

# Episode 67

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*The criminal hanging on the other cross rebuked the man, saying, "Don't you fear God? You're about to die!"*  
- Luke 23:39

Reading through this chapter today I was struck by all the bystanders. Politicians are treating Jesus like a clown at a kiddies party, soldiers distractedly gamble over Jesus' clothes, the mob screams for his execution, and even a criminal on a cross seems oblivious to his own situation. Then, in the middle of all this mayhem, one man turns to Jesus and says "I beg of you, Jesus, show me grace and take me with you into your everlasting kingdom!"

One has to wonder how it is that a criminal treated Jesus so differently? I believe the answer lies in how he rebuked the man on the other cross saying, "Don't you fear God? You're about to die!" In other words, his view of everything around him was shaped by the fact that he knew he was about to die.

What if you knew you wouldn't live to see Christmas, what would change? Would you be more generous with your time, no longer trying to prove something at work, but rather heading home to be with your family each night? Would you spend more time outdoors, and less time on your phone? Would you open your Bible and drink in the wonder of the One you are soon to meet face to face? Would you be more gentle with your words, aware that you are soon to give an account for every hour of your life? Would you give credit where credit is due, rather than tearing others down to get ahead? Would you visit more, phone more, hug more, laugh more, forgive more, smile more, eat more, thank more, celebrate more, or love more?

On Sandcastle Day, coastal towns celebrate the enjoyment that some sand, sea, and sunshine can give us. At low tide, sculptors spend hours creating their masterpieces hoping to walk away with prizes and prestige as they fight for first place. But should you take a walk on the beach just a few hours later, you would be completely unaware of the frantic chaos and competition just hours before as high tide dismantles each effort one wave after another, leaving behind nothing but a blank canvas.

Who's to say we will have anything left standing come Christmas? Either way, let's be those whose eyes of faith are set on the city with unshakeable foundations, whose architect and builder is God himself.

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