

# Cybercolumn by John Duncan: Tears tell tale of love\_20705

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## CYBERCOLUMN: Tears tell tale of love

**By John Duncan**

I'm sitting here under the old oak tree, thinking of tears. Tears fall between the ears; they fall in the midst of years.

Just recently, I watched CNN detail a train wreck in Los Angeles. A suicidal man parked his SUV on the railroad track in an apparent suicide attempt. He fled his vehicle at the last minute. The parked vehicle derailed a train.

The story unfolds: Two trains derailed; people died; police officers charged the SUV driver with manslaughter; and a truck driver named Dean Jaeschke rescued a victim from the raging flames. The real-life story possesses the agony and ecstasy of life, the drama of the bizarre, and the tragedy of death.

What captured my attention in the story was the ending. The rescued victim from the raging fla

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mes later died in a hospital. The truck driver drove home, received the sad news, and shed tears. "It really shook him up," said his wife, Deborah. "It

takes a lot to make that man cry, and when he came home, he was crying.” Tears flowed like rainwater dripping from a rock.

The poet Gerard Manley Hopkins says, “Now no matter, childe the name: Sorrows springs are still the same.” Fredrick Buechner says he saw his mother cry a few times, not so much when she lost her husband to suicide, but in her late 50s, when she had all her upper teeth pulled. C.S. Lewis walked through the “dark chasm of grief” when he lost his wife to cancer. He adds, “You can’t see anything properly while your eyes are blurred with tears.” Tears tell a story.

Just the other day, I performed a wedding ceremony. The bride cried while the groom smiled. I witnessed a lady sobbing during a worship service. I watched a 6-year-old cry after falling on a basketball court. I observed a man cry when telling me about his estranged wife. I must confess sometimes I cry: when my daughter went off to college; visits to cancer patients at hospitals; and at the end of emotional movies like *The Notebook*. Tears reveal the story of life.

This tearful discussion leads me to this: Jesus wept (John 10:35). When tears trickled, it tells us of love. Jesus wept because his friend Lazarus had died. Jesus even wept over the city of Jerusalem because he loved the people so much. Tears reveal Jesus’ love.

So here I am under the old oak tree, thinking tears. Dean Jeaschke’s story reveals love. Tears speak to the passion, emotion and even the stress of life. Healthy people cry. Tears cleanse the soul. Dean cried because of love. That’s why I sometimes cry and, probably, you, too. Mostly, it’s why Jesus wept. He loved. And it’s probably why he weeps even now. He loves you.

Now, those kinds of tears aren’t so sad after all, are they?

*John Duncan is pastor of Lakeside Baptist Church in Granbury, Texas, and the writer of numerous articles in various journals and magazines.*

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