

## ***Greetings!***

***It's Friday and the war is ragging. . .***

## ***Sunday's Comin'***

The night was long; from a gathering of His disciples for the Passover meal, to the final trial. It was a night not to be forgotten; a horrific night of betrayal, accusations, torture and then, ending in the daylight with death. Who among them could have known? Who could have expected this? With all He had said to them, it was as though their eyes, like little children, were shielded from the horror that would come.

Alone, He struggled while they slept. He struggled with the terror that would come in the darkness of the night and end in the light of day. He struggled with two wills, that of a son and of a man. They each fought within Him for victory; to a conclusion of all that had lead up to this night.

In exhaustion, and under the weight of all mankind, He sunk to the ground, falling on His face. His Father watched, as only a Father could watch such a scene coming upon His only son. Angels gathered around in this, His greatest moment of weakness, giving their strength and their courage to a fighter who had gone down on the mat.

Lifting His face from the dust, He looked into His Father's eyes. "Not my will, but your will be done." Surrender shook His body as it trembled in convulsions; His blood dripping to the ground. If angels could cry, their tears would have sprinkled the ground as rain at this sight. A Son and His Father wrapped in their love for one another. An embrace the angels would never forget.

Accusations flew as voices carried loudly through the night air. Awakened by the stir of feet running through the streets, households came alive. What could be happening; why the disturbance of this glorious Passover night? Restlessness forced the spirit world in every corner of the earth into a frenzied state. Spirits fought as they each struggled for the preeminence of the two wills, of two kingdoms.

As a lamb to the slaughter, He surrendered. Who could have foreseen such torture, such humiliation upon this miracle worker? He had given life back to the dead, and here, now, He was giving His life for the living. Every stroke of the whip cried out through the night, His innocence. Yet, He bowed His will in obedience to His Father.

Drunk with emotions, they beat Him to the ground. They mocked His words with a crown of thorns and robed Him as a king defeated by an invading army. They paraded Him down the narrow streets as crowds jeered at Him. Where were those now who had cried, "Hosanna in the Highest" just days before?

The reverberation of the hammer hitting the nails sailed through the air accompanied by His groans of agony. Could this really be happening? How they had turned on Him! "Save yourself! If you are the Son of God, come down from your cross!" The will of two worlds stood at the foot of the cross, competing against each other for the conquest of another's domain.

Darkness comes – earthquakes rip the land open, as graves open and the dead rise to walk the streets of the Holy City. Some six hours later, at three in the afternoon He cries, "My God, My God, why have you forsaken me?"

From before creation until this moment, unity; Father, Son and Spirit joined in perfect union. But now, the Father's presence cannot be felt. Jesus, tempted in every manner as a man, feels what He has never known – to be alone. How long will this continue?

Then, like the final words of a story He utters, "It is finished." as the Father cradles His son in His arms. It's done. The price is paid and the lamb is dead.

Once again, Father, Son and Spirit embrace in perfect union.

This battle is over, but the war has not ended.

Sunday's comin' . . .

*Chris*

