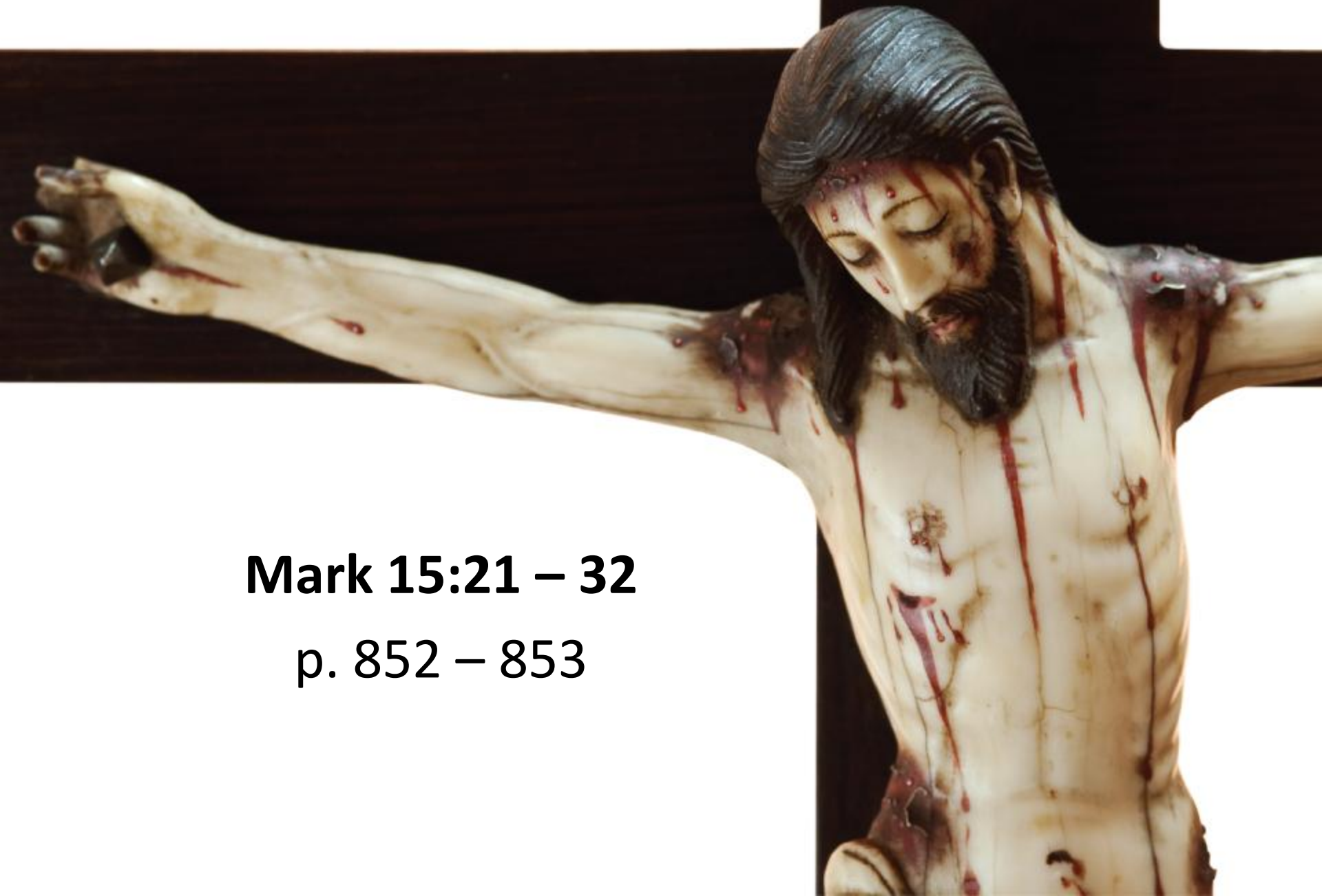


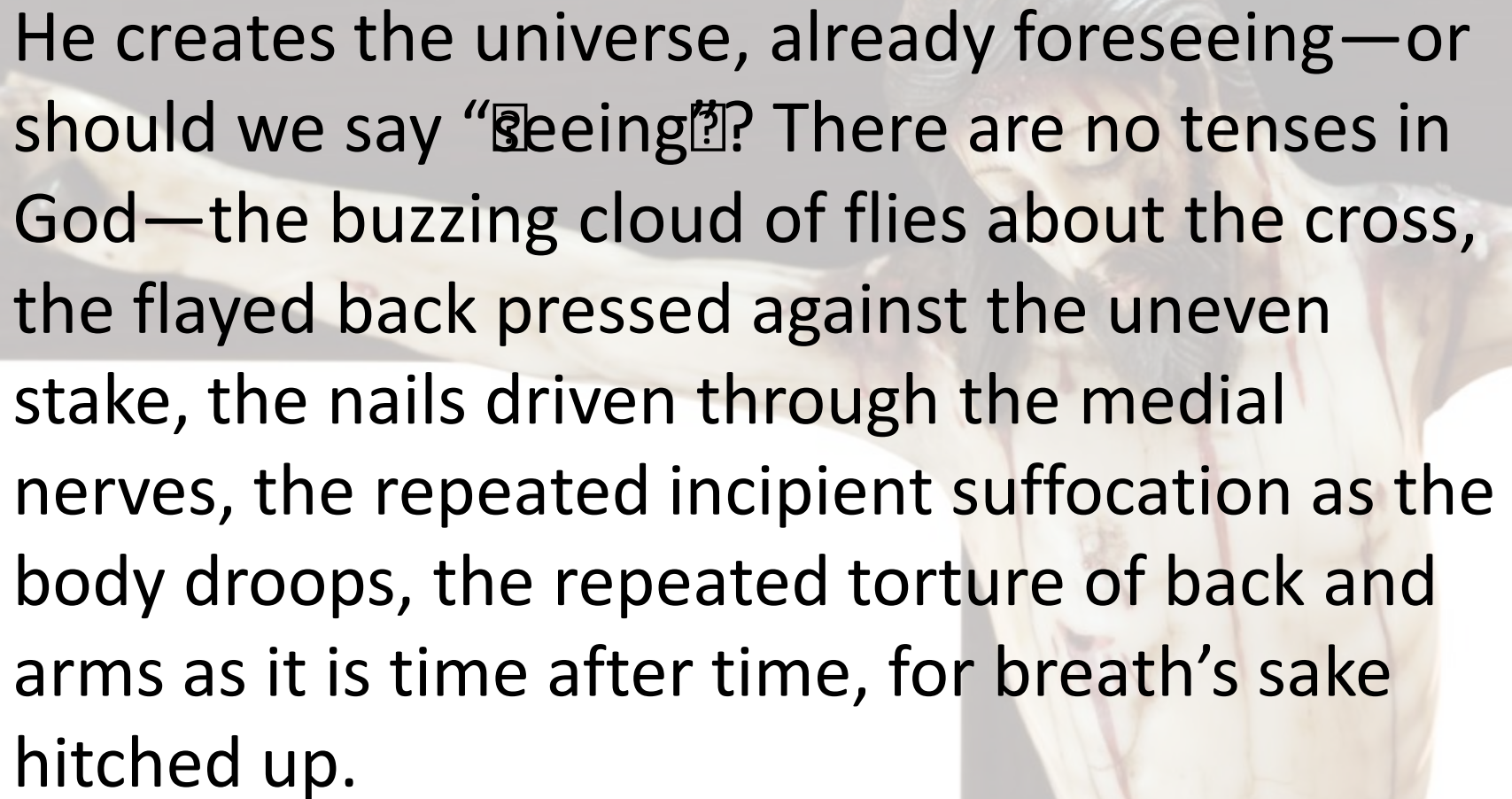


*The Wondrous Cross*  
Mark 15:21 - 32

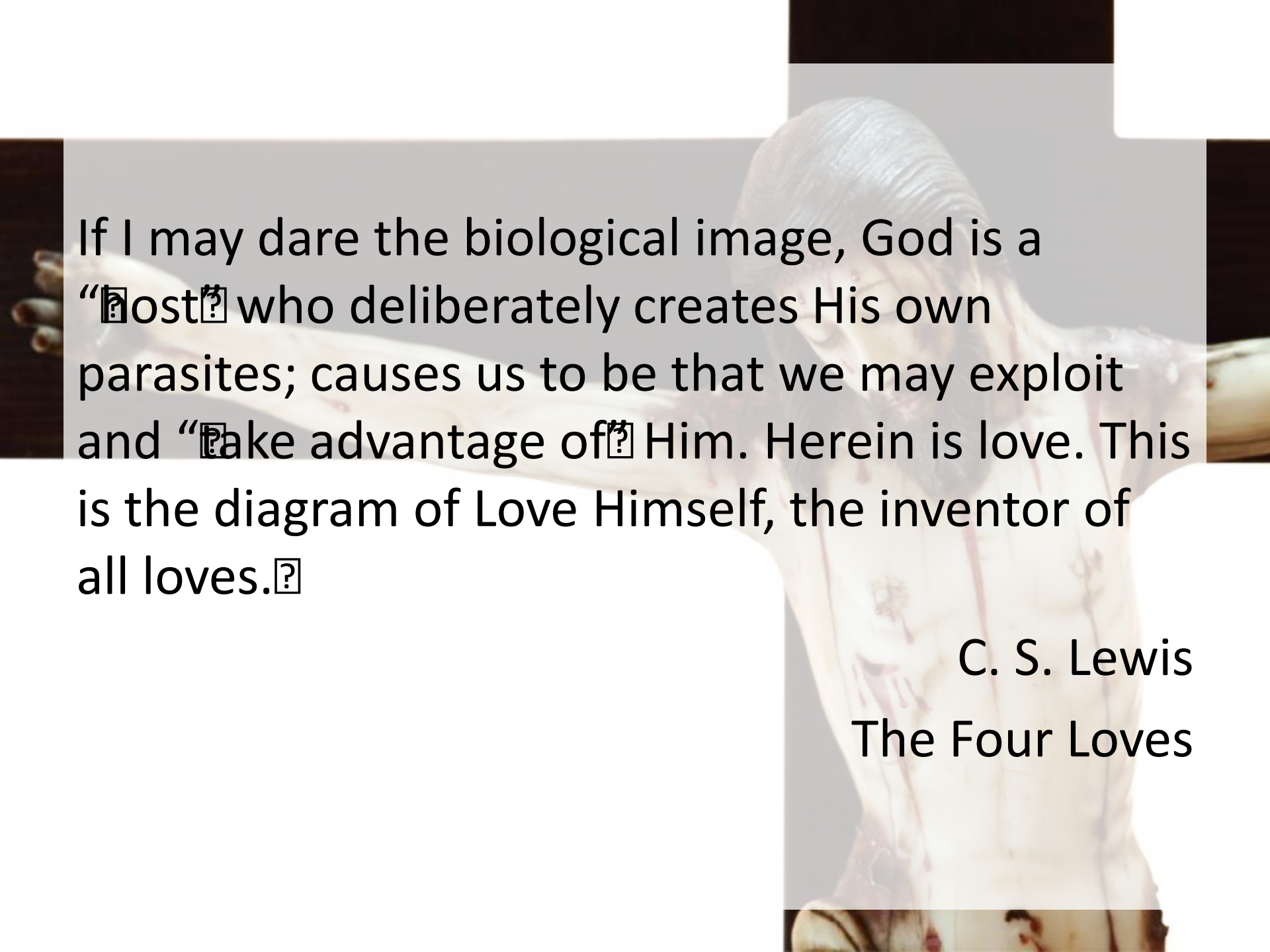
**Mark 15:21 – 32**

p. 852 – 853



An anatomical illustration of a human torso, showing the muscles and nerves. The illustration