



St. Mark's Coptic Orthodox Church

Heliopolis, Cairo, Egypt

***A Conversation with
Christ The Crucified***

(Thoughts and Contemplations on the passion of Christ)

Father: Philopateer Nabih

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The Writer: Father Philopateer Nabih

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**His Holiness Pope Tawdros the 2nd
Pope of Alexandria
& Patriarch of St. Mark's Diocese**

Foreword

Dearly Beloved ...

This book is a very modest attempt to get closer to our Lord Jesus at the time of His agony and the cross ... How deep is the cross ... and how terrifying is it to contemplate on our beloved, the Redeemer.

I attempted to speak with Pontius Pilate who ordered His crucifixion ... and with Judas who betrayed Him ... and to ask them how could they have done that to our Lord Jesus ?!

I asked myself ... I wonder ... am I doing the same thing today? ... Or am I judging them for what they did while I am doing worse ... because I touched Him and knew Him?

I also tried to contemplate on what had touched Christ's body ... The nail and the wooden cross ... the hammer and the crown of thorns ...

I tried to understand the meaning and depth of all this love that the Saviour gave us ...

It is eternal Love ... Love that leads to the cross.

I leave you dear reader with the words of this book to share Him in His suffering and to realize the magnitude of the work and the love that our Lord Jesus presented for our Salvation.

May God reward all who labored in this service ... with a heavenly reward.

With the prayers of His Holiness Pope Tawadros II, may God keep him safe and bless his life with many quiet and peaceful years to come ...
Glory be to God,

March 2015

Please remember me in your prayers.

Fr. Philopateer Nabih

Pontius Pilate ... What have you done to Jesus Christ?

I did not find in Him a flaw to die ... I wanted to set Him free ... but the people wanted Him crucified.

How could you crucify The Creator ... and nail him to the cross !!!

Haven't you heard about Him ... Haven't you seen Him before ... Don't you know who is Jesus Christ !!!

No ... I do not know Him nor heard about Him.

Do not say you do not know Him ... nor have not heard about Him ... nor did not mean to crucify Him.

Haven't you heard how many souls has He healed ... or how many souls has He raised?!

“For he knew that the chief priests had handed Him over because of envy.” (Mark 15 : 10)

The people wanted him Crucified.

Do not say the people wanted ... and I could not resist their request.

Do not say that God has not passed by you, looked at you, and did not talk to you ... but wanted you to understand His silence.

Pilate ...

You wanted to satisfy all people ... so you crucified Jesus Christ ... and it did not cross your mind to please God.

Didn't your wife warn you saying: "Have nothing to do with that just Man, for I have suffered many things today in a dream because of Him." (Mat 27 : 19)

Pilate ...

What are you going to say to God when you stand before Him to be judged same as He stood before you to judge Him?!

How will you defend yourself ... is it by washing your hands, or will you deny knowing Him?!

And you, my soul ...

What would you say to the Lord of Glory in this frightful day ... on which you will face the fair judge ?!

How will you justify yourself ... and what are you going to tell Him ?!

How many times has Jesus Christ passed by you and wanted to bring you back to Him but you did not want?!

What am I going to say to Him?

That I did not know You were Jesus Christ, The savior of the world ...

or that I knew You but betrayed You like Judas ...

or that I denied You like Peter ...

or that I crucified You like Pilate.

MY Lord Jesus Christ ...

I have no excuse for what I am doing ...

I do not have an excuse for sinning because of ignorance and craving ...

I do not know what to do but to kneel under Your cross and scream to You saying ...

“ Lord, forgive my many sins

Lord, have mercy on me and forgive all my sins ...

Lord, remember me when I come into Your kingdom
“.

Jesus or Barabbas

How strange this is... we compare light to darkness ...
life to death ... love to violence and hate!!

Jesus Christ...of whom Isaiah the Prophet said(Isa
42)

“Behold! My Servant whom I uphold,
My Elect One [in whom] My soul
delights!

I have put My Spirit upon Him; He
will bring forth justice to the
Gentiles.



He will not cry out, nor raise [His voice,] Nor cause
His voice to be heard in the street.

A bruised reed He will not break, And smoking flax
He will not quench;

He will bring forth justice for truth.”

“And in His name Gentiles will trust.” (Mat 12 : 21) ...
This is Jesus.

Or Barabbas ... whom it was said about him:

“And there was one named Barabbas, who was
chained with his fellow rebels; they had committed
murder in the rebellion.” (Mar 15 : 7)

How strange this is ... have their eyes get blinded or have their hearts get darkened to the extent that they ask for Barabbas to be released and Jesus Christ to be crucified!!

They crucify The One who will not quarrel and will not cry out and release a murderous rebel and thief!!

They crucify The gentle and peaceful Jesus Christ and release Barabbas the murderous thief!!

They crucify Jesus Christ who raised the dead and fed the multitudes ... and release Barabbas who raised a rebellion, and murdered & robbed the multitudes!!

My soul, remember ...

How many times did you release Barabbas internally to mess up, steal, and murder ... and you crucified Jesus Christ and nailed His hands and feet so that He could not work inside you ... how many times ?

