

Less than one week ago, Our Lord was greeted with palms, shouts of Hosanna and hailed as a King!

Today the people proclaim they have no king but Caesar.

But He is a King! One who wears a crown of thorns, mocked and beaten with hatred and rage.

Bloodied, though innocent, ridiculed though righteous, Divinity delivered to death.

All of this in the span of one week.

From the first nails into Our Lord's hands to His final breath was only a matter of hours.

Our Savior then hangs naked, lifeless, limp upon the wood, flayed open flesh normally left by the Romans to the vultures.

But Joseph, a rich man from Arimathea, a place in the Land of Sorrow claims his body. He, perhaps Nicodemus and John, the beloved disciple pry Him from the nails and, by tradition, lays Him in His mother's arms.

To a mother, no child ever really grows old, and so she may well have recalled that Silent Night in Bethlehem when she first held the God-Man, her son. On that first night in her lap, He was covered in the blood of her womb.... Now upon that same lap He is covered in His own.

Nothing is left but the burial. Taken from His grieving mother's hands, He is washed, wrapped in fine linens, that have been packed with spices and fragrant herbs and incense. Jesus was born of a Virgin's womb, one that would hold no other. He is buried in a virgin tomb, one meant for another.

An extravagant, lavish funeral, yet one not near the worth of His death.

The telling of His death is graphic, so that we may never forget it was a real execution, an actual death and burial. A death so wretched, so violent..... yet more beautiful than any Heaven and Earth hador ever will.... witness.

He is laid in a tomb cut for a man above His station in life, in a garden next to sinners, sinners just like us, who He has redeemed by that death so precious.

Our Lord is in the tomb. The stone is placed before it and sealed. The mourners and torturers, the onlookers and the tormentors have all left. Night has fallen, dusk then dark. Guards, fresh and alert stand at the sealed stone meant to hold our Savior bound to the Earth, and all that remains on that hill is the cross, the Cross of Christ.... Come let us worship.