I WILL LOSE NOTHING

I WILL LOSE NOTHING

The Final Days of Dennis Sochor

JEFF HOOD

Copyright © 2026 Jeff Hood

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form
without written permission from the author.

For Dennis

who taught me that the far shore is lit

CONTENTS

I

Dennis Sochor and Our Knowledge of God

II

I Will Lose Nothing: Final Words with Dennis Sochor

III

Keeping Watch: A Sleepless Night with Dennis Sochor

IV

As Far As a Voice Can Go: The Final Call with Dennis Sochor

V

Standing at a Distance: The Absence at the Execution of Dennis Sochor

Benediction

The God Who Loses Nothing: A Sermon on John 6:39

I

DENNIS SOCHOR AND OUR KNOWLEDGE OF GOD

We Can't Know God Without Dennis

“I was in prison and you came to me.”

…Matthew 25:36

We can’t know God without Dennis Sochor.

I know how that sounds. It sounds like blasphemy. It sounds like a man who has spent too many hours in the death house and lost the thread. Christians confess that we know God through Christ. Not through a condemned man in Florida. Not through Dennis.

Hold the objection for a moment. I am not asking you to abandon Christ. I am asking you to believe what Christ said.

In Matthew 25, Jesus tells us how the nations will be judged. He does not ask about our doctrine. He does not ask about our worship. He asks one thing. Did you come to me when I was hungry…thirsty…naked…sick…imprisoned? The righteous are confused. Lord, when did we ever see you like that? And the King answers with the most dangerous sentence in scripture. Whatever you did to the least of these…you did to me.

Read it slowly. Jesus does not say the prisoner reminds him of himself. He does not say the prisoner is a symbol of his suffering. He says I was in prison. I. Was. The prisoner is not a metaphor for Christ. The prisoner is the address where Christ told us he would be found.

So I went looking for God in the place God promised to be.

I found Dennis.

The incarnation is not a story that ended in Bethlehem. God took flesh once and never stopped. The Word became a body. A particular body. Not humanity in the abstract…a man you could touch. Matthew 25 is the incarnation refusing to close. Christ keeps taking flesh. He takes it in the hungry. He takes it in the stranger. He takes it behind steel…on the row…in the man they strapped to a table.

If you want to meet the God who became flesh, you cannot stay in the realm of ideas. You have to go to the flesh. You have to go where the flesh is caged.

I thought I knew God before Florida State Prison. I had preached mercy for years. Then I met a man who had lived it for decades. Dennis showed me repentance that does not expire. He showed me sorrow that had become gentleness. He showed me a soul the state had written off…that God had not.

I did not teach Dennis about grace. Dennis taught me.

Every truth I had announced from a pulpit I watched become flesh in a cage. Mercy that does not deny what was done. Hope at the edge of the needle. Friendship reaching across horror. I had the words. Dennis had the wounds. And the wounds knew more than the words ever did.

Let me be clear about what I am not saying. Dennis did not become my God. He did not replace Christ. Something stranger happened. Christ met me through him. The bread does not stop being bread when it becomes the body. Dennis did not stop being Dennis when he became the place where Christ was standing.

This is what the church has always called a sacrament. The presence of God pressing through the ordinary until the ordinary can hardly bear the weight. Florida built a sacrament and never knew it. They put Christ on the row and called him an inmate.

So hear me.

We cannot know God apart from those we refuse to see.

And we refuse to see Dennis.

That is not sentiment. That is Matthew 25. The whole judgment turns on sight. Lord, when did we see you hungry? When did we see you in prison? The ones who saw were called righteous. The ones who looked away were sent into the fire.

Now look at what that means. Florida calls Dennis the condemned man. Scripture says otherwise. In Matthew 25, the condemned are the ones who looked away. The sentence has been read backward. The man on the row is Christ. The ones who kill him are the ones facing judgment. The governor who will not come to the prison is the one on trial. Dennis is not the condemned one. Florida is.

Did you go to the prison? Did you go to Dennis? Or did you keep your eyes closed? Are your eyes closed right now?

Dennis did not become my God. He became the place where God would not let me be distracted by the God of my imagination. He became the flesh that corrected my theology. He became the least of these…and the least of these is God.

We can’t know God without Dennis Sochor.

Now you know why.

II

I WILL LOSE NOTHING

Final Words with Dennis Sochor

“Of all the Father has given me, I will lose nothing.”

