

with Richard J. Foster,
Marilyn McEntyre, Eugene H. Peterson,
Jessica Hooten Wilson, Lauren F. Winner,
Luci Shaw, Walter Wangerin Jr., and more



Radiant Resurrection

Lent and Easter Readings
from Ash Wednesday to Pentecost

*Edited by Paul J. Willis
and Leslie Leyland Fields*



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Foreword

JESSICA HOOTEN WILSON

*One can live a holy life in a civic year, but I've
found the effort required is herculean.*

REV. CLAUDE ATCHO, *RHYTHMS OF FAITH*

Certain words can make us pay attention. When we mark an occasion, we seek words that transcend the transactional language of our daily schedule, words that will ascend us toward an encounter with The Word himself. We attempt these moments of heightened language in the liturgy of Sunday, or in the mornings or evenings watching sunrise and sunset, or at meal times—“Give us this day our daily bread” (Mt 6:11 KJV). When Mary the mother of God conceived Jesus Christ within her, she sang, “My soul magnifies the Lord” (Lk 1:46 NKJV). Award-winning poet Dana Gioia quipped, “The Incarnation requires an ode, not an email.” So too does the season of Lent, and the crucifixion, the resurrection, and Pentecost.

This gathering of poems, stories, and meditations invites us to observe this season as set apart, as holy time. Not because we’re holy. Indeed, the Christian calendar is not meant for the super faithful but, as my friend Reverend Claude Atcho argues, for the “spiritual zeroes,” for those of us who find it challenging to focus on the things of God more than the things of humans. Just as Shakespeare gestured to his



audience to pay attention by switching from prose to poetry at key moments, these creative pieces slow us down, turning us away from the noise of the world to heed the eternal notes.

In the book of wisdom called Ecclesiastes, the author warns the person entering God's house, "Don't shoot off your mouth, or speak before you think. Don't be too quick to tell God what you think he wants to hear" (Eccles 5:2 MSG). If we want to listen to God's voice, we must attune ourselves to the way he speaks. Rather than filling the silence with our requests or our prattle, we can practice reading words that cultivate an ear for the language of God. This is the God who created the world by words, and who called himself *The Word*. And who, after Christ's resurrection and glorious Ascension, sent us into the world carrying the words of his great good news. The Chrysostom Society writers here have faithfully sought that good news language, desiring that together with the reader, we may enter again the enchanting truths: Christ is risen from the dead! He lives still in the world! He lives in us!

During his final days, Chrysostom member Eugene Peterson, suffering from dementia, forgot most of his words. His biographer Winn Collier, another Chrysostom member, records how Eugene mumbled maybe Hebrew or Pentecostal glossolalia most of the hours that he resided in the thin place between temporal and eternal. However, near the very end, Eugene sat upright and yelled, "Let's go!" a line from his favorite Denise Levertov poem. Collier asks, "Was it coincidence that at the end, the words that came so true and quickly to his dying lips were poetry?" When all the other words disintegrated, those simple words still lit a fire within him.

The Chrysostom writers desire that their words would do the same. As we enter together the agonies and wonders of the Lenten season, may we be brought into the fiery presence of the Holy. May these words and pages remind us that though we are but dust, the radiant resurrection of our Savior Jesus is ours as well. Come enter the light and the promise!





Introduction

PAUL J. WILLIS

If you had asked me as a child to explain the meaning of the word *Lent*, I would have told you (for I was precocious in some ways) that it was a somewhat archaic form of the past tense of the verb *to loan*. You see, I was raised in a Baptist church in which Christmas and Easter were wholeheartedly celebrated but also in which the words *Advent* and *Lent* were never spoken, associated as they were with Catholic and high church tradition. And in our tribe, tradition meant superstition, and superstition meant idolatry, and idolatry brought you, inevitably, to the gates of hell. But now that I am part of a church, though still an evangelical one, which lights the successive candles of Advent and marks the sign of the cross on our foreheads in an Ash Wednesday service, I have softened a bit about church tradition. And now that I think of it, my childhood definition of *Lent* may not be off by that much. For it is on Ash Wednesday and the forty days that follow that we are reminded of our mortality, that from dust we came and to dust we shall return, that our little lives have merely been *lent* to us by the good Lord—and we as sinners have defaulted on that loan.

