

# Stuck

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It seems as though every time I read a well known piece of scripture, I find something I had never seen before. This week in our Lectionary Group, TKT noted that Cleopas and the other disciple stop walking in order to talk to Jesus. They weren't moving very quickly to begin with, heads drooped, discussing the crushing sadness of the weekend, but when the stranger asks them what they are talking about, they stop completely.

They are stuck.

It got me thinking about all the times that I've gotten stuck. Stuck in an ideal. Stuck in an emotion. Stuck in my fear. Stuck with no real desire to get unstuck.

Sometimes, I just want to stop and wallow in my self-pity. Sometimes, my fear keeps me from moving. Sometimes, I just don't want to get unstuck.

Cleopas and the other disciple seem to be there. They saw (from a distance) their Rabbi be arrested, condemned, tortured, and killed. They had come to the life altering realization that their hopes were now dead. They heard the women say, "he's gone and an angel told us he is alive." And yet they are still moping their way from Jerusalem to Emmaus. They're leaving town, giving up, moving on. They are stuck on Saturday, but Sunday has already come.

Lots of things get us hung up. Hopes dashed, budgets trimmed, taxes raised, life altered. We get stuck when there isn't enough. We get stuck when the power of evil gets the edge over the light, but if Easter teaches us one thing, it is that light always wins. In word and sacrament, in the exposition of scripture and the breaking of bread, God's glory is revealed again and again and again, helping us to get unstuck again and again and again.

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