THE VEIL

Posted on March 29, 2022 by Emily Taylor

"Then Jesus shouted out again, and he released his spirit. At that moment the curtain in the sanctuary of the Temple was torn in two, from top to bottom. The earth shook, rocks split apart, and tombs opened…" — Matthew 27:50-51

Lots of women wear a veil on their wedding day. It's this thin wispy covering with maybe a little lace around the edges, offering slight glimpses of what's beneath. This thin covering seems to be the final boundary between man and wife — and the groom still has to remove it before he can lay his lips on the beauty beneath. It's like this final effort that seems to symbolize there is no longer anything between them. And they ache for nothing to be between them.

Sigh. kinda makes you want to watch a hallmark movie, right?!

We have a groom that has promised to remove a veil that lies over our hearts too. A veil that whether thick or thin falls between us and our rescuer, and the tricky thing is that often we can't even see it. Lots of times, we don't even realize it's there. We just sort of wonder why Jesus is hard to understand, or why it's so hard to pray. We fix our eyes on the stuff around us that makes sense, and stop wrestling with the difficult,

because… why again?

But that's going to change.

"And he will swallow up on this mountain the covering that is cast over all peoples, the veil that is spread over all nations." — Isaiah 25:7

If we are not blown away by this effort is may be evidence of the veil. This well planned, love-incited plan to remove a veil and invite us into full knowledge of our rescuer means that we have access.

"But their minds were made dull, for to this day the same veil remains... to this day whenever Moses is read a veil lies over their hearts. ***But whenever anyone turns to the Lord, the veil is taken away.****"* -- 2 Corinthians 3:15-16 (emphasis mine)

I don't know about you, but I don't want a veil over my heart when it comes to truth or the God who gives me access. I don't want to miss the love story that meant my rescue or a future, or life at it's fullest measure. I don't want to miss perfect peace or content, or exhilaration at the glory of all that He made. I don't want to overlook parts of His story that are hard to understand, and miss the glory of life inside those pages.

There was a day where a veil was torn from top to bottom. The Holy of Holies was a place in the temple closed off to ordinary sinful people by a veil. Measurements are disputable, but it was between 1 and 4 inches thick. Thick enough, you and I couldn't stand at the bottom and rip it in half. Strong enough that God himself tore it for us from top to bottom.

He still does.

When we're weary and run to him, he removes the covering of exhaustion and gives rest.

When we're confused, he removes the covering of chaos and offers clarity.

When we're lonely, he removes the covering of isolation and offers relationship.

When we're angry, he removes the covering of pride and offers peace.

Let's revel in that. Let's run to the One who came for us, who removed the veil and calls us into life.