

In the midst of weakness

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*He was crucified in weakness but lives by the power of God. We are weak in him, but we will live with him by the power of God. (2 Cor 13:4)*

I am weak in him. This week I mailed a few dozen invitations to a meeting about a mission trip, a trip few people are interested in. I wonder if the trip will need to be canceled. I am a disciple who has fished all night and caught little. Numbers are small. Churches live and die by numbers—how many here, how many there. Small numbers make you weak.

There is pressure in ministry, as in any vocation, to be strong and successful, to have numbers, to have answers. Mostly I have only questions now. Questions, weakness, confusion. Is Christ making me weak in him so that he may display his power in me? This is the road of the gospel. Jesus died on the cross an apparent failure, and he lives now by the power of God.

I am taking yoga classes from a woman I once thought an enemy. It makes me laugh to say it out loud: God has made her a channel of grace in my life. God is laughing at me too! Yoga puts limbs in contorted poses, and blood flows through them, bringing power and awareness. I leave a yoga session feeling strangely stronger in the midst of weakness.

I am weak in him. I am a fool who cannot tell friends from enemies. I am thin and frail in numbers. And while I seek it here, grace sprouts up there in a place where I did not look for it.

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