

The Limping Prince at the King's Table

Coldplay's haunting anthem *Viva La Vida* tells the story of a king who has lost everything—once commanding armies and ruling cities, now reduced to sweeping the very streets he used to own. It's a portrait of reversal, of glory turned to ash, of a crown that couldn't save him.

When I hear that song, I think of Mephibosheth.

He was born into royalty—the grandson of King Saul, son of Jonathan, heir to a dynasty. He should have ruled. Instead, he was hiding in a forgotten wasteland called Lo Debar, crippled, broken, and waiting for the kind of knock on the door that only meant one thing in the ancient world—execution.

He used to be a prince. Now he was *sweeping streets he used to own*.

But then David came looking for him. And everything changed.

It's the story of Mephibosheth, a funny name for a powerful allegory of God's grace.

The Pursuit of Kindness

David had a heart to do kindness to someone in Saul's house. It would be easy for David to say, "I want nothing to do with the memories of this brutal king who fought me at every turn, who pursued me without mercy, whose mental instability resembled a dark triad." But instead, David goes in pursuit of kindness.

I am reminded of the generational curse. We were all once enemies of God. We came from a long line of sinners. And yet we were pursued.

Notice—it wasn't Mephibosheth who inquired of David. David sought out Mephibosheth. A long time ago, God sought you. For some of us, He is still seeking. For others of us, we have forgotten the fact that we were immobile because of our sin and our shame.

The Wages of Sin

In the ancient culture, Mephibosheth would be executed. I'm reminded that the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life.

The fact that Mephibosheth was lame in both of his feet reminds us of our own helplessness. He can't defend himself. He can't advance himself. He can't inherit anything on his own, because his life is bankrupt—just as our lives are bankrupt.

No Pasture

Mephibosheth lives in a land called Lo Debar. That name means “no pasture, no word.” In other words, he is living in a state of wilderness where there are no green pastures and still waters. There is no word.

I know that I have often experienced seasons when the voices of my life grow silent and there is no word for me.

And yet the first word that Mephibosheth hears is: **“Do not fear.”**

This is the gospel. We have nothing to fear.

Gospel Language

Throughout the story of Mephibosheth, we hear gospel language. There is no condemnation. There is only great grace.

Mephibosheth calls himself a dead dog—broken, worthless, forgotten. **But God.**

Paul captured this same reality when he wrote:

“And you were dead in your trespasses and sins in which you previously walked according to the ways of this world, according to the ruler of the power of the air, the spirit now working in the disobedient. We too all previously lived among them in our fleshly desires, carrying out the inclinations of our flesh and thoughts, and we were by nature children under wrath as the others were also. But God, who is rich in mercy, because of his great love that he had for us, made us alive with Christ even though we were dead in trespasses. You are saved by grace!” —Ephesians 2:1-5 (CSB)

It was David who found Mephibosheth, restored his land, his security, and gave him a seat at the table.

King David said, **“You shall always eat at my table.”**

This is not a probationary period. This is not a temporary reprieve. No, this is permanence. He eats at the king’s table.

Hidden Beneath Grace

But notice—he’s not healed. He remains lame. He continues to be broken. And I find that one of the most encouraging details in the entire story.

Grace doesn’t erase our brokenness, but it covers it.

Mephibosheth still limps to the table. Every single day he makes his way into the king’s presence with that same halting, uneven gait—the limp that tells the story of everything he lost, everything he couldn’t fix, everything that remains undone in him. And yet the seat is still there. The table is still set. The king still welcomes him.

I know that limp. I live with it daily. The same struggles that marked me before grace found me have a way of following me still—the same patterns, the same weaknesses, the same uneven stride. Some days I arrive at the king's table barely holding it together, wondering if this is the day the invitation gets rescinded.

It never does.

Because the miracle of grace isn't that it makes us suddenly whole on this side of eternity—it's that it covers what remains broken. His feet are hidden beneath the tablecloth, and ours are too. We are welcomed not because we have healed ourselves but because the king himself made a way. We still limp. But we still feast.

