



*Crucifixion:
Hope Realized*



“In the Garden, Adam was told, ‘Obey me about the tree – do not eat from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, or you will die.’”



“[In another Garden] God said to Jesus, ‘Obey me about the tree’ – only this time the tree was a cross – ‘and you will die.’ And Jesus did.”

Again the high priest asked him, “Are you the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?”

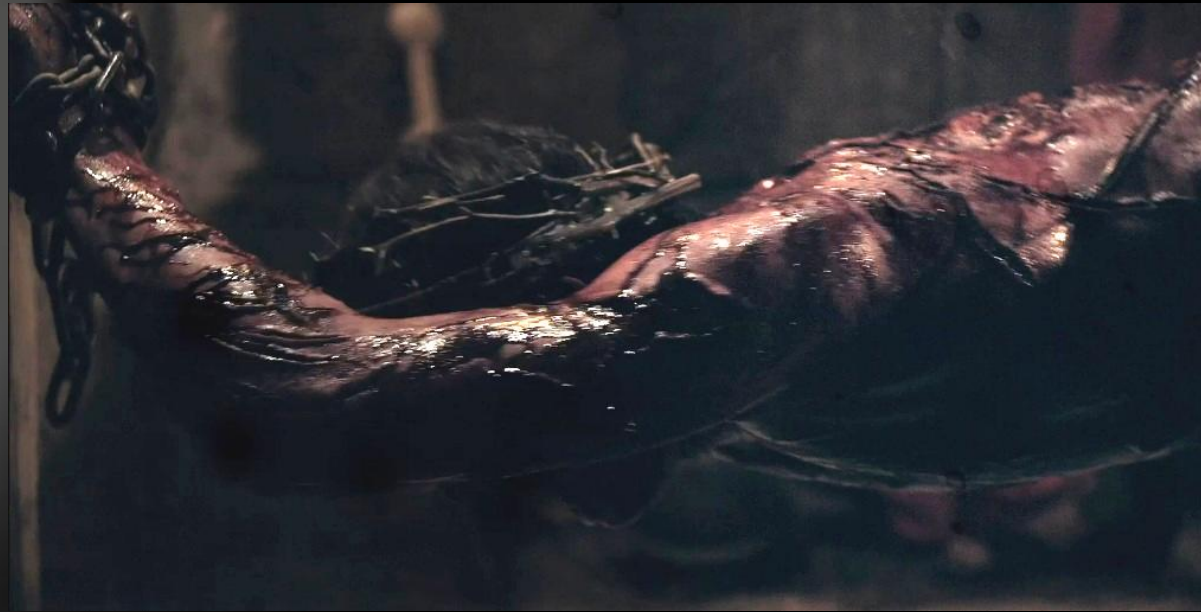
And Jesus said, “I am, and you will see the Son of Man seated at the right hand of Power, and coming with the clouds of heaven.”

And the high priest tore his garments and said, “What further witnesses do we need? You have heard his blasphemy. What is your decision?” And they all condemned him as deserving death.

Mark 14:61-64

So Pilate, wishing to satisfy the crowd, released for them Barabbas, and having scourged Jesus, he delivered him to be crucified.

Mark 15:15



And the soldiers led him away inside the palace... and they called together the whole battalion. And they clothed him in a purple cloak, and twisting together a crown of thorns, they put it on him. And they began to salute him, "Hail, King of the Jews!" And they were striking his head with a reed and spitting on him and kneeling down in homage to him.

And when they had mocked him, they stripped him of the purple cloak and put his own clothes on him. And they led him out to crucify him.

Mark 15:16-20

Psalm 22

**[6] But I am a worm and not a man,
scorned by mankind and despised by the
people.**

**[7] All who see me mock me;
they make mouths at me; they wag their heads;**

**[8] “He trusts in the LORD; let him deliver him;
let him rescue him, for he delights in him!”**

Psalm 22

[14] I am poured out like water,
and all my bones are out of joint;
my heart is like wax;
it is melted within my breast;



Psalm 22

[15] my strength is dried up like a potsherd,
and my tongue sticks to my jaws;



Psalm 22

[16] they have pierced my hands and feet—

[18] they divide my garments among them,
and for my clothing they cast lots.



Psalm 22

[1] My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

**Jehovah bade His sword awake,
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be –
All for my sake, my peace to make;
Now sleeps that sword for me.**

And Jesus uttered a loud cry and breathed his last.

**And the curtain of the temple was torn in two,
from top to bottom.**

Mark 15:37-38

**And when the centurion, who stood facing him,
saw that in this way he breathed his last, he said,
"Truly this man was the Son of God!"**

Mark 15:39