



BECKY COMBEE MINISTRIES, INC.

Life Force

SUZANNE D. WILLIAMS

They took Him away. Hated. Shunned. Turning their faces aside because the form and shape of Him was so gruesome. Unrecognizable.

But inside, deep down where it counts, where the core of all decisions and choices are made, in the center of His being, was a Man who knew exactly how they felt. He recognized every sadness they'd ever dealt with, knew depression and mental anguish, anxiety, panic.

They didn't look at Him, but He looked at them. With love in His eyes. Compassion. Mercy. For the very people who through fear and greed, lust for power and things, reasoned with themselves it was all God's fault.

God did this. Save Yourself!

Yet beaten, bruised, mauled by their actions, He submitted, willing to take the blame for all the horrible things they'd ever done, ever would do. For generations of men led astray by the deceit of darkness. For those who worshipped Him not, had no respect or regard for His actions. Those who debased and devalued this moment in time.

For them He bore it all. All. Every. The lot. The entire weight of people with no clue that the Man they sought to extinguish was the very One who could save Him.

They thought they knew better, thought they'd figured it out, charted their paths, set their feet the direction they wanted to go, when all along what they were walking on was shifting, sending them deeper and deeper into the sands of time where once moored, they'd never get out. Never.

Unless at the bottom, stuck in place, faced with their own demise, they'd look up and see He did this for them. For their sins. For their mistakes. For their problems, turmoils, and troubles.

Jesus is Risen

For the kid who ran away from home. For the child molested by his father, brother, neighbor. For the teen who got into drugs and grew up addicted. For the man in prison who stole or robbed or murdered. Yes, even for him. For those who've done the worst, most horrible crimes society can imagine.

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As well as the housewife, who yelled at her husband. The husband who worked too late and swung at her. The children who viewed it and crouched together, eyes wide, wishing it'd stop.

The sailor, the soldier, the hero, the fallen. Those who died in wars, sacrificing themselves for the greater good.

The victims of holocausts whose lives were snuffed out without care.

The cancer sufferer. The cancer survivor. Anyone captured by decay and disease. Accident or misfortune. Natural calamity. Complete disaster.

Ignorance.

He didn't limit His act to the church goer, the saint, the clean-skinned college grad, the upright in their pressed pants and shiny shoes. This Man surrendered Himself to false judgment though all of these people and millions more, born and unborn, turned aside, gave Him the cold shoulder, discounted His death as just another one of those. Something ugly and awful and too hard to look at.

They took Him away, but they couldn't put out his LifeForce. They had no idea that what

looked like the end wasn't the end at all because the power behind Him still burned, an unquenchable force capable in one instant of time of wiping the slate clean for the entire world.

The entire world! Those same ones who think they know what they're doing. That still today look another direction rather than at some poor Man who died so tragically. That fashion for themselves gods of silver and gold, paper and plastic. Stone gods who without eyes or ears or mouths can't do anything more than stare back unfeeling, unmoving. Empty vacuous air without any ability to heal and mend.

What they meant for loss was instead their gain. What they shed to bring death, instead gives life. What they tried to extinguish is instead brighter than it ever was and able to fix whatever is broken. It's a task already completed. A victory already won. Success. Triumph. The big prize.

Accomplished while people weren't looking. By a Man who looked like nothing but can change your life into something. If you'll believe it.

**This is the author's paraphrase of Isaiah 53:2-5.*



Today We Celebrate

BECKY COMBEE

Jesus is Risen! What wondrous words of triumph. The suffering Savior, the crucified Son, is the resurrected Lord. God sent His only begotten Son to die for the sins of the world. Through His death, Satan was dethroned and heaven's triumph was declared. From the bowels of Satan's lair, Jesus rose in victory with the keys of death and hell in His hand. He stripped Satan of his armor, divested him of authority, and revealed the defeat of every satanic principality and power to the world. In the Scripture we read "He made a shew of them openly."¹ The Contemporary English Bible writes, "He let the whole world see them being led away

as prisoners." This victorious parade was seen by heaven's forces and recorded in eternity so that our hearts could envision God's glorious triumph and declare Jesus as Lord.

When we confess Jesus as our Lord, we step into the light of His victory. His victory becomes our victory. Before He came to earth, He lived in the magnificent, victorious, realm of God. He was truly God and of equal status with God, His Father.² Yet, in the fullness of time, He was born in Bethlehem's manger as Son of God and Son of Man. He lived in obedience to His Father and after thirty-three years, He was crucified. Now, through our faith in Him, we are conquerors. Because of Jesus, our risen Lord, we live in victory! Today, we celebrate!

¹Col 2:15 ²Php 2:6