Our feet are covered and hidden under the table of grace. His feet are hidden beneath the tablecloth, and ours are too.

Thank God for grace. Thank God for Mephibosheth, who personified the state of every human that ever existed on this planet—except One.

Lessons on the X-15


When I was 3, I had an X-15.

Picture a small trike with more noise than brakes – and a whole lot of reckless joy.

I loved racing down hills on that thing – the wind in my face, the rattling wheels, the rush of freedom.

But I had one problem: I didn't trust the pedals to slow me down. Instead, I'd press my shoes against the concrete. It

worked... sort of. But it shredded my sneakers and bloodied my toes.

It drove my mom crazy – but it did keep me out of her hair.


My parents told that story for years...

it revealed something true about me:

I've always tried to control the uncontrollable.

I love adventure... to a certain point of fear.

Fear is a balancing act.

It's good to have fear – otherwise, we might manufacture our own premature demise. (Like racing your X-15 off a ledge into oncoming traffic.)

But fear can also keep us inside.

Keep us fortifying our overblown rainy-day funds.

Keep us binge-watching the latest on Netflix.

Keep us blaming people, parties, and our own pitiful limitations.

And keep us from ever testing the thrill of the X-15 we call life.

We try to control pain – both the kind we feel and the kind we cause.

We try to manage our image and outcomes.

Sidenote: Sometimes we even try to manage God's image – keeping Him neat and predictable– a Sunday School friendly version rather than this boundless ground-shaking Savior.

The Lion will not dwell in our cage.

Safety can be appreciated,

but life won't stay inside the lines. Collisions happen.
Hearts break. People disappoint us.

And yet – this is where life actually begins.

To avoid the mess, we turn to our self-invented tools:

People-pleasing.

Perfectionism.

Escapism.

Addiction – the “easy button” we press to avoid our deep need
for connection.

They promise relief, but they deliver isolation.

The truth is, life with Jesus isn't tidy. It's wild. It's
unpredictable.

It's the rush of the hill – with a Savior who says, “Trust Me.
Don't drag your feet.”

Surrender isn't giving up; it's opening up.

It's connection. It's risk. It's grace.

Maybe the invitation today is this:

Trade your torn shoes for courage.

Stop trying to control the ride.

Be like Jesus– Live without cages.

There are no cages in heaven – and the only ones here are the
ones we build ourselves.

I'm still that kid on the X-15, learning (again) how to let go
and trust the wind.

I want to live like Jesus lived— Cage Free.

The Natural & The Gospel

After heart of Redford's passing, my mind wandered back to my sophomore year at Louisiana College, when I stepped into a darkened theater at the Alexandria Mall to watch "The Natural." With just a couple of teenage months to spare I was captivated by what seemed like a simple story about baseball and second chances. Now, in the seventh inning stretch of my life, I approach the film with different eyes and accumulated experience. Perhaps the greatest revelation I've discovered is the Christ figure that emerges in fleeting glimpses throughout the movie through the character of Roy Hobbs.

Baseball has always been fertile ground for mythic tales and mind-bending consequences—from the ball slipping through Bill Buckner's legs, to the limping gait of Kurt Gibson as he rounded the bases in the Dodger's World Series, to the Babe pointing to the stands before his legendary home run. This week, I streamed the movie again, drawn perhaps by nostalgia and the timeless pull of great storytelling. As with any great movie, I discovered new layers I had never noticed before, or perhaps had never spent time truly contemplating. Mythological and biblical imagery abound in ways that are both subtle and profound. I'm sure I'm not nearly the first to notice them and I made a point not to Google it. I will after writing this.

