

A LETTER FROM DR. SEAN LUCAS

May 14, 2020

My dear Friends:

I don't know about you, but I'm becoming numb to our present situation. All the conflicting data and contrary advice, all the Zoom meetings and conference calls, all the wondering (now) about what the summer and fall will look like—and especially our lack of connections with others. It reminds me of the end of U2's song "Numb": "Don't project/don't connect/protect/Don't expect/suggest/I feel numb." I think the numbness comes from not wanting to hope, not wanting to expect a change in our present circumstances in case we are disappointed (again). It is understandable to feel this way, but dangerous too.

We are hoping beings. And that's because God has made everything beautiful in its time and has put eternity in our hearts (Eccl 3:11). We are made for beauty and eternity, both of which stir and stretch us, causing us to expect goodness in our present and future days. We don't deal well with disappointments, especially when they are chronic, especially when they are unrelieved—because they raise questions about present and future glory.

I think all of this accounts for why my eyes are constantly looking for the hope in any given passage of Scripture. Even in these lament-songs in Lamentations which we have considered on Sunday mornings, we have heard notes of hope in the midst of our griefs and sorrows. And the reason there is hope for us, the reason why we shouldn't become cynical, numb, or despairing, is because Christ is risen. The resurrection of Jesus is the hinge of our hopes. No resurrection, no hope, no future, no meaning—numb.

That's why we worship on Sundays—every Sunday is a remembrance of the resurrection, a renewal of our hope. And I hope soon—even with all the challenges it presents—we will be able to worship in our sanctuary together in God's good presence.

In the grip of God's grace,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Sean".