

Luke 23:34

Good Friday

March 29, 2002

*“Father, forgive them for they do not know what they are doing.”*

They were soldiers doing their duty, holding back the chaos in an unstable spot in this world. Following orders.

They were religious leaders protecting the faith and the structures they so dearly loved. Sometimes one had to be sacrificed for the good of the whole.

They were women – powerless – swept along with the times, the culture, a world run by men – women weeping for one who had compassion on all the powerless ones.

They were people like you and like me – ordinary people whose lives happened to intersect with the one who was the very person and presence of God but they did not know it was He. .

“Father, forgive them for they do not know what they are doing.”

They do not know that the nails they drive into human flesh have pierced the being of God.

They do not know that the God they seek to protect with this human sacrifice is slaughtered by their own act.

Even the women who wail have no idea whom they cry for.

Father, forgive them.

Is it any different today? Do we have it right now? Know what we are doing?

Or are we like they blind to every moment when our lives intersect with this one? He said that each little one we encounter will be an encounter with him.

I hope he never tires of his plea: “Father forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing.”

I trust he says it this day also, for you, for me.