

“He emptied himself,
taking the form of a slave, . . .
He humbled himself,
becoming obedient to the point of death,
even . . . death on a cross.”

“The men who held Jesus in custody
were ridiculing and beating him.
They blindfolded him and questioned him, saying,
‘Prophecy! Who is it that struck you?’
And they reviled him
in saying many other things against him.”

They were treating him,
the Son of God,
like a toy, something to keep them entertained,
using him for their own pleasure.

I hate it when people do that to me!
Even though, when they do it to me,
it is in much smaller ways,
and it is done more in my own mind,
than in their intention.

One of the things in life,
that bothers me more than anything else,
is to be disregarded,
treated as unimportant,
or treated as a joke.

It stirs my heart to anger!
In times like that
I say,
and do,
stupid things,
things that I later regret.
I do such things
not so much when people don’t like me,
but more when they disregard my value as a person.

It wasn’t that way with Jesus.
He fulfilled what he had said through the prophet Isaiah:
“I gave my back to those who beat me,
my cheeks to those who plucked my beard;”
(a major insult in his culture)
“my face I did not shield
from buffets
and spitting.”

Jesus didn’t accept this kind of treatment
out of weakness
or out of fear,
He absorbed it out of strength,
the strength of love.
He said:
“Father,
forgive them,
they know not what they do.”

May the Lord,
give us his strength,
and his love.