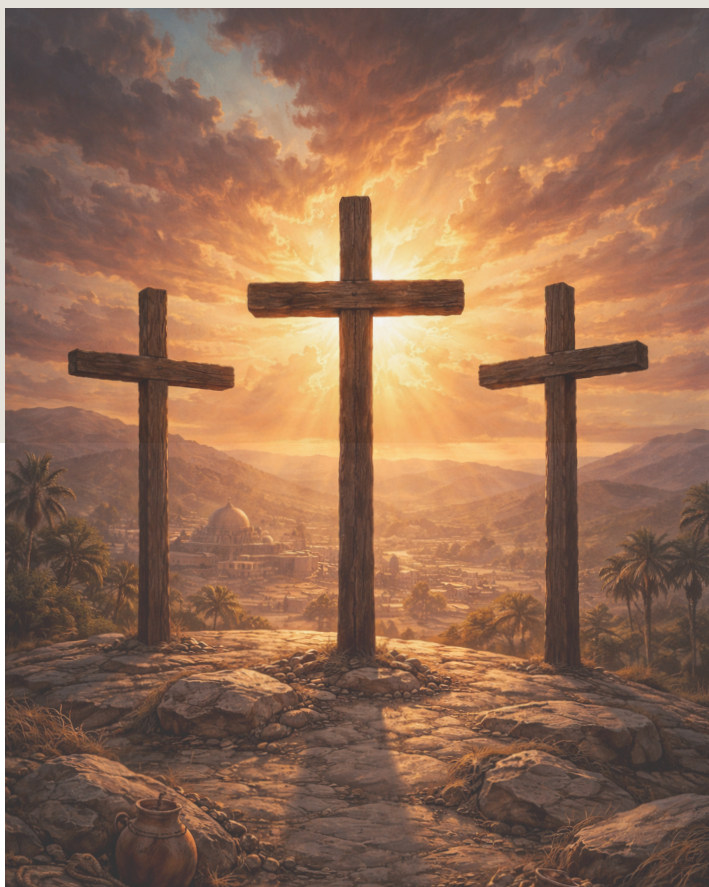

JOURNEY

TO THE

CROSS



A HOLY WEEK DEVOTIONAL

This journey is written in the first person —

inviting you to step into Holy Week
as if you were walking alongside Jesus.

To stand in the crowd.
To hear His voice.
To feel the weight of each moment.

Because this is not just their testimony — it is ours.

We are followers of Jesus.
We are His disciples.

So as you read, don't stay at a distance.

Walk with Him.

“For God so loved the world,
that He gave His only Son, that whoever believes in Him
should not perish but have eternal life.”

— John 3:16



PALM SUNDAY

YOM RISHON

WALK WITH ME

I look west across the Kidron Valley and see Jerusalem rising before us. The road into the city is crowded with families making their yearly Passover pilgrimage. There are so many people — the city will be overflowing. As we draw close, we stop at the base of the Mount of Olives. Jesus sends two disciples into Bethphage to get a donkey's colt. We do not yet realize this fulfills the prophecy of Zechariah.

I turn toward Jesus. His gaze is fixed on Jerusalem.

Despite the excitement and anticipation in the air, He sits motionless, deep in thought, staring at the city. I can't help but notice the sadness in His eyes. What is He seeing that we cannot?

Suddenly, the disciples return with the colt. Each lays his cloak across its back and steps away. Jesus approaches, gently strokes its neck, and mounts it. He looks at each one of us — as if to say, It's time. Then without a word he begins the descent toward Jerusalem. We begin rejoicing and praising God:

“Blessed is the King who comes in the name of the Lord!
Peace in heaven and glory in the highest!”

Some Pharisees call out, “*Teacher, rebuke your disciples.*”

Jesus answers, “I tell you, if these were silent, the very stones would cry out.” We draw near to the city, word spread of His arrival, many people gather around. Some lay their cloaks in the road; others wave palm branches.

