we sing in a faraway land."

Psalm 137:1-2 & 4

It happens.

Our song is gone.

Psalm 137 is a snapshot in the story of God's people. We see life knocking the wind out of their lungs and now they enter into bondage on the wrong side of Babylon's rivers. The songwriter asks a question we ask ourselves: "How can you sing in the middle of defeat and loss?"

In the seams of this songbook called Psalms, we hear deep guttural cries of the brokenhearted. We've all been there. Maybe it's a friend, maybe it's a family member, an accountability partner or a maybe it's you. We have all

experienced a time when we turn off the music because darkness flooded into the cracks of our souls. The Bible is filled with these dark moments. They are not censored out and hidden obscurely. They are front and center. Why? *Maybe* it's because God wants us to know that in our darkest times, we enter into the fellowship of strugglers. We are not alone. We've never been alone. There's one thing for sure in this life: none of us gets a pass on adversity.

There is nothing more healing during a time of pain and sorrow than to connect with someone you love and hear the words "Me too." It's so simple! To find someone who's willing to admit that they struggle just as you struggle becomes an amazing healing agent. It takes the sting from the pain we face. We often find that our dirges become anthems of grace.

If you've lost your song I want to invite you:

- Sing your way out of it, even if it means singing the blues. (Psalm 30:11)
- Thank God for what you do have and don't focus on scarcity. (Philippians 4:6)
- As much as you'd prefer to climb under a rock, connect with someone who can support you. (Ecclesiastes 4:10-12)
- Don't look for the blame. It's a fool's errand. (Genesis 3:12)
- Rejoice in knowing that this event or circumstance will strengthen your character.
- Trust God's work in you. (Philippians 1:6)
- Do not internalize. Let yourself off the hook. (Romans 1:8)
- Be mindful of your body. Rest, nourish, and breathe deep. (Psalm 46:10)
- Don't just pray for escape, pray for God's glory to be revealed in the midst of it all. (2 Corinthians 12:9)
- Don't get paranoid. There isn't a target on your back. Really. (Romans 8:31)

Finally, I want to challenge all of us on the struggle bus to pray honestly. God hates a fake smile as much as anyone. Speak the truth. Make it plain. Don't hold back. God is not shaken by your anger or emotions. He's a God who wrestles.

"One bold message in the Book of Job is that you can say anything to God. Throw at him your grief, your anger, your doubt, your disappointment—he can absorb them all." Phillip Yancey

In despair, look for a friend and be a friend. A friend who can enter into the sacred space without breathing a word of advice or analysis. Aah... That is a friend to keep and to be. Chances are you know what to do. You just need someone to walk alongside you as you search for your song.

Sooner or later you'll find your jam.

The First Words of The Resurrected Jesus

The seven last words of Jesus have been lauded in songs and art. But when we consider the first words of Jesus after the resurrection, we discover what this new reality and commission looks like for believers.

Let's take a look at seven of the first sayings of Jesus. All of them are found in John 20.

1. **"Woman, why are you crying? Who is it you are looking for?"** (John 20:15)

These two questions are ones we should ask ourselves every day. What are the source of our tears? What exactly are we seeking?

Whenever you find tears in your eyes, especially unexpected tears, it is well to pay the closest attention. They are not only telling you something about the secret of who you are, but more often than not God is speaking to you through them of the mystery of where you have come from and is summoning you to where, if your soul is to be saved, you should go next." Frederick Buechner

Obviously I'm commandeering these questions as metaphors. There's truth there, though. We have many definitions for insanity but I would propose another: Insanity is not knowing what you are feeling and not knowing where you are going. That would be a start.

As believers, we call this mindfulness.

2. "Mary" (John 20:16)

May we be reminded that Jesus knows us, not only as the church, his bride, the mass of followers that began thousands of years ago. He knows our names. Each one of us. Jesus didn't lose his personal connection with Mary. He knows us by name as well. "Don't be afraid, for I have redeemed you. I have called you by your name. You are mine." Isaiah 43:1

As believers, we call this identity.

3. "Go to my brothers and tell them." (John 20:17)

He challenges us to do the same. As believers we should be constantly reminding each other that this

resurrection life isn't some kind of brief, cryptic illusion. We must remind each other that this life is real and transforming. Throughout the walking of our days may we remind each other of the news we celebrated on Easter Sunday: "He's not there. He is alive!"

"The message of Easter is that God's new world has been unveiled in Jesus Christ and that you're now invited to belong to it." – N.T. Wright

As believers, we call this mission.

4. "Peace be with you." (John 20:19&21)

Isn't it awesome to know that Jesus greetings to us all after the resurrection is "Peace be with you"? When all was said and done, the denying betraying and doubting... Peace was still in the cards of the disciples and peace is pronounced over us, as well. When it comes to peace, He's the prince of it. Don't miss the blessing of Shalom.

