



“I don’t know.”

I don’t know why Jesus wants to be my friend, and I sure don’t know why he wants to be friends with terrorists, politicians and mean girls.

I got an email yesterday reminding me that my column was due in a week. I should have been prepared because my columns are always due every two months, but for some reason it shocked me. Time had flown by so fast. After the initial shock, I expected a surge of panic as I had absolutely no idea what to write about. The only words I found were, “I don’t know. I don’t know. I don’t know what to write about.” In my right mind I would have been terrified. Instead I felt strangely peaceful—and that concerned me.

The phrase “I don’t know” is not highly revered in my world. I attempt to banish it from my therapy office, from my children’s vocabulary and from my own thought process. When those three and a half words come into my mind they typically send me into sheer panic. To “not know” and be a red-blooded American is almost blasphemy.

I want to know who I am, where I’m going in life and what the capital of Indonesia is. I feel responsible to keep up with the latest natural disaster, the word on Wall Street, and still know how many days there are until Christmas. With countless news channels, newspapers and news magazines, not to mention Internet access on your iPhone, to not know is negligent.

To make it even more challenging, in our “psychologically savvy” culture, everyone is also expected to know how they are feeling, what their desires and drives are, and how their family of origin affected their early childhood development. I have minimal patience for clearly disturbed teenagers who respond to the question, “How are you feeling?” with, “I don’t know.” Come on! You’re depressed and angry, jealous and lonely, abandoned and defeated—and you know it!

But today, as I’m sitting here at my computer, thinking about the fact that I still don’t have a clue what I’m going to write about, I feel strangely comfortable. And I realize I’m growing. I don’t know so much more than I used to.

I really don’t know how that teenager is feeling. Just like I don’t know why I’ve never been able to successfully dice an onion or why some 16-year-old girls get pregnant at the drop of the hat, while infertility strikes deeply committed couples. I don’t know why I can see straight to the heart of an autistic child, yet misinterpret my husband’s heart so frequently. I don’t know how the universe was created or how the God of the universe became flesh. I don’t know why Jesus wants to be my friend, and I sure don’t know why he wants to be friends with terrorists, politicians and mean girls. And I’m just getting started.

I don’t know so much more than I know. But I’m no longer terrified by that. Maybe it’s something that happens when you get older. Or maybe it’s something that happens when you get wiser. Whatever it is, it feels so good, I wish I had gotten here a long time ago!

I can sit in my therapy office now and not have a clue what to say next. And I’m okay. I can sit with someone who is asking, “Why did God take my child?” and be okay. I can hear the wavering voice of a mother beseeching, “How can someone say it’s autism after spending only 20 minutes with my child? I just can’t accept it. How do they know?”

I’ve come to realize that trying to know more than is knowable is pointless. And assuming to know often causes more harm than good. Many things this side of heaven are unfathomable and unexplainable, because his thoughts are not our thoughts and his ways are far beyond anything we can imagine (Isaiah 55:8). So, I’ve resolved to “know nothing...except Jesus Christ and him crucified” (I Corinthians 2:2).

I realize you may never read my column again after my admission of how much I don’t know. So, let me leave you with what I do know. *Jesus adores you. He died for you.* This Easter we celebrate his resurrection to eternal life and victory over sin and death. *If there’s anything you really need to know, that’s it.* □

—Susan Reedy