“Hosanna to the Son of David!
Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord!
Hosanna in the highest!”

We have never witnessed anything like this. The power of the moment is overwhelming. We are all filled with excitement over the enthusiasm of the crowd as we made our way through the city heading to the temple.

Yet beneath the celebration... Jesus weeps over the city.

HOLY MONDAY

YOM SHEINI



MY FATHER'S HOUSE

Our spirits are still jubilant from yesterday's entry into Jerusalem.

Passover week is spent in the temple and today will be no different. The outer court — a place of prayer and teaching — welcomes all people. It is meant to reflect the heart of God for every nation. The most sacred place in ALL Isreal.

I can hardly contain my anticipation as we approach. The streets are crowded. People notice Jesus as we pass — whispering, pointing, watching.

We step through the gate. Wait. This is not prayer, there is no teaching. It's chaos. Merchants shouting. Coins clinking. Animals crying out. The air is thick with noise and movement. I search for my Rabbi, hoping we can find a corner to worship — a small space for ourselves. But he is gone.

Then — The crack of a whip. Tables crash. Coins scatter across the stone. Cages swing open. Animals surge through the crowd.

Jesus' voice rises above it all: "Is it not written, 'My house shall be called a house of prayer for all nations'? But you have made it a den of robbers."

Everything stops. The crowd stands in stunned silence.

And then... He begins to teach. He heals the blind. Restores the lame. Hope fills the space that corruption once occupied.

But not everyone is moved. In the shadows, the chief priests and scribes watch — and their displeasure is clear.

That evening, we return to Bethany. As we walk, the words of King David echo in my mind:

"Zeal for Your house has consumed me."

And I can't help but wonder—

Did they recognize what just happened?

"The Lord you seek will suddenly come to His temple."

And He did.

HOLY TUESDAY



YOM SHLISHI

TEACH US YOUR WAYS

In the morning we return to Jerusalem. As soon as we enter the temple, the chief priests, scribes, and elders confront Jesus. Their tone is sharp, rehearsed. “By what authority are You doing these things?”

Jesus responds with a question of His own: “Was John’s baptism from heaven or from man?” They huddle together, whispering, calculating. When they finally answer, it is weak. “We do not know.” At that, Jesus does not answer their question.

Instead, He begins to teach in parables. The people are captivated. But the religious leaders are indignant. They know He speaks about them — exposing their hearts, their pride, their blindness. He will be their stumbling block.

As Jesus continues, some men push rudely in to reach him. They ask smugly, “Is it lawful to pay tribute to Caesar?” Jesus gives an answer that surprises them. They marvel and fall silent.

He resumes teaching, completely focused on the people gathered before him, as if nothing has happened.

Next, some Sadducees shove through the crowd and question him about the resurrection. They ask about a woman who had been married seven times. Jesus answers clearly, and their confident expressions turn to defeat. One of the Scribes says, “Teacher, you have spoken well.”

Jesus answers with authority that leaves them defeated.

They are silenced.

Their goal was to discredit Him.

Instead, they exposed themselves.

Every day we return to the temple so He can reveal the ways of God. And every night we leave the city to rest on the Mount of Olives.

But something has shifted.

The opposition is no longer subtle.



HOLY WEDNESDAY

YOM R'VI'I

WOE TO YOU

As I enter the temple, following him and the others, the crowd gathers quickly. But so do the Pharisees and scribes, lingering at the edges. Jesus begins to speak — not in parable this time.

“Woe to you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!” “Woe to you, blind guides!” His words fall like thunder. Their faces burn with anger, but they dare not interrupt Him.

Jesus began to lamenting over Jerusalem saying, “The city that kills the prophets and stones those who are sent to it.” And “You will not see me again until you say, ‘Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord’”. His head hangs heavy as we head back to the Mount of Olives.