I was particularly struck by the scene between The Judge and Hobbs, where Roy is tempted to throw games for money. The parallel to Jesus's forty days in the wilderness became unmistakable. "Again, the devil took him to a very high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the world and

their splendor. 'All this I will give you,' he said, 'if you will bow down and worship me'" (Matthew 4:8-9). The Judge's seductive offer mirrors Satan's temptation precisely. His promises of money and comfort strikingly reflect this biblical encounter.

https://www.youtube.com/embed/D69ShXtN__s?si=FPjkg86hB5iGKj7a
The lightning bolt serves as perhaps the film's most potent symbol of supernatural power. Born from a tree struck by lightning, Roy's bat-Wonderboy-carries mythic significance. The wooden bat itself echoes the cross, an instrument of both destruction and redemption. When his teammates become captivated by Roy's miraculous performances and choose to stitch lightning bolts on their jerseys, it mirrors the Great Commission: "Therefore go and make disciples of all nations" (Matthew 28:19), each carrying forward the symbol of transformation.

Roy's rejection of pure materialism echoes Jesus's response: "It is written: 'Man shall not live on bread alone, but on every word that comes from the mouth of God'" (Matthew 4:4). His choice to pursue his calling rather than wealth reminds us of Philippians 2:7, where Christ "made himself nothing by taking the very nature of a servant," choosing mission over personal gain.

The silver bullet piercing Roy's side from the mysterious Harriet Bird echoes the fate of a more perfect One: "Instead, one of the soldiers pierced Jesus' side with a spear, bringing a sudden flow of blood and water" (John 19:34). After years of silence and exile, Roy emerges—much like Jesus striding out of the wilderness to begin his ministry. This resurrection motif transforms Roy from a fallen hero into something approaching the sacred.

Roy's teammates become his disciples of sorts, transforming from a ragtag squad of nobodies into followers of a champion. There's something profound about his mysterious, late arrival

to the scene—Roy Hobbs seems to be on a divine mission, just as “Jesus went up on a mountainside and called to him those he wanted, and they came to him. He appointed twelve that they might be with him and that he might send them out to preach” (Mark 3:13-14).

<https://www.youtube.com/embed/Y1pgplB0qqM?si=TbRHpo6Ld2B9vmPY>
The film’s ending offers perhaps its most heavenly imagery: Roy playing catch with his son in golden, almost ethereal light. This scene suggests paradise regained—all relationships restored, all purposes fulfilled. It evokes the promise found in Revelation 21:4: “He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away.” I couldn’t help but think of my own father and all those who have passed before us, and the promise that we will all gather together again in that perfect light.

The Imperfect Savior: Certainly, there are profound differences between Roy Hobbs and the figure of Christ, even in metaphorical terms. Roy was full of pride, experienced a devastating fall, and struggled with very human weaknesses. Yet perhaps this is where the metaphor becomes most powerful—it places us in Roy’s shoes. Like the apostle Paul, we can say: “I do not understand what I do. For what I want to do I do not do, but what I hate I do” (Romans 7:15). We are often attacked, frequently tempted, and sometimes betray those we love most.



The story of redemption echoes through the longings of our own hearts and lives, reminding us that “if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just and will forgive us our sins and purify us from all unrighteousness” (1 John 1:9).

Roy Hobbs is not Christ, but he points us toward Christ. His story reminds us that even the fallen can rise, even the wounded can heal others, and even those who have lost everything can find their way back to grace. In the end, “The Natural” offers us more than entertainment—it provides a glimpse of the gospel played out on America’s most mythic stage.

The metaphors may be imperfect, but they are undeniably present, woven throughout the film like threads of gold catching light in unexpected moments. Sometimes the most profound truths come to us not through sermons or scripture alone, but through the stories that capture our imagination and refuse to let go.

Mr. Redford, I don’t know if I’ll see you in the life to come.

But I want to thank you—for bringing Bernard Malamud's story to life with such care, dignity, and beauty. Through your performance, you gave me another glimpse of the gospel. Another reminder that even in a game, even in a story, we can catch sight of something eternal.