is semi-transparent, allowing the text to be read over it. The text is in a black, sans-serif font and is centered on the page. The background is a light gray color.

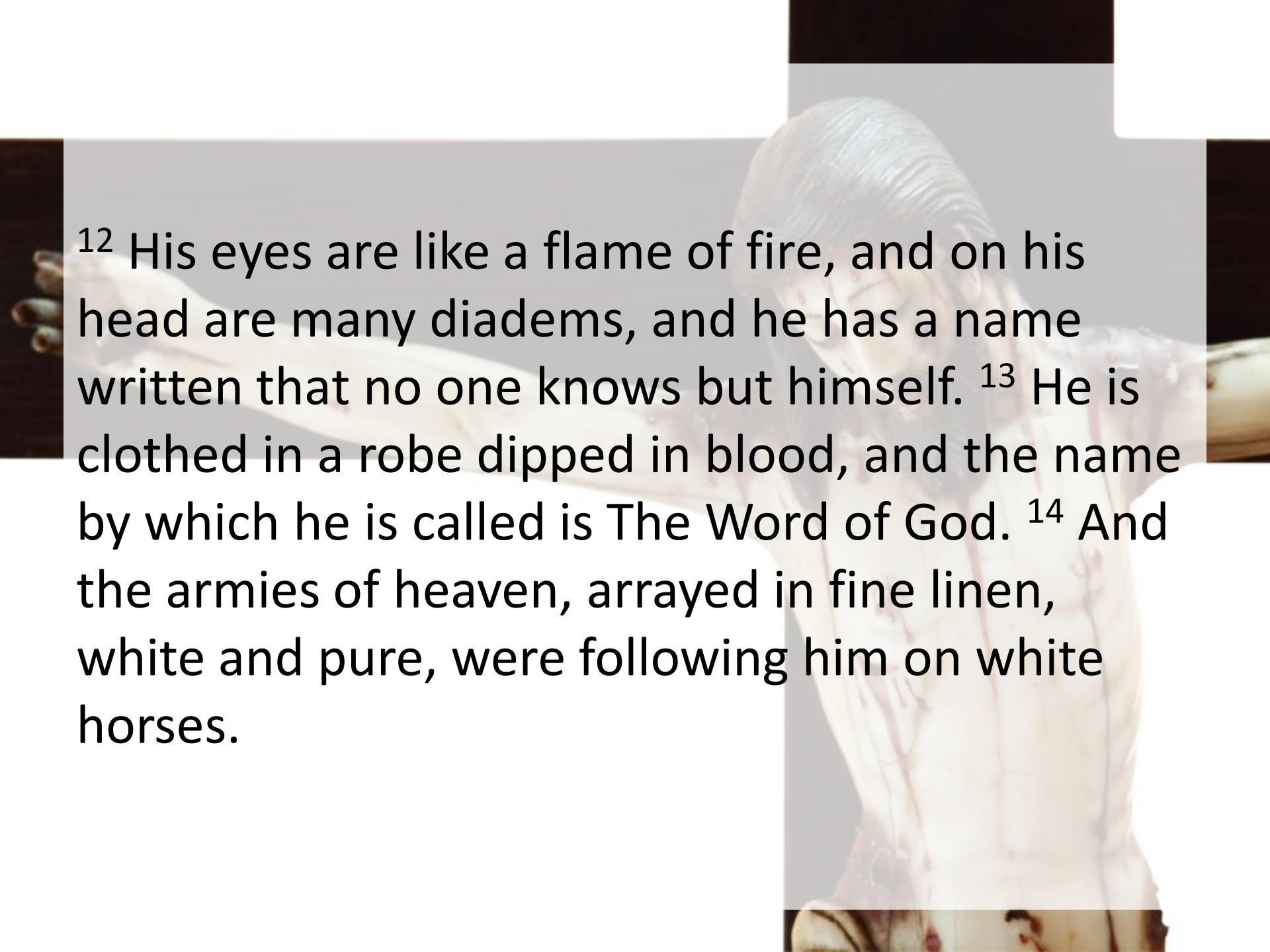
He creates the universe, already foreseeing—or should we say “see[ing]”? There are no tenses in God—the buzzing cloud of flies about the cross, the flayed back pressed against the uneven stake, the nails driven through the medial nerves, the repeated incipient suffocation as the body droops, the repeated torture of back and arms as it is time after time, for breath’s sake hitched up.