He tells us something that shakes us: “There will not be one stone left upon another.” We ask when these things will happen — about His coming and the end of the age. His answers are sobering. Wars. Tribulation. Deception. Judgment. “No one knows the day or hour — only the Father.” We sit silent, stunned by the weight of it all.

As I reflect, my mind drifts back to last week — in Bethany with Lazarus, Martha and Mary. I was reclining after dinner when Mary walked through the room carrying a bottle. Approaching Jesus, tears streamed down her face. She wiped his feet with her hair and tears. Then she broke the bottle and a musky aroma of pure nard filled the house. At the time some grumbled, her sister and Judas among them. Without taking his eyes off her, Jesus says, “Leave her alone. She does this in preparation for my burial. You will always have the poor among you, but you will not always have me.” I didn’t fully know what to think then but now I wish I had joined her. She poured not just perfume, but her love, her devotion, her worship on our Lord.

I am remember a song of Asaph,

“for I will speak to you in a parable.

I will teach you hidden lessons from our past—”

I did not understand then, but I am beginning to.

MAUNDAY THURSDAY

YOM CHAMISHI



BROKEN FOR YOU

Today is Passover. The celebration of freedom — when God delivered Israel from slavery in Egypt. Peter and John are sent ahead. While I and the others are also busy preparing.

At supper, Jesus says words that chill the room: “Truly, I say to you, one of you will betray Me.” One by one we ask, “Is it I, Lord?” When Judas asks, “Is it I, Rabbi?” Jesus replies quietly, “You have said so.”

Then Jesus takes bread. Blesses it. Breaks it.

“Take, eat. This is My body.”

He takes the cup.

“This is My blood of the covenant, poured out for many for the forgiveness of sins.”

After each of us ate the bread and drank from the cup, we sing a hymn. I notice Judas leave.

We follow Jesus to the Mount of Olives, he tells us that we will each fall away. We all insist, “Even if I must die with you, I will not deny you.” Peter persisted, “I will not!” But Jesus looks him straight in the eye and says, “before the rooster crows you will deny me three times.”

I continue to follow him through the night, we move from this place into the garden of Gethsemane. The others and I are told to wait while Jesus prays. He takes Peter, James and John with him. When He returns, something has changed. There is resolve in His eyes.

Then Jesus says, “My betrayer is at hand.”

Before we can process His words, Judas approaches, leading soldiers and officials. They carry lanterns, torches, and weapons, the flames flickering against the darkness of the garden.

Judas walks straight up to Jesus. “Greetings, Rabbi!” he says, and kisses Him. In an instant, the stillness of the night is broken. They seize Him.

Peter draws his sword and strikes the servant of the high priest, cutting off his ear. But Jesus stops him. He tells Peter to put his sword back, “Scripture must be fulfilled.”

My shock turns into fear. I flee into the night—just as He said.

GOOD FRIDAY



YOM SHISHI

IT IS FINISHED

I follow along in the shadows as My Lord is moved from place to place, afraid I'll be recognized. Somehow, time moves forward and morning comes.

Pilate stands with Jesus on one side and Barabbas on the other.

"Which one do you want released?"

The crowd shouts,

"BARABBAS!"

Pilate asks what should be done with Jesus.

"CRUCIFY HIM!"

"Why? What evil has He done?"

But they only shout louder.

Pilate washes his hands of it.

Jesus is scourged.

Five days ago, they waved palm branches. Now their faces twist with rage.

Mary, His mother, collapses into John's arms. None of us can comprehend it.

Jesus is led to Golgotha. He is barely recognizable — bloodied, broken, stumbling. The hammer strikes. The sound echoes in my chest.

Above His head a sign reads:

"Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

Darkness falls over the land, as if night has come early, but it's the middle of the day.

In a loud voice Jesus said:

"My God, My God, why have You forsaken Me?"

Then — with final authority —

"It is finished."

He bows His head.

The earth seems to hold its breath.

I hear a centurion whisper,

"Truly this was the Son of God."