How many times !? ...

Do I release Satan to enslave me by lust till he humiliates me ...

And I crucify Jesus Christ who calls me in a soft gentle voice ... “beloved soul, open your doors for me” ... but I shut my ears before Him?

Now stop here my soul and look at what you have done with your choices ...

For Jesus Christ was crucified on the cross ... and Barabbas was released to do evil, murder, and slaughtering in the world up till today.

Strange ... Strange ... Strange ...

Is my despicable soul that runs after enslavement and runs away from freedom, I wonder at you my soul, your Beloved is opening His arms for you on the cross ... To make you understand and come back and throw yourself at His wounded feet and wash yourself with His blood..... to become whiter than snow.

Do not release Barabbas again ...

But prostrate him at the feet of The Crucified ... and release The Redeemer Who raised you from the dead ... Glory be to God.

Crucify Him ... Crucify Him

“Then Pilate said to them, Why what evil has He done?” (Mar 15:14)

Crucify Him ... Crucify Him ...

With these harsh words,
the people and the chief
priests cried out ...
demanding to have Jesus
Christ crucified ... they
did not have pity on Him
... they did not hear
...



they stopped their ears ... crying ... crucify Him ...
crucify Him.

What evil has He done and what is His sin?

Crucify Him ... crucify Him ...

Up till today, the world always cry ... crucify Him ...
crucify Him ...

They do not want to see Jesus Christ whose beauty is
more glorious than all sons of men

They do not want His love and forgiveness ...

They only want to see Him insulted and humiliated ...

They want to see Him hanging on the cross with murderers and criminals ...

They want to see Jesus Christ crucified with bowed head ...

Defeated ... this is what Satan wants.

But Jesus Christ was never defeated ... but is always and forever victorious ...

He accepted degradation, insults, and slapping ... he endured pains and crucifixion ... to save me by His death.

My Lord Jesus Christ ...

I see your greatness ... a mighty God ... a merciful father.....

Strong and victorious ... crushing Satan under our feet ... with the strength of Your cross

I raise my head proud of my God who was crucified for me .

I rejoice in my God The Rock of my salvation.

Guilty Hands

What hands are those that slapped You on the cheeks...

It is my guilty hands ...

And it is my hands ... that were raised to scourge not only Your back ... but all Your body.



And it is my hands ... that nailed Your hands and feet.

It is my hands ... that fixed the crown of thorns on Your head with arrogance and pride.

It is my hands ... that clothed You in a purple robe to mock you.

They are my guilty hands ... that crucified You on the cross and did not have pity on You

And it is my hands ... that gave You gall to quench Your thirst

And it is my guilty hands ... that pierced You with the spear to pronounce You dead on the cross.

What sort of hands are those that inflicted so much pain on You ?!

It is my guilty hands ... that made all these evil doings and sins with cruelty, stubbornness, and pride.

My soul, remember ...

Every time you deliberately sin, you inflict all this pain on your Redeemer.

How great is Your love my Saviour ...

Why did You not paralyze my hands when it was insulting You by sinning and hurting You with all this pain ?!

Why did You not cut off my hands so that I do not do this evil in Your eyes ... For it is better for me to win the eternal life without hands than to go to hell with all my body parts.

My Lord ...

Your love is my salvation ... You suffer all this pain because of me ... I did this to You ... and you allow me to live till today and work with my hands that have insulted you with sins .

*Forgive me My Lord ... and wash my hands
from sin*

*And let me perform with my hands the work
that will please You and glorify Your name.*

They clothed You with a purple robe

My Lord and Saviour ...

They insulted and struck You ... and finally they clothed You in a purple robe to mock You ...

They did this to You who covered Adam in his nakedness and covered all creation with Your robe of righteousness ...

You whom Isaiah saw... (Isa 6)

I saw the Lord in His glory and His throne lifted up by Cherubim and Seraphim

He cried out “Woe is me for I am undone! Because I am a man of unclean lips”.....

Seeing Your brightness and glory, Isaiah felt that he was unclean ... then You purified him with a live coal from the altar touching his lips with it ...

And he heard a voice saying to him “your sin is purged”.

You whom when Saul of Tarsus Saw ...

He fell from his horse to the ground ... When Your light

shone around him....and he cried to You saying “My Lord what do You want me to do?”

You whom John the Evangelist saw...

In a vision on the island of Patmos ...

And he fell at Your feet as a dead man ... from the brightness of Your glory and Your greatness ...

Now my Lord ...

Your creation, the work of Your hands, mocks You? !

Now the people refuse You ... Now everyone reject you?!

Even I my Lord ... instead of being the cause for people to glorify You ...

I am a cause of shame and disgrace for You.

My Lord, how merciful and patient are You ...

You let the dust and ashes mock and scorn You ...

And with Your humility You endured all the sinners of whom I am the first.

*Forgive me my Lord and have mercy on me
and let me do what pleases You ...*

*And be a true cause for them to glorify You the
true God.*

Your suffering Body

Lord Jesus ...

