

# Good Friday

2008-03-21

Beloved one, I would speak with you now about the holy week before Easter and the day you know as Good Friday, for you were touched by happenings in that holy week. You have come now into this point of focus, this lifetime, changed because of what went on in that holy week and in that holy day.

You were present, and you have kept a memory with you throughout what you would see as a lineage of lifetimes. It has brought you to this place now of willingness to search, to remember Who you are: the Christ incarnate, walking the face of our Holy Mother, the Earth, interacting with the Holy Mother, interacting with all of the energies upon this plane, interacting with the brothers and sisters, and to know joy in the interaction, no longer oppressed by the world.

This was my message in that day and time, and it is a message which you have carried with you as a spark of remembrance, gently nudging you to search, to seek, to read, to study, to discuss, to go to the ends of the earth, if it takes that, to find the master who will ignite for you once again the Remembrance.

You have found that master. And I do not speak of one Jeshua: I speak of the master within you. You have found the master within you which ignites the spark of remembrance, speaking softly yet persistently of the Christ which you are, guiding you through the experiences of your Good Friday.

In the very early hours of what has come to be known as Good Friday, I was brought before Pontius Pilate, the governor of the province, appointed by Rome to keep order in Jerusalem. It was a difficult task as there were many groups of people of varying beliefs and religious practices living in Jerusalem, and the scepter of world power weighed heavily on their minds and in their values.

When I was brought before Pontius Pilate for Judgment, the interaction between us touched his soul very deeply, and it affected all of the other lifetimes which, linearly, he enacted for himself. Every one who was there, seen and unseen, was touched.

Pontius Pilate washed his hands of me quite literally. He washed his hands and he said, "Do what you need to do, but his blood will not be upon me." So the multitude in their ignorance, the high priests in their ignorance and their divine

wisdom said, "We will accept the blood upon our heads. We will accept the responsibility for this."

Pontius Pilate had tried to release me, for he knew that this was a time of celebration, the Passover, and there was a tradition of releasing a prisoner during that time. So he asked, "Who would you have released?" Now there was one who was a very well-known rabble rouser, great energy, a rabble rouser by the name of Barabbas. And he said, "Would you have me release this Yeshua, who has committed no crime as far as I can see, or Barabbas?" And the multitude cried for Barabbas. "Give us Barabbas." It is the way of the world and the world had its way in that time.

So Barabbas was released, much to his great astonishment for he had already been making his plans for the hereafter. And I was given over to the soldiers once again. And the soldiers had great sport with me.

It was the practice before one was to be crucified, he would be scourged, beaten with whips. This was for the purpose of weakening the body so that the crucifixion, the time upon the cross until the deceasement of the body, did not take as long. So I was whipped and scourged.

Now, this was something that I knew how to withstand. I knew how to allow the body to be at a distance and not to feel the physical sensations. When I had studied with many of the masters in other lands, there had been trials, times of testing when the body would be put through what could have been felt as great pain. And by practice - it didn't happen the first time - by practice I knew how to disassociate myself from the sensations of the body.

So I did this during the whipping, but the body itself suffered loss of blood. And when it became time to go to the place of the skull, Golgotha, to the place where the crucifixion would occur, I willed the body to carry the cross and yet the body, being so weakened by the whipping, could not support the cross.

Now, the cross. The cross was made of two great timbers nailed together. Tall enough that the body of a six foot man could easily be hung from it and still have room to spare from where the feet would be to where the earth and a good bit into the earth to support the beam would be. They did not put it what you would see as six inches into the ground. It was into what you call several feet of depth. The cross itself was sizable, rough hewn of timbers, and it weighed a good bit.

Imagine if you will, how it would feel to carry, to drag, two great beams on a dirt path up a hill. I willed the body to do it but yet it was not willing. And so one strong person by the name of Simon of Cyrene was forced by the soldiers to help me carry the cross.

That one knew great love. That one willingly helped me. That one is and was my brother. That one had agreed, even before the incarnation of that lifetime, that he would be in that time and place in order to serve in that specific way.

On the hill known as the place of the skull, the crosses were laid on the ground, and I was nailed to the cross with great heavy spikes. Not small nails, for indeed that would not support the weight of a man, but great heavy spikes, which made great holes in the hands and feet.

You have known crucifixion. You have known crucifixion emotionally in this lifetime and others, where you have felt yourself nailed to a cross. But more than that you have known physical crucifixion. For when I speak to you of the great spike in the palm of the hand, what does it feel like? You can feel a sensation. What does it feel like to have great spikes through the ankle? The part right where the foot meets the leg. What does that feel like? You can feel it. You have been there.