An anatomical illustration of a human torso, showing the muscles and internal organs. The illustration is semi-transparent and serves as a background for the text. The figure is shown from the front, with the arms slightly out to the sides. The muscles are rendered in a light, translucent style, allowing the underlying organs to be visible. The overall tone is educational and scientific.

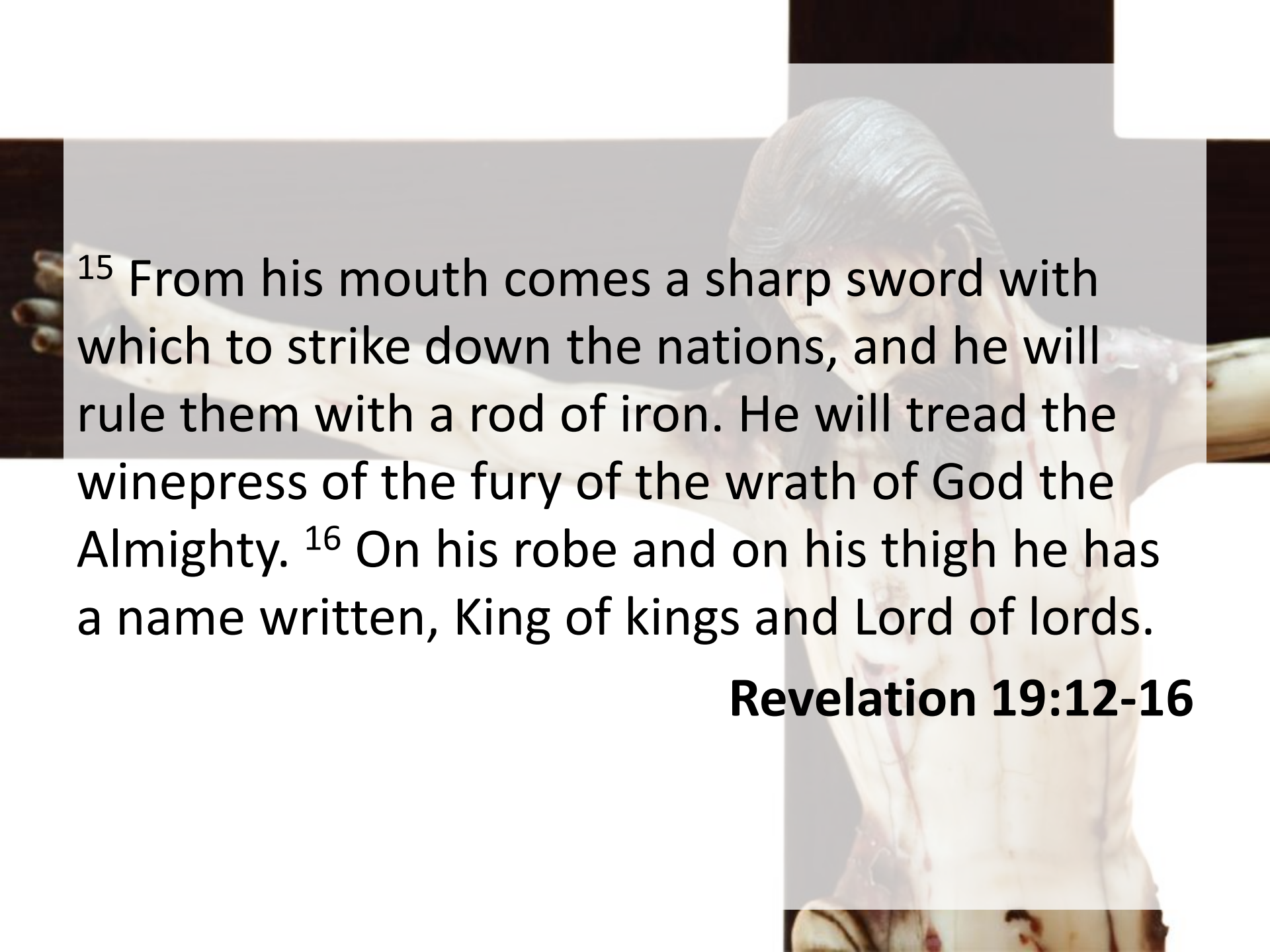
If I may dare the biological image, God is a “host” who deliberately creates His own parasites; causes us to be that we may exploit and “take advantage of” Him. Herein is love. This is the diagram of Love Himself, the inventor of all loves.