OLD TESTAMENT PROPHECY

EXODUS 12:1-11,46
NUMBERS 9:12
NUMBERS 21:8-9
DEUTERONOMY 21:23
PSALM 22:1,7,8,15-18
PSALM 31:5;34:20
PSALM 69:9,20-22
ISAIAH 6:9,10
ISAIAH 50:6
ISAIAH 52:14
ISAIAH 53:2-12
ZECHARIAH 11:12-13
ZECHARIAH 12:10
MICAH 5:1

NEW TESTAMENT FULFILLMENT

MATTHEW 26:69-75
MATTHEW 27:1-61
MARK 14:66-72
MARK 15:1-47
LUKE 22:54-71
LUKE 23:1-56
JOHN 18:25-27
JOHN 19:1-42

HOLY SATURDAY

YOM SHABBAT



NO REST FOR THE WEARY

It's the Sabbath.

I find others and we hide behind locked doors,
afraid we may be next.

Mary Magdalene and the other Mary tell us they
saw where Joseph of Arimathea laid Jesus' body
— in a tomb cut from rock, sealed with a stone.

Nicodemus helped wrap Him in linen with spices.

Now there is only silence.

Grief hangs thick in the room.

Word comes that the soldiers were posted at the
tomb.

I replay the years in my mind — lepers cleansed,
demons cast out, Lazarus raised, storms calmed,
thousands fed.

How could they crucify Him?

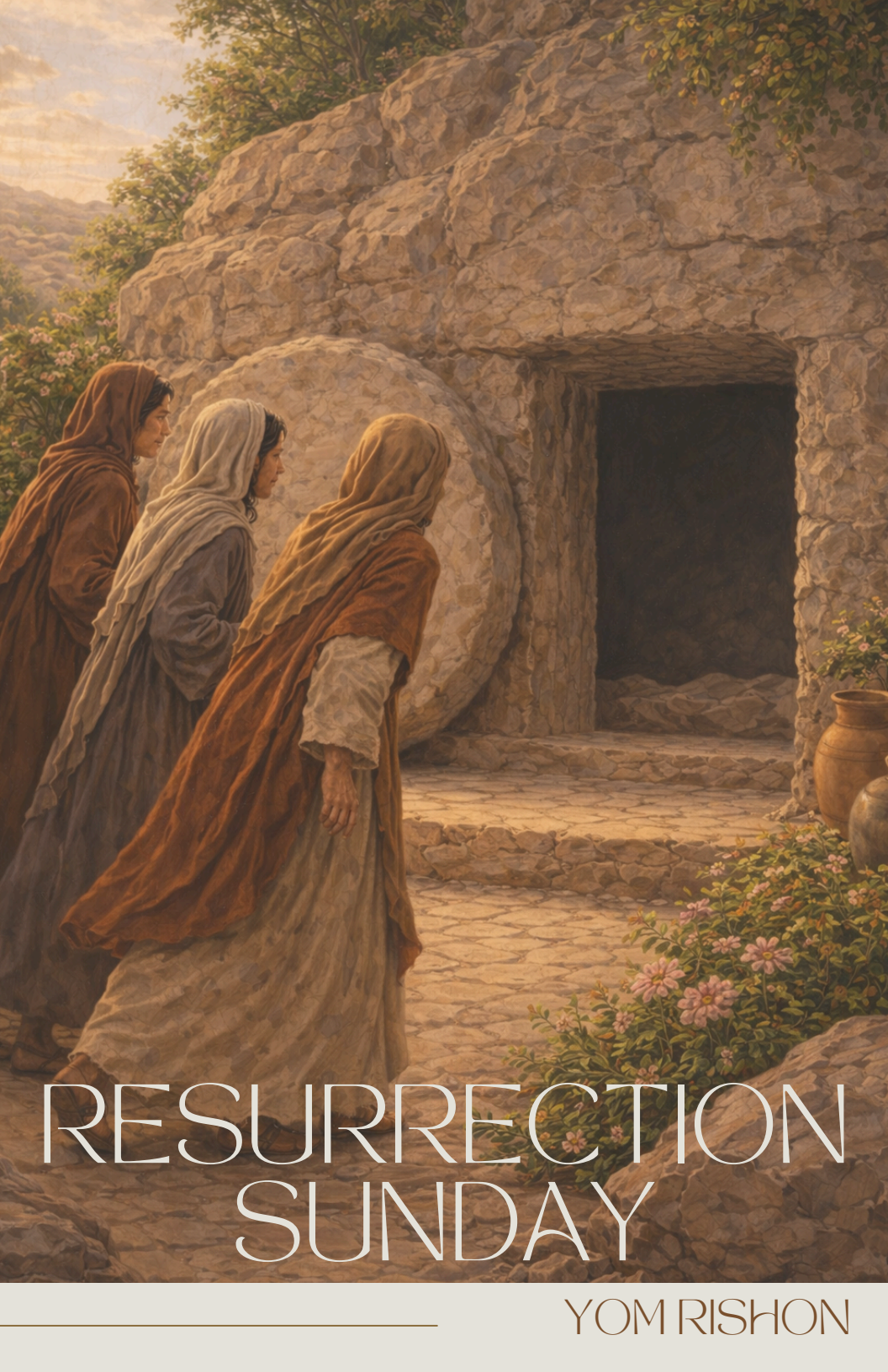
How could I run.

