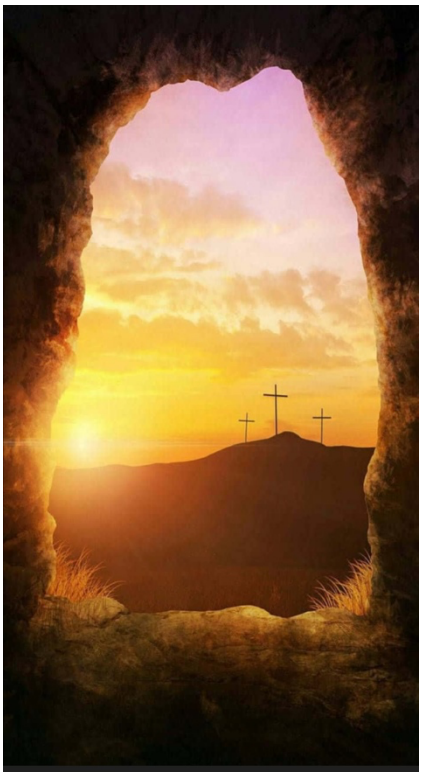
SpringCleaning:This Jesus

Psalm 51:10-11, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, And renew a steadfast spirit within me. Do not cast me away from Your presence, And do not take Your Holy Spirit from me." (NKJV)

I had just been with Him! **What do you mean**, *they have taken Him away?!* He was coming to my house this week. He was going to help me do some SpringCleaning. He'd helped my thinking, making me realize how necessary it was to purge things that were no longer essential in my life. He was transforming me. All of us, really. Transforming the way we saw things. Others. Ourselves.

I felt sick to my stomach as I heard the news being broadcast in the city square. There was a tremendous crowd I saw in the distance, a long-winding parade of people climbing the lengthy dusty road out of town. One could still hear the chants and cries as tufts of dirt hung in the wind-beaten and sun-scorched air, mirages of heat toyed with the human eye. I could almost smell death as the baking of human flesh and blood mixed where bits of this man named Jesus were left littering the ground after they'd whipped and scourged Him before leading Him away.

Just days ago, we talked about the value and pricelessness of being free from the weights of this world which bind us. He talked about a new Kingdom that is coming, a new heaven and a new earth, and letting go of the things in this life that captivate and cost us. He taught about loving our neighbor as ourselves, about realness and kindness. He had come to do the work of the Father, and



He had to go away for a little while to prepare a place for all of us to come to Him, but He would return. He taught us about being connected to Him, attached like a branch because He is our life-source, that we would wither without Him. But fastened to Him, we can bear much and produce much, and we can ask anything of Him and be given it. He taught me so much, and He gave me the only sense of love and acceptance I've ever known. I would have gone anywhere with Him, for Him. In fact, I poured out the most expensive, extravagant thing I owned on Him, and I would have stained His feet with my tears had I known how, just so He would never forget me or leave me. He was my Lord and my Master. I do not know what I will do without Him. I do not think I can live without Him. He said if we remained in Him and He in us that we would have complete joy, and now He is gone, and all the joy I was beginning to feel has disappeared with Him. I would have laid down my life for Him maybe. I didn't care that the world that was rejecting Him would have rejected me. This Jesus, He is all I ever would need. Now I am just...lost. Hopeless.

I don't know how long I've been asleep. I hadn't even intended to rest. Suddenly, everything feels very surreal, and I thought I might be dreaming. But I realize I am fully awake, and where once stood a giant stone now yawns an immense hole with a most radiant light I've ever seen piercing out from its insides. A voice that stirs even the hair on my arm then proclaims, 'Why seek the living amongst the dead? Your Lord has indeed risen! He is no longer here!'

Oh my! Could it be?! Could it possibly be that what He said is being fulfilled?! that He would be delivered as the sacrifice for man's sins, the Passover Lamb; that He would be crucified; and, on the third day, that He would be raised to life again, to defeat death and the power of sin over mankind.