

Pastors Thoughts of the Week

Gethsemane Gabbatha Golgotha

*And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.
Luke 22:44*

Gethsemane: Though it would be right to consider the entirety of the life of the Lord as being one of suffering, it is more especially understood that our Man of Sorrows enters into the deepest throes of his agonies at the garden. It was here that the unbearable horror of what He was about to endure in becoming “sin for us who knew no sin” came with full magnitude upon His mortal frame. Luke, the physician, dutifully records the tremendous physiological and psychological trauma that was occurring from which that precious blood commences its life-giving stream. Satan had not spent all of his fury at the 40-day contest with Jesus in the wilderness of temptation. He had in reserve the most diabolical weapons to hurl at the Son of God and he was now unleashing them in hopes of defusing what would eventuate in his own destruction. But undeterred our victorious Lord “offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared”.

Gabbatha: From the garden to the pavement where his judgment would be decided. By now He has been condemned by the supercilious Sanhedrin, indecorously crowned by an imposter king of the Jews, flagellated by sadistic legionnaires, and then contemptuously displayed before the rabid mob. The procurator in hopes of eliciting some pity pleads: “Behold the Man!”. But no mercy could be found in the minds of that untoward generation. They would prefer the seditious murderer rather than the Savior, the murderer before the Master; the robber rather than the Redeemer. “Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas”. And when Pilate demanded of them the verdict the vox populi responded: “Let him be crucified and His blood be on us, and on our children.”

Golgotha: “The place of a skull” was the inglorious name of this area situated without the gates of the holy city so as not to disturb the pretended piety of the hypocritical religionists that dwelt within. And so here, in a place littered with the skeletal fragments of criminal lives ill spent, here would the holy Son of God make “his grave with the wicked”. As the vicious crowd hurled their malicious invectives in the ears of the sinless Savior, as the darkness shrouded the place of the skull and the earth began its laborious heaving, as the stench of death wafted in the air and the pariah dog howled in hungry expectation of the impending carrion, only the eye of faith could behold this scene and find in it a source of enduring hope. He, who unabashedly declared: “I am the Resurrection and the Life”, succumbs to the most torturous death ever conceived by demented minds and yet in doing so had, through death, destroyed “him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; And deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.”

Have a blessed day,

Pastor