Striving for Something We Already Have

Grace slips through our fingers like water, not because it's elusive, but because we keep clenching our fists. There's something almost maddening about the concept of grace—how it defies every instinct we have about earning our place in this world. We live in a universe of transactions, of cause and effect, of merit and reward. So when we encounter love that asks for nothing in return, acceptance that comes without prerequisites, forgiveness that arrives before we even ask for it, our minds revolt. *This cannot be! There must be a catch.* And so we bargain for things we already possess.

We spend our days climbing mountains, thinking God waits at the summit with a checklist and a stopwatch. We catalog our good deeds like currency, counting up our prayers like coins in a jar, convinced that somewhere there's a cosmic ledger where our efforts will finally tip the scales toward worthiness. All the while, He stands in the valley below, arms open, calling us home.

"There is always room for one more," echoes through the chambers of our striving hearts. One more son. One more daughter. One more opportunity to simply receive what has already been given. But we've forgotten how to have open

hands. We've trained ourselves to grasp, to work, to prove.

We know grace like the back of our hand—that familiar territory we've mapped with our minds—and yet we cannot seem to turn that hand palm-up in surrender.

The truth is devastating in its simplicity: the work has already been done. Every prayer we think we need to earn, every moment of acceptance we believe we must achieve, every drop of love we imagine we must prove ourselves worthy of—it's already ours. Not because we're perfect, but because we're His.

We don't need perfection. We need direction. Not toward some distant goal of worthiness, but toward the radical act of receiving. There's something achingly familiar in the way we catalog our spiritual efforts, isn't there? Like that haunting refrain that asks if we've got soul—we keep taking inventory of all the things we've done, as if the ledger itself might save us. But grace doesn't keep score.

Still, we climb. We strive uphill, bloodied knees and calloused hands, trying to improve our spiritual résumé while Love itself waits in the mess of our valley. In our woundedness. In our spiritual chaos. The invitation isn't to clean ourselves up first—it's to come as we are, broken and beautiful and bewildered by grace.

"Come home," He whispers, while we shout up the mountain asking to be accepted.

"Help me," we cry, not realizing we're already held.

"Redeem me," we plead, blind to the fact that redemption happened long before we knew we needed it.

What He wants isn't our perfection—it's our passion. Not our achievements, but our attention. Not our worthiness, but our willingness to be loved without earning it. He's waiting for

that moment when we finally exhale the words that change everything: *"Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."*

Broken, bloodied, and feeling utterly useless as we may be, this is the movement from chaos to serene—not through our striving, but through our surrender. Not by climbing higher, but by coming home.

Grace remains maddening because it asks us to accept what we cannot earn, receive what we did not work for, and trust in love that makes no sense by the world's standards.

Perhaps that's exactly the point.

In a world obsessed with merit and achievement, grace stands as a quiet revolution—a love that simply is, without condition or clause, waiting for us to stop climbing long enough to be embraced.

Red Beans and Rice, Cher!

My son, Jacob, asked me for my Red Beans and Rice Recipe. I didn't give him the recipe like it was given to me. Otherwise it would sound something like this:

Lemme tell you how we do it way down da bayou, bébé.

First t'ing, you take dem red kidney beans, put 'em in a big ol' bowl. Cover dem beans wit' water – 'bout an inch or so over da top, yeah – an' let 'em soak good overnight, let dem swell up nice an' fat.

Come da nex' day, you dump dem beans in da colander, rinse all dat dirt an' bad mojo off. Den you slap 'em in a big ol' pot, pour you a coupla cans dat red tomato sauce, maybe a lil'

splash water too, just to keep her from dryin' out.

Now, when you runnin' roun' dat store, you peek in da frozen box – you gonna find dat Cajun seasonin' mix, got da peppers an' da onions all chopped nice. Dat's easy, easy. But if dey ain't got it, no sweat, cher – you just cut you up some big ol' onions, some fat bell peppers, an' don' forget dat garlic, non! Dat garlic, she make da pot sing, yeah.

You track you down some good andouille sausage – not dat city stuff, get da good smokey kind, make your nose dance soon as it hit da pot. Throw it all in dere wit' dem beans, turn dat fire down low, let it bubble, let it talk to you real slow, like a fiddle playin' in da night.

