

Were You There



I don't want to go. I hate crucifixions. I don't want to watch this man die slowly. I don't want to have to see his humiliation. I hate it. Please don't make me go.

Golgotha is a terrible place. It stinks. I hate it here.

They are making some man they pulled out of the crowd carry the cross for him. Now they are laying him down on it so they can...that hammer! I can't stand this.

Bitter wine waded under his mouth and nose, others are shooting dice to see who will get his clothes. I cannot stand it. It makes me ... tremble.

I wasn't ready to tremble. I was expecting to be disgusted, just like all the other times; but I was not expecting to be physically moved. And it is more than physical. I was surely not expecting to feel it in my soul...

They are yelling insults and curses at him now. What is the point? Why can't they just let him die?

I don't think the universe can stand it either. It is noon, but the sun has vanished. It is as if it is refusing to shine. I don't understand it. I... again... I am ... trembling. Why am I trembling?

He is dead. There is no question of that. I saw blood and water running out of the open wound where one of the soldiers stabbed a spear into his body. Why won't they just let his friends bury him? But they won't. They have to have soldiers and a stone and a seal. Even the mourners cannot just lay him in the tomb - it has to be an ordeal.

I have never watched them bury somebody after a crucifixion before. Why am I watching now? Why can't I turn my eyes away? Why am I ... trembling again? Why does this matter so much? Why am I so affected? Why do I care?

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