

Grace Is Loud

“Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound
Amazing Love, now pouring down
From Hands and Feet that were nailed to the Tree
His Grace flows down and covers me...”

[from *Grace Flows Down*, by Christy Nockels]

I am a “name-er”. I give things names. Cars. Computers. Cell phones. You know – the things you are apt to fuss at frequently. Makes me feel a little more in control when I can say to my phone “George, you better get some signal FAST if you don’t want to be tossed out onto the highway”!

Ok, so I’m strange. But you’re smiling right now, ‘cause you’re just as strange as me.

Last night, a friend of mine rode his Harley Davidson to our church Saint Patrick’s Day party. Believe me, that is one beautiful bike! Sleek and shiny, twist that throttle and hear her roar – she’s got a rumble that makes thunder blush. Oh, boy – how I love Harleys!

Maybe it’s my secret desire to ride off with Marlon Brando in *The Wild One*, but I’ve always dreamed of having one of my own. I know exactly what I would get, too...

A Heritage Softail Classic, preferably a 1998 model. All black and chrome.
And I know exactly what I would name her.

Grace.

See, Grace is not some quiet, unassuming, and abstract aspect of God’s love.
It is real. It is true. It is LOUD.

Loud? Yes, Loud. The Grace given to mankind on a starry night in Bethlehem was announced to the universe by angels loudly proclaiming the coming of the Messiah. The Grace seeking the hearts of all who would receive Him was heralded loudly with palm branches and shouts of “Hosanna!” The Grace flowing down a rugged Cross to cleanse the souls of all repentant sinners was marked loudly by the sound of hammers on nails, and the shouts of “Crucify Him!”

It isn’t that God’s Grace is quiet – it’s that we simply refuse to listen.

In the Gospels, Christ Himself adjures us – “He who has ears to hear, let him hear!”
[Matthew 11:15, 13:9 ; Luke 8:8]

If we were really paying attention, the opportunities for experiencing the Grace of God extended to us every day would “deafen” us! Consider for a moment the Sacraments...

The Grace extended to us in Baptism and in the Sacrament of Reconciliation allows us to stand before God as His beloved children, free from sin, heirs of the Faith with Christ Jesus.

The Grace we receive in Confirmation gives us strength to live out our daily lives as true disciples of Christ, and to extend His love to those around us.

The Grace given to the married and to priests, deacons and religious in the Sacraments of Matrimony and Holy Orders allows them to become living witnesses of Christ's holiness to the world in unique fashion.

The Grace offered in the Anointing of the Sick brings comfort and solace, hope and healing to those suffering from illness and pain.

And the Grace – Oh! the Grace! – flowing, pouring, cascading out to us in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist! Our souls rejoice – the angels rejoice – the saints rejoice – all of Heaven rejoices together with one voice in jubilant praise of the Lamb Who made possible the extension of God's great Grace to us all!

Can it get any louder than that?

We do not merit Grace – we cannot earn it. God chooses to give it to us, and by this sovereign choice that same Grace offers us the hope of salvation.

His Grace abounds to us.	[II Corinthians 9:8]
His Grace gives us strength.	[II Timothy 2:1]
His Grace is sufficient for us.	[II Corinthians 12:9]
His Grace helps in times of need.	[Hebrews 4:16]

And as the rumbling of thunder in the heavens, His Grace rolls through our souls, cleansing and healing and strengthening and giving joy; leaving in its wake refreshing and energy to do the work of the Kingdom.

God is calling to you today – inviting you to receive His Grace. Freely given of Him, to be freely received by those whose sins have been cleansed by the Blood of Christ.

He is calling you – **loudly**. Listen with the ears of your spirit, and you'll hear His voice...

So, when I get my Harley – and one day far in the future, ***I will*** – Grace and I will ride over God's beautiful creation, rumbling loudly as we roll along. She'll give me the chance to strike up conversations on the goodness of God anywhere I go.

I can see it now – me, pulling into a service station, perhaps alongside a young family in a car. One of the children looks out at the bike as I roll up, and reads the license plate – GRACE.

Turning the bike off, I hear the child say, "Boy, Grace sure is LOUD!"
Out of the mouths of babes.

And, Yes – oh, yes – it **is**.