I left everything to follow Him. We all did.

Now what?

He is gone.

And heaven feels silent.



RESURRECTION SUNDAY

YOM RISHON

PEACE BE WITH YOU

At dawn, the women leave quietly with spices to anoint His body.
The room remains dark — not just with shadows, but with sorrow.
Suddenly pounding at the door. Concern and fear start to well up in me.
Mary bursts in, breathless. “Jesus is alive!” She is absolutely amazed, trying to find the words to explain.

The stone was rolled away.

The tomb was empty.

Two men in white said, “He is not here, but has risen.”

I see the change in Peter and John’s faces as the women recounted the experience. Both Peter and John rose and went out the door, running to the tomb. While still listening to Mary, they return. Filled with excitement as they tell us what they found.

I feel hope flicker in me.

It’s as if we are filled with life again! This is amazing news, beyond amazing, but what does this mean?

Then, as we speak of it, Jesus stands among us.

“Peace be with you.”

I freeze.

Is it really Him?

He shows us His hands. His feet.

“Touch Me and see.”

Joy overwhelms us.

He opens our minds to understand the Scriptures — that everything written about Him had to be fulfilled.

“You are witnesses of these things.”

And then a promise:

“Stay in the city until you are clothed with power from on high.”

The fear is gone.

The sorrow is gone.

Death has been defeated.

And now...

We wait.

For His promises never return void.

AND NOW WE GO



We have walked the road.
From palm branches to betrayal.
From the upper room to the cross.
From silence in the tomb to resurrection morning.

