

## John

Have you ever watched your dreams die? I have, many times in my life before it was over. But the first and most difficult time was on Calvary when Jesus was crucified. I stood by Mary, Jesus' mother, watching her weeping, barely able to stand as she watched her promised Son die on a criminal's cross.

I replayed in my mind all that Jesus had said and done. How did we not see this coming? How did this fit into the plan?

I felt a little like Abraham must have felt as he put Isaac on the altar. Abraham was about to kill his promised son, but he still held on to the dream, the promise, the hope of what God was going to do. Abraham had no idea how, but he knew God always keeps His promises.

So, as I saw Christ dying, and heard Him ask me to care for His mother, I knew God would keep His promises. I knew that Jesus truly was the Messiah, the Promised One.

And then He said, "It is finished." It wasn't "It is over." It was "It is completed."

Somehow I knew what was finished was not the plan. God's plan and purpose wasn't finished, it was fulfilled. I suddenly began to understand Isaiah's words, "He was pierced because of our transgressions, crushed because of our iniquities." I understood. He didn't resist the scourging or the nails, because this wasn't the end. This was the beginning of hope fulfilled. He had died for me.