Now, I say this to you not to be gruesome, but I say this to you to allow you to know that you have experienced much more than just what is in this point of focus, this lifetime, and you have come through physical crucifixion to this place of awareness now with great strength.

For crucifixion did not cause you to cease being. The physical crucifixion: you deceased the body. Then what did you do? You turned around and made another body. Emotional crucifixions: they have not caused you to cease being. At the time, they felt like they were death itself. But they have not deceased you. Here you are, gaining strength from every crucifixion.

With me upon that hill were two others being crucified. Ones who had been caught in an act of thievery, ones who had been condemned to crucifixion. For the ones that they were robbing were highly placed and they demanded the crucifixion penalty.

These ones I saw as my brothers. I knew that they did not deserve the crucifixion, for crucifixion is a most painful way of deceasing the body. It is slow. It is torturous. One of the brothers on the cross asked of me, wanting, truly wanting, hoping that I could save him. "If you are the son of God, as you have said you are,

save yourself and us as well." It sounded like a taunt, but underlying it was a hope that perhaps even at that moment I could work a miracle and save all of us.

And the brother on the other side of the cross next to me rebuked the first one and said, "Do not say such a thing, for indeed we have gone against the rules and we have been caught. But this one is innocent. He has not done anything, and perhaps he will put a good word in with our Father." In other words, he didn't want to ruin his hopes for the afterlife. Perhaps I could do something. If I could not do it then on the cross, maybe afterwards I could help.

And I said to them that even though the pain was so great, the physical pain, "Today, truly you will be with me in Paradise. You will know the freedom from physical pain, but more than that, you will know the freedom from the pain of the soul. Today you will be in Paradise with me."

The ones attending the crucifixion, watched. It has been called a multitude but I would not call it quite that. It was not the multitude that you have depicted upon the hillsides. It was a grouping yes, but this was early in the day. The crucifixion itself took place at what was the third hour of the morning. Three hours after daybreak.

And we were allowed to hang, suspended by the spikes. All three of us having been weakened by the scourging. All three of us having suffered some of the taunts, some of the comments. We were allowed to hang there in full view so that ones could witness our deceasement.

I felt the energy of the ones so gathered, and it was a mixture of energy. Some saw it as a spectator sport. Something to watch, entertainment perhaps, a diversion from the daily activity. Can you imagine such an attitude? It is hard for you to imagine that now. But I will say unto you that there have been lifetimes when you have found such "sport" to be a diversion, an entertainment, and did not feel any resonance, any affinity with the ones going through the experience.

There was in that grouping a sense of power. Ones who were reveling in the illusion of feeling power over other brothers. There was also much of confusion. Ones wondering how this could happen to a teacher, a rabbi. How this could happen to one who had called forth a brother from the dead. There were ones who were yet expecting the miracle, that even though I hung upon the cross, there would be a blaze of glory and I would come down from the cross in great light, great power, a great miracle.

And they awaited, they expected, they hoped, they wanted to see, they wanted to believe. And yet there was a great fear in them that if someone as powerful as they saw me to be, someone as powerful as they believed me to be, could be upon that cross seemingly gradually deceasing the body, what was going to happen to them? And there was a great feeling of fear rampant, and I could feel all of these emotions.

I could feel, also, the love of ones who had followed me. Ones who knew me as son, for indeed my mother was there. Ones who knew me as brother, as friend, as companion. I could feel their love and their bewilderment. I could feel all of the human emotions, and there was great intensity of confusion.

And I spoke to my Father, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." The ones who were feeling that there was power, temporary power, the ones who were feeling that it was great entertainment and did not feel oneness with what was going on. I spoke to my Father to comfort the ones who were anticipating loss, the ones who were bewildered. "Father, forgive them. Give them a sense of knowing the holy vision. Allow them to know Your love once again."

I spoke to my mother. I spoke to the disciple known as John. In the society of that day and time a woman to be left alone - for indeed Joseph had already deceased - a woman needed someone to do the things of law for her in society. So I spoke to the disciple known as John to behold his mother. And I spoke to my mother to behold her son: so that he would accept my mother as his mother and look after her, and so that she would accept John as her son and would know that he would care for her and look out for her.

