

Eyes of Compassion

Jesus hangs on the cross bearing the bleak rebellion of every age. Who can measure the weight of such a burden? Who can scan the circumference of this transaction? In our repentance we grieve of what our sin has done to us, but at the cross, we mourn of what our sin has done to God.

This obelisk of sin that outweighed the mass of Jupiter leveled itself against His weakening limbs. Still his eyes remain compassionate. He speaks to the beloved ones of his life: "Woman behold thy son. Son, behold thy mother."



This moment of compassion seems insignificant considering that humanity would soon be forever changed. Jesus was a Savior but indeed He was still somebody's boy. We hear Him tie up the loose ends of His next of kin. These details would not escape the attention of Jesus.

We look back at the compassion of Jesus as He stood at the grave of a close friend. Those around Lazarus tomb that day observed His grief:

Jesus wept. The community said, "See how he loved him!"

John 11:35-36

Jesus knew the end of the story. He would call out and Lazarus would come forth, but He stepped into the moment.

He stepped into the pain.



He stepped into the grief of a broken family.

What are you mourning today? He is mourning with you. He, too, has compassion and is making accommodations on your behalf to get through this. You'll get through it together.

We often forget that even though there are pressing issues on every continent, He still has a heart for the small. There are kings and presidents and war on every side, but Jesus still has the capacity to know your secret wounds and weep over the tombs of your cloistered dreams. He is a God of compassion.

He took care of the people He loved.

When we fail to remember this, we struggle. Jesus eyes aren't solely fixed on the White House, the Vatican or the United Nations.



His eyes are in the marriage counselor's office,

His eyes are on the wounded warrior half a world away,
at the funeral of a grandfather,

and under the bed of an abused child who prays for the gift of peace.

He's there, too.

The shape of the cross is the template of compassion. In order to die on the cross your arms must be open.

God of Wonders,

King of Glory,

Grant us the courage to look beyond our own pain and enter into the pain of another.

For in this act we receive a more glorious vision of the cross of our slain Savior, Jesus Christ.

In Whose Name we pray,

Amen