

They Look a Lot Like Me

BREAD

In my mind's eye...

In my mind's eye, I think about Judas; I see him betray Jesus with a kiss. Then I look a little closer, and he looks a lot like me. I follow Jesus as one of His disciples, but I deceptively kiss him on Sundays yet betray Him every other day of the week.

In my mind's eye, I think about Caiaphas, the high priest; I see him accepting false witnesses against Jesus. Then I look a little closer, and he looks a lot like me. I see Jesus before me, but I am the one sitting in the judge's seat. When I judge myself, of course I find no wrong in myself. I think more about Caiaphas; I see him tear his clothes because of his intense rejection of Jesus. Then I look a little closer, and he looks a lot like me. I live in this world and see the things in this world, but it is me that throws a tantrum when I do not get the things I want or get to do the things I want to do.

In my mind's eye, I think about Pilate; I see him wanting to set Jesus free but fearing the crowd and letting the crowd have their way with Jesus. Then I look a little closer, and he looks a lot like me. I see the crowds around me and I want to set Jesus' gospel free with the hopes that it will make their souls free, but I fear the crowds and keep silent. I let the crowds have their way with Jesus.

In my mind's eye, I think about the Roman soldiers who whip Jesus, cram a crown of thorns into His head, force Jesus to march to His death while carrying the instrument of His death, nail Jesus to a piece of wood, suspend Him between heaven and earth, and mock Jesus to save Himself. Then I look a little closer, and they look a lot like me. It is the sins on my account that causes all these things to happen to Jesus. I am the one holding the whip. I am the one who twisted thorns together. I am the one up on my high horse pushing a weak and hurting Man to His death. I am the one holding the hammer. I am the one laughing at the Man and telling him to save Himself. Though at the same time, He is the one saving my sins.

In my mind's eye, I think about the women who followed Jesus, I see them watching and crying over Jesus. Then I look a little closer and they look a lot like me. I feel the extreme sadness of my Savior dying on the cross and hypocritically wish I could have done something to change it.

In my mind's eye, I think about Jesus, I see all the things He suffered and how willing He was to suffer them. Then I look a little closer and wonder, "Why don't I look more like Him?"

FRUIT of the VINE

Pray.

Appropriate songs for this
How Great the Father's Love