

*TO TELL
THE STORY*



Even for Me

I can't watch this... But how can I look away? Even if I could look away, the smell of death and the sound of agony would force me to know.

The soldiers with calloused hands grab his arms and stretch them out.
The soldier raises the hammer... and he drives the nail through his wrist.

And here is the sound of metal clanging on metal... and the sound of torment. Have you ever heard someone scream like that? This isn't a calm, collected man. This is not a gentle Savior. That scream is of a man in such pain that he has lost all restraint. This is pain.

And he's experiencing it because of me.

He lies with his arms stretched out and pinned, and through his pain he cries out, "Father, forgive them for they don't know what they're doing!"

Oh... my Jesus...

With a grunt the soldiers lift up the crossbar and place it on the central stake. They place his feet together and hammer the nail through.

His screams are fresh and new.

I don't want to watch this... but how could I look away?

The criminals... mocking him, along with everyone else. "He saved others. He can't save himself!"

"Remember me when you come into your kingdom," one of the criminals groans.

And with clenched teeth Jesus answers, "I tell you the truth, today you will be with me in paradise."

Oh, Jesus.... Even for him? Even for me?

What happened? What? It's dark. What happened to the sun? It's not a cloud. It's not an eclipse – I know what those look like! Why isn't the sun shining? What's happened?

And for hours we wait. For hours I hear the sounds of mockery. Of soldiers gambling to pass the time while men die. For them, it's just another day on the job.

And in the darkness, Jesus cries out, "*Eloi Eloi lama sabachthani?*" which means, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"

It's not just the pains of the cross, but his Father has turned his back on his Son. Because of me. Those are my sins that separate Jesus from his Father. Those are my sins that he bears. This is the price of what I have done and said and thought.

This is the price that Jesus himself chooses to pay. For me.

Finally, in a loud voice Jesus cries out, "It is finished!"

And with that, my sins are paid for. Forever.

“Father, into your hands I commit my spirit.” And with that, Jesus dies.

For the sins of the whole world.

Even for me.

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