As for Holy Week, I don't recall that our Baptist church had even so much as a Good Friday service, let alone one on Maundy Thursday. But, of course, we waved our palm branches down the aisles on Palm Sunday—that being a Sunday, after all—with little girls with white gloves carefully holding their fronds upright while



we boys swashbuckled ours like pirate swords as anxious mothers tried to herd us to the front of the sanctuary.

But Easter—of course I knew about Easter, if mainly because of the egg hunt our parents allowed us before we departed for a longer-than-usual morning service. And it wasn't the actual hard-boiled eggs that we had dyed in vinegar that attracted us. No, it was those foil-wrapped beauties of pure chocolate that were the real finds in the nooks and crannies of our backyard. But our parents had a hard-bound rule that we could not partake of our booty until after the morning worship service. Being a literalist in the fundamentalist tradition, one Easter Sunday I stuffed the front pockets of my trousers full of my dark discoveries so that I could unwrap them at the very moment in which the green-robed choir sang their final, multilayered amen. Our mother sang in that choir, facing us in the pews from their places behind the pulpit, so I knew I did not stand a chance of indulging myself a single moment earlier. That morning was hotter than usual, and the extra crowds on that day in church, polluting the air with noxious smells of hairspray and aftershave, did not serve to lower the temperature. So, when I finally and legally reached into my front pockets, my eager hands immersed themselves in two leaking holsters of chocolate.

But the hymns. Somehow that green-robed choir, along with the congregation, managed to sail into "Up from the Grave He Arose" with so much extra gusto that we could have blown the windows open, should they not have been opened already. And surely any malin-gering atheists loitering down by the Sixth Street railroad tracks could have heard us from three blocks away. This, you must understand, is the same congregation that routinely slept through Mrs. Roberts's solo vibrato edition of "I Come to the Garden Alone," Sunday after somnolent Sunday. So, I knew that Easter was different—that there was something to celebrate. In the one antiphonal liturgy of the entire church year, the pastor would call out, "The Lord is risen!" and we would all shout in reply, "The Lord is risen indeed!"



The idea of an Easter season, however, culminating in something called Pentecost, remained quite foreign to us. For Pentecost involved an invasion of the Holy Spirit, and the Holy Spirit belonged to the Pentecostals—the people we called Holy Rollers—and we as Baptists believed in a faith that was much more logical and much less demonstrative than that practiced by those folks. In particular, speaking in tongues was off-limits—right up there with premarital sex. When we as little ones made our so-called decision for Christ, we received the Holy Spirit in that very moment, whether we felt the wings of the dove brushing around inside our tummies or not. We were to obey fact, not feeling. So, we did not really talk about Pentecost, much less celebrate it.

I offer this personal history to let you know that I am as in need of the readings included in this book as you may be, whether you come from high church tradition or low. Or perhaps you do not come from any church tradition at all and are approaching a faith in Jesus Christ with an outsider's curiosity or a newcomer's unabashed enthusiasm. What Leslie Leyland Fields and I have compiled here is a series of readings—organized in a format that is sometimes weekly, sometimes daily—stretching from Ash Wednesday to Holy Week to Easter to Pentecost. That's about ninety days of the church year, give or take, one of the most precious times of preparation, mourning, and celebration for Christian believers.

As with our previous volume, *A Radiant Birth: Advent Readings for a Bright Season*, this one is organized into three broad sections, each with its own short preface. In this book the sections are labeled “Lenten Season,” “Holy Week,” and “Easter Season.” The season of Lent—the actual etymology of which derives from the Old English *lencten*, meaning “springtime”—begins on Ash Wednesday in February and continues for a traditional forty days (not counting Sundays) until Holy Saturday, the day before Easter. The season of Lent marked out in this book, however, will be an actual forty days that give way to Holy Week, which begins with Christ's triumphal



entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday and continues through the Last Supper on Maundy Thursday, the crucifixion on Good Friday, and Jesus' one complete day in the grave on Holy Saturday. Easter season, then, comprises the forty days from the Resurrection to the Ascension, with another ten days until Pentecost. The Lenten readings are loosely organized by week, those for the highly significant Holy Week by day, and those for the longer Eastertide by week again. As with our Advent readings, we hope you will experience a three-part journey of preparation, celebration, and action—earnest and penitent preparation for the sacrifice of our Lord, celebration of his miraculous return to life and ascent to glory, and, yes, Pentecostal action based on the indwelling guidance of the Holy Spirit.

