Yesterday's shopping list included a dozen eggs. Now I take my egg buying "farm-girl" serious. First, I compare the prices for the best bargain. Then I open the cartoon and carefully check each egg for cracks. I always place the cartoon statically into the cart to prevent breakage. I even guide those eggs through the rough treatment of the store's check-out procedure. So you can image my surprise when I got home and began putting up the groceries Wayne and I had just carried in; seven of the twelve eggs cracked, some slight, and one a mess all over the cartoon. Later I asked Wayne, "So if you buy a good cartoon of eggs at the store and get home with half of more broken .... Should you take them back for an exchange or should you figure the cost of each egg and ask for your money back?" His answer was that both were good ideas, but if he were me he would first ask if my husband had dropped them while carrying in the groceries.

I quickly realized that I was far more willing to forgive Wayne who I know and love than I was to forgive those workers at the grocery store. After all, broken eggs are hurtful. I may work through that brokenness with those that I am in relationship with.... but it's much harder to do that difficult work with folks I don't even know. Yet that is the story of Easter. Jesus died for all, not just the ones he loved, not just the ones he was in relationship with; not just for that time, but for all time.

This week we continue our journey in the book of Mark. Please read chapter 14. As we study and think about those last few days Jesus spent here on earth, take time to look at the broken eggs in your life. Clearly hear Jesus' clear voice of freedom through forgiveness, both offered and received.

Eating omelets this week, Pastor LaJo