

Just before church started, I was talking with Kathy and I said, I couldn't believe how fast the Summer's going. It's going so fast. And I'm excited because I cannot wait for school to start. Now, I know, Wednesday's excited for school to start because she misses her friends that she doesn't get to see during the summer. I'm excited for school to start because I want to get back into my routines. Every Saturday for the past six weeks, I have fought with Wednesday every Saturday now. I think that we should get up on Saturday morning, eat breakfast, and do fun things. Cuz, that's, you know, a great idea. Of course, it is my idea. She, in contrast, tells me every Saturday it's the weekend. She wants to eat chips and lay around in her underwear and watch YouTuber kids all the time. Now, that does seem like it wouldn't be a bad idea. And I ask her every week. I'm like, what difference does it make if it's the weekend? Our Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays are the exact same; there is no difference in our world between those three days. But for whatever reason, she knows that Saturday is the weekend, and you're not supposed to do anything. She knows that it's ingrained in her, and it drives me crazy. But I remember being a kid and Saturdays were for cartoons. You got up early. You made your own cereal or whatever. You let Mom and Dad sleep. More importantly, I let the twins sleep, but we still had the weekend. So, why should it be different now than it was for me then? Well, obviously, I'm the parent. Now, I know Mom and Dad are sitting there, thinking, oh yeah, if you would have known this 50 years ago, my life would have been easier.

I know now things that would have made life easier for them. And I know things that would make life easier for Wednesday. But she doesn't want to listen; just like I didn't want to listen. Just like none of us want to listen. We all know what's best. We all know what's best for us. We all know the right thing.

Last week we were talking about our reading from Hebrews. They told us that God spoke to the original prophets and God told the prophets what to do, what to say, for all of us to have a better life, and we refused to listen. So, he sent Jesus to live among us and to be able to tell us in ways that we could hear. This week's reading's a little continuation of that.

God knows everything, right? They know what we're going to do. They know every possible outcome of everything going on, but they don't know why we make the choices that we do because we still have our own independence. We all still can choose to do the right thing, or we can choose to do the wrong thing. And they don't understand that. Like myself, as a parent, I don't understand why Wednesday won't listen to me, cause I know everything, right. I know the ways they'll make life easier, just like God knows everything and knows the ways to make our lives easier. And even as God came down and walked among us, sent the angels down to help us and protect us. There was still that disconnect between what we know on the earthly realm and what they know on the divine.

And God could not figure out why we won't listen. So they sent Jesus, not just to do, be among us, but to be us. To live the life that we were living. That's why it's all brothers and sisters. He was among us. He was here. He was a part of our body. He went through the same things that we did. He lived through poverty. He felt what it felt like to be hungry, to be thirsty, to be cold. Every possible negative thing that we could do or be done to us, he lived through. And then he understood. God started to understand because there is the chance of death.

Many of us live in fear of death. We don't want to die. We don't know what's on the other side. We don't know what's going to happen to us. We don't know how it's going to feel, and

that's a concept that's foreign to God because God's eternal. There's no risk of death for them. But coming here and living amongst us and being part of us helped change their perspective. I would love to spend one day being Wednesday. Because the world she lives in as a six-year-old is completely different than the world I lived in as a six-year-old. I'm never going to understand what it means to be her fully. I can empathize. I can appreciate it. I could do everything possible to protect her and to make her life safe, but she is still going to make her own decisions. And that's obvious.

That's the same thing that we do for all of us. God knows what we do. They know who we are. They know what we feel, what we say, what we do, and where we go. But they are still not us. Jesus is the closest that they could come. Feeling that hate and anger and resentment thrust upon them, but also feeling the joys, the happy parts of our lives, feeling love. Things that are different in concept to God which makes it better, being able to appreciate and understand those feelings by living in that world. By walking in our shoes, God had a better understanding for us after Jesus than he ever did before. That's what's important for us to remember. God isn't just up there. They were also down here with us. They know the problems that we face. They know what it's like to be hungry. What it's like to be cold and thirsty, and in pain and suffering, to be sad. And that's why Jesus tells us to work extra hard to love those people, because they know what it's like; we know what it's like to be that way. And sometimes we forget that we forget to help those who need the help, who won't ask for the help. But we've all been in their shoes. And we forget that Jesus was in our shoes as well. And then it's a life that they love so much, that he died for us, to give us comfort in knowing that there is more on the other side. We might not be able to comprehend it now, but we will. So we don't need to be afraid of death. We know that everything will be answered for us one day. And we can recognize that God went through it. We are not doing this alone, and we can always have each other. Let us pray.