…John 6:39

In the Gospel of John, Jesus makes a promise, “Of all the Father has given me, I will lose nothing.” Tomorrow evening Florida intends to test that promise.

Dennis Sochor is scheduled to die at Florida State Prison. The state believes this is a story about power. It is not. It is a story about who is actually free.

Dennis and I talked earlier this morning. I was juggling a phone…typing…talking all at once. He laughed at me. “You’re doing way too much.” Then he told me he was not going to eat. “I don’t need a last meal or nothing,” he said. “I think I’m just gonna go on a spiritual journey of prayer and fasting up till tomorrow.” The state is preparing its instruments. Dennis is preparing his soul.

There is a woman named Ellie he loves. When I asked about their visits he told me that he has been refusing any food from the vending machines or anything else they were offering. “I don’t want no food. I don’t want to waste time eating,” he said. “I wanna look at her all the time.” Think about that. A man with hours left chooses hunger so that not one second of looking at love is stolen from him. The state can chain his waist. It can chain his feet. But it cannot take his gaze off of the woman he loves.

The gospel does not float above this. It reads from precisely where Dennis is. Indeed…God is not neutral here. God takes sides. The scriptures were written by those under the foot of empire…by captives…by slaves…by the condemned. They tell one story over and over. The mighty getting pulled down. The lowly getting lifted up. Mary sang it before her son was ever born. Jesus was a condemned man. Rome called it justice. The empire always calls it justice.

I told Dennis I keep imagining him getting up off that gurney and meeting Jesus in the sky. He stopped me. He had already renamed the thing. “It’s my journey gurney.” The state built a table to end him. He turned it into a launch pad to meet God. “I don’t see it as death,” he told me. “I see life…love… eternal.”

“I will lose nothing.” I read it to Dennis multiple times. I told him it is bigger than weak restrictive interpretations. “It’s not just about the destination of souls,” I said. “It’s about love…about goodness…about mercy…about grace.” Everything that is right. All of it. The whole economy of the empire runs on loss. It takes. It ends. It erases and calls the erasing justice. The gospel answers with four words. “I will lose nothing.”

I told Dennis that all the love people have poured on him is eternal. “All the love that has sustained you all these years isn’t going anywhere,” I said. “It’s going to be multiplied exponentially.” That which has sustained Dennis will keep sustaining him. The letters. The prayers. The love.

Tomorrow night, everyone in that room will be bound except the man strapped to the gurney.

The governor is bound. The warden is bound. The executioner is bound. They all have to do exactly what they are told by the empire to do. Dennis is the only one who is free.

The governor cannot stop the machine of oppression that he pretends to command. The warden is bound to a schedule. The executioner is bound to an order. Every person in that room will be doing something they are not free to refuse. The only free man in the building will be the one strapped down. Dennis has already given everything away. “What little I have…all of my money and possessions…I’ve already given away to people who need it.” A dying man dispossessing himself in freedom while the state prepares to dispossess him by force. That is the whole gospel in one Monday morning phone call.

Dennis was failed by every institution long before the state decided to finish him. Death row is not full of the powerful. It never has been. The same God who heard the slaves crying under Pharaoh hears him. God went down to bring them out. Every killing the state calls final is a lie told to a God who undoes final things. Pharaoh had chariots. Pharaoh had a schedule too. The sea still opened and swallowed the oppressors whole.

Dennis does not pretend to be a saint. He told me plainly, “I slipped of course. We’re not perfect.” He told me he turned from all violence. No violent music. No violent games. He cannot even look at the television without turning away. “I wish my faith would’ve been that strong on the outside,” he said. He believes God brought him to this place to finally reach him. “I think our Lord put me here to say, Son, I guess this is all I can do to finally get your attention.” He learned love in a cell. He learned Jesus in a cell. The state meant the cell for punishment. God used it for resurrection.

He has known real despair. He told me about the depression…the bipolar disorder…the years the darkness pressed on him. Then something turned. “I didn’t used to like to go to sleep,” he said. “Now, I’ve been wanting to go to sleep because I just feel so good in sleep. So, I have no fear for the day when I sleep in God’s arms forever.” A man who once could not bear to close his eyes now waits for rest without fear. “I wanna see Jesus,” he said. “I just wanna be at peace. Because it’s been such a road. A long road.”

I shared with him an old idea about death. In the economy of God there is no time…so there is no delay. “Everything is made perfect all at once,” I told him. “You will be gone from this place and alive to everything in seconds.” He will not have to wait. He will not miss anyone. Everybody will be there. Everything will be made right.