The readings themselves, aside from one ancient homily, are contemporary and for the most part literary—and by literary we mean not Rubik's Cube puzzles of arcane language but delightful and accessible stories, poems, essays, and meditations on the wondrous unfolding of God's saving presence among us in flesh and in spirit. All of the readings in this book, aside from the homily by St. John Chrysostom, have been composed by past and present members of the Chrysostom Society, a select group of Christian writers whose founding members in the 1980s included Richard Foster, Madeleine L'Engle, and Luci Shaw. This self-perpetuating group meets yearly for purposes of mutual encouragement, and once in a while we take on a community project such as the one you have in your hands. (Should you be interested, you can learn more about the Chrysostom Society at chrysostomsociety.org.) And why the name Chrysostom? After his death, the early church father was nicknamed thus by a subsequent pope because of his notable eloquence, his "golden tongue." Though we are silver-tongued at best, we pray that in the pages that follow your faith in our risen Lord will be immeasurably enriched.

The background of the entire page is a dark gray with a pattern of fine, radiating lines that create a sense of depth and movement. Scattered throughout this background are several white, multi-pointed starbursts of varying sizes, adding a celestial or spiritual feel to the design.

Part One

Lenten Season

How shall we prepare for a new pilgrimage on the ancient path to the cross of Jesus? We begin with Ash Wednesday, the ashes of last year's palm branches now a "smudgy cross" on our faces. We look both in the mirror and toward the cross in these five weeks leading to the passion of Jesus. We are not in suspense about what happens. We know the events that unfold, perhaps even by verse and by heart. But Winn Collier reminds us that "Lent takes listless, numb people and makes us burn once more."

These pieces, gathered into weekly themes, will indeed make us burn—with joy, humility, paradox, mystery, wonder, and promise. As you watch and pray with us day by day, you'll find sacred and surprising company here along this path of preparation: John Donne, Pinocchio, Jonah, the apostle Paul, Elizabeth Seton, a cat in a cistern, and a blackbird in the chimney. You'll see how the snow falls in tiny hosannas; you'll feel the ache of pruned trees, smell the incense of our own prayers, even learn to "skip a grace rope to a Christ tune." Let's take the first steps together.



Ash Wednesday



Ash Wednesday



DEBORAH DICKERSON

Branches waved on Palm Sunday have been burned.
We file forward for the imposition of those ashes
receive the smudgy cross on our foreheads.

The older of us, slack-necked and balding,
don't need the reminder of mortality's
pile-up of aches, losses, and diagnoses.

College students band together, already
bruised by death—a grandparent buried,
car accident, a friend's suicide.

And then comes the family with five children—
the three-year-old boy held by his father
receives his ashes radiantly with a smile.

The littlest sister holds back her hair,
hears her name, hears "From dust
you are and to dust you shall return."

Brushing her teeth, she sees the smudge,
stares down death in the mirror.





Ashes to Ashes

JILL PELÁEZ BAUMGAERTNER

.....
Psalm 119:1-8

Each of these eight verses—in fact, every one of the 176 verses in Psalm 119, the Bible’s longest psalm—refers to God’s law, decrees, ways, precepts, statutes, commandments, or ordinances, which are absolute and immutable. The writer claims that those who are blameless, who walk in God’s ways, who follow the commandments, are happy, but even though he is working on keeping the commandments and praising God with an upright heart, he knows that he is not blameless. He has failed, and the psalm becomes a lament. “Do not utterly forsake me,” he writes in the last verse, well aware of his sin (119:8 NIV). We can completely identify. We aspire to seek God with our whole heart, but we often go astray and need forgiveness over and over again.

“Let me live that I may praise you,” the Psalmist writes toward the end of the Psalm (119:175 NIV). His awareness of mortality is palpable, as is ours, especially during this Lenten season.

Anya Silver, a poet who died of metastatic breast cancer, once said that Ash Wednesday had become her favorite part of the church year. The ashes that were imposed on every forehead in her congregation comforted her because this was the one time of the year when everyone sitting in the pews next to her realized that they were dying. Ashes to ashes. She who was dying finally felt a profound fellowship with the dying worshipers all around her. “We die alone,” one poet has said, “yet we all die, mingled as one.”



