



This Friday, we remember Jesus' execution centuries ago in Roman occupied Jerusalem, and also all the points in everyone's life when we experience what Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) called, "*The Hour of Lead.*" That hour is still ticking away all around us. The words of a couple of people are much with me on Good Friday.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer (1906-1945) was a German pastor at the center of Protestant resistance to the Nazis. He was arrested and later hanged less than a week before the Allies reached the prison.

The Bible directs us to God's powerlessness and suffering; only the suffering God can help us. ... The world's coming of age has done away with a false concept of God and opens up a way of seeing the God of the Bible, who achieves a place and power in the world by his weakness.

It is in our shared humanity and weakness that I feel most in solidarity with Jesus of Nazareth.

I also think of Issa's (1763-1828) poem:

*A bug on a branch
swept away down the river
still singing its song.*

We may be on our way to ruin, but even in the “Hour of Lead” we must still sing our song!

From Brother Toby's STEPPING STONES: Daily Reflections by an Unconventional Monk.

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Starcross Community 34500 Annapolis Rd. Annapolis, CA 95412

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