C. S. Lewis  
The Four Loves





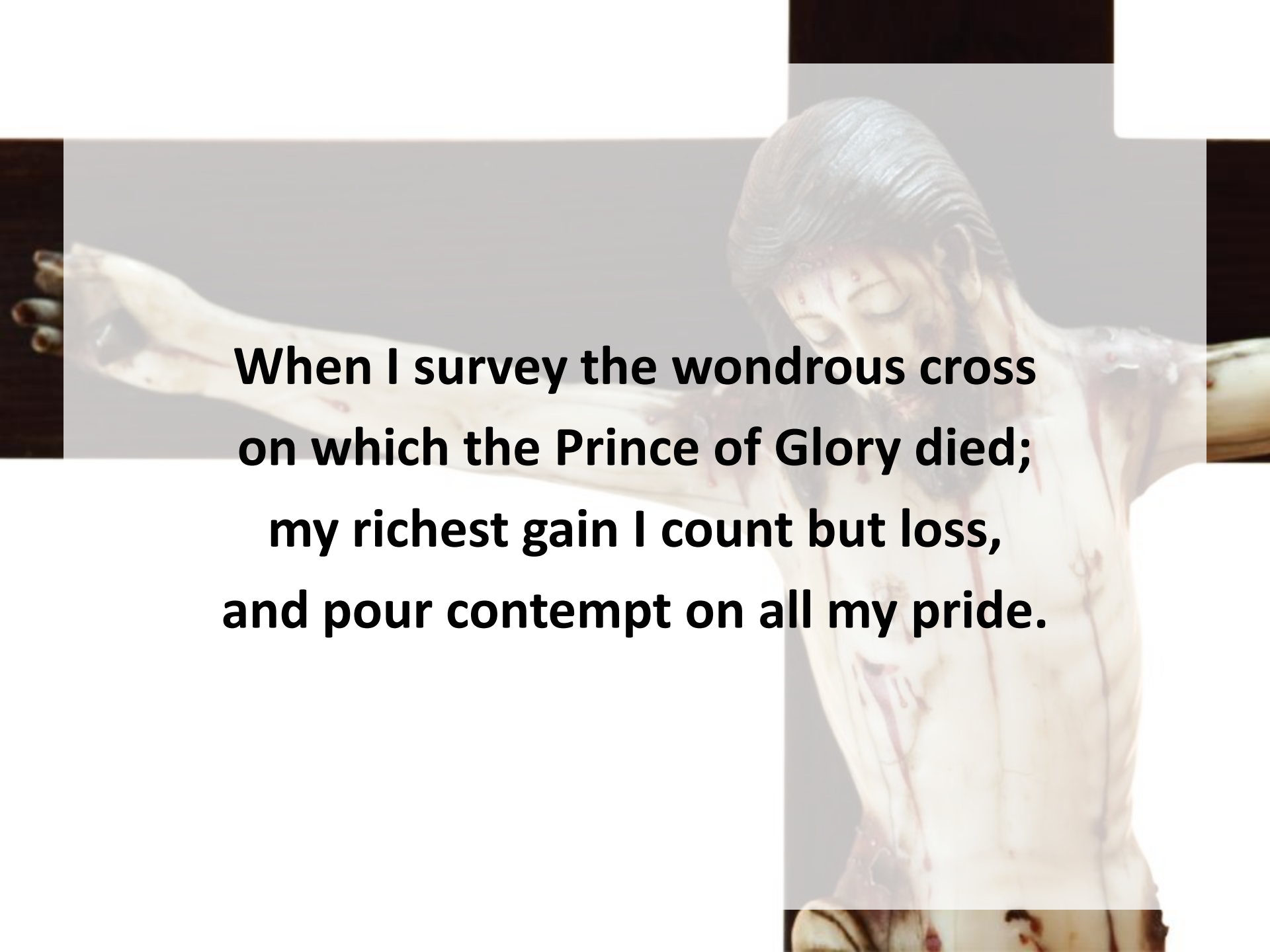
<sup>12</sup> His eyes are like a flame of fire, and on his head are many diadems, and he has a name written that no one knows but himself. <sup>13</sup> He is clothed in a robe dipped in blood, and the name by which he is called is The Word of God. <sup>14</sup> And the armies of heaven, arrayed in fine linen, white and pure, were following him on white horses.



