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1

The Tears

As the near lifeless body of Miriam's (Mary's) son hung limply on the crucifixion stake, the tears she had suppressed the last thirty-three years now flowed freely from her motherly eyes.

The tears
She knew deep in her heart
Would someday come,
Now came
With no comfort.

The tears did not come the day she was overshadowed by the Holy Spirit of God and conceived in her womb the Son of God, the child who would grow to impact every generation of mankind thereafter.

Although on the brink, the tears still did not come when her condition was, for a short while, gravely misunderstood by Yosef (Joseph), her espoused.

The tears did not come in the cold stable on the night she gave birth to the child of promise.

Nor did they come the night Yosef (Joseph) was awakened from sleep and told by the angel to flee with the child to Egypt.

Were they tears of sorrow?
Sorrow for the imminent death
Of her first born son?

Were they tears of joy?
She knew that this man
Hanging there
Was bringing salvation
To a lost and dying world.

3

His Feet

His feet:
The same feet
That had walked
the brown soil
Of His earthly
home, Israel.

The feet that wore the sandals
John the Baptist felt unworthy
To unlatch.

The tanned, dusty feet
The prostitute had washed
With her tears
And dried with her hair.
The feet she ceased not to kiss
When she found forgiveness for her sins.

The same feet that had walked
On the Sea of Galilee.

These feet
That had been made to walk
The way of suffering
To Golgotha's Hill,
Were now nailed
One over the other to the stake.
Why?
Because
He was the Son of God.



6

It Is Finished

"Soon."

"Soon the imposter will be ours," snarled one of the two foul creatures standing unseen at the base of the stake. A grotesque laughter echoed through the unseen realm.

"Where is Your God now, imposter?"

The other sneered, as a sulphurous smelling drool oozed from its twisted mouth. The unseen realm reeked with this suffocating odor. The smell of death and hell.

"Will this God You so foolishly served come to Your rescue?" one of them growled. "No, He will leave You to us even as He has left all the rest of pathetic mankind to us, to do with as we please."

Aware of the presence of the two hideous, reeking creatures, Yeshua hung, submitted to the weight of the sin now upon Him. He had seen the evil pair, Satan's two strongest demons, shackles in hand, waiting. Waiting for the moment of His death. Waiting to shackle Him and lead Him triumphantly back with them to the abode of the dead. Sensing that their wait was almost over, the two excited demons began to laugh more hideously than ever. The black air filled with the grotesque laughter of the unnumbered host of hell. The excitement and anticipation

of centuries of waiting was almost over. "Our master will soon own the rights to all of creation," the commander of all of hell's forces said.

"Soon," answered his subordinate excitedly. "Soon!" He followed with a long, grotesque, stench fuming laugh.

Unnoticed at first by the two occupied demons, the body of Yeshua convulsed—an almost futile effort to raise Himself up, as if gasping for a breath. As the last act of His earthly life, Yeshua would speak three final words—three words that would reverberate through the corridors of time, bringing hope to many who would come to trust in Him. The sound of the three words so shocked the devilish sentries of the crucifixion stake, that they were caught totally off guard.

With His last ounce of strength,
Yeshua let out a triumphant,
"IT IS FINISHED."

His body then slumped to Its death.
His life ended.



The two demons, who by now had regained their composure, joyfully prepared to shackle their newest "Fool," as they so enjoyed calling all who die. As they readied their shackles, horror seized them. Instead of Yeshua's spirit falling submissively to them, to their surprise, It rose into the sun-denied air over Calvary. Just as quickly, the spirit of Yeshua descended into the earth between the two stunned creatures with such force, the earth quaked. A split occurred in the earth that traveled directly across the hole that the crucifixion stake had been placed in. The stunned pair left behind, immediately followed their prey in hot pursuit.

At the same instant that Yeshua's spirit split the earth, souls of some of the dead, buried in Jerusalem, rose and appeared to some of the residents there. Were they a First Fruit Offering by Yeshua to His Father?

The pursuing duo was brought to an immediate halt.

Stunned by a voice so fearful, they could only huddle together and tremble. And these were Satan's two strongest warriors.



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Paradise

After the dance, which seemed to go on for days, Yeshua continued to address the faithful. "Your many, long years of waiting and anticipating are over. We shall be departing here now." More joyous praise erupted. Yeshua again spoke, "You shall not at this time be joined to your earthly bodies, but the time is coming when you shall receive new glorified bodies. For now you shall remain as you are, in spirit form."

After saying that, He moved through the crowd to the furthest back edge of Abraham's Bosom. He came to a door in the earthen wall unnoticed by anyone until now. When opened, it led into a well lighted hallway.

"This is the way, come, follow me,"
He said.

With no semblance of fear, the multitude followed Yeshua into a light that went higher up than they had ever been. The bright hallway appeared to ascend upward forever. Many wondered where the outer edge of the earth was. They would wonder, but they would never see it.

The corridor seemed to take days to traverse when in reality it took only a few earth minutes. When Yeshua did finally stop, He could look down the corridor for miles and miles and see the joyful throng behind Him.

Songs rang out all the way down the hall of light. The joy He felt at that moment could never be put into words, but all believers shall know it one day.

"We are there!" Yeshua's great voice echoed down the long corridor, so that everyone heard it. More jubilant praise rose to fill the corridor of freedom.

Before turning to enter with His followers into Paradise, Yeshua had one last thing to say to them. Lifting His loving voice in song-like manner, He said,

"Well done, thou good and faithful servants. Enter into my rest."

With that He turned and walked into an even brighter light, the eternal light of the Paradise of God. As each soul crossed the threshold into Paradise, each was clothed in a robe of purest white, and was able to traverse time and space instantly.

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Rays of radiant light began to shine out through the resulting holes. The stunned soldiers, blinded by the brightness of the light and the sudden appearance of the two men, turned their faces away for a moment, trying to gather their composure, but, overcome with fear, they fainted and fell helplessly to the shaking ground, as dead men.



A moment later, the large stone that had sealed the tomb was rolled off to one side. The cold early morning air was now being warmed by the light coming from the tomb. The angels on the ground, and those in Heaven were on their knees as they observed the spectacle now taking place before their eyes. The scene they had been waiting millennia to witness.