

Friday, March 12, 2010

*There was once a man who had two sons. The younger said to his father, 'Father, I want right now what's coming to me.' ... It wasn't long before the younger son packed his bags and left for a distant country. In that distant country, undisciplined and dissipated, he wasted everything he had.*

~ from Luke 15

This is how the story of the Man Who Had Two Sons begins. And we are aware of where it goes from here.

On Sunday the message will focus on this parable. It has been called one of the main boulevards of Scripture (a life-line, a thoroughfare) and the reason I want to call your attention to it today is to prepare us for a stroll here on Sunday.

We don't know the ins and outs of why the young son went away. He wanted to prove he could live life on his own. He resented his father's success. He tired of his domestic chores and work. He'd heard the call of the wild. He longed for wide open spaces. He resented a quiet life. We really don't know the whys, but in his rebellion we see our own ignorance and silliness, we see arrogance even.

Yet the story is about the father. The one scorned and bruised but forgiving and welcoming. And the story is about a place the young son could leave and shame, but then could still return to as an heir. This return was made possible only because of the father's love.

By way of announcement: Don't forget to spring forward tomorrow night. I think officially this is to be done at 2 a.m., but I spring in the middle of the afternoon to avoid a big shock to my system by losing an hour. I hope to see you in church on Sunday.

Blessings,

Ande