When you t'ink maybe she ready, you take one dem beans, mash 'em 'gainst da side o' dat pot – if she smash all soft an' creamy, dat's da Holy Ghost tellin' you it's time, cher.

Some folk round here, dey don't use no tomato sauce, mais I tell you straight – dat sauce, she give it da little extra somethin' to make you slap ya mama, it's so good.

When dem beans be ready, you heap you a big ol' spoonful right on some fluffy white rice, yeah. An' don' be shy now – you splash a good bit o' dat Tabasco sauce on top, spice it up real nice, make it dance on your tongue like a fais do-do on Saturday night, sha!

Dat's how we cook it, true true. Now come pass a good time, yeah!

The Christ Figure in The Brothers Karamazov

So far, for me, it's been the character I can't escape. Perhaps because there are shadows of the great divine in this part of the story.

God Approaching

You'll know Him when you see Him.

He carries the likeness of no mortal man.

He will turn you upside down and shake you until your pockets no longer jingle.

He will turn the heat up until meltdown occurs.

He can swallow galaxies.

He can stand on the hairs of your thumb.

He will take your personal certainties and make them uncertain.

He will take the earthly securities and make them insecure.

He will do all this for His own reasons

They are His and He won't tell.

Not today.

Fearing Him is glorious.

He smells the fear as worthy sacrifice.

When He comes, don't hide or run.

Die and He will roll the stone from your lifeless resting place.

Your Own Private Qumran

If you're not into metaphors, nothing to see here. If you love it like I do, come along!

In the arid Judean wilderness, perched on the edge of the Dead Sea, lies Qumran, a site steeped in history and mystery. It's here that the Dead Sea Scrolls were discovered, unlocking ancient truths and revealing a hidden treasure trove of Scripture. For me, Qumran serves as a metaphor of the spiritual pilgrimage. Like the shepherd boy, I'm throwing rocks into the dark caves of my own story and questions.

If you want to find God, you must go into the wilderness.



Like the hidden scrolls, God's truth often lies buried deep within us, waiting to be uncovered. This discovery requires intentionality, humility, and a willingness to venture into the wilderness of self-examination.

When we surrender to Christ, He becomes our guide through the wilderness, teaching us to confront the brokenness of our old lives and to search the Scriptures for eternal truth. As the psalmist writes, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; test me and know my anxious thoughts" (Psalm 139:23). This act of surrender and self-examination mirrors the process of uncovering the scrolls—peeling back layers to reveal the treasures God has hidden within us.

The Dead Sea of Our Old Lives

The Dead Sea, the lowest point on earth, is a stark image of desolation. Its waters are lifeless, incapable of sustaining fish or plants. Yet, in its depths lies a story of transformation. Just as the Dead Sea encircles Qumran, our old lives often feel like lifeless wastelands—marked by sin, emptiness, and self-reliance. But in Christ, the desolation of our past becomes the fertile ground where God's truth is

revealed.

Vera Nezarian, a Russian writer shares an observation that resonates with me: *“The desert and the ocean are realms of desolation on the surface. Both, seething with hidden life. The only veil that stands between perception of what is underneath the desolate surface is your courage.”*

If we sit in the space of desolation long enough, we can observe that there’s something more going on there.

Christ as the Living Word

The Qumran scrolls remind us of the enduring power of God’s Word. Just as those ancient texts were preserved against all odds, so the Word of God speaks into the brokenness of our lives with timeless relevance. Jesus, the Living Word, illuminates the Scriptures, helping us grow in the knowledge of God and in our surrender to Him.

As we draw closer to Christ, we learn that truth is not a distant or abstract concept but a person. Jesus declared, “I am the way and the truth and the life” (John 14:6). Jesus beckons us to come into the hard places to find the answers to the Mystery.

A Call to Unearth the Scrolls Within



God calls you into desolations and dark nights, a land like Qumran, because it's there when you might stumble into the greatest discovery of your life. While your desolation might look like barren wildernesses, he might, just might, be leading you into a sacred space where you can experience God more fully.

