

## “Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabachthani?”

### **Mark 15:24-39 (MSG)**

<sup>24</sup> And they nailed him to the cross. They divided up his clothes and threw dice to see who would get them.

<sup>25</sup> They nailed him up at nine o'clock in the morning. <sup>26</sup> The charge against him—THE KING OF THE JEWS—was printed on a plaque.

<sup>27</sup> Along with him, they crucified two criminals, one to his right, the other to his left.

<sup>28</sup> <sup>29</sup> People passing along the road jeered, shaking their heads in mock lament: "You bragged that you could tear down the Temple and then rebuild it in three days—  
<sup>30</sup> so show us your stuff! Save yourself! If you're really God's Son, come down from that cross!"

<sup>31</sup> The high priests, along with the religion scholars, were right there mixing it up with the rest of them, having a great time poking fun at him: "He saved others—but he can't save himself! <sup>32</sup> Messiah, is he? King of Israel? Then let him climb down from that cross. We'll all become believers then!" Even the men crucified alongside him joined in the mockery.

<sup>33</sup> At noon the sky became extremely dark. <sup>34</sup> The darkness lasted three hours. At three o'clock, Jesus groaned out of the depths, crying loudly, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?" which means, "My God, my God, why have you abandoned me?"

<sup>35</sup> Some of the bystanders who heard him said, "Listen, he's calling for Elijah." <sup>36</sup> Someone ran off, soaked a sponge in sour wine, put it on a stick, and gave it to him to drink, saying, "Let's see if Elijah comes to take him down."

<sup>37</sup> But Jesus, with a loud cry, gave his last breath. <sup>38</sup> At that moment the Temple curtain ripped right down the middle. <sup>39</sup> When the Roman captain standing guard in front of him saw that he had quit breathing, he said, "This has to be the Son of God!"

**Write Your Reflections Here** (*thoughts, prayers, poems, or inductive study questions/answers*)

### **FOR HOMEWORK**

*In the aftermath of our election, there are many who may be feeling hopeless, vindicated, angry, self-righteous, disappointed, or fearful. These are probably similar to the reactions we see around the Cross of Christ. What can you do for or say to your neighbors during this pivotal moment in our history and in their own spiritual journeys? Seriously pray about this.*

## Richard's Journal Thoughts on Mark 15:25-38

(v.25) "It was nine in the morning when they crucified him."

(v.33) "At noon, darkness came over the whole land until three..."

(v.34) "...at three...Jesus cried out in a loud voice, 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?'..."

(v.37) "With a loud cry, Jesus breathed his last."

(v.38) "...the curtain...was torn in two..."

On the last night before the crucifixion, Jesus does not sleep at all. God is fully awake as he endures his arrest, trial, and torture. It is absolutely a super-human feat. Reading Mark's staccato account is like flashbulbs in darkness every ten seconds. Only the most important searing images of the battle for our redemption are kept for us. It reminds me of my father's Army medals. Each speaks volumes through a small piece of colored fabric or shaped, engraved metal.

Six hours. Nine. Noon. Three p.m. Jesus hangs on the cross for just enough time for death to be verified; enough time to be buried before Sabbath night falls.

The last words of Jesus which Mark records are the Aramaic first line of the Messiah's Psalm 22. Why Aramaic? Why not Hebrew?

Why do I revert to another language? To communicate something important to me which bridges with those around me, I occasionally use Hawaiian Pidgin or French or Japanese in that way. It recalls an earlier time and emotion for me. It says something with a brush stroke instead of a ballpoint pen.

Jesus uses the most common language of Palestine, while he is surrounded by onlookers at a crossroads for three continents. He cries out in scriptural fulfillment in a way which will be heard by all. He dies a common death, speaks uncommon words in a common way,

and shows common mankind that nothing is beneath God in his pursuit of us.

We hear in his cry the drinking of the Cup of God's wrath. Jesus, the Lamb of God, has borne our sins forever. His anguish and love run together like the mud and the blood mixing at the base of the cross.

"Why have you forsaken me?"

After a gospel filled with questions posed at others, God Himself answers his Son's question. God tears the heavy Temple curtain in two, from top to bottom. God answers by opening the way into the Holy of Holies. It is as if he is saying, "I forsake my Son, so my beloved children may no longer be forsaken. I forsake my Son so you may come home."

### **Where is "home" to me? What do I think about when I ponder "home"?**

- *laughing with Debbi & Hannah*
- *string beans & bacon with Amy*
- *playing board games with Joel & John & others*
- *a good movie with Dad*
- *my Mom's chawan mushi & kung pao chicken*
- *Ala Moana Beach sunsets & Manoa Valley*
- *holding Naomi's hand as she laughs at the vibrations of sounds in the front row of a movie theater*
- *preaching the Gospel*
- *nestling with Debbi*
- *praying with Jesus*
- *the kaleidoscope of Fall leaves in upper New York near West Point*
- *the roiling ocean near the western tip of Oahu*
- *the sunsets in Kenya and Jerusalem*
- *Jean ValJean's final song in Les Mis*
- *the fragrance & feel of sanded wood as I assembled our Naomi's Hope Chest*
- *the faces of elders, friends, Jesus*