

A Vision of the Cross of Jesus

Let me start with March 17, 1999. Each of my parents had terminal cancer, and I was a mess emotionally, and barely was able to function physically. I was trying not to waver in my faith. I was trying to not be moved by what I saw happening to my parents. I was trying to focus on all the scriptures that I had been learning. A ministry newsletter that I was reading spoke of calling on the Lord and expecting a response. I began to cry and speak to the Lord. I told the Lord that I needed to know that He really was there. I told Him that I needed to know that what I had been teaching my children was true and that I wasn't following a fairy tale. I told the Lord that I must know Him to be true, because I was not about to continue teaching my children about Him if it were all just a lie. That was when the following vision began.

The room I was in began to fade away. In a vision I found myself standing about four feet from where Jesus was being beaten and whipped. It was all very real. I saw Him vividly. I could smell the mixture of dust, sweat, blood, and some kind of cologne. (I suppose that the cologne smell was from the oil in Mary's alabaster box— John 12:3; Mark 14:3; Matthew 26:7.)

I watched as they swung the short whip-like weapon, and I watched it tear at His skin. What I was witnessing left me in a state of shock. I could hardly bear to look, but I found myself powerless to turn away. I watched as they finished and as drops of blood hit the ground. I watched as they placed the cross on His torn back and I saw the pain in His face. I stepped towards Him and His eyes met mine. He looked at me with such love in His eyes that I was stunned. I had never in my life had anyone, not even my husband and children, look at me with so much love. There are no words to describe the emotions that His look stirred in me. I stood still for a moment as he was being led away. Just then I saw Him fall, and I ran to His side. I could literally feel the people as I pushed my way through to get to Him. I asked Him why would He go through this all of for us. I could not understand why He would endure all of that for a world that has turned its back on Him. He did not answer me.

He only gave me that look of love that felt like it penetrated every cell in my body. I began to cry.

The next thing I knew, we were at Calvary. I watched as the two thieves were fighting for their lives as the soldiers began to nail them to their crosses, but their struggle was to no avail. I heard their screams. Then I watched as Jesus laid His hands down, voluntarily. I saw the pain and agony in His face as the nails pierced His skin and bones. I began to sob at the sight. I watched in horror as they stood the cross upright. I ran to His cross. I saw and felt blood dropping down on me. There was so much blood. I looked at the blood on my hands, and I sobbed even more. I looked up at Him and I began to holler out, “Why? Why would you do this for us? Why would you do this for me? Why? Why would you do this for me?”

Jesus looked down at me through the blood running down His face and said, “I love you, Chris. I have always loved you. I will always love you. Now, go and tell your brothers and sisters what you have seen, and that I love them too.”

The vision ended and I was back at my desk, sobbing. I sat there thinking about all that had just happened. I had called, and He met me where I needed Him to be. Our Lord loves us. He is always there, even when we do not “feel” Him there. He is

always ready to be, give, and do whatever is necessary to take care of us. He has always loved us. He will always love us. He wants us to know His love, and He wants us to share His love with one another.

by Christine DeChaine

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