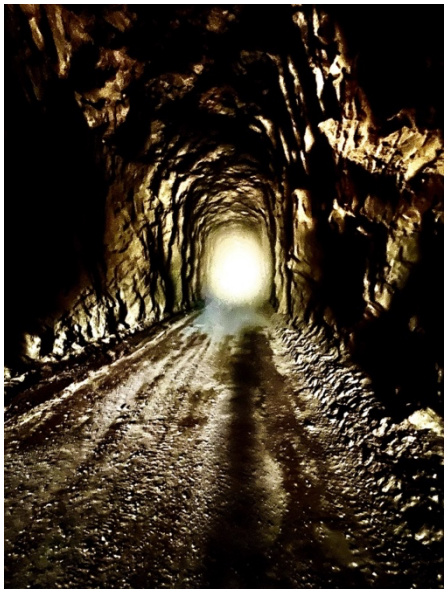
# DUST

He considered they would be confused. He was prepared for their confusion. He also planned for their anxiety, and suspected He might encounter the epiphany that comes with grief—the grief with which His followers would feel shrouded until they did the math on Day Three.

He had already contemplated the depth of Peter's sorrow and anger at himself for his betrayal. Jesus could envision the early morning breakfast He would prepare for Peter and the others when the time came. He knew the words He would speak to His friend to offer life-changing forgiveness, because the truth was: the world needed the future Peter who would rise from the ashes of humility and put behind himself his denial, and therein, accept eternal love and grace.

He didn't expect to be so touched, so moved, by the agony which blanketed the woman. But He was. Mary wore her desolate heartbreak like a cloak wrapped around her, as if holding herself together so she wouldn't fall apart. Her hair hung like a silken tear unabashedly veiling her eyes. He wanted to reach out and touch her, so He sent words to tenderly trace His presence across her heart. "Mary! Mary!" gently, He called to her. "Why do you look for the living among the dead?" He saw the recognition fall across her face like a cloud being lifted from a futile sky. Even though He hadn't expected to be so deeply moved, the warmth from her smile blessed Him greatly.



But what He wasn't prepared for was their lostness. He wasn't inclined to fathom the people's outright ignorance and inability to understand the signs. C'mon, three days! no matter how you added it up, it still amounted to three days! The throngs of people with whom He had connected, wandered as if they had been dejected and handed a death sentence. And in their souls, they had. It was a life sentence without parole the world faced at the hands of the enemy. The mourners amassed in large gatherings while others hid in isolation. Even His best friends, His disciples, were nowhere to be found on the third day. Humanity was lost—like sheep without a shepherd.

He knelt as the sun climbed up the side of the sky and spilt itself out like orange juice pouring from a jug; His own emotion overtaking Him. No one would ever fathom what He had just walked through; the worst part, watching His Father's departing back as He turned away from the Son and the sky went black. That was the worst.

And the tears began to fall. Every tear was a hurt, another rejection, a betrayal, an ongoing lie, a new denial, a back turned, a resounding thrash of a whip. The tears fell, landing on the ground, and as He imagined each choice His followers would always make, He began to brush away tears mixing with dirt, writing His forgiveness in the dust. Someday, maybe forever away, the children for whom His Father loved so much that He gave everything—maybe someday, they would understand just how much it cost. And how it would always be so worth it. To again see the look in His Father's eyes as He pulled the Son into a warm embrace.

Beautiful you, won't He do it?! The God of the Universe overcame all of it for you and me!

**John 3:16 "For here is the way God loved the world—He gave His only, unique Son as a gift. So now everyone who believes in Him will never perish but experience everlasting life." (TPT)**