In our baptism we have, however, already died. What is there to fear if our death is behind us, not looming without hope in front of us? God will not forsake us. That knowledge is true happiness.

Keep us steadfast, God, close to your ways, and happy in praise, knowing our salvation has already been promised through Christ Jesus. Amen.





A Meditation on Decay

PAUL J. WILLIS

Many years ago this winter I published my first novel. That was a proud day for me. I had a sense of maybe having achieved something of lasting significance. The novel sold reasonably well, made it to a second and third printing, and was even brought out again in mass-market paperback. But three or four years after it first came out, my publisher told me the novel was going out of print. There were a few thousand copies left over, and the publisher would either destroy them or send them to me for the cost of shipping. Of course, I couldn't bear to see my babies slaughtered like that, so I sprung for the shipping cost and my brother offered to store them in the hayloft of his barn in Oregon. As President Bush used to say, leave no child behind.

So, like the rich man in the parable, I had my harvest stored in my barn. Every summer I visited my brother in Oregon and visited my storehouse too, sometimes taking a box of books home with me. As summer followed summer, however, I noticed my treasure was showing some signs of wear and tear. It rains a lot in Oregon, and water had come through a leak in the roof and soaked some of the boxes through. Other boxes had holes chewed through the corners by mice, which also liked to digest the books themselves. The occasional box was torn open by someone curious to take a copy, which was fine with me, but the rest of the books in the open box were left to collect dust, hay, and pigeon droppings. Now, after years of careful storage, my literary legacy to the world doesn't look like much. Last



I heard, my brother was using the last of the pulpy remnants to fire up his woodstove.

In the Renaissance they called this the problem of decay, the decay not only of our possessions but inevitably of our own lives. Shakespeare offers three solutions to this problem in his *Sonnets*. The first and most natural solution is to beget children who will survive us—children who will carry on some part of us when we are gone. But it doesn't always work that way. Just ask the parents who are bitterly grieving the loss of their children to illness, accident, or terror. As Shakespeare puts it in one of his plays, "Golden lads and girls all must, / As chimney sweepers, come to dust." The second way to solve the problem of decay, according to Shakespeare, is to be immortalized in a poem. For good literature lasts forever: "Not marble nor the gilded monuments / Of princes shall outlive this pow'ful rhyme." That may work for Shakespeare to some extent, but as we have seen, it doesn't seem to be working for me. Shakespeare's third way to solve the problem of decay is probably the best way. It is to take part in a love that is bigger than we are—the kind of love that "alters not," that "bears it out even to the edge of doom"—a kind of love that can only be described as divine love.

In the Gospel of Matthew, Jesus also describes for us our nagging problem of decay, and unlike Shakespeare he offers just one solution:

Do not lay up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust consume and where thieves break in and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust consumes and where thieves do not break in and steal. (Mt 6:19-20 RSV)

It seems to me that Jesus' solution might be the same as Shakespeare's last one. To store up treasures in heaven is perhaps to devote ourselves to giving and receiving the unspeakable riches of God's love. Anything less is dust and ashes. Anything less is a rotting barnful of books. Heaven and earth will pass away, but the saving love of our Lord is forever.

So, Jesus is reminding us that our many immortality projects never succeed in making us very immortal. They only succeed in making us feel moth-eaten, rusty, and ultimately ripped off. Ash Wednesday, with its visible sign of dust and ashes on our foreheads, is a forcible reminder of our own frailty, mortality, and sinfulness. We don't like to remember those parts of ourselves, but on this day, it is literally rubbed into us. Scholars and monks in the Middle Ages would sometimes keep a human skull on their shelves to remind themselves of the brevity of this our life. A skull kept for this purpose was called a *memento mori*, which is Latin for "remember to die." Remembering the end of all flesh, these monks and scholars could better hold this world in contempt and strive to devote themselves to the eternal love of God.

The mark of ash rubbed into our foreheads can likewise serve as our own *memento mori*. But for us the mark is made in the shape of a cross. Thus, it is not only a reminder of our own deaths but also a reminder of the death of One who suffered agony in our place, the One who loved us and gave himself for us, the One who died that we might live, that we might have treasures in heaven. And we celebrate, too, in the treasure of his flesh and blood, the bread and wine, the riches of his love for us.

