

The Crucifixion of Christ excerpted from “The Divine Romance” Copyright by Gene Edwards 1984, 1992 Published by Tyndale House Publishers, Wheaton, Illinois

Chapter 39

Half blind, near death, he dragged the wooden beam up the loathsome hill. When he stumbled, a passerby was conscripted to complete the task.

Through blood-filled eyes he caught his first glimpse of Golgotha and heard the sound of hammers finishing their instrument of execution.

The soldiers turned the carpenter around so he might see what lay upon the ground before him.

The cross!

He had not seen it since *that* day...the day before the birth of eternity.

“The geatest instrument of destruction in the universe!” he whispered. He raised his bruised head and groped—with eyes nearly blind—to see if all else was in place. Yes, there the nails, the mallet, the derisive sigh, the gall. All were present, having been inseparably linked to him for unnumbered ages.

Again he cast his eyes down at the cross lying before him. None on earth nor in the skies could e’er have guessed that beam of wood constituted the force that would annihilate the whole of creation.

But something was missing!

Slowly he looked about, surveying the whole macabre panorama. There it was! In the hands of a Roman soldier. The spear that would open his side.

Something within him, a sense of completion, filled his being. A soft smile struggled to the surface of his swollen face.

“On with it. Crucify him!” someone in the crowd screamed.

“Oh, you have no idea what shall be crucified this day,” he murmured. Then, turning his eyes heavenward, he whispered again, addressing universes unseen, “All things are ready.”

With that simple word the whole habitation of heavenly places emptied, as the angelic host hurled itself into time, there to fill every roof, hill, and mountain in and around Jerusalem. Ten thousand times ten thousand swords were drawn by outraged and weeping angels. Every sinew in them strained, waiting for a command—any command—that would allow them to unleash vengeance upon that hill.

Pitilessly the soldiers began to shove him down upon the beam of wood, only to discover his utter willingness to lie down upon this cross and stretch out his hands and feet. Nor did it escape their eyes that their captive opened his palms to the waiting nails.

One of the soldiers, hesitating for only a moment as he contemplated this strange man before him, reached for one of the long, cold spikes and the heavy iron mallet. He pressed the nail hard against the wrist and raised his hammer high into the air.

The carpenter raised his other hand slightly, and *space and time stood still!*

Within the very core of the spirits of every angel, bursting like fire, came the unspoken, and quite unbelievable, command of their Lord. For a single instant they hesitated.

“Now!” commanded the carpenter, “*All* things to the cross!”

Chapter 40

The young carpenter had given the angels not only a command but an ability. They could do something that, until now, only *he* had ever done. To accomplish his will he had now allowed his angels to become masters of space and time. They would know what only *I AM* had ever known before: for the next few moments they would be able to move to any point in time, space...or eternity. They could roam the corridors of universal time, breaking into any place in history. They could travel across all points of time—and to *many* places in eternity—moving, if necessary, in *both* direction of eternity, even to the age before the ages and, if need be, to the the final end of all ages.

Hurting faster than even they could conceive, each went to his appointed place to perform his Master’s will

Chapter 41

If was the angel who bore the simple name Messenger who plunged backward through all time, then back through all eternity past—even to that age before *all* things, *save God!* There, in eternity past, he found a lamb—slain—upon a wooden cross. Lifting high this trophy of endless love—a trophy, a death, a crucifixion unknown until now—he bore the slain lamb forward through eternity into time, and finally to Golgotha, there to make that cross—and lamb—one with the cursed tree and the carpenter who lay outstretched upon it. All points of time past and time future, all points of eternity past and eternity future, converged on that cross. A cross, and its crucified victim, slain before creation, had finally found its place in the continuum of time. And all things that had been crucified before the foundation of the world journeyed to Golgotha—from out of the past and from out of the future—to be crucified in *time!*

Yet another angel went to that long-forgotten place where Eve and Seth had once laid the body of an ancient Adam. The angel clutched into his arms the first-born of our race, and bore him forward through time coming at last to Calvary.

Within the very bosom of Adam lay all the descendants of the human race, for they were—after all—in him. Further, in the bosom of that first man lay not only all mankind but also the Adamic fall, the curse, and the self-nature that had invaded, plundered, and twisted man’s soul.

Adam, and all mankind *in* him, was carried in angelic hands to the place of the carpenter’s execution, and there became one with the cross. Adams’s race was crucified!

One of the archangels rose from earth’s plane, stood above this planet, and called to time past and time future, commanding all governments, rules, dominions, and principalities for all earth’s ages to come forth. Capturing them all in his mighty arms, he swept back into time’s sphere and made flight toward Jerusalem. Standing before the

cross, he waited...waited to see princes and principalities crucified upon the cross of our Lord!

But one of the angels did not stir from his place. Golgotha itself was his appointment. On one side of the cross stood a crowd of Hebrews. On the other side, a garrison of Gentile soldiers. Between them, seen only by eyes that belonged to the unseen, was a wall. An insurmountable wall dividing Jew and gentile, having kept them separated since the days of Abraham. Wrestling the wall into his powerful arms, the angel lifted that barrier up, paused before the cross, and waited...waited to see crucified upon the cross the dividing wall between the circumcised and the uncircumcised.

