

“Then he turned to his critics and asked, “Does the law permit good deeds on the Sabbath, or is it a day for doing evil? Is this a day to save life or to destroy it?” But they wouldn’t answer him. He looked around at them angrily and was deeply saddened by their hard hearts. Then he said to the man, “Hold out your hand.” So the man held out his hand, and it was restored!” Mark 3:4-5 NLT

## lectio // Mark 3:1-6

Oh man, I love the raw passion that Mark catches that the other writers don't. He writes, “Jesus went into the synagogue again...” It was the Sabbath, right time, right place. Jesus sees a man suffering, he is also there right time, right place. I would stop right here and ask, “Why is Jesus uniquely drawn to the sick and suffering?” You might answer, because he said that's why he was here and that is true. But too often, ok, always - I am not drawn to the suffering. They scare me. They scare me because I don't know how to help them, really. They scare me because I know it WILL cost me in time, money and just heart-space. Jesus was not afraid of those things. He modeled something I want to believe, but it requires faith. Do you know what he modeled? God is his source, Jesus was not dependent on his human strengths, he was dependent and secure in his relationship to his father God. What you think he tapped into his God-nature to perceive, to give, to heal? Hmm, I don't think so. I believe that helping people is DEPENDENT on ME! That is a lie and it works every time. I don't engage because I can't CONTROL what happens! So the other thing I notice about Jesus. Where does he direct his anger? Mark says he was ANGRY. Where does he direct it? Towards those who SHOULD know better! Towards the religious “experts.” Towards those who use the law and twist the words of God to USE for their OWN advantage! I'm glad Jesus was also saddened. Now I know how he feels when I either shrink from or avoid the suffering or I try to spin it to take the spotlight of true disciple's lack of faith OFF me and onto someone else. Jesus is saddened because I know in my head all about faith, but fail to use it. So it withers, like the faith of the religious experts, to NOTHING but correction and shaming!

Dad,

When I see someone suffering, why do I pretend that I'm too busy? Why do I pretend that it might embarrass me?

Because I have weak (or near nonexistent) faith? I have opportunities all the time to simply see and do as you've asked, but I shrink. Then the excuses roll in... I am so challenged by your word, and inspired to say, “ok Glenn, next time just DO IT!” I must go for it. I will NEVER know what it's like to exercise faith unless I actually DO IT. To be continued...

## contemplatio

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