

We don't choose when we are born, where we were born, or of whom we were born. We begin life amid a random set of circumstances that somehow makes sense to God.

How we die is another matter. We make choices about nutrition, friends, and habits. Some of these bring joy; others bring trouble. Some of our choices can prove lethal.

Jesus chose to do his Father's will and to proclaim the Kingdom of God. In order to bring hope to the powerless, he put his life in the hands of the powerful.

They condemned him to death.

He invited loyalty; he received betrayal. He encouraged honesty; he witnessed deceit. He was light and life; they condemned him to darkness and death.

Judas puckered his lips. Pilate washed his hands. Their outward symbols of affection and innocence concealed inward choices of selfishness and ambition.

At times I have done the same. I have used other people for my self-advancement. I have prejudged the character of others based on their appearances. I have imprisoned some of my acquaintances in the remotest corners of my opinions.

It hurts when someone condemns me. It hurts worse when I realize I have condemned them.