

A meditation for Christ the King

He was not a king born in a palace in some great capital city with gun salutes and flags flying and official pronouncements.

Christ our King was a King born in obscurity in a small unremarkable town; no razzmatazz just with the song of the angels if, like the shepherds, you are blessed to hear them.

He was not a king who grew up and was taught and prepared by the best teachers, the best advisors to learn the art of ruling, the art of lording it over his subjects

Christ our King was a King who grew up with just the scriptures and the temple teachers to instruct him in the word Of God; instruct him in the art and purpose of divine ruling; the art of divine ruling which called for him to be not a lord but a servant to all no matter their status.

He was not a king surrounded by courtiers chosen from privileged families who flatter and scheme to have the best, most important places beside their ruler and thus to be richly rewarded and thus be enabled to exact servitude from others.

Christ our King was a King who chose twelve simple mostly uneducated, unlettered men from lowly backgrounds to walk beside him and to share all the challenges and privations of his itinerant life. They were not to expect the best places, not to be rewarded in any other way than knowing only that they did the will of their King which was the will of God his Father who sent him to his earthly kingdom in order that he might reveal his divine kingdom.

He was not a king who travelled around his kingdom with fanfares, pomp and much ceremony and huge expense expecting his subjects to come out and make obeisance before him. Subjects who would be called upon to lodge him and his retinue at vast cost to themselves and to ply him with the richest gifts.

Christ our King was a King who travelled simply with no gold or silver in his purse, no bag, no extra shirt or pair of sandals, looking not for obeisance from those who surrounded him but for the warmth and generosity of a home which welcomed him in his poverty.

He was not a king who was remote from his subjects knowing little or nothing of their lives, their struggles to overcome harsh poverty and debilitating illness and disabilities. A king who would have shunned the lepers and the marginalized

Christ our King was a King who went among the poor, the outcast, the lame, the lepers and the sinners never afraid to touch them and to bring them not only the blessing of healing but the blessing of acceptance.

He was not a king who wore a crown of gold encrusted with jewels as a mark of his supreme rank in his kingdom.

Christ our King was a King whose crown was a twisted corona of thorn branches whose piercing needles shone with the scarlet of his own blood and the pearls of his sweat.

He was not a king who built great opulent palaces for himself full of the finest craftsmanship and glittering works of art as proof of his wealth and his power.

Christ our King was a King who had no palace but, was himself not a palace, but our temple; the temple he built for us in three days. The temple in which each of us can discern something of the glory of God, the supreme craftsmanship with which he created us and our world and where, in silent homage, we can gaze with awe on the wonder and the mystery of God's love for us.

He was not a king who erected great statues of himself and ordered people to bow down and worship them. Statues cast in an heroic mould to point to the power wielded by that king

Christ our King was a King whose subjects erected an instrument of torture for him. An instrument of torture so that all those who saw it and believed would fall to their knees humbled by such a symbol. A plain and unadorned symbol which for all time points those who see it to the suffering servant, the suffering King who gave his very life that we might have life.

He was not a king who ruled by edicts and oppressive freedom denying laws enacted at times in their name by force and coercion.

Christ our King was a King whose only commandment to us his subjects was: 'I give you a new commandment, that you love one another. Just as I have loved you, you should also love one another.