

The Games We Play

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Read: Matthew 26: 20-25

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I grew up knowing that Judas was a bad man. He betrayed Jesus. He set in motion Jesus' arrest and death. He was rotten, flawed, and broken--a broken neck and spilled guts in a field. If there was a guy sitting beside Satan in Hell, it had to be Judas. Jesus tells him it would have been better if he hadn't been born. I'd take a stake to the heart before hearing those words from Jesus. Wouldn't you?

But was he THAT bad of guy? He was doing his best to follow Jesus every day, doing his job as best he could—treasurer for a rag-tag non-profit ministry had to be tough. He tried to make sense of Jesus' words, but sometimes it just didn't connect with him. This sounds like me.

Judas knew that Jesus was going to be King, and that meant freedom from Rome. When that hope didn't play out, he checked out. He didn't trust what Jesus said. He didn't believe that Jesus knew what He was doing. He didn't see God's plan lining up with what he thought was best. That's me. It's ironic when you think about that. I think I know what's better for me than God. I don't. But then I act like I do. Every day.

So Judas plays his treacherous card. But his own wisdom and God's sovereign plan collide when they stare face to face over that Last Supper and Judas feigns innocence. "It isn't me, is it, Rabbi?"

"Don't play games with me, Judas."

Prayer: Lord, I know the right choice is always to follow you, to let you lead. That is where peace rests. This is what I want. Please forgive me for playing games. Forgive me for thinking and doing what I think is best and hoping you'll agree. Help me to trust you more and follow you more closely. I crave your peace. AMEN.
