the MISSING PIECE (Peace)

The world has just passed through Easter. To some, the holiday represents cute little Easter bunnies and prettily decorated eggs, decadent chocolate and another opportunity to give a gift. To some, it may mean a day off work or 'time-and-a-half pay' at work because of the willingness to show up. It may even mean a family gathering to celebrate with a meal together after one of the two church services each year some folks choose to attend. Yet, to others, Easter represents Resurrection! a Holy Week filled with unexplainable emotion. A time where the entire universe once held its breath and waited; pure devastation followed closely by an exultation of deepest joy. When God chose to give His greatest gift to mankind: His Son Jesus.

I thought this week about how much I dislike rejection. I know a hurt deep inside because of being thrown away when I no longer was able to produce what someone needed out of me. I really abhor being taunted, being talking about behind my back. I remember a time when a friend of mine told me to get over myself, because not everyone was always going to like me. Her words devastated me, and even though they were brutally honest and true, it cracked a place inside of me that has remained broken. I have spent my life trying to make everyone like me, even at others' expense, and garnering everyone's acceptance, even at the cost of living a lie.

This Easter, I resolve that Jesus is my Missing Peace; truly, my missing piece. I thought about everything Jesus suffered on my behalf. Because of His great love for me. And for you. He knows what it is means to be rejected and to be taunted, to be used up and discarded. Beyond any humiliation or betrayal or agony you or I have ever experienced, Jesus has suffered far greater, at the hands, hearts and words from an entire human race. Not only that, but His Father had no choice but to turn His back on His Son and walk away. A Holy God cannot look upon unholy sin. In fact, on that day, the God of the Universe passed over the sacrificial lamb so He could mark you and me with the spilt blood from His Son and love us into eternity.

I think of Jesus sauntering along on the lumpy rump of a donkey, riding into Holy Week in a holy city to the praises and adulation of the people who hoped He was the One come to save their government. In less time than it takes to overthrow something, the throngs of people turned against Him, jeered Him, and within the same week, murdered Him. And while He was breathing His last human breath, we were breathing our first godly breath. Talk about betrayal! But He kept on loving you and me, replacing the missing piece (peace) we had never accepted…yet.

Today, I receive it. Friend, I hope you do too.

Matthew 9:35b-36a 'He healed their bruised and hurt lives. When He looked out over the crowds, His heart broke; so confused and aimless they were.' (MSG)