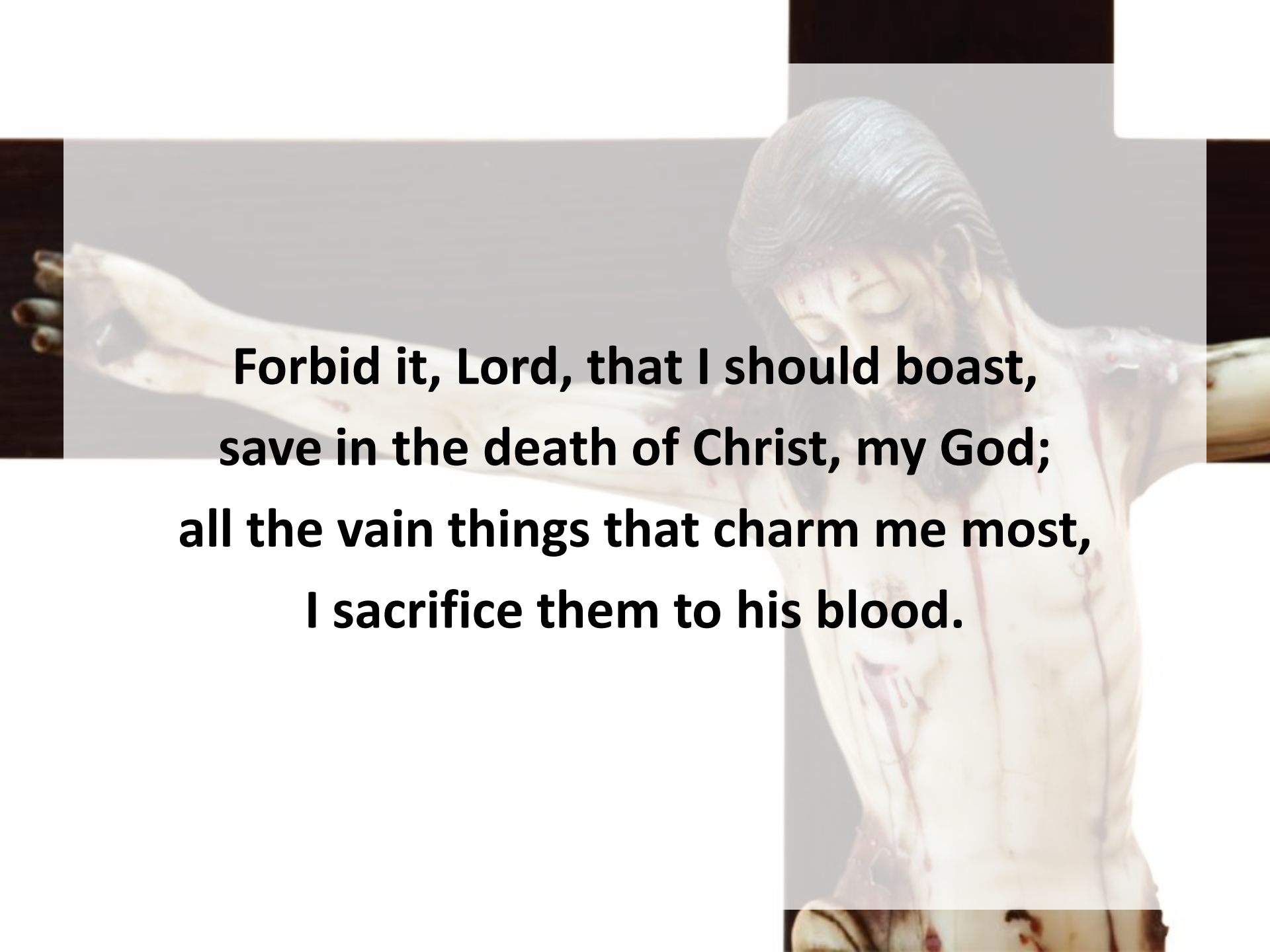
<sup>15</sup> From his mouth comes a sharp sword with which to strike down the nations, and he will rule them with a rod of iron. He will tread the winepress of the fury of the wrath of God the Almighty. <sup>16</sup> On his robe and on his thigh he has a name written, King of kings and Lord of lords.