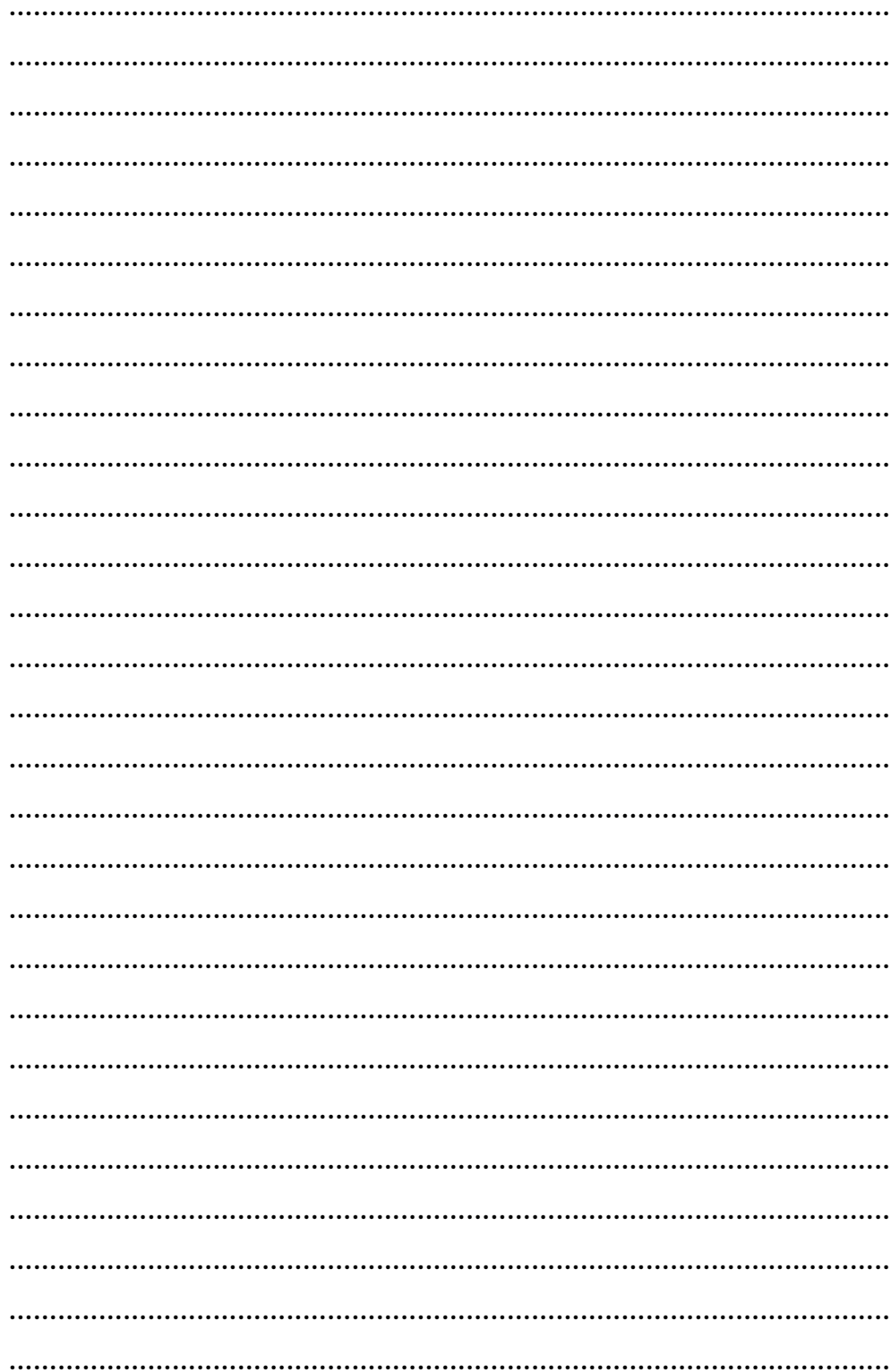
We have seen Him weep.
We have seen Him overturn tables.
We have seen Him broken.
We have seen Him rise.
But Holy Week was never meant to end in a room behind locked doors.
When Jesus stood among us, He did not simply say, "Rejoice."