As believers, we call this blessing.

5. "Receive the Holy Spirit." (John 20:21)

If we want to be faithful to Jesus, we have to do what He says. We must receive the Holy Spirit. This means that we must move from confession to possession. We must be possessed by the Holy Spirit who will give us the power to do what we could not do before.

As believers, we call this anointing.

6. "If you forgive anyone's sins, their sins are forgiven; if you don't forgive them, they are not forgiven." John 20:23

The first sermon of the Resurrected Christ is

forgiveness. It's always first on the agenda. Forgiveness is the opus, motif, rising action, grand finale and denouement of grace. It should be our foremost quest in all our relationships. We *must* forgive.

As believers, we call this grace.

7. "Stop doubting and believe." John 20:29

Just as He challenges Thomas, Jesus dares us to believed to trust him a little more, to love him a little more, to take one more step out of the boat and into the blue oceans.

"Every mental act is composed of doubt and belief, but it is belief that is the positive, it is belief that sustains thought and holds the world together." – Søren Kierkegaard

As believers we call this faith.

These sayings should get us on our way in the post-resurrection maze of discipleship: identity, mindfulness, mission, blessing, anointing, grace, faith...

It's Sunday!

It's Sunday.

And Jesus is with us!

His obituary is in the paper and, for *goodness sakes alive*, He

is sitting at our breakfast table!

He is supposed to be behind a stone, flanked by Rome's finest.
Dead, dead, dead...

But instead He's hungry and wants fish this morning!

And where has He been since the crack of dawn?

Did He go looking for better followers?

Did He go looking for a new set of men who would actually
stick around in tough times?

No!

He went back to that ragtag bunch of deniers, doubters and
deserters.

Think about that! The King of kings and Lord of lords is
chasing after an unfaithful, deeply flawed family.

Jesus is with them. And He's with us too.

I don't know about tomorrow but I do know He'll be there.

Today, He made short work of the whole "death is the end"
theory.

The sting is gone.

Wonder is forever upon us.

May we live with an eye toward that wonder.

May we refuse to be cynical about life or people.

Instead, today, may we experience the newness of everything as
if it were our first day.

From today forward may we walk, sing, eat, work, play and
write as if it were our first chance to get to do any of them.

And may we do everything with deep gratitude, expectation and
dumbfounded surprise.

Today we get to begin again... because Jesus is with us.

It's Saturday

It's Saturday.

The tomb is sealed.

The guards are in position.

The sheep are scattered.

The light is gone.

There is nothing more than silence on the other end. These are the times when we look back and replay all our errors and missed opportunities. The words we should have said... The swords we should or should not have drawn. The flood of memories that we created. The feasts we should have savored at the time but were consumed by petty thoughts and motives that, on Saturday, seem so obtuse.

On Saturday we don't have answers. On Saturday we feel lost and duped. On Saturday we wonder if the loaves and fish were some sort of slight of hand and that lepers were not lepers after all.

But most of all, on Saturday, we just miss him. We wish we could see him laughing, telling stories, loving us unconditionally. On Saturday we pull out his clothes just for a last scent of the Divine.

On Saturday, we don't want to be around people that remind us of Him. On Saturday we long for one more embrace, one more story, even one more rebuke. Saturday— the day of emptiness, anger, and questions.

It's Saturday.

It's Thursday Evening

It's Thursday evening. Darkness falls on a Middle Eastern city and a group of men gather around a table. Some men want answers, others want power, others conceal their furtive motives and plans, and still others resign to die.

Tonight is different. In the past, their times of feasting were filled with so much laughter and celebration that some had accused them of irreverence and drunkenness.

But not tonight.

The brutal events and encounters of a tumultuous week birthed weary hearts and uncertain minds. Even now the weight of man's rebellion settles on the back of the Son. He broke the bread, poured the wine and washed the feet of these first believers. How were they to know the import of this table? How could these twelve conceive that they would be the first to partake of this new and strangely anomalous feast?

This is my body...

This is my blood...

Remember this moment.

And I reply,

"I remember You, Lord Jesus Christ Son of God. I remember your constant longing for me to see You for who You really are. I remember the times when I had absolutely no one and You remained. You remained despite all the shameful wanderings that I created in the barrenness of my finite mind. You remained, even though I failed to rise above the waves of discontent that made a restful place in my

heart. You remained, and the memories of every disappointing failure now are crushed under the weight of Your relentless love."

We hear the strange and unthinkable declaration: *"One will betray me."*

And in so many ways we all have.

The perimeter of conspiracy around these men grows smaller.

The unseen war of angels and demons is thick, visceral and taut.

This night and the day to come will amass the climax of redemption.

The fate of generations, hence and to come, hangs on every move.

As the meal ends, the disciples sing.

The last supper, the last song...

The labor of grace begins.

It's Thursday evening.