Then, I spoke of his victim. “Patricia Gifford will be there. I have no doubt that you will embrace each other as children of God. All will be made right. Jesus said…I will lose nothing.” “I hope so with all that I am,” he replied.

There is a song I sing when I start to drift. I sang it to him. “I want Jesus to walk with me…all along life’s pilgrim’s journey…I want Jesus to walk with me.” Today, he knows that walk as well as anyone. He started to sing. “Jesus is walking with me…all along life’s pilgrim’s journey…Jesus is walking with me.” That is a song the state will never be able to rewrite.

Before we hung up, I prayed over the line. “God, we know you will lose nothing. You will make all things right. You will raise all things up on the last day.”

Tomorrow evening, Florida will do what empires have always done. It will try to take. However, the struggle has already been won. Indeed, Christ has already promised, “I will lose nothing.”

Though we are scheduled to talk again, it feels like our final conversation this side of eternity has already begun.

III

KEEPING WATCH

A Sleepless Night with Dennis Sochor

“Stay here and keep watch with me.”

…Matthew 26:38

It is the night before. I cannot sleep. I can never sleep.

The clock does what clocks do on nights like this. It moves too slow, then all at once too fast. I lie here in the dark and do the math as I always do. Hours. Not days anymore. Hours. Minutes even.

I have kept this watch before. My body knows the night before an execution the way birds know a coming storm. Something shifts in the air long before the sky ever darkens. The chest tightens. The mind will not go quiet. Sleep comes to the door and turns around.

This time, I will not be in the execution chamber. That is its own kind of grief. There is a particular helplessness in loving someone from the other side of a wall you cannot cross. Tonight, I sit with it.

I keep thinking about something Dennis told me. He sleeps well now. For most of his life, he could not stand to close his eyes. Nightmares attacked. The depression pressed on him. The darkness pressed on him. He did not want to go under because he did not trust what was waiting on the other side. Then something turned. “Now, I’ve been wanting to go to sleep,” he said, “because I just feel so good when I sleep.” He has no fear. The day that he will forever rest in the arms of God is near.

So, here is the truth of this night. The man who is scheduled to die is sleeping. The man who will go on living cannot.

I think that is exactly how it’s supposed to be.

In the garden, Jesus asked his friends for one thing. Stay awake with me. Keep watch for one hour. They could not do it. The weight of the night pulled their eyes shut, and he prayed alone. I have read that story a hundred times and been angry at those men. Tonight, I understand them. The body wants to flee the hour.

But this is the endurance of love. This is the whole of it. I do not have a policy that will comfort a dying man. I do not have an argument that will stop the machine. What I have is my own two open eyes. I can stay awake. I can keep the watch he no longer needs. I can carry the hour so that he can rest.

We are miles apart tonight. Walls…roads…locked doors stand between us. It doesn't matter. We are living this last night together. Love does not require the same room. Somewhere tonight, Dennis is breathing slow and easy. I am here with the light off and my eyes open. I am holding the other end of the same night. Two men. One asleep. One awake. Both held in the assurance of an execution fast approaching.

A man can teach you how to die without ever knowing he's doing it. Dennis has spent his last strength giving things away. His money. His fear. His grudges. He is like a traveler emptying his pockets before a long journey. He has learned you carry nothing across the waters of time but love.

Tomorrow evening, Dennis will wade into water darker and deeper than any he has ever known. He is not afraid. For most of his life, that darkness and deepness would have terrified him. He would not go near the edge. Now he stands at the bank, a man finally able to see the other side. He told me the far shore is lit. He has been squinting toward it for years. He can now see the light.

The current will take him. Surely, one day it will take us all. I will not be there to reach out a hand. That is the part I cannot fix. I can only stand on this bank and refuse to look away. Even so, I will call Dennis' name across the water. I will keep calling it. I will call it until the far shore calls back to let me know that he has arrived safely.

I do not know how to make peace with what will be done tomorrow. I have never learned it. I hope I never do. The night I sleep easily before an execution is the night I have lost something I can never afford to lose.

So, I will not sleep. I will lie in the dark and keep watch. I will stay awake with my brother while he rests.

He is not afraid. But, there are still steps left to take. Tonight, I will be brave enough to stay awake for him. Indeed, I will stand watch on this bank until the current rises to carry him home.

IV

AS FAR AS A VOICE CAN GO

The Final Call with Dennis Sochor

“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death.”

