

Love Chooses You

Words by David Wells

Born into a simple family, a carpenter's apprentice.
Born to an illiterate teenage mother with no A*s.
Born to refugees, with no address.
Born into a trough the animals ate out of, in a room to house bovine TB.
Born into military rule, violently imposed by a narcissist who murdered babies.
Growing up in a sink estate,

It could have been a Chelsea, or a Cheshire, Sandbanks or Surrey, but it wasn't.
God chose a troubled first century Palestine.

Foretold by prophets who spoke of a face spat at, of his clothes becoming a prize in a game played by the bullies who murdered him.
Foretold by a man who lived on honey, who ate insects and who shouted at the crowds.
Foretold of by his cousin, who was beheaded with a machete, and whose face would be paraded around like a perverse video on YouTube.
Foretold of by his father who poured love upon him from the skies.
Feared by evil, tempted by wealth, power and glory, isolated and alone in the desert.

He could have had a media campaign, celebrity endorsements, and corporate sponsorship. But he didn't.
God chose a man who wore camel skins to announce his arrival

He picked fishermen, prone to anger and unreliability,
tax collectors, the most unpopular of men,
James and John who harboured career ambitions.
He chose a doubter, who couldn't trust what Jesus said until he could see it for himself.
A political activist who would go behind his back, betray him and then run away.
He chose friends who argued amongst each other, vied for attention, fell asleep when he most needed them and who denied him as he bled to death.

He could have gone after people of influence, doctors, professors, theologians, lawyers and entrepreneurs. But he didn't.
Jesus chose the unqualified and the unprepared to assist him.

He set about healing the reviled and despised.
After he met them the paralyzed walked away from people's indignation.
Lepers returned to their families.
He freed those possessed by voices of self-loathing.
The blind, the deaf, the withered and broken, he restored anyone who was cast out.
Even death's sting retreated from him.

He could have stayed with the teachers and elders he impressed in the temple as a little boy. But he didn't.
Jesus chose the broken people, the dirty, the lonely, to prove to them that no-one was beyond the love of his father.

He taught with authority because he lived perfectly what he said.
When hunger threatened them he transformed the little they gave him.
When fear of drowning threatened to destroy them, he calmed their storm.
When their religion became proper but loveless he dared to challenge it.
He told them parables which held up a mirror to their souls and when they looked in it they made plans to kill him.

He could have rode into Jerusalem on a stallion. But he didn't.
Jesus chose a donkey.

Betrayed by a friend,
denied by his disciples,
abandoned in Gethsemane,
accused by false witnesses,
tried by corrupt lawyers,
sentenced by a coward,
jeered at by the crowds,
pitied by the daughters of Rachel,
tortured to death by a brutal army,

He could have raised an army from the stones. He could have chosen the way of the sword. But he didn't.
Jesus chose the cup his Father gave him to drink.

He transformed the world forever with one word, "Mary" he said, and she knew in that moment that the world would never be the same.
He walked with the depressed on the road and their hearts burst into flames of joy.
He appeared to Thomas and gave him the evidence his logic longed for.
There will be an end to tears of sorrow. Death is no longer the end. Now there would always be hope for the world.

He could have returned angry with the world, to seek revenge for all the wrong they did to him. But he didn't.
Jesus chose forgiveness and showed them his hands and his side.

Who will be his disciples now?
God can choose the successful, the powerful, and the popular. But supposing none of that really impresses God at all.
Supposing everything they ever achieved was his gift anyway.
Suppose that today, in the midst of this big crowd, God is choosing you, to meet his Son.
Suppose that who Jesus lived for, who he stood for, who he died for, and who he rose again for, is you.
Suppose his loving Father is your loving Father, and suppose he loves you, just as you are so that you would never have to prove yourself. To anyone. Ever again.
Young women and men of the Church, today love itself chooses you!

In the Words of Pope Francis, I invite you all, at this very moment, to a renewed personal encounter with Jesus Christ...
Let the Church say, Amen.