He waited, as did the others, for the tick of time to sound once more.

Chapter 42

Arm and hammer began their furious journey downward toward the nail, but not before the returning angels carried their burdens into the bosom of the young carpenter.

The hammer smashed against the nail, and there were crucified in that instant

The first man, Adam

Adam's race

The fallen self {The old man nature My comment.}

The wall of division between heathen and Jew

All governments

Principalties

Powers

Rule...and

Dominions

Yes! *Crucified* upon the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!

Chapter 43

Once more a nail was pressed deep into the other wrist. Once more the soldier drew his arm in a mighty upward swing, and once more the Lord froze time and eternity in their journey.

At that very instant one of the angels arrived at the base of Mount Sinai and began to sort fruitlessly through the stones and rocks. He paused. There they lay, smashed, long forgotten. The stone tablets of the commandments and the law of Moses. Quickly the angel clutched them to his bosom, turned, and darted again for Jerusalem's holy temple.

Arriving at the temple courtyard, this same angel went straight into the holy of Holies. Terrified, yet obedient, he lifted the mercy seat, reached inside the box of hammered gold, and brought forth the sacred copy of the law. He then gathered from within the temple every rule, every regulation, every ordinance that ever had been penned, proclaimed, or dreamed of. *All* law, all legalism, all bondage!

The angel was about to depart when he heard again the Lord's voice within him. Turning, he called forth all ritual of all worship. Once more he would have departed, but

turned again at the prodding of his glowing spirit. He now called forth all observance of all holy days. Finally he called forth even the Sabbath.

“You are but pictures of my Lord. Today Pictures, types, and shadows of my Lord...end!”

At last he left the temple, only to be stopped again. He breathed hard, turned, and called forth even the temple!

“You, too. For even you are but a picture of my Lord. Today the picture ends!” Now he rose high above the earth, and in a voice that reached all ends of all times, he commanded every rule, regulation, ritual, decree, and ordinance that had ever been observed by any religion every practiced upon the face of the the earth...to come forth!

Once more the burdened angel plunged downward through the skies, into time. He arrived just in time to lay his profound burden *into* the bosom of his Lord. He stepped back. “All this...ends...today!”

The hammer smashed against the nail, and with it,

All law

All rules

All ordinances

All holy days

And

All ritual

Were crucified upon the cross of Jesus Christ our Lord!

Chapter 44

The soldiers bound the Lord's legs, pressed them hard against the wood, and nailed his feet to the cross. Ruthlessly they pulled the stake upward, balanced it, and then plunged it into a waiting hole. There was an awful thud and a pathetic groan.

Overhead the heavens were frowning dark with some sick and mysterious cloud. Every moment the sky grew darker and more foreboding. Citizens of earth clutched their garments about them and shook inside at the sight of the foulness gathering in the sky above them.

What they saw were but small drops of vast, unholy things seeping through from unseen realms. The angels were now on the darkest and most dreadful of their journeys. Across time and space they flew, into every year, hour, and minute of human history. Into every village, town, and city. Across plain and desert, down even into the seas, they plunged. Rising, they brought back their dreadful cargo to Jerusalem, careful to stay in the invisibles, that they not drown earth with the very stench of their black wares. Darker and thicker grew the massive thing, as numberless angels wrestled to endure their burden until the appointed moment

The Lord of earth grew faint upon his cross. His time was at an end.

With groans and wails and agonizing cries, the angels lifted their foul booty, stepped into time, and rushed up Golgotha's hill, carrying with them every sin of every man and woman who had ever lived!

Bringing together into one place this vile, pulsating, living thing called sin, they cast it *all* into the Lamb of God—who now became sin incarnate. All sin was now accumulated in one place—in him. Divinity now experienced that one thing it had never known. In the flood of that indescribably hideous invasion, the Lord of glory, forsaken of all holiness, cried out in delirium,

*My God, my God
Why hast thou forsaken me?*

One of the archangels, blinded with rage and consumed with revenge, cried out savagely to his peers:

*Now, now
to that place which is
the last moment of time.
Go, to our enemy, the prince of all princes!
Vengeance, vengeance!
Now, to the ends of wrath.
Vengeance, Vengeance upon the damned one.
Go to that last moment of creation.
Find him! Bring **him** to the cross!*

Once more, to allow for the greatest of all retributions, time stood still.

Chapter 45

Streaking through realms where space and time do not exist, the elect angels flew forward until they came to the ends of creation. And even there, angels found evidence of a cross. With swords raised and with eyes spewing fire, the angels stepped back into time, but a time which was the last second of the existence—in creation—of the kingdom of darkness.

It was Michael who cried out.

*Vengeance!
Vengeance!
You—unholy equals—
Meet your appointed hour!*

Without pity, the elect angels whirled about the dark citizens of demondom—encircling them in fiery, blinding light—and drove them, screaming, back across eternity, back through the portal separating eternity from space-time. Out of the past the dark host retreated, back toward Golgotha. The *final* moment of time was—at last—about to intersect with the centerpiece of the eternals. Demons of darkness looked

up to see the cross, suspended outside creation, and knew by dark instinct they had a rendezvous with this instrument of destruction.

