

“But the story sounded like nonsense to the men, so they didn’t believe it.” Luke 24:11 NLT

[lectio] // LUKE 24:1-12

listen to the text by reading out loud slowly and repeat up to 3x if desired

In many ways, it was nonsense! Nothing like this had ever happened before. AND, there had been others who predicted their death and resurrection, but none of it had come true. What do you do when you’ve heard so many stories, so many proclamations, so many promises, yet none of them were true? You doubt, that’s what you do. You say, “sounds like nonsense!” What happens when the truth comes along but you’ve been conned or ripped off so many times that you call the truth “nonsense?” Of course they thought it was nonsense, but it was still true. I wonder if they hadn’t seen the miracles Christ performed, with their own eyes, would they have called those nonsense as well? Like the demon possessed, the sick, the storm calming or Lazarus. We’re those nonsense? No, because they were eye witnesses. I’m sure it was hard to process those truths as well, but they confirmed by just the sheer number of times they took place. Now, staring at the truth, given by their own friends (the women), it was nonsense. But something caused Peter to get up. Was it muscle memory from the Lake scene, like, I’ve just got to do this? That curiosity drove him to verified truth. It was already truth, but now it would be Peter’s truth. Soon it would be the apostles, then disciples, then others TRUTH. It was my truth when God offered me, as a broken young man, “to be my dad.” I leaped before I learned. I believed before I understood sacrifice, redemption or sanctification. I know more now, but I don’t believe more now. I believed then and it was accounted to me as righteousness.

Dad,

I don’t know what I would have believed if I had experienced all that your followers had been through. We are so time and emotionally bound by our humanity that it makes it difficult to reach into the eternal, the spiritual space in which you are. Our sin makes all heavenly perspective difficult. These men and women LIVED with the eternal God and still marred the truth. Faith is still difficult for me, even through love and trust. I still distort truth because it seems too good to be true after so many false experiences with those who say they speak for you.

[contemplatio]

rest in the presence of God, allowing the words revealed to take root