

It's Tuesday Evening

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Jesus returns to Bethany after a day of long and difficult conversations with friends and those who sought to destroy Him. He speaks of whitewashed tombs, of a darkened moon, of sudden separations, of a wedding and of a return. It's all in there—prophetic signs, passionate pleas, stern rebukes and mysterious parables. Today, His words and actions seem frenetic and unyielding. Like a dying king, He has much to say and little time.

The triumphant voices of two days ago has disappeared. The dissonance of ambiguity and conflict has taken on a life of its own.

The storms of opposition are organizing. Some would call it doom. Others, fate. But Jesus knows the story. This is divine consequence for the sake of us all.

*Tuesday speaks of destiny
Hidden today, soon all will see
Feet that walk toward the cross
with purpose counting not the loss.
I see him, hope of all my need
This week- the center of our creed.*

As the sun sets, one disciple walks into the shadows... into the company of nefarious saboteurs. The wheels of betrayal begin to move. There is no turning back for any of them. Passover approaches once again . . . a remembrance of doors marked with lamb's blood. The table is set. For another day. It's Tuesday evening.