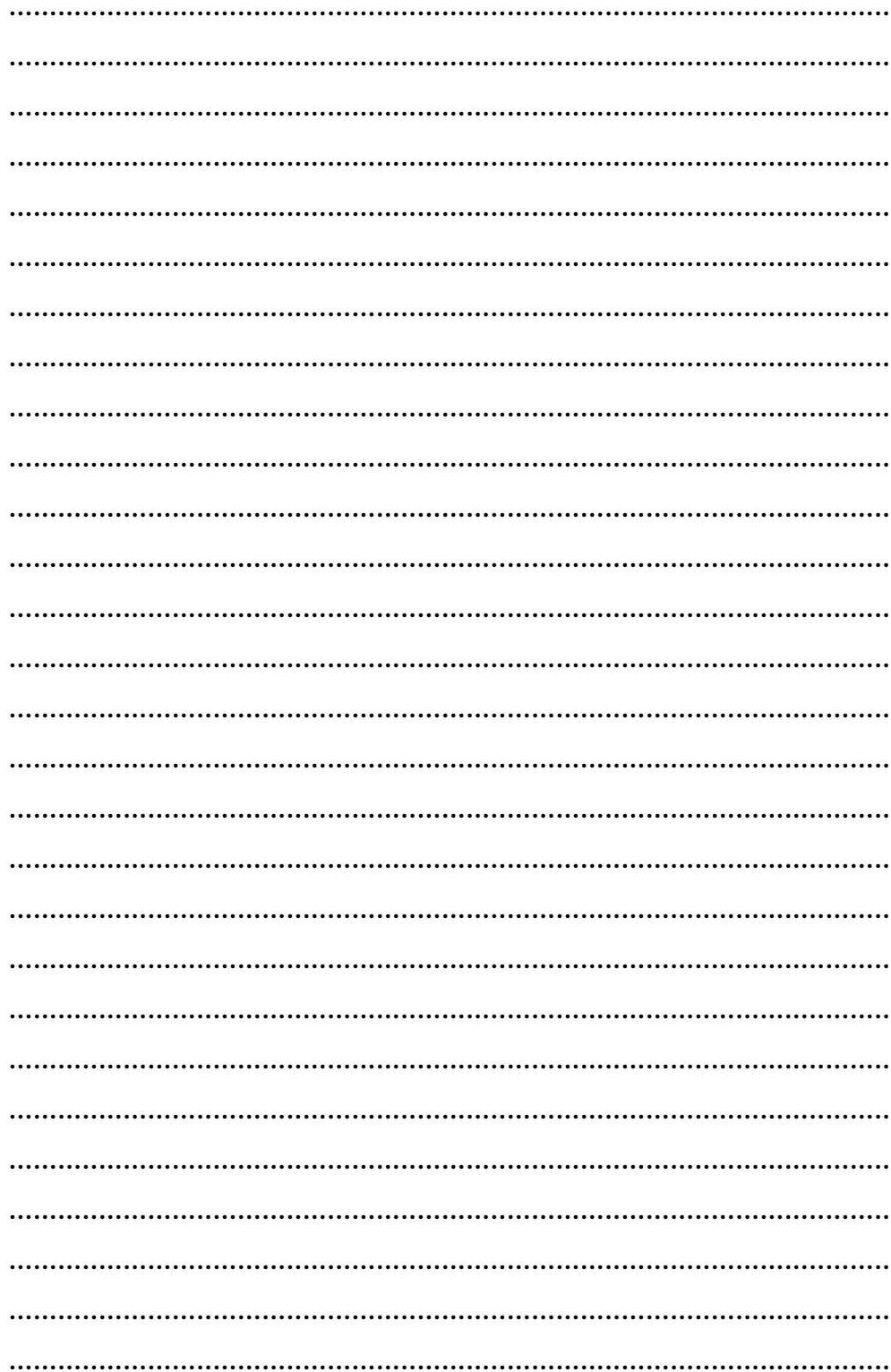
He said,
"Peace be with you."
"You are witnesses."
"Wait for the power from on high."
The resurrection was not the end of the story.