But when this rendezvous? In eternity past, or eternity future? The answer came suddenly enough.

Onward the elect angels mercilessly drove their gnashing, screaming, unholy prey, back toward the cross.

Two archangels with flashing, swirling swords hurled the dark fiends into the bosom of the only begotten Son of God, upon a cross that stood outside all dimensions.

Now went up a defiant cry from the angelic host as has never before—nor ever since—been heard. The whole host of angels and archangels swarmed *again*, into the mysterious portal to find somewhere, in some future place, that fiend of all fiends, and to finish with him a battle that began long ago at the throne of God.

“This time, victory!” they screamed, half mad with rage.

Chapter 46

It was Michael, inflamed with justice, who broke forth in that era that was the *final* moment of this age. There stood the prince of all principalities.

“Before you were created you were defeated. In the eternals you were crucified on the cross of Christ. Now, damned foe, obey my words and go ... or be driven ... to that selfsame cross, in time and space!”

Lucifer snarled! But in a fury that matched the wrath of God, Michael drove the infernal angel back through all ages, stumbling and screaming in full retreat. They stopped at the base of a hill. But not for long. The fire of Michael’s unrelenting sword drove the dark prince toward the dying body of the *Lord* of all princes. There Lucifer found himself not only in time, but in a time he quickly recognized as Golgotha, the very place he had once believed to be the sight of his greatest triumph! But no longer did he see the hill as he had seen it before. For an instant he saw the hill through eyes that see things as God sees them. What he beheld now was a cross upon which he had been crucified *before* creation!

By some unutterable means the fallen archangel was drawn inexorably into the very bosom of his enemy.

And so was crucified

*The prince of darkness
And the
Kingdom of darkness
Upon the cross
Of Jesus Christ, your Lord!*

Chapter 47

While time continued its rest, yet other elements of creation gave way to the all—destructive cross and plunged into the Son of God.

While angels watched in amazement, the entire world slipped out of time. That cross, now suspended in a vast realm of nothingness, drove time, space, matter, and eternity into its bosom. Both the visible and the invisible creations, the entirety of the cosmological creation, began to melt into the bosom of the Crucified One, disappearing into the young man upon the cross. Time, eternity, and heavenly places soon vanished. The old creation—and all in it that has been diseased by the fall—had passed away!

The eyes of angels, viewing events from *outside* of time, watched as *things* disappeared.

Before them now stood only a cross, hanging in a great void. All else was gone.

“We are seeing, for one glorious moment, that which the eyes of God have always seen!” whispered the angel who bore the name Recorder.

Truly, he had kept his word. He had put away *all* death...*all things*.

Hallelujah!

Chapter 48

A cold chill swept over the angels. They had momentarily forgotten the one last and greatest enemy. That one with whom even they could do no battle.

Death now appeared out of nowhere! Even with creation crucified, the eternal cross had not yet faced that one who boasted of having no enemy except God. There were now only two beings remaining. One had claimed himself to be eternal life; the other claimed to be eternal death, and boasted that by his hand life would die. Death, defiant and fearless, approached the cross and gurgled, in an obscene roar.

We meet again

And now

For the last time!

Death stretched out his cloak and moved slowly toward his final prey.

The highest drama in universal history had begun!

Yes, Death,

*For the **last** time*

Delay no longer, Come!

With that the young carpenter once more moved his blood-soaked, iron-pierced hand. Creation suddenly reappeared. The scene returned to space and time. Earthly things once more came into view. Golgotha reappeared.

The Lord Jesus was now breathing his last breath. The angel of death moved inexorably on, covering the young carpenter with his seraphic wings. Death began squeezing the last breath of life from his final prey.

And Mary's son cried out with his last breath,

Father

Into

Your hands

I commit

My Spirit.

With that, the carpenter died, soon to carry with him into the grave all enemies except one. Death, eternally dead, was still alive!

Death watched as life died, and then in a gesture of final victory he threw up his fist and shouted.

I have ended

*Even **Life!***

I am victor

And

Conqueror

Of all things.

Death turned to go, darkness radiating from his face in a black, triumphant glow.

Out from somewhere, in a mystery beyond all knowledge, an immeasurable power laid hold of Death.

The black creature turned and screamed. "The Eternal Spirit!" Marshaling all his strength, he brought to bear upon this unseen power a force that caused the angels to drop to their knees in fear. .

Angels, who had never dreamed that even one power so great existed, watched two such powers locked in final combat.

For a moment it seemed these powers were equal and that Death might wrest himself free. But slowly, relentlessly, the death angel was drawn toward the still, breathless figure hanging upon that wondrous tree. At last, his strength drained, Azell screamed in horror and disappeared into the bosom of the Nazarene.

And so were crucified *all* things. And such was the death of the Son of God.

Oh, yes.

There was one other thing

Placed upon the cross

That day—

***You** were crucified with Christ.*