Then as time went on I wanted to remind all of those so gathered of the prophecies. I wanted to remind them that what was going on was sacred. It was holy. It was not just an event of entertainment, a passing event. It was not just a political event, but it was a time of great import, a time of spiritual remembrance. So I called out, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani," which translated, means "My God, my God, why has thou forsaken me?" All of you have known that feeling. All of you have come to the dark night of the soul when you have lain perhaps at night in darkness, the physical darkness of your room, and you have listened to the voice of the world, to the voice of the ego, to the voice even of the body that has spoken to you that perhaps this challenge that you are facing was going to be too great, and you have called out for your Father, for God, for an angel, for someone.

And in your turmoil, in your sadness, in your confusion you have not heard an answer and you have felt forsaken. Because you have been so caught up in your turmoil and your confusion, there has not been the opportunity provided by peace to hear the still small Voice of the Father.

Did I feel in that moment that I had been forsaken by my Father? No, I did not. I have known always that I am one with my Father. I have known always that I Am that I Am. That is what it means to know oneness with the Father. It is no great complexity. I Am that I Am. I Am. I am alive. I am consciousness. I am energy. The Father is the Isness of that which I Am. I did not feel abandoned by my Father, forsaken. But it was to remind all of the ones who would hear, all of the ones who would record for generation upon generation, it was to remind you of the writings of a certain Song of David which prophesied the fulfillment of scripture.

For if you will go to what is numbered now in your scriptures as the 22nd Psalm and you will read that, you will see prophesied what I experienced in the day known as Holy Friday.

So I cried out, beginning to recite the scripture, so that all could hear and all could remember that it had been foretold. Some thought that I cried out in great pain, pain of my soul that I felt forsaken. Some thought that I cried out for Elias to come and save me. But it was to remind you of the Song of David which set out in great detail and in symbolism that which I experienced on Good Friday.

After a certain length of time I knew that the body was becoming weak enough that the deceasement would be easy. And I said, "I thirst." Now, I did not thirst in a physical way. Already the vinegar with the pain killer had been offered to me. For ones knew that the crucifixion is a slow and torturous way of deceasing the body and it was offered to ones being crucified that they could drink of the sponge that contained a bitter vinegar with a pain killer in it to ease some of the pain.

I had refused that previously. I did not need it. I did not refuse it out of great macho-ness; I refused it because I did not need it. But when I said, "I thirst," it was to speak that I thirst to know once again the oneness, the harmony, the peace, the love, the Allness, the healing of my soul with All That Is. I thirst to drink from the fountain that is eternally nourishing the soul. That is what I meant.

But one of the soldiers came and offered me the sour vinegar once again, and I took it that time to please him. And I spoke that, "It is finished." For I knew that the demonstration then was quite visible. The crowd had been gathering for another good three hours. In fact, more than that. It had been six hours that we had been upon the

cross. And from the time of the sixth hour until the ninth hour, there was a gathering darkness upon the face of our Holy Mother, the Earth.

And in the ninth hour I knew that the body was sufficiently weakened that it could be deceased, and I said, "It is finished. What I have set out to do in this portion of this lifetime is completed." And I said, "Father, into your hands I commend my Spirit." In other words, "Father, here I come with all of my consciousness once again into Your presence. Into Your hands symbolically, and into the awareness of Your presence, I commend my Spirit." And I deceased the body for all to see. For there had to be no doubt that the body had suffered, that the body had gone through the physical weakening and that the body was deceased.

The happenings on the day known as Good Friday are symbolic of your journey. It is a journey that you have made throughout many lifetimes. And as you will read your scriptures of what occurred on that day, and you will look for deeper meaning, you will find that it is a description of your journey even in this day and time.

And what will come as the next chapter in the story of the holy week? The next chapter is known as your Easter. It also is symbolic of your journey. For in truth you stand upon the threshold of your own Easter. You stand upon the threshold of your conscious awareness that you are not held by any worldly belief upon any cross of the world's making. Then you come to the place of full realization of the Christ, which you are: incarnate, powerful Love expressing.

Claim your holiness in the day of Holy Friday. Claim your holiness in the holy week, for that is why you remember the lineage, that is why you study the scriptures, that is why you are in the groupings now that revere and celebrate the events of holy week: to give yourself once again the opportunity to remember your holiness.

For in truth what I did was to portray the journey of you. What is important now is that you know the journey of the holy week - of Palm Sunday, the celebration of the multitudes expecting the Messiah - as your journey, and experience the holy day of Good Friday through your own crucifixion, physical and emotional, to the place of Easter, the place of resurrection into the remembrance of Who you are.

Beloved and holy Child of the Father, It is finished. Today you are with me in Paradise.

So be it.