

Weeping over Jerusalem

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, you who kill the prophets and stone those sent to you, how often I have longed to gather your children together, as a hen gathers her chicks under her wings, but you were not willing!" (Luke 13:34, NIV)

What an intriguing picture of Your love!
They had killed Your prophets and
stoned Your messengers
until they had a corner on the market –
no prophet could die outside of Jerusalem (Luke 13:33).
You were headed there to join their number.

Yet You loved them as a parent loves a child,
still longing to gather them to yourself.

Lord, I weep with You as I look around me.
I see people struggling and
seeking,
failing and
dying.
If only they knew what would bring them peace! (Luke 19:41-42).

They celebrate Christmas so lavishly,
yet they don't understand that You've come to them.

They fill every reminder of You,
every means of coming to You,
with the clutter of things and
the noise of commerce.

Lord, I weep with You. And
I deny myself,
take up my cross, and
follow You into
whatever redemptive sacrifice You will for me.

Draw them, Lord.
Draw them to yourself, and
use me however You wish.

Hymn: [Lord, Keep Us Reaching](#)