

All The “Buts” in Life



You may well have heard me already saying the why's and how's and oh dears. But you know, I still can hardly believe it was me.

Call me a fool because I thought I had done well in covering my tracks. Playing the loving disciple and all that.

To a point I had. But always the “but.” That is why it does no harm to hear the why.

Not why I did it. But why hear from me again.

Jesus saw right behind the charade. Behind the lamb to the wolf. Beneath the dove to the serpent.

I was ashamed at what I had become.

You see, I could have stopped it from happening. But I didn't.

But as I, Judas, led the soldiers to Jesus, I wish I had not. My heart was shouting at me

“stop it please; you are hurting me, but”

It was bad enough betraying a friend. But – sorry – so many but's in my story. But what made it worse was that we had eaten together such a short time beforehand. Jesus had washed my feet. Shared bread and wine. He had kept faith with me to the very last. I knew he would. But....

If only he had shown me some form of resentment. It would have been easier. Maybe I could have lived with myself after all.

But – but he let me carry on.

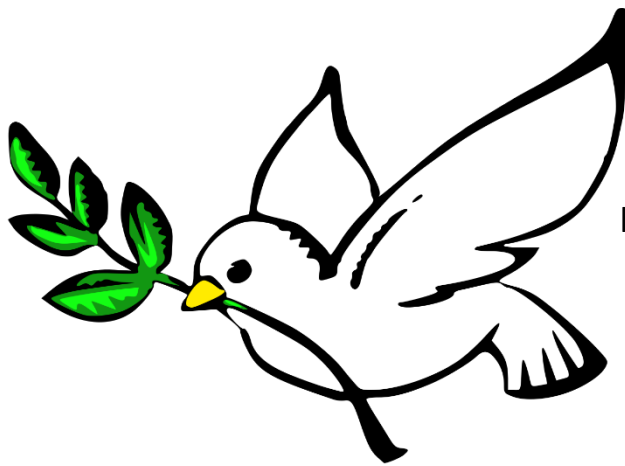
Why hear from me again?

Jesus came to unite us. To bring harmony and peace. But there were far too many times I thought he spoke out of turn. Getting peoples backs up.

I felt I was being drawn into the confrontations.

Because of all the “buts” I didn’t know what to believe any more.

The unsettling truth is that I allowed the butts to get in the way.



We long to see peace in our hearts.

We pray for the faith and courage to see when words and actions do not match our Christian living.

May the grace of Christ teach us to be faithful in both good and difficult circumstances. That when crisis comes calling, we discover and rediscover a whole new plane of love. To know a love that is recompense and joy in itself.

Amen.