



*Then turning to the disciples, Jesus said to them privately, "Blessed are the eyes that see what you see! For I tell you that many prophets and kings desired to see what you see, but did not see it, and to hear what you hear, but did not hear it." – Luke 10:23-24*

We may go one step more with Jesus, if we ask finally what the disciples say about Jesus that kings and prophets missed. The answer is the power of the cross. That is what this enigmatic statement of Jesus finally leads to, that everything true and powerful and transformative about Jesus comes into play in the cross. It is that Friday mystery that emerged when it appeared that the wise and powerful, in the service of death, and committed capital punishment and eliminated from the world a terrible inconvenience. We learned only later that Friday, which seemed like defeat, turned out to be the good mystery of our future given by God.

In that hidden glimpse of Friday, we have learned all we need to know of God, for "no one know who the Son is except the Father, or who the Father is except the Son and anyone whom the Son chooses to reveal him" (Luke 10:22). We learn, in our way of confessing it, that Jesus is truly God, that God's power comes in weakness and vulnerability, that the poser to transform is the truth of vulnerability, for the royal power of kings and the majestic certitudes of the wise to not have the hidden, cunning power of healing.

More than that, we have learned – and keep needing to relearn – that the cross is not simply a one-time deal in the life of Jesus or of God. Rather the cross is the clue about how to live an alternative life in the world, an alternative life that is marked by risky innocence that has the power to heal, to create caring neighborhoods in the face of rapacious markets, to evoke new possibilities in the face of despair, to enact new forms of liberation in the face of endless locks of oppression. The clue, of course, is that none of this happens, unless there is a risk of self, so that the enhancement of the neighborhood require the expenditure of self. But the babes and disciples have always known that, surely since that terrible, wondrous Friday.

Surely some of you are like me, preferring to be kings, prophets, wise, intelligent but all the while haunted by the secret world of costly grace that makes all things new. Lent is a food time to process that haunting, to inch over to the world of vulnerability, occupied by invisible horses of strength and chariots of newness. Blessed are the eyes that see what you see!

*God of the cross, your power is hidden in a weakness that quietly overcomes the world. Open our eyes to see this power at work. May we walk in it as we live out your alternative vision for the world. Amen.*