

JOURNEY TO THE CROSS

Jesus Leads Us To The Cross.

PALM SUNDAY

By Pastor Jen Yarbrough

Sunday, April 13

Jesus was in Jerusalem!

I had just heard the news and could hardly contain my excitement. Jesus, the One who with just one touch had healed so many people ... including me. Not only healed me, but also saved me from a prison of addiction and shame. After my encounter with Him I told everyone that I felt like I had died and gone to heaven ... all because of Jesus. I would never forget His words of hope and then the personal offer of forgiveness

and restoration. I had been changed forever, and Jesus was now back in Jerusalem . . .

I had to find Him!

As soon as I reached the city gates that morning after weeks of tending my flock of sheep out in the distant hills, people told me that Jesus had been seen riding into Jerusalem on a donkey, crowds waving palm branches and shouting, “Praise God for the

Son of David! Blessings on the one who comes in the name of the Lord! Praise God in highest heaven!”

If that stubborn sheep hadn't gone astray and gotten himself lost for several days I would have been back much sooner, but the life of one sheep is too precious to waste. I had eventually found him, but now had I missed my chance to see Jesus? To hear His powerful yet gentle voice of hope and instruction? To watch Him

with eyes full of compassion
welcome those who were
unwanted and transform them
into people who belonged?

I rushed through the streets,
asking anyone I knew if they had
seen Him. Some had, but it had
been several days ago, others
weren't sure of where He had last
been, but finally someone said
they had heard of Him being
called before Pilate that very
morning, surrounded by an angry

crowd of people shouting for Him to be crucified. I couldn't believe my ears.

They wanted Jesus crucified?

Shocked and grieved I wondered what possibly could have happened. Quickening my steps into a run, I flew through the streets in the direction of that part of the city. Now in a panic, I began to notice crowds of people heading towards Golgatha, and

filled with dread, I followed them. Golgatha was the place the Romans took their accused and condemned to be tortured to death by hanging on a cross. I felt my feet becoming heavier as the crowds continued to grow, and by the time I reached the spot, I knew my worst fears were true.

As I rounded the corner I saw my King, my Lord and Savior, hanging on a cross, hardly recognizable due to having been beaten and

scourged. He shouted out the words, “It is finished!”, and then breathed His last breath.

I will never forget that day.

The price He paid for me, the depth He was willing to go to for me was incomprehensible but lastingly seared in my heart, mind and soul. I truly knew how much He loved and valued me.

I didn't know it at the time, but three days later—in yet another

supernatural miraculous act—He came back to life, proving beyond doubt that, as John the Baptist had said, He truly was the Lamb of God who came to take away the sins of the world.

“For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life. For God did not send his Son into the world to condemn the world, but to save the world through him.”

John 3:16-17 (NIV)

Jesus.

Follow Him to the cross,
and see what He might
want to say to you, too.