…Revelation 21:4

Unsure of the rules, Dennis Sochor waited too late to request that I be there with him. Now, he is dead.

I keep whispering it into the dark. It's as if I am trying to make my heart come to terms with what my mind already knows. The potential of mercy was met with malice. Tonight, Florida killed a forgiven man. Tonight, a forgiven man was killed despite his remorse.

The last time I will ever hear his voice, I was sitting at my desk at home, my phone sitting on my desk. It came to me through the speaker from a small cell many hundreds of miles away. One of the most sacred hours of a man's life reached me in an ordinary room on an ordinary afternoon…a phone against my ear, the walls of my own house around me, his cell a world away.

I have built my whole life on presence. I go to the row. I sit in the chamber. I hold their hand. Presence is the only thing I have ever had to give. This time, they would not let me bring my body. This time, presence on the phone had to be enough. Presence…through the static, through the clock, through a door they would not let me pass.

Do you know how hard it is to be with someone when all you are is a voice? I've been struggling with it for weeks.

I could feel the minutes being counted the whole time. Someone had granted us a handful of them. We were always a breath away from being cut off. A guard kept quietly stretching those minutes past what the rules allowed…even inside the machinations of death, there was someone being merciful with a clock. Every sentence carried the weight of maybe being the last one. So I kept my voice level so his could stay level. I held myself together so I could hold him. That is the thing no one tells you about presence. To be a steady place for a dying man, you have to swallow your own breaking.

I wanted to weep. I wanted to reach through the line and take his hand. I could do neither. So, I did the only thing left to me. I stayed. I kept my voice in his ear. I refused to let go first.

There is a cruelty the state may not even know it commits. It lets a man spend his last hours reachable only by sound. No hand on the shoulder. No arms. Just a voice crossing time and space into a cell. I leaned into the phone as though I could press my whole self through it. I have never wanted to be in two places so badly in my life.

I will not give you all of what we said. But I will tell you he was already at peace when he answered. He told me none of it touched him anymore…not the holding cell, not the long hours, not the fear. He felt only the love around him. He was turning to light while I was still fumbling for words to keep him company.

He had been tingling all day, he told me. He could feel the love coming at him from every side…the letters, the prayers, the strangers who had become his family. He said he had felt me with him before the phone ever rang. A dying man kept telling me not to worry about him. He was comforting me. That is the kind of man the state poisoned tonight.

I gave him the old tried and true comforts of love. That he did not have to know the way. That love knows the way. That he was forgiven. That he would not be forgotten. He received them like a man who already believed. I think in the end, he was steadier than I was. I think he was holding me.

I spoke with him about Patty. Pulling from the Book of Revelation, I told him I could see a new heaven and a new earth…the first things passed away. A new Patty. A new Dennis. Two souls, the horrors of evil set against each other, held at last in a single light. He said he had felt it too.

He told me what he wanted his last words to be. He did not want them for himself. He wanted to give them to the family…the ones his wrong had wounded past all mending. I'm deeply sorry, he wanted to say. I'm deeply sorry, is exactly what he did say. He spent his final breath reaching for the very people the world swore he had no right to speak to.

I have to tell you what this costs.

Twelve times, I have watched the state make a body still. Twelve times, I have tried to be a presence in a place built to erase one. Every time it takes something, the world can never give back. There is a particular grief in being kept out...in loving a man through a receiver while strangers stand where I should be standing.

Tonight, I was not in the room. The phone this afternoon was as close as they would let me come. I reached through the dark for a hand that was never going to be there. I have to believe my voice was enough. I have to believe presence can travel further than a body can.

So, I carry them all. I carry Kenny. I carry Anthony. I carry every soul the state has taken while I stood as near as they would allow. Tonight, I carry Dennis. The weight in my stomach is the only proof that I was there at all.

Take me home, he said near the end of the call. He was not afraid. He was ready.

Then the minutes ran out, the way they always do.

I love you very much, he said. Thank you for everything.

I gave him the last thing I had to give. Not a hand. Only words. Only my voice going with him as far as a voice can go.

“Dennis, when you get there, tell Jesus I’m coming.”

“I hear you, brother,” he replied with a chuckle.

Then the line went quiet. I sat at my desk in the silence. That was the last time I would speak to him on this side of the veil.

That phone line was the last cord between us. A voice where there should have been a hand. A wire where there should have been an embrace. It was the only thread they left us. I poured everything I had into it.

Not long after we hung up, Florida bound a forgiven man to a gurney. They called it justice. They called it clean. There is nothing clean about cutting the last cord between a dying man and everyone who loves him.