Because of this miracle of his love, we can look on the ghastly skull of our own decay and say with the poet George Herbert:

Death, thou wast once an uncouth, hideous thing,
 Nothing but bones,
 The sad effect of sadder groans:
 Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing. . . .

But since our Saviour's death did put some blood
 Into thy face;
 Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
 Much in request, much sought for as a good.



For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at doomsday;
When souls shall wear their new array,
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

And when I read these lines by Herbert it seems to me that we ourselves, one with another, redeemed by the blood of Jesus, will be our own treasure in heaven.



* *Week One: Pilgrimage* *

* A Pilgrimage Toward Joy *

WINN COLLIER

At breakfast years ago, our eleven-year-old asked, with weary exasperation, “Do you think we could have a half-Lent fast? I think twenty days is plenty.”

Lent can be exhausting, especially if we understand these weeks primarily as an annual gauntlet to test our spiritual mettle, forty days to exert clench-your-teeth willpower and wrestle all our desires into short-term submission. The metaphors we use matter a great deal because they shape our lives. If we think of Lent as an arduous gauntlet, we brace for pain and gut it out. We drag our worn carcass over the Holy Week finish line with an exhale, relieved we have a year to recoup before the next grueling stretch.

But if Thérèse of Lisieux is right and “everything is grace,” then Lent, far from unfolding torturous, bootstrap rigor, offers yet another unique encounter with mercy. Given this, I believe a better metaphor for Lent is *pilgrimage*. Lent is a pilgrimage of the soul.

I’m sure this image comes to mind because I’m currently writing in a little cottage (*Darach Beag*) on Iona, a small island where St. Columba founded a monastery in AD 536, the fountainhead for Scottish Celtic Christianity. Iona’s not easy to find—a train, two ferries, and a bus across the island of Mull. But people make their way to this quiet, windswept land enclosed by the sea because they are pilgrims. They are in search of something, and the demanding passage is not only worth the effort but essential to the journey.



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The ancients recognized that we all must venture through our inner terrain. We must wander over dangerous ground as we reckon with how we regularly embrace those very things that diminish us: fear or selfishness or self-loathing or despair or people-pleasing. We must travel slowly enough to explore questions we'd typically avoid: *Who do I love?* and *Who do I want to become?* and *Why does my life contradict both of those answers?* Lent puts us on this bewildering, necessary path.

Jesus had his forty-day pilgrimage through the desert, and we must too. But the purpose of our pilgrimage is not to prove anything (certainly not to God), nor to provide annual self-flagellating compensation for the mess we make every other week of the year. Rather, like Jesus, our wilderness trek will be a long walk through desolate, harrowing country where we will practice listening to the voice of love and resisting the shrill, siren songs. Our pilgrimage will give us opportunities to be truly human like Jesus, to believe in our deepest core that we must have God if we're ever going to truly live.

When we arrive on the other side of Lent's pilgrimage, there's no need to emerge withered and shattered. These days are not meant to break us but to enliven us. To return us to our true center, to God. These days guide us into an actual experience, with our bodies, of God's scorching love. Lent illuminates what's hidden. Lent gives us direction in the dark.

Lent takes listless, numb people and makes us burn once more. What did we think would happen when we encounter God, the consuming flame that burns away everything false and degrading? What did we think would happen when we encounter God, the loving blaze that reinvigorates everything beautiful, good, and true? In Lent, we experience, as Gregory of Nazianzus told us, how we "are heirs of fire."

When we take others on a pilgrimage to Iona, we launch with a good question: *What do I need to leave behind?* It's the right question for Lent too. The question unsettles us, even while it overflows with grace and opens us to immense freedom. Here we shed clunky

baggage, release old wounds, and return to the simplicity we crave but struggle to embrace. With St. John of the Cross and his *Ascent to Mount Carmel*, we learn that if we hope to ever gain what we do not have, we must abandon whatever we clutch tightly. To possess, we must first be dispossessed. The exercise is frightening and counter-intuitive. And the only way to become whole.

Lent liberates by instructing us to resist our many distractions, impulses, and compulsions, the very tyrannies we've wanted so desperately to be free of—only now Lent grabs us by the scruff, emboldens us, and insists we finally *do* it. Lent gives us permission to cut away restrictive entanglements, to muffle the cacophony. Lent helps us renounce everything that harms or disfigures. Lent cleanses and emancipates.

