

JESUS IS NAILED TO THE CROSS

Selina Tromans writes...

Where are they?

The 'Hosanna' shouting, palm waving crowds who lined the roads welcoming Him
into Jerusalem.

Where are they now?

Where are they?

The 'special' friends with whom he had lived and loved and shared. He'd prepared
them, prayed with them and broken bread with them just hours before.

But where are they now?

All conspicuous by their absence.

Left alone and betrayed to face the humiliation and agony of His tortuous end.
No calm, calm drifting away for Him, no serenity, no soothing comfortable words,
no loving touch: just the brutal bashing of nails through flesh, joints wrenched
apart by careless hands, harsh voices, unkind laughter and cruel jeering.

And the crime?

He said He was 'The King of the Jews'