But a cord is not only severed at death. A cord is severed at birth. When they cut the line, they believed they were ending him. They were only delivering him. What they read as his last breath on this side was his first cry on the other. Dennis asked me to take him home. In cutting the cord, they carried him there.

Dennis Sochor was loved. Dennis Sochor was forgiven. Dennis Sochor will not be forgotten. Tonight, they did not end him. Tonight, they birthed him into a light they can never reach with their poisons.

Though I am greatly grieved and there will be no more phone calls for now, I can still hear a faint familiar voice in the distance…making sure that I don’t forget the way.

V

STANDING AT A DISTANCE

The Absence at the Execution of Dennis Sochor

“And all his acquaintances stood at a distance, watching these things.”

…Luke 23:49

They killed Dennis without me in the room.

I have to start there because that is where the pain starts. Not with the poison. Not with the gurney. With a door. A door I have walked through twelve times for twelve other men. A door that stayed shut to me on the night my friend needed a face he knew.

Presence is my vocation. It is the only gift I have ever had worth giving. I do not bring arguments into the death house. I do not bring policy. I bring my body. I sit where the dying can see me. I hold the hand the state is about to still. That is the whole of my ministry. Show up. Stay. Do not look away.

Twelve times, I have done it. Twelve times, I have watched a man leave this world with my eyes on his. And on the thirteenth night...the night they took Dennis...I was sitting at my desk at home.

Do you understand what that does to a man built for presence?

The rules did him in before the needle ever did. Dennis was unsure of them. He waited too late to ask for me. A form. A deadline. A box left unchecked. That is all it took to keep love out of the room. The state has procedures for everything. Procedures for the straps. Procedures for the drugs. Procedures for the witnesses. And somewhere in all those procedures, a dying man lost the right to have his friend beside him because he did not know the clock was running.

I want to rage at that. Some nights I do. A bureaucracy decided the last faces Dennis would see. Strangers in a witness room. Officials with clipboards. People whose names he never knew. The room was full and he was alone. I was hundreds of miles away and I have never felt closer to anyone in my life.

Luke tells us that when they crucified Jesus, the ones who loved him stood at a distance…watching. I always read that verse with judgment. Why did they not push closer? Why did they not force their way to the foot of the cross? Now I know. They did not choose the distance. The empire chose it for them. Soldiers form a perimeter around every state killing. They always have. The distance is part of the punishment…and it punishes the living too.

So I stood at my distance. I stood at it in my own house. When the hour came, I could not sit. I paced the floor like a man waiting on a birth. In a way, I was. Dennis called it his journey gurney. He said he was not dying…he was traveling. I believed him. I believe him still. But believing did not stop me from watching the clock and feeling every minute like a stone laid on my chest.

Here is what nobody tells you about absence. The mind does not accept it. The mind goes to the room anyway. All night, mine walked those halls. I saw the holding cell. I saw the last walk. I saw the straps going across his chest and I reached out to take his hand and my hand closed on nothing. Over and over. All night. The body I could not bring to Florida kept trying to go there without me.

I know the room. That is the cruelty of it. I have stood in rooms just like it twelve times. I know the fluorescent hum. I know the smell of the place. I know the way the condemned search the glass for one face that is not there to watch them die but to love them while it happens. Twelve men found my face. Dennis searched the glass and I was not in it.

I keep telling myself the truth I preached to him. That presence travels further than a body. That the phone was enough. That he felt me there…he said he felt me there. He was tingling with love all day. He was steadier than I was. He comforted me. Every word of that is true.

And still.

Still there is a wound in me shaped like that room. Truth does not close it. A man can believe in the resurrection and still weep at the tomb. Jesus did. I can believe Dennis crossed over in peace and still grieve that my hand was not the last kind thing he touched. Both things live in me. I will not pretend otherwise. Grief that pretends is not grief...it is performance. Dennis deserves better than a performance.

There is a guilt that comes with absence and it does not care whether the absence was your fault. I know I did not choose this. I know the rules chose it. The guilt comes anyway. It comes at three in the morning and asks its one question. Where were you? I was at my desk. I was as close as they would let me come. The guilt does not accept the answer. It just asks again.

So what do I do with a pain like this?

I refuse to waste it.

Every ache in my chest is evidence. Evidence of what the machine actually does. The death penalty does not just kill the condemned. It rations love at the hour love matters most. It decides who may hold whom. It builds walls between the dying and the people who would die for them. Any system that must keep love out of the room in order to function is confessing what it is.

