

## WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THE CROSS?

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I must preface this Exhortation by saying “Praise God” for using Bro. Stephen Jones for shedding such light and understanding of the feasts of Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles (how tasty his books are on them).

After finishing my shift this morning and on my way home from work, Father asked me the above question “*what happens after the cross?*” My body was tired, wanted sleep but my spirit man was racing and laughing and praising and just overwhelmed. As always, my response was “you say Lord.” He took me to the 19<sup>th</sup> chapter of John, beginning with the 16<sup>th</sup> verse, speaking on the Crucifixion. It has been a long time since I pondered this process (because it surely was one for Jesus as well as us) in depth.

I will attempt to layout what He showed me this morning concerning three parts of this crucifixion, not including the things Jesus spoke to His disciples, His mother, etc. The **first major** thing that happened after He reached Golgotha with that cross was **He was affixed** (for lack of a better word) **to it. Secondly, after giving directives to His disciples, He said, *I am thirsty*; thirdly, He said, *it is finished*.**

I must digress here and reflect on a day many years ago when a brother named Tony came to me in Merced, CA on a Monday night prayer meeting, after recently (at that time) having experienced Passover, and told me that God had chosen me to be an overcomer. I had no idea what he meant then, but life would never be the same for me again. I have never seen that brother again (how about that).

After experiencing Passover, and receiving Pentecost (that fire baptism, Hallelujah!), I felt as if I had been affixed to a cross. My understanding of Pentecost was so whack; the saints said “you’ve got it all now, sister.” But in my heart I kept thinking if I’ve got it all, why has all hell broken loose in my life. I had been affixed to a cross awright, it was my place of the skull where Father would begin to reveal every hidden bit of iniquity within me and the sin that so easily beset me. It was that place where righteousness would not take a backseat to double-mindedness and a lukewarm life, where religion would be seared from my mind and heart **and I had absolutely no say in the matter**. It was this place where (for the first time in my life) I would get to know my true Father and a glimpse of why He not only created me but also chose me in Him before the foundation of the world. It would be a place of pure, cold judgment. My journey would take me to a place of isolation, ridicule and rejection. It would cause family and friends to see me as some kind of a lunatic, if not fanatic. It would cause me to ***become athirst***.

After a long period of realizing that ***it’s hard to kick against the prick*** (for I was a very hard-headed child), I began crying out to Father, not for more natural satisfaction and substance but ***just to know Him in the power of His resurrection***. I believed the word that said ***His spirit would lead and guide us into all truth***. One of the greatest things that He revealed to me is “you can read a lot of writings from a whole lot of people, but only

God, only Our Father can make His word become life to us; if you try to get to Him any other way than through Jesus, the Door, you become a thief and a robber. Only Father can give us a thirst and only Father can quench it; for we learn obedience and the things of God by and through our sufferings, trials and yes, even our errors. The process of salvation didn't end at Passover, **it only began there.** My journey would take me from being a homeowner to being homeless for the second time in my life. My husband of twenty-five years would walk away and divorce me, and my children would begin to think that maybe I just might need to be committed somewhere. Praise God, He never left me nor did He forsake me!

The scripture declares that “**all things work together for good to them that love the Lord and are called according to His purpose.**” I believe another way to look at that is, as an overcomer all things contributing to our conviction, correction and ultimate submission, work towards our (His elect sons) completion in Him for His plan to deliver creation. The only way Jesus could say *it is finished* was by learning contentment with His Father's will, submitting to the cross, (even in the midst of suffering); thereby enabling Him to *give up the ghost.*

In conclusion, when Father asked me that question this morning, I knew (only by His spirit) that my cross has been finished and I'm giving up the ghost. When thinking over the times and years of unbelief, fear, rebellion and total trepidation, the thing that I come away with is this, *no man taketh my life, I lay it down.* What happens after the cross? *I rise in Him and with Him to rule and reign in His Kingdom; this mortal puts on immortality once more, for death has been swallowed up in life.*

In His Light and Love,  
Gwen Riley