

March 16th 2025 - Rev Jo Smith

Walking Light: The Journey to Jerusalem

Luke 10:1-11

There comes a moment in every great story when the road bends, when the air shifts, when the journey becomes something more than just a path beneath your feet—it becomes a reckoning.

Last week, we stood at the threshold of such a moment as Jesus "set his face toward Jerusalem" (Luke 9:51). I imagine he turned toward the holy city with eyes like flint, with a heart that knew what lay ahead.

And now, here in chapter 10, the journey unfolds—not just for Jesus, but for those he sends ahead. Seventy disciples, two by two, stepping onto the road like scattered seeds, carried only by the wind of God's Spirit.

Imagine them for a moment—dust clinging to their ankles, the sun burning the back of their necks, the sound of their own breath filling the empty spaces of the road. No extra sandals. No bags stuffed with provisions. No money clinking in their pockets. Just the clothes on their backs and the name of Jesus on their tongues.

Why? Because this is not a journey about comfort. (There will be a cost, the son of Man from last week has no place to lay his head etc) This is a journey about trust.

The weight of their mission is staggering. "The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few," Jesus tells them (Luke 10:2). And then he sends them out like lambs among wolves. No weapons. No defenses. Just vulnerability and faith.

Urgency, priority, cost/no comfort, how to handle rejection.

This is what it means to walk with Jesus to Jerusalem. It is not a road of certainty, but of surrender. Not a path of possession, but of release.

A Mission That Cannot Wait

There is an urgency in Jesus' voice here. A pressing, pulsing urgency that will not wait for a better time, for a more convenient season.

"The harvest is plentiful," Jesus says. Not someday, not later—**now**. Right now.

Which means this journey is not just about Jesus going to Jerusalem. It is about the Kingdom breaking in, pushing through the cracks of this world, unfurling in real-time. It is about God's reign coming near—not in some distant future, but in the towns and villages of Galilee, in the houses of strangers, in the very breath of the disciples who dare to speak it.

And so, they must go.

Now.

Not when they feel ready. Not when they have a clear plan. Not when it is safe.

They are to go as they are—light, dependent, unfinished—and proclaim the nearness of God.

This is what Jesus asks of us, too.

How often do we tell ourselves that we'll get serious about following Jesus later?

That we'll pray more when life slows down. That we'll give more when we feel secure. That we'll serve more when things are less complicated.

But Jesus says, **go now**.

The Kingdom is at hand.

Not tomorrow. Not when the timing feels right. **Now**.

Because the world is hungry. The harvest is ready.

And the urgency of the Gospel is not something we can afford to set aside like an unopened letter.

Traveling Light

Lent is the season when we learn again what it means to travel lightly. To unclench our fists. To let go of all the things we carry—not just our possessions, but the burdens that have grown heavy on our shoulders. Our need to control. Our hunger for approval. Our resentment that we wear like a second skin.

Jesus tells the disciples to enter each town with peace as their only luggage. To stand in the doorways of strangers and say, "Peace to this house" (Luke 10:5). Not with conditions. Not with demands. Just peace, freely given.

And if the peace is received, they are to stay, to eat what is set before them, to heal, to proclaim the nearness of God.

But what if they are rejected? What if the doors remain shut and the faces turn away?

Then they are to shake the dust from their feet—not as an act of judgment, but as an act of freedom. As if to say, "I will not carry this rejection with me. I will not let it cling to my spirit. I will walk on, because the Kingdom of God is still near, even here."

How many of us need to learn how to shake off the dust?

The dust of old wounds. The dust of failure. The dust of bitterness that settles into the cracks of our hearts. How often do we let the weight of rejection slow us down, when Jesus is calling us to keep moving?

The Road That Leads to the Cross

Because that is where we are going, isn't it?

Not to safety, but to the cross.

Not to a throne, but to an empty tomb.

The road to Jerusalem is not lined with comfort. It does not promise ease. It does not wait for those who drag their feet.

It is a road of surrender. A road of trust. A road of urgency.

And the call of Jesus is clear: **Go**.

Go and proclaim the Kingdom—not when you are ready, but now.

Go and carry peace—not in your hands, but in your very being.

Go and let rejection slide from your shoulders, because the mission is bigger than you.

Go, because the Kingdom of God is near.

Even now. Even here.

So let us journey on.

With bare hands.

With open hearts.

With peace as our only luggage.

Because this road does not end in defeat.

It ends in resurrection.

Amen.