

Bible Trek Ministries

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The Mercy Seat

He stood on the back porch of eternity...reliving the memories of those moments before the foundations of the world were laid...before time and space began. Watched as time and space unfolded...smiled as yesterday and tomorrow became one. He saw planets form, stars given birth, and as the longing of His heart unfolded He saw fertile fields, sparkling seas, sunrise and sunset, morning and evening, poppies grow, the birth of a fawn...and the Creator smiled. Then as the cinema of the cosmos played frame by frame, He saw, again, you...and me. Crippled by confusion...bound by chains of carnality...dressed in the dung of doubt...disfigured by despair...soaked in the urine of shame...twisted and tormented by pain...fleeing our yesterdays...afraid of our tomorrows. And the Creator felt a love He had not felt before. Love stained by shame. Love scarred by pain. A love that longed to set us free. But He knew, in the tormented fullness of His love; if we were to become like Him, He must become like us.

He felt, once more, our spit in His face, heard our voices mocking. Felt the crown of thorns on His head and the reed in His hand. Saw us kneel before Him, and in taunting allegiance chant, "Hail, King of the Jews." Creation

stripped The Bright and The Morning Star of His robes...tied Him, naked, to the flogging post...took the whip of leather thongs, lead balls and shards of bone in our hands...and He felt the flesh ripped from His body...chunks of skin being gouged out...heard them splatter upon the ground...and we placed the hundred pound cross beam of His cross on the nape of His neck; tied His outstretched arms to the beam and led Him to Calvary...to the Mercy Seat. Again, The Great I Am felt the five inch spikes being driven between the two bones of the forearms, crushing the median nerve. Nailed to the crossbeam, He was lifted up. The crossbeam fitted into a notch on the vertical beam already in the ground. Again, Creation nailed His feet to the vertical beam...one on top of the other...knees in a bent position...by a single spike driven upward through the feet...crushing the plantar nerve...then cursed...and laughed.

Once more, on the Mercy Seat, suspended between Heaven and Hell, He became His Creation. Crippled by confusion...bound by chains of carnality...dressed in the dung of doubt...disfigured by despair...soaked in the urine of shame...twisted and tormented by pain...His form marred beyond human likeness...this Messiah of the Morning...this Son of Man. As the overwhelming stench and sorrow of what He had become, shook the foundations of His very Being, the Father turned His back on the cinema of His creation. Then with hands mighty enough to hold the universe, yet tender enough to mend a broken heart, He wiped the tears from His eyes...hugged His Son goodbye...and an infant's cry split the Bethlehem night.

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