

Good Friday

- We did not welcome him in Bethlehem.
- We did not understand him on the Mount.
- Like Peter and the twelve we did not believe him on Galilee.
- We slept then fled from the garden.
- We denied him in the courtyard.

Yet like Paul we were sure of our useful virtue and smart righteousness
till we went blind on the road.

But he met us at each of our failures,
rather than excusing us or covering them,
he faced them on the cross
and made us face them over breakfast at the beach.

That's how we became his

and how we became resolute and secure in him.

That's when we finally saw Simeon, Anna, and the shepherds.

We met Nico and Joseph. Even a centurion.

We finally knew what the Marys knew. Grace.

He brought the unstoppable revolution of dignity, hope,
love, forgiveness, humility, and service.

We still fail, forget, and grow cold,
but he's glad to meet us on the beach again as needed.

We are still his.

What we gave up had only imaginary value,
but what we gained has brought us unimaginable wealth.

Yet in none of this do we get credit or even
(when we grasp it) do we want any credit.

This the grace of God.

We have found our true home, our true family,
our true friend and our true purpose.

Even if we think we are doing pretty well at believing,
help our unbelief.