



Fifth Sunday in Lent

the good news is... rooted in justice, mercy, and faithfulness

The Things That Matter Most

I wrecked the family car, an old gold minivan
that had traveled every inch of I-95. It had worn cushions
and an old school map in the glove box.
It held a folder full of mix CDs under the passenger seat
and every memory of every family trip,
and I wrecked it.

I called the tow truck while the engine
hissed and smoked. I called my dad,
my own apologies tripping over themselves
to get to the front of the line.

I expected to be grounded.

I expected a *"How could you?"*

But when I got home that night,
my dad held me close and said,

"A car is just a car, but you are my child.

The only thing that matters is that you are okay."

And I knew it for what it was.

It was mercy. It was love.

It was the thing that mattered most.