

Who am I in the Prodigal Son Story?

We need to find ourselves in this story:

...Am I the Father? Surely sometimes I am when I am forgiving.

Am I the Prodigal Son? Surely we all are at some sinful part of our lives.

What about us being the angry brother?

Could that be me more often than I would care to admit?

What about the many people who shout or murmur:

"No amnesty for illegal aliens? They broke the law!"

Or the fanatical crowds who shout "Lock her up!" or "Lock him up!"

Or the avid "good people" who proclaim:

"Three strikes and you are out! An eye for an eye. a tooth for a tooth!"

In Rembrandt's famous painting of the Prodigal Son in the Hermitage, the angry older brother stands in the dark background glowering.

Today political leaders stoke up the fires of anger and resentment.

When am I the angry brother?

And so we pray:

God deliver me from self righteousness.

from judging and condemning.

from pardoning **Â** **Â** ***myself,***

and condemning everyone else!

Amen

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