

He Gave Thanks Surrounded by Betrayal

Written by Bill Perkins

"But the hand of him who is going to betray me is
with mine on the table."

- Luke 22:21

Jesus gave thanks at the Last Supper knowing Judas had made his deal.

He gave thanks knowing Peter would deny Him.

He gave thanks knowing His disciples would scatter.

And He gave thanks before Gethsemane's bloody sweat-
before the scourging and the crown of thorns,
before the slander, the mocking, and the nails.

Gratitude remained His posture as suffering closed in-
a candle refusing to flicker in the storm.

The table wasn't pure.

The room wasn't safe.

But Jesus still lifted the bread,

blessed the cup, and gave thanks-

a host welcoming friends He knew would wound Him.

He didn't wait for perfect people or peaceful circumstances.

He gave thanks in the tension,

in the heartbreak, in

the presence of betrayal.

Gratitude was His posture even as suffering closed in-
a flower pushing through cracks in stone.

This Thanksgiving, I'm remembering His heart-
a heart that could give thanks with the Cross ahead
and betrayal at His side.

A heart that did not flinch

when surrounded by weakness,

failure,

and fear.

A heart that gave thanks anyway.

You may not know this about Jesus:
His gratitude didn't wait for a safer room.

I want to give thanks like that-
not because everything is right,
but because Jesus is.

Not because the table is perfect,
but because He sits at it.

The One who gave thanks in the upper room-
still receives mine today.