Frequent Caves of the Qumran soul:

Depression

Job loss

Disaster

Betrayal

Prodigals

Chronic Illnesses

Loss

Disapproval

Rejection

Aging

Cancer

It is in this wilderness, through the guidance of the Holy Spirit, that we confront the Dead Sea of our old lives and embrace the living waters of Christ. But we will never make sense of the wilderness, if we aren't searching. I found the truth of Christ, but my search continues for the fragments

I've yet to discover in Him. I don't have all the answers. Neither do you. We're all still looking and revelation is in real time.

As believers, we are called to unearth the "scrolls" of God's truth in our lives. These scrolls are not hidden in distant caves but within our own hearts, waiting for us to dive into the Word of God, to pray, to listen, and to surrender. In doing so, we allow Christ to rewrite the story of our lives, transforming our desolation into abundance and our wilderness into a garden.

As I've pondered this metaphor, I'm reminded of Paul's words: "But we have this treasure in jars of clay to show that this all-surpassing power is from God and not from us" (2 Corinthians 4:7). This verse beautifully took me back to Qumran, emphasizing the fragility of my humanity and the divine treasure within us.



Like the ancient scrolls preserved in simple clay jars, God's

truth resides in the humble vessels of our lives. The jars of clay, fragile and unremarkable, symbolize our weakness and dependence on God. Yet, it is through these fragile vessels that His power is displayed. In the context of Qumran, the clay jars that protected the scrolls echo the transformative work of Christ in us—His truth and glory shine through our imperfections, revealing that the source of life and redemption is not in us but in Him. As we surrender to Christ, our brokenness becomes the means through which His light and truth are made known to the world.

Robert Frost's poem **"A Servant to Servants,"** he reflects on the inner turmoil and the weight of circumstances, yet also hints at a search for deeper understanding and purpose. He concludes: *"The best way out is always through."* This line captures the essence of spiritual surrender and transformation—moving through the wilderness of our struggles to discover the treasure of God's truth. It aligns with the idea that Christ meets us in our brokenness (our "jars of clay") and leads us through it, revealing His glory in the process.

Qumran stands as a powerful reminder of God's faithfulness to preserve His truth and reveal it to those who seek Him. It is a metaphor for the transformative journey every believer takes—a journey that leads us from the desolation of our old lives to the life-giving truth found in Christ.

A Blessing

So may you be inspired, my brothers and sisters, continue to search deeply within yourself, trusting Christ to guide you. In the quiet wilderness of your heart, may you find not only ancient truth but also the living presence of the Savior, who invites you to grow in the knowledge of God and experience the fullness of His grace.

How I Learn Best

The greatest lessons I learn about the gospel are found in relationship with other people. Not just believers but in every relationship. The lepers, the Pharisees, the prostitutes, the wasted and the weary– they're all right here today.

I learn best about the gospel when I am under oppression, when I realize my own failures and when I am angry enough to turn over a few tables... as well as when I am so grateful that I feel rocks will join me in praise.

I learn best about the gospel when I identify with the despair and the joy and the anger and the celebration of everything this life entails. And when I join Christ in the mission, despite all the spiritual darkness in this country of glitz and grit.

I rarely ever learn when I get my way.

I learn best when my back is against the wall.

I learn best when I pray and only silence replies.

I learn best when answers are elusive.

I learn best about the gospel when I see the broken as well as the proud and I realize that I am both.

Jesus becomes my tour guide and I am amazed by the places He takes me... Sometimes He takes me- kicking and screaming into the darkness of the world and the darkness in my own heart. I riffle through the ashes and rust for the smallest wisp of glory.

I learn best about the gospel when I am wrapped up in the story and I choose the right role.

Truth be told, I am a wreck when life is predictable and safe.

The Baptist Futurist

Here's a great conversation with Chris Forbes on churches, cooperation, and the future.