Dennis did not need me to find his way home. He told me so himself. Take me home, he said. And he was carried…not by the state…by the everlasting arms that were waiting on the other side of everything Florida could do. My absence did not slow him down. The far shore was lit and he could see it and he walked into the light like a man who had been squinting toward it for years.

The absence was never his wound. It is mine. I will carry it the way I carry all of them…Kenny…Anthony…the whole cloud of the condemned. I will carry it into the next death house and the one after that. And when the next dying man asks me to come…I will move heaven and earth and every form the state can print to be there. I will stand where love is supposed to stand.

They kept my body out of the room.

They could not keep me from loving him.

That is the only victory the night left me. I am learning to let it be enough. Some nights it is. Some nights I sit at my desk where the phone once carried his voice…and I feel the distance all over again…and I whisper into the dark the only prayer I have left.

Dennis…forgive me.

Benediction

THE GOD WHO LOSES NOTHING

A Sermon on John 6:39

“And this is the will of him who sent me, that I shall lose nothing of all that he has given me, but raise it up on the last day.”

…John 6:39

Four words.

I will lose nothing.

Jesus said them plainly. And this is the will of him who sent me…that I shall lose nothing of all that he has given me…but raise it up on the last day. The church has spent two thousand years trying to shrink those words down to a manageable size. I am done shrinking them. I want you to hear them at full strength.

I did not learn the strength of these words in a library. I read them over a phone line to Dennis Sochor days before Florida killed him. A condemned man heard them and was not afraid. That is exegesis. The rest is commentary.

Nothing.

Not most things. Not the deserving things. Not the baptized things…the respectable things…the things that got their paperwork in on time. Nothing. The word has no exceptions hiding inside it. Jesus did not say I will lose only a little. He did not say I will lose the worst of them. He said nothing…and he meant the whole of what the Father has given him. And what has the Father given him? John answers that too. All things. All people. All.

Do the math of grace. All given. Nothing lost. That is universalism. The plain arithmetic of the Gospel of John.

We live inside an empire that runs on loss. Loss is its product. Loss is its punishment. Loss is its threat and its promise. The empire loses the poor in its budgets. It loses the prisoner in its cages. It loses the condemned on its gurneys and calls the losing justice. Every execution is the state declaring a human being unrecoverable. Beyond saving. A total loss.

And into that economy walks a God who says...I will lose nothing.

Hear what that does. It does not just comfort the dying. It bankrupts the whole system. If God loses nothing, then the state has never once succeeded in throwing a person away. It only thought it did. Every man they have erased is held. Every name they struck from the record is written somewhere they cannot reach. The empire keeps a ledger of losses. Heaven keeps no such ledger...because heaven has no losses to record.

What about the guilty? What about the ones who did the unforgivable thing? Look at where Jesus said these words. He said them as a condemned man walking toward a state execution. He said them to people who would scatter and deny him. He did not carve out an exception for the guilty because he was about to be counted among them.

So push the word all the way. God will not lose Dennis. That is easy for me to say now…I loved him. Go further. God will not lose Patricia. God will not lose her family…whose grief no court ever healed. Go further still…to the place where the word starts to burn. God will not lose the executioner. God will not lose the warden. God will not lose the governor who signed the warrant. I do not say that because they deserve it. Nobody in this sermon deserves it. I say it because nothing means nothing…and a God who loses even one enemy is a God who lost.

That is the power of John 6:39. It is not a verse about who gets in. It is a verse about who God is. A God whose love has a failure rate is not the God of this text. The will of the Father is stated flat…lose nothing…raise it up. Not sort it. Not sift it. Raise it. All of it. The last day is not a courtroom. The last day is a recovery operation. God going down into everything the world discarded and bringing the whole of it up into the light.

And it is not only souls. I told Dennis this in his final days and I will tell you now. Nothing that is good is lost either. No act of love. No word of mercy. No letter mailed to a cell. No hand held through the bars. No forgiveness offered at the end of a needle. The empire’s whole economy runs on loss…and the gospel answers with four words that shut the economy down.

So here is my benediction…for Dennis…for Patricia…for you…for every soul the world has written off…and yes…for the ones who did the writing.

You cannot be lost.

You were given to a God who does not lose.

And on the last day…when every cage is open and every ledger is burned…the Father’s will shall be done at last.

Nothing lost.

No one lost.

Nothing.