



Gethsemane

³⁶Then Jesus went with his disciples to a place called Gethsemane, and he said to them, "Sit here while I go over there and pray." ³⁷He took Peter and the two sons of Zebedee along with him, and he began to be sorrowful and troubled. ³⁸Then he said to them, "My soul is overwhelmed with sorrow to the point of death. Stay here and keep watch with me." ³⁹Going a little farther, he fell with his face to the ground and prayed, "My Father, if it is possible, may this cup be taken from me. Yet not as I will, but as you will." ⁴⁰Then he returned to his disciples and found them sleeping. "Could you men not keep watch with me for one hour?" he asked Peter. ⁴¹"Watch and pray so that you will not fall into temptation. The spirit is willing, but the body is weak." Matt 26:36-41 NIV

*The Savoir slowly made His way to the garden;
the full Passover moon shone from a cloudless sky.
He became very silent;
His plight He could not deny.
It made Him so full of sorrow;
Shut out from His Father's presence.
The transgressors' burdens he must borrow—
The guilt of all its essence.
Weighing heavy on His soul;
He knew that He must bear—
for a time at least;
He must become the snare.*

*The disciples had never seen their Master
so full of sadness that deepened yet
They were afraid to ask the question,
"What sorrow do you beget?"
Twice they held Him up—
least He should fall down to the earth;
His body had become so weakened—
He moaned like a woman in birth.
At the entrance of Gethsemane,
Jesus bid His followers to pray,
For Him and each other,
then He went on His own way.*

*Jesus did not want them to witness—
the agony He was to endure.
He fell prostrate to the ground;
devoid of His father's usual power.
For man's sin caused this separation
From His Father up above;
He suffered for divine justice—
feeling so devoid of heavenly love.
No longer was He in unity with His Father—
For He must feel the brunt of sin;
the human race at stake—
Salvation His task to win.*

*Prostrate He lay on the ground,
as the cold dew of night fell.
He cried out to His Father—
that He might be relieved from this hell.
As He suffered such super human agony,
He found His companions fallen asleep.
Instead of praying as He'd asked for—
no vigilance of prayer did they keep.
Sweat like drops of blood—
lay full upon His brow.
Yet He remained obedient to His Father,
although He knew not how.*

*Humanity's fate trembled in the balance,
as He drank this cup of sin.
The transgressors of God's law—
through God's son must win.
As He beheld a world doomed before Him,
He was encouraged to carry on;
to save the perishing millions—
their eternal life depended upon.
His sacrifice was so essential—
to loose Satan's hold;
Over man and this world,
the death of our Savoir, Isaiah 53 foretold.*

