

Journey to Easter -Sunday, February 28 (Day 12)

**“Tree of Life and Awesome
Mystery”(ELW 334, Verse 2)**

**We remember truth once
spoken,
love passed on through act
and word; ev’ry person lost
and broken
wears the body of our Lord,
wears the body of our Lord.**

Discussion

Growing up, my favorite story in the Bible was the “Lost Son” from Luke 15. What was always implied in my reading was that an individual (the youngest son) had wronged another individual (the father) and eventually received forgiveness from that same individual. Then, in seminary, my Kenyan classmate blew my mind with another interpretation: “That story is not about an individual, but a community losing a child and having him restored back into the community with dignity and grace.” So now I ask “Who are the children of God that our community is losing too often?”—to hunger, gang violence, suicide, police brutality, white supremacist extremism, and other tragedies. “Rugged individualism” is forcing us to forget members of the body and that if “one part suffers, every part suffers.” Because of the interconnectedness of God’s family, we somehow find ourselves relegated

to both “the loser” and “the lost.” And on the broken wandering of that confession we find ourselves encountered by a God who runs to us, embraces us, and throws a party of forgiveness, justice, and peace for the entire human family.

Today’s Prayer

The right hand of God is writing in our land, Writing with power and with love.

Our conflicts and our fears, our triumphs and our tears

Are recorded by the right hand of God.

The right hand of God is pointing in our land, Pointing the way we must go.

So clouded is the way, so easily we stray, But we’re guided by the right hand of God. The right hand of God is striking in our land, Striking out at envy, hate, and greed.

Our selfishness and lust, our pride and unjust Are destroyed by the right hand of God.

—from “An African Prayer Book” by Desmond Tutu

Image: Submitted by Deb Cowell. “The carved face on the cross I purchased from a talented carver at one of the Festival of American Folklife at the Smithsonian. I don’t remember now which country it is from as I have been to so many of those events. I loved it and wanted it for our home. It hangs in my kitchen.” *(following page)*

Awesome Journey

