

Hearts of Gold

What unfolded in the Gathering Room after worship felt like a sacrament of attention. Around thirty people—children, elders, and everyone in between—gathered around broken ceramic hearts and golden dust. Hands moved slowly and intentionally; some people eagerly jumped ahead, others worked slowly. We all paused in prayer and moments of quiet meditation. Laughter mixed with concentration. We helped one another. Several participants lingered when others were done, wanting to make more hearts to give away, as if beauty, once encountered, could not be contained.

The practice of kintsugi offered a living parable of the Gospel we had just proclaimed. In the spirit of Micah's call to "do justice, love kindness, and walk humbly with God" (Micah 6:8), the act of repair became a form of justice-making—not erasing damage, not pretending wholeness where it does not exist, but honoring what has been broken and choosing care over disposal. The cracks in the ceramic hearts mirrored the fractures in our own lives and in the world: grief, exclusion, exhaustion, violence, and loss. Rather than hiding those fractures, gold was used to mend them, insisting that what has been broken is still worthy of tenderness and time.

The Beatitudes hovered over the tables like a blessing spoken without words. "Blessed are the poor in spirit... blessed are those who mourn... blessed are the meek" (Matthew 5:3–5). These blessings do not deny brokenness; they name it as the very place where God's nearness is revealed. As people held their repaired hearts, I saw those blessings embodied—mourning honored, gentleness practiced, hunger for righteousness expressed through careful, communal work. Beauty emerged not despite the cracks, but because of them.

What struck me most was how embodied and communal the theology became. Faith was no longer only heard or spoken; it was held in the hands and carried in pockets. Like the psalmist's assurance that "The Lord is near to the brokenhearted" (Psalm 34:18), these small hearts became tactile reminders of divine closeness. Participants did not leave empty-handed or abstractly inspired; they left with something they had shaped themselves, a portable testimony to healing, beauty, hope and blessing.

The intergenerational nature of the project mattered deeply. Wisdom flowed both ways. Children showed fearless creativity; elders offered patience and encouragement. In helping one another, we enacted Paul's vision of the body of Christ, where "if one member suffers, all suffer together; if one member is honored, all rejoice together" (1 Corinthians 12:26). The Gospel came alive not as an idea, but as shared practice—repair done side by side, stories exchanged without needing to be fully told.

In the messages of gratitude I received later—from young and old alike—I heard echoes of resurrection faith. What felt broken was not the end of the story. What was wounded could still be beautiful. The kintsugi hearts became quiet witnesses to the truth at the center of our faith: that God does not discard what is cracked, but meets us there,

mending us with love that gleams. In that moment, community became the sermon, and the Gospel took on weight, warmth, and gold-lined edges.