

Luke 23:26-34

Good Friday

April 17, 2003

He certainly had a name. Lucius? Gaius? Quartus?

Had he volunteered for this duty? Been drafted? Assigned?

Was this his first day on the crucifixion detail? Or had he been involved in this work for years?

Did the pain he inflicted bother him? Did he tighten in his gut to hear the snapping of bones, to see the oozing of the blood? Or was it all a routine, a job to be done?

An individual like you or me was the one who held a mallet in his hand and pounded the nail into hands and feet of Jesus. He inflicted pain upon Jesus – he helped hoist the cross, he gambled for Jesus' clothing.

For him and all the rest Jesus prayed: Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing.

I trust the Father heard his only begotten Son that day. I trust that the forgiveness for which the Son prayed was granted. Father, forgive them. Forgiven.

What do you think? Will you meet this man one day in God's Kingdom? Will he tell the story of that day without shame? Without guilt? And will you be able to hear him tell and not judge? Not count your self just little bit better than him who could do such a thing?

Could the forgiveness won by Jesus be so powerful to make both him and you new?

*Can forgiveness really be that complete?*