

Friday Devotional

I loved Sundays growing up. Mom and dad usually put some meat in the oven just before we left for church. The timer would turn the oven on at just the right time so that when we got home from church, the house smelled of roasted meat. Mom would then prepare some side dishes and we would have a feast.

On Sunday afternoon everyone could do what they wanted. We did no chores. Dad might watch a football game. We would play inside or outside, read the comics, watch TV. Mom would sometimes make a special dessert for supper.

Supper on Sunday was always whatever you could find. If mom had made a special dessert, like a pie, cobbler, or a cake, we would eat that. If she did not make a special dessert, then supper was whatever you found to eat. You could dig through the fridge for leftovers, make a sandwich, or eat cereal.

There were five of us in the family. And whenever mom made a pie it was always cut into six pieces. I don't think mom, even though she went to the trouble to make the pie, would ever get the extra piece. She could have claimed it as the cook, the baker. But it seemed that dad, my brother, or me always got the extra piece, or split between us. Mom sacrificed what she could have claimed for herself.

Most of us could share stories of our parents, a sibling, or a friend sacrificing something in order to help us. But none of these come close to what Jesus did for us on the cross that long ago Friday.

Today we remember the awful price Jesus paid, sacrificing himself to insults, beating, scourging, a crown of thorns, thirst and hunger, and his feet and hands nailed to a cross where he hung, slowly suffocating from exhaustion for six hours. He sacrificed what he could have claimed for himself to save us from the penalty of our sins.

I recommend you thank the Lord for his great sacrifice.

You might also sing/pray this song by Keith and Kristyn Getty entitled "The Power of the Cross"

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uS7fc7VTJZs>