This pilgrimage is not so much about self-discipline as it is about the pursuit of a bolder love, a truer truth. Of course, we'll have to say *no* to some things—but that's only because we yearn to say *yes* to something far better. Lent reminds us we are finite and must relinquish the expectation that we can—by sheer grit—be everything and do everything. Lent sets limitations—beautiful, wondrous limitations. Lent teaches us to pray with T. S. Eliot, “Lord, teach us to care, and not to care.”

Remember: This whole thing, beginning to end, is about joy. Lent invites us to discard everything that inhibits genuine, raucous joy. The entire pilgrimage—the whole point of the whole endeavor—carries us right into fifty days of Easter, the biggest blowout party in the Christian year. Easter's feast is a whole ten days longer than Lent's restraint; this disproportion explains much.

When pilgrims leave something behind, it's always so we have capacity to pick up whatever gifts we expect to find along the way. We'll encounter numerous gifts in these days of Lent—most of them unexpected, all of them undeserved. On our pilgrimage toward joy, we'll rediscover how everything truly is grace.





For Lent, 1966

MADELEINE L'ENGLE

It is my Lent to break my Lent,
To eat when I would fast,
To know when slender strength is spent,
Take shelter from the blast
When I would run with wind and rain,
To sleep when I would watch.
It is my Lent to smile at pain
But not ignore its touch.

It is my Lent to listen well
When I would be alone,
To talk when I would rather dwell
In silence, turn from none
Who call on me, to try to see
That what is truly meant
Is not my choice. If Christ's I'd be
It's thus I'll keep my Lent.





Lenten Longings: Humility and Empathy

LIZ MCFADZEAN

Jesus is the one who has broken down the walls of hostility between humans. I must be oh-so-careful not to build them back through unkind thoughts or broken systems. During Lent, my longings for both humility and empathy are closely aligned. Both require me to listen more and not to make snap judgments based on labels. I hear words like *conservative* or *liberal*, and I immediately assume that I know what they mean. But what if I resist my natural inclination to pull away from the labels I dislike and instead let myself be drawn in to know more, to find out what that label means to the one assigning it to herself?

Humility is a good starting point. Abjectly conscious of my own sin, but free from its stranglehold because I know the Savior who has set me free, I know that I cannot muster up my own holiness. God's mercy is a free gift available to all. I can hoard it and become proud of my own righteousness, or I can hold it out to others. Pride may be the worst of the seven deadly sins because it disguises itself as righteous indignation. Humility breeds empathy. As I am honest about my own selfishness and shortcomings, I am given empathy to deal with others.

Years ago, I attended a silent retreat in Santa Barbara. I had gone there weary and a bit tired of people. The Episcopal nun who was the spiritual director had just returned from a conference for adult



children of alcoholics. She had found the event life-changing, and each of her guided meditations reflected what she had learned. Growing up with parents who never missed a cocktail hour, I found her offerings personally helpful, but I had to wonder if the other attendees were finding them meaningful at all. Because it was a silent retreat, there wasn't any opportunity to ask them. But at the closure ceremony we sat in a large circle, and each woman shared what the weekend had meant to her. Every woman talked about an alcoholic parent, sibling, child, or spouse that was affecting her life. Every single one! I felt like God was filling me with an understanding that there is no such thing as a functional family. We're all dealing with our own brokenness in ourselves and in our spheres. I drove back from Santa Barbara, and suddenly, instead of seeing too much traffic and lines of people everywhere, I was struck with how many people there were to love.

It was more than mere insight. It was a change of heart. It was a gift of empathy. And it required silence and the humility to submit to what seemed irrelevant to find that in God's hands it was pervasively profound. Even twenty-five years later, I can sense when my empathy meter is running low. I go back to confession, to humility, to the knowledge that I never see God's whole picture and that judgment of a fellow human being is perilous. For as Denzel Washington has said, "At your highest moment, be careful, because that's when the devil comes for you."

I long to listen better, judge less, and love more. Pursuing these longings brings me back to the heart of Christ during Lent. If I can walk the pilgrim's way of longing for the presence of the Lord in a Holy Lent, my Easter might be a celebration of greater conformity to the image of Christ. May it be so, for us all.

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