

NOVEMBER 20, 2015

A God Who Cries

He is not untouched (or untouchable) - but He can be grieved. He is not stationed on the watchtowers of Heaven but has climbed from the peaks of eternity down into the dust of the daily. We see Jesus in the storm, at the death bier, and with the hungry. He was born among the shepherds, raised in the sawdust of a carpenter's shop, and died with thieves. He lived with fishermen and worked with His hands. When the disciples wanted to dismiss the hungry multitudes, He wanted to feed them. When they wanted to call down fire,

He was merciful. When the thief on the cross spoke rebuke, Jesus spoke love. When Peter cut off the servant's ear, Jesus healed it. And, when that same Peter deliberately denied Him, Jesus methodically found him, raised him from shame and despair, and put him back to work.

Jesus - He was always compassionate. He felt deeply. Jesus seemed to just find the downtrodden. He spoke of the widow and welcomed the children. The lepers were avoided by others but touched by Jesus. An outcast woman at a well found a compassionate counselor. He felt with a woman caught in adultery.

In all, He was compassionate. In the small and in the great deeds of the daily there was compassion. In His words, and in His wounded hands, there was compassion.

Father, let my heart be moved with compassion. And, let my hands, like His, bleed... and touch the world with compassion.

I Love You,
Jerry Rea