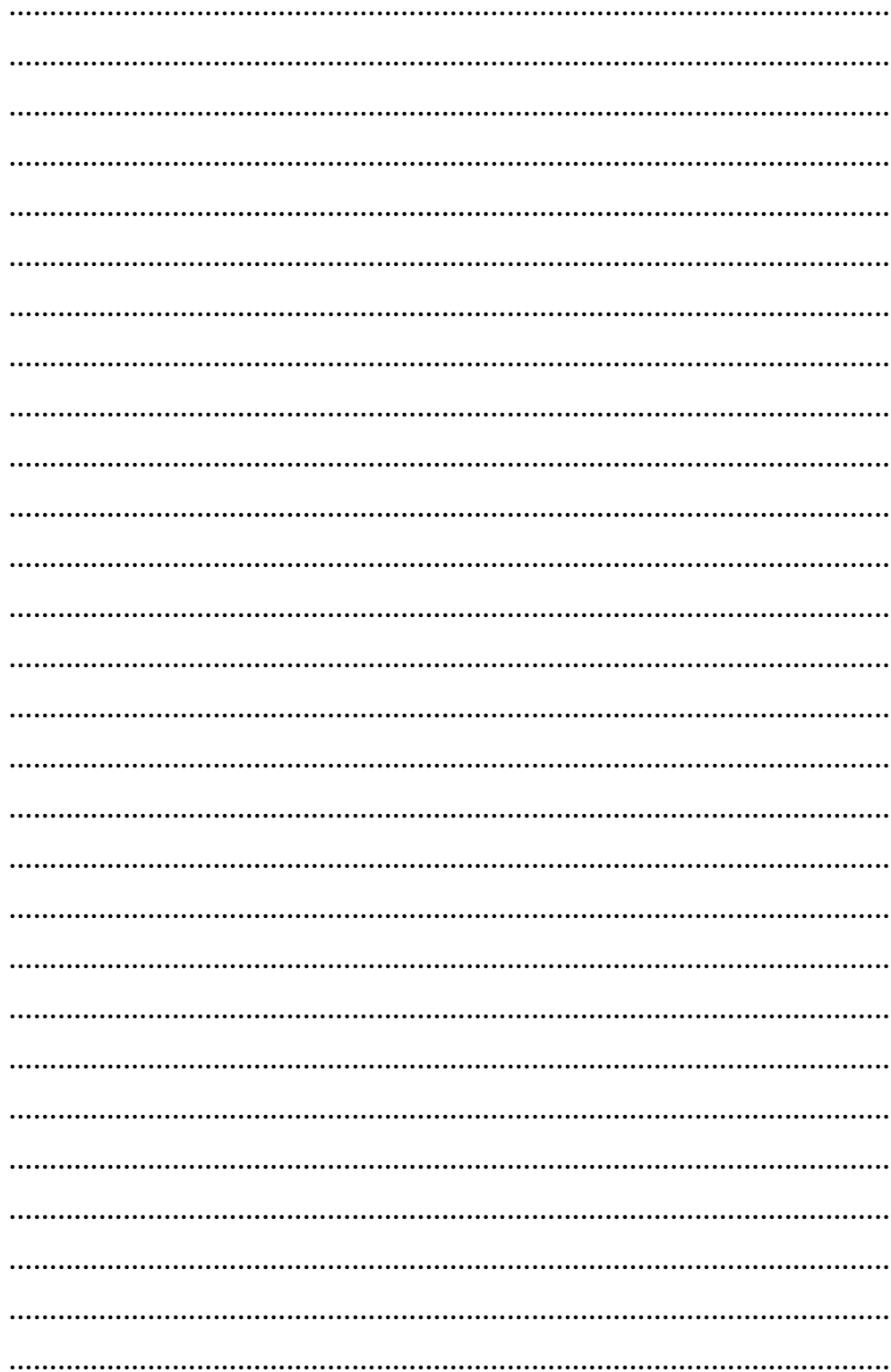
It was the beginning of the mission.
Because He lives:

Fear no longer leads us.
Sin no longer defines us.
Death no longer holds us.
Silence no longer stops us.

Now we go.
We go into our homes with peace.
We go into our workplaces with hope.
We go into our community with boldness.
We go carrying the message that the tomb is empty.
The same Spirit promised in that room now fills and empowers us.
We are not spectators of the resurrection.
We are witnesses of it.
Christ is risen.
And now — we go.









NEW CREATION
CHURCH