

# Father Forgive Them

This is the first episode of seven on "A Scattered Feast"  
Season three.

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I fell headlong into the chasm of my willful atrocities.  
Some subtle and slight. Under the surface. Others are so  
visible I must tremble.

The level of my careless rebellion is undeniable.  
Without a word of recompence I have stood, not knowing the  
grief I impose on almighty God.

But then

My soul is transported through time to thorn-crowned head of  
the dawn creator.

He remains

I hear his voice from the hill of mankind's transgression  
His voice reverberates through the centuries

Through wars, idolatry, conspiracy, and flesh borne  
insurrection.

Like the deep voice of a billion sorrows crystalized in that  
one moment of suffering

Father, the voice cries above the unseen hoards of demons  
and all too visible tormentors

Father, forgive them. They know not what they do.

Bludgeoned, beaten, challenged, ridiculed

His power unparalleled

Yet he remains

Yet not only remains. He calls for amnesty in the midst of  
annihilation

Father, forgive them. They know not what they do.

We hear Jesus uttering this prayer while enduring unthinkable  
agony

It's personal. It's unimaginable. But most of all, it's mercy.  
Mercy of the greatest kind.

And when I think of God his son not sparing sent him to die, I  
scare can take it in.

Father forgive them.

Father forgive the dogs that surrounded him

Father forgive the religious bigots who spewed malicious venom  
and mocking rebukes

Father forgive Thomas who doubted

Peter who denied him.

And disciples who deserted him

Father forgive them.

And as he scanned the ions of centuries to come

He gazed through history.

He saw me and he saw you

Father forgive them.

They know not what they do.