**Revelation 19:12-16**

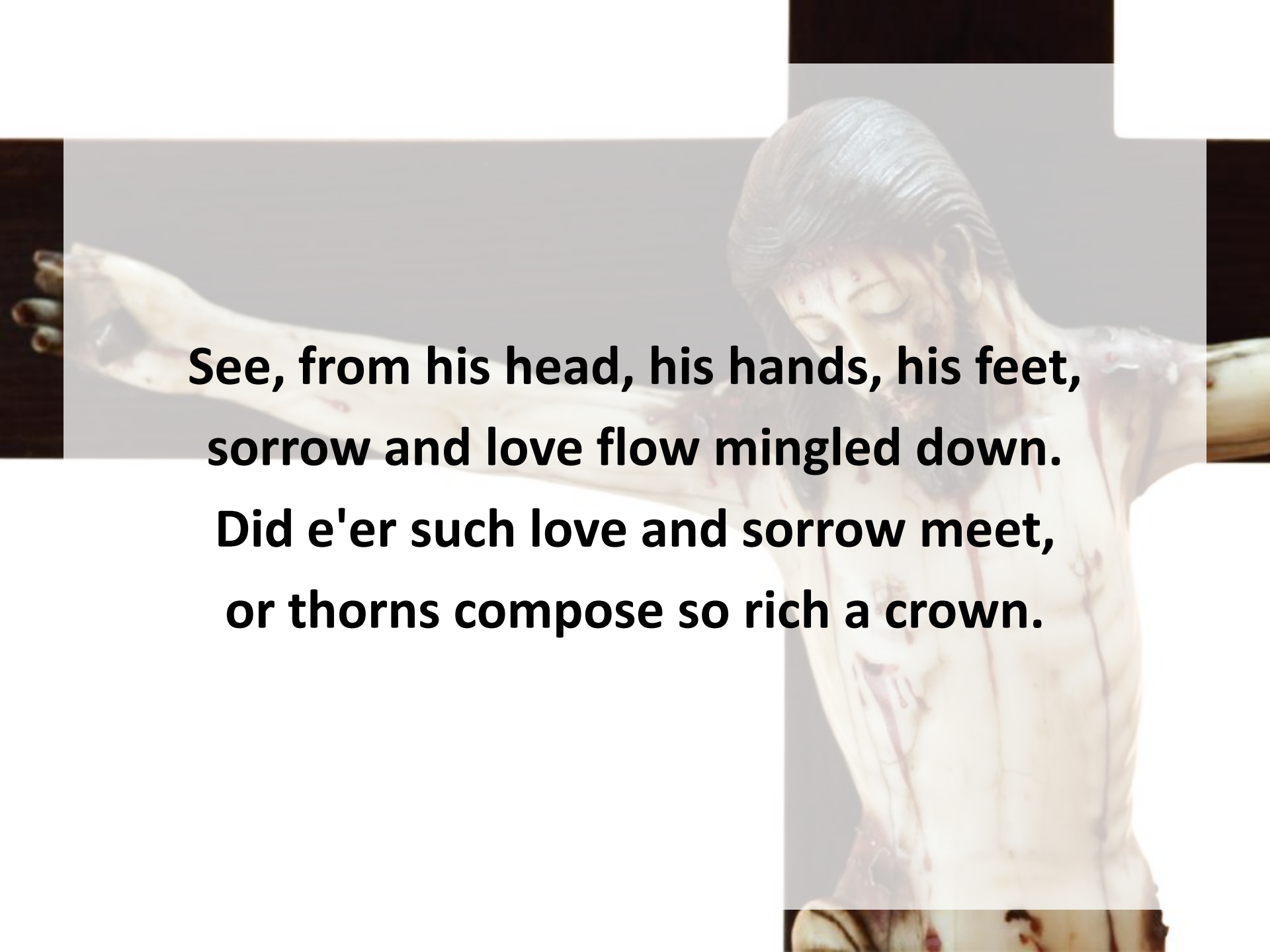


A realistic sculpture of the crucified Jesus Christ, showing his wounds and suffering. The sculpture is positioned in the background, with the text overlaid on it. The text is in a bold, black, sans-serif font and is centered on the page. The background is a light gray color, and the sculpture is a light brown color with visible blood and wounds.

