



I Gaze Upon the Wondrous Cross

Driving east on Interstate 40 out of Amarillo at night, a driver's eye is quickly drawn to a point on the horizon dominated by a 190-foot tall cross built just off the highway in Groom, Texas. For the weary, long-distance, late-night traveler, this cross is a focal point, a beacon. Travelers gaze at the sight as they cross what would otherwise be an empty vista.

Driving on that road becomes an obvious metaphor, but not trite. Mountaintops can hold the cross high, or hide it. It is in the times of flat, tiresome, lonely, nearly hopeless landscape that cries out for a point of reference beyond our selves.

To gaze upon the cross is to adjust our focus, whether current circumstances place the cross before us or behind us. Gazing on the cross puts everything else in perspective. It requires us to come to terms with death and life. It calls on us to recognize and respect sacrifice.

One man said the following about that cross in Groom, Texas: "I loved to always see this cross when I was a trucker. You could see it from 25 miles away. It was tiny and then it got bigger and bigger." (*Melvin Christopher, quoted in 2006 at <http://www.roadsideamerica.com/tip/1912>.)*

As it is with the cross in Groom, so it is with the cross of Calvary. The more we gaze upon it as we go, the bigger it gets. The more attention we pay to the cross, the more it dominates our view and marks our way. It becomes our guidepost, our aim, our focus, and marker.

© 2010 Lyn Robbins