Helicopters flew over my home last week. Several. The last time I saw that many helios “holding on station” I was in Iraq. These were responding to another shooting. This time at a veteran’s living facility in East Vincent Township.

Gun violence and mass shootings have filled the news since my last writing in this space when I suggested that all gun owners should be required to serve in their state’s militia (a suggestion that was too bold for some and not bold enough for others). It feels as if the world is more dangerous now than it ever has been. It feels that way but is it that way? The violence lived out on our streets and covered in our news is heart rending and defies both rational explanation and political solution. But it is not new to the human condition. I am not sure I could convince a first century Palestinian Jew living under the constant threat of crucifixion that our time is more dangerous than his. Or hers. Or theirs.

And yet that is exactly where Jesus invites his followers to go. With him. Into the danger. “Whoever does not carry the cross and follow me cannot be my disciple.” “When Christ calls a man,” wrote Dietrich Bonhoeffer, “he bids him come and die.” The transformative power of the gospel comes alive most vividly in dangerous places. In relationships that threaten the status quo. In conversations between drastically different people determined to stay in relationship. In prophetically pastoral sermons that challenge the perspectives of paying church customers.

If we wait for the spaces we minister in to be safe, we may wait for a long time. I expect that in dangerous places Jesus will show up very quickly. He has in those dangerous places my journey has taken me and I give thanks for the certain knowledge he always will.

May it be so, too, for you and the people you love.

Bill
- Rev. William Worley, PSE Conference Minister