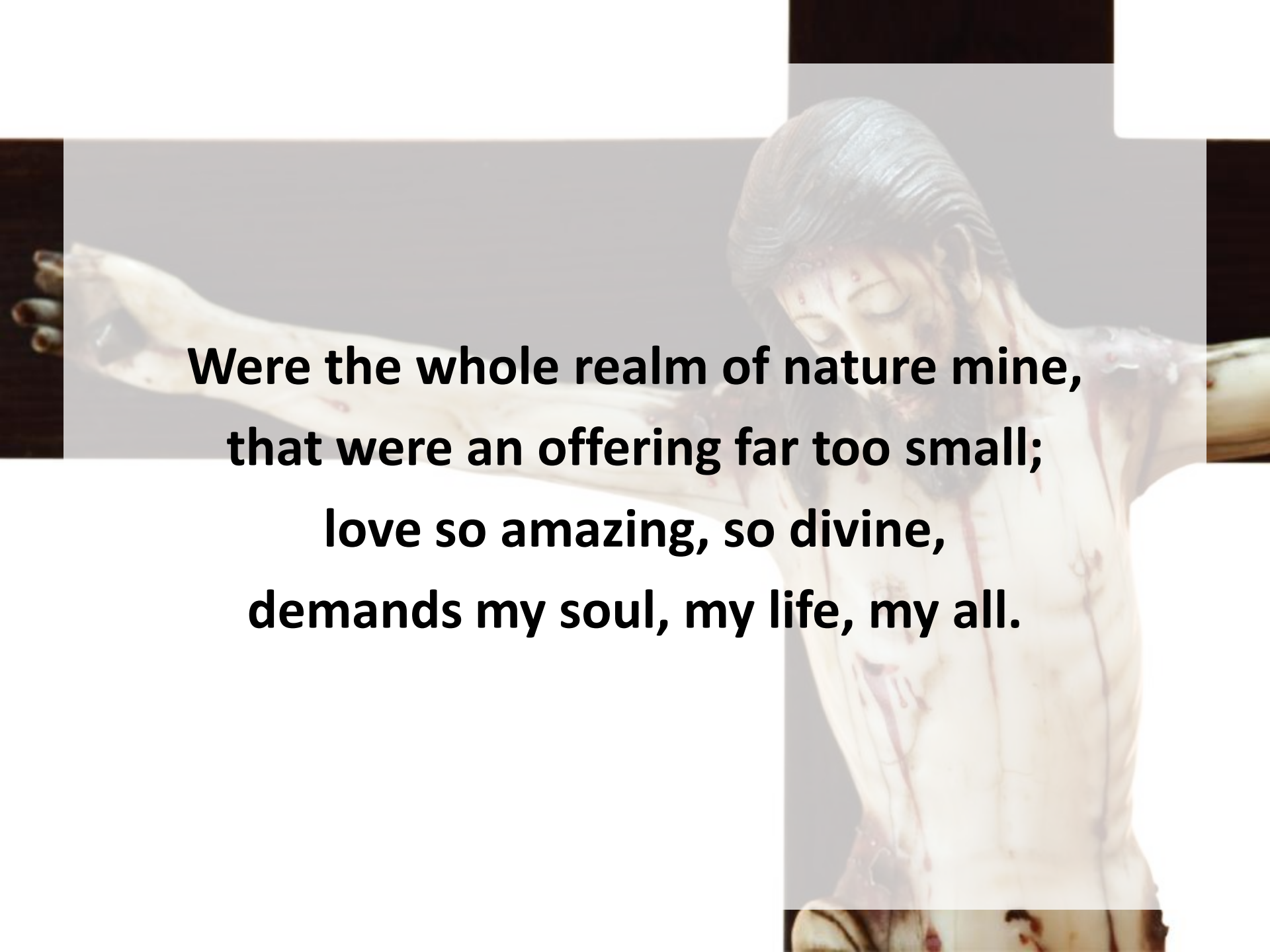
**When I survey the wondrous cross  
on which the Prince of Glory died;  
my richest gain I count but loss,  
and pour contempt on all my pride.**

A realistic sculpture of Jesus Christ on the cross, showing his wounds and suffering. The sculpture is positioned in the background, with the text overlaid on it. The text is in a bold, black, sans-serif font and is centered on the page. The background is a light gray color, and the sculpture is a light brown color with visible blood and wounds.

**Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
save in the death of Christ, my God;  
all the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.**

A realistic sculpture of Jesus Christ on the cross. The figure is shown from the waist up, with his arms outstretched. He has a crown of thorns on his head, and his face is marked with blood and sweat. His chest is open, revealing his heart and lungs, and there are visible wounds on his hands and feet. The sculpture is set against a dark background, and the lighting highlights the texture of the material and the details of the figure's anatomy and expression.

**See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
sorrow and love flow mingled down.  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
or thorns compose so rich a crown.**



**Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
that were an offering far too small;  
love so amazing, so divine,  
demands my soul, my life, my all.**

**When I survey the wondrous cross  
on which the Prince of Glory died;  
my richest gain I count but loss,  
and pour contempt on all my pride.**

**Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
save in the death of Christ, my God;  
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*The Wondrous Cross*

Mark 15:21 - 32