

CRAWFORD
BROADCASTING
COMPANY



Executive Offices ■ P.O. Box 3003 ■ Blue Bell, PA 19422-0735
Phone: (215) 628-3500 ■ Fax: (215) 628-9269
www.crawfordbroadcasting.com

March 17, 2008

EASTER

IT IS FINISHED!

And the carpenter from Nazareth, the Christ of Glory died on the cross.

But before he did, he uttered unforgettable words:

ELI ELI LEMA SABACHTHANI

Which means my God, my God, why have you forsaken me? Hard to believe, is it not that Jesus Christ, on the cross, the son of the living God believed that this God, his Father had forsaken him! How lonely, how awful that death must have been for him. For in that crucial moment, when worlds collided, when heaven and earth met in a cataclysmic way, when the most powerful earthshaking event in all of human history was about to take place, the one whose life was taken so that He could give life to all others himself felt forsaken! He felt deserted, left alone. He was after all human, a man with emotions and feelings as we have. On that cross, he was like us.

It was as though God had departed, left this man, His son alone in the universe. It might well have been that this holy God could not look upon this ultimate and tragic event. For on that cross, in that person, in that death were the sins of the world, all of them. Perhaps indeed God had in fact withdrawn until that ultimate act was finished, the death of thee son, which would be propitiation, remission, would take away the sins of the world. Until His blood was fully shed and there was in fact that ultimate forgiveness accomplished, perhaps indeed our Lord was left alone in agony and suffering.

He knew what would happen, Jesus did. He knew what he would have to do, what God required him to do. Nonetheless, he said:

LET THIS CUP PASS FROM ME

Please, Father, I would only wish that I would not have to go through this, he said. Please let it pass, make it go away.

But then came the realization, that eternal realization, that it was not up to him, that this cup would not pass and He said:

NOT MY WILL BUT YOUR WILL BE DONE, FATHER

Jesus of Nazareth, the carpenter who made living things from wood was to die on a deadly wooden cross. He would die in pain, excruciating pain, in agony, awful agony. He would die exposed physically, body naked and subject to ridicule. He would die the worst possible death with ultimate humiliation, mocked by many. He would die with no control of his body or bodily functions, a nervous system run amuck and totally destroyed. Blood, sweat and tears everywhere. Small wonder he said let it pass, please let it pass, those never-to-be-forgotten words from Gethsemane.

And so he died, not for him, innocent that he was, but for you and me. It was, on that cross, the death of Jesus of Nazareth, the man. But on the third day, there came the resurrection and the world then knew the Cosmic Christ, the Prince of Glory. The God-man mystery of Jesus Christ can never be fully understood. From the brutalized dead body of a carpenter came the resurrected and risen Savior of the world. God at work in this most wondrous and incredible way!

Up he went to prepare a place for you and me. Because of him, there will be for us a heavenly house with many mansions, many rooms. He died so that we could be with him, with us here in this life and with us in that eternal place.

It was indeed finished on that first day, but it had only really just begun, all that mattered had only just begun. We then who would be one with him must know his pain, agony and humiliation even if vicariously, to understand and appreciate the meaning of that crucifixion and forgiveness. But then, to celebrate with him new life, the joy of resurrection, the solid hope of life eternal and the promise, the absolute and guaranteed promise that having accepted him, knowing the power of that forgiveness from the cross, we will be one with him now and forever.