

# Good Friday – April 14, 2017 – “Father, Into Your Hands I Commend My Spirit”

---

It was very late. It had begun to rain and I remember switching on the wiper blades of the big old Pontiac I was driving. The next thing I remember was the sound of a crash and climbing out through the back door of the car because the driver's side door was jammed shut. It was pouring rain now and I felt the drops running off my head into my face. I came to the door of an all-night store to get in out of the rain and think about what to do next. As I opened the door, the woman at the counter gasped and said something like, “O, my God!!” I guess it was then that I realized that what was dripping down my forehead was not raindrops but blood, my blood, gushing from wounds from the car's shattered windshield. After somebody called for an ambulance, they asked me who else they could call.

They musta thought I was in shock cuz I didn't answer right away. I was thinking about when I was a little boy in Virginia. It was a Saturday and Mom was out running errands, so Dad was the designated babysitter. While I was running around outside, I fell and scraped my knee. The blood from the cut was pouring down my leg all the way to my sock. I limped home and showed Dad the massive wound my little girlfriend I was playing with had triaged with almost a whole roll of toilet paper. Dad carefully, calmly unwrapped the bandages, washed the wound, put a dab of mercurochrome on it, and gently placed THE SMALLEST band-aid in the box on what turned out to be my tiny cut. I remember feeling a little foolish ... but I also felt safe and loved.

Would you like us to call somebody? I gave them my Dad's number.

When he came and stood before me, I had been scared, felt hurt, alone. I put my hand in his and I felt calm, strength, all would be okay.

Jesus hung so alone ...so bloody ... so afraid. His last thought ... His Father ... His Father's hands ... and, flooded with peace, no longer scared, the Son closed His hand on the hand of the Father, closed His eyes and slept.

Each of us will face a moment, maybe many moments of fear, loneliness, so weak, so little.

Call your Father. Take His hand. He'll come to you. He'll walk you through the storm and you'll never walk alone.