Is this not Your body that could not find a resting place for its head ... Because of Your service and Your toil and Your seeking after righteousness ...



How could they scourge it?!

Aren't those Your hands that fed the multitudes, healed the sick, opened the eyes of the blind, raised the widow's son and Jairus's daughter ...

How could they nail them to the cross?!

Aren't those Your feet that sought after the lost sheep, stood waiting for the return of the prodigal son, went to the Samaritan woman to save her from her sins ... and went to the paralytic to raise him after 38 years ...

How then could they nail them to the cross?!

Isn't this Your mouth that spoke of love to Your enemies ... And fed the multitudes by pronouncing the blessing ... and healed the Centurion's lad by speaking healing words ...

How then could they strike You on Your mouth?!

Isn't this Your tender bosom that enfolded the children
... after the disciples drove them away ... Your bosom
upon which John and every sufferer rested on ...

Why then did they strip it naked and wound it?!

Isn't this Your head that thinks of goodness and
salvation for the human race ...

How could they crown it with thorns?

My Saviour.....

You endured all that for me ...

You are more beautiful than all mankind ...

Your love is a soothing balsam flowing on every soul
beseeching You ...

My Lord Jesus Christ ...

Forgive me for after all this pain and suffering and this
love ... I continue to sin against You.

Forgive me ... have mercy on me ... absolve me.

Your Open Bosom

My God ...

You opened You bosom ...

To embrace Judas the
traitor who betrayed You.

You opened Your bosom ...

To embrace Peter who
denied You.

You opened Your bosom ...

To embrace me the sinner who is full of sins and
transgressions

You opened your bosom ...

To declare that You love me from sunrise to sunset

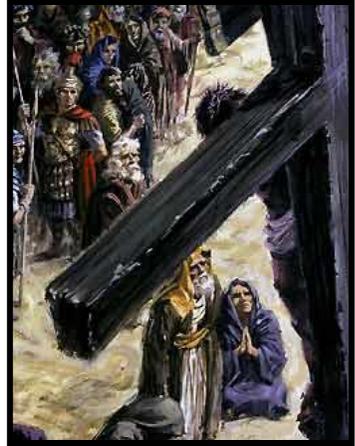
You showed me that this bosom is open ...

To all the world ... to every sinner

To every wanderer ... and to every lost soul

You opened Your bosom ...

As a true Father waiting for His prodigal son, who is
ungrateful to all his Father's blessings



You opened Your bosom ...

to embrace Your beloved John to tell him of the secrets of Your love to him and to all mankind

You opened Your bosom ...

to embrace the weak, the orphan, and the widow, ... to enfold the rejected and the humiliated by all.

You opened Your bosom ...

as a refuge for those who are afraid and frightened

You opened Your bosom ...

to warm up those who feel wandering and cold because of the people's cold and cruel feelings.

My Lord ... this is your open bosom ...

that was never and will never ever be shut ...

to any repentant sinner

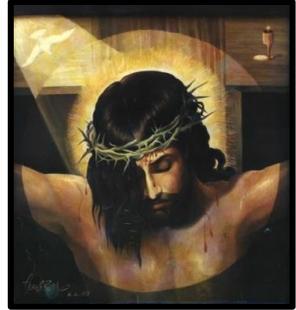
who is returning to the fatherly bosom.

Your Bosom My Lord

How beautiful You are my dear Lord ...

You open your arms to embrace me and hold me to Your bosom.

You embrace a sinner like me ... who is ungrateful for Your love ... rejects Your paternity ... and wander away from You.



My Lord You embrace everyone despite all what they did against You.

For You held out Your hands to feed them ... and they nailed it to the cross.

I act like them ... I nail Your hands that are feeding me The Bread of Life ... The bread which whoever eats of it, does not die.

My dear Lord ...

Am I nailing You so that You do not embrace me?!

What is this stupidity that I am doing?

My Lord ...

I am actually doing this ... while You are asking The Father for me, saying:

“Father forgive him for he does not know what he does”

My Lord and My Beloved ...

Your bosom warms me and makes me feel safe ... and shows me how great is Your love for me

Your bosom fills me with the hope of a life with You in spite of all what I did to You.

So please accept me, have mercy on me and forgive me ... and allow me to throw myself in your bosom that is so full of tenderness And have pity on my weak sinful soul.

Thank you Lord

For You are the most

tender, gentle and immeasurable bosom.

He carried the Cross

My Lord Jesus Christ ... I see You carrying the cross on Your shoulders ... You are searching for me to save me.

I see You looking for me ...

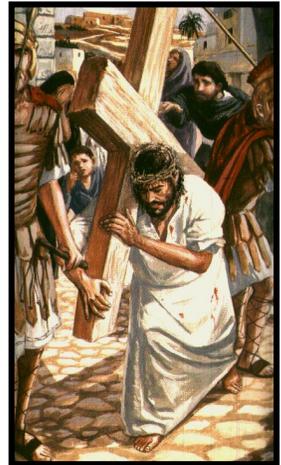
on the mountains, and in the
bramble bushes ...

When You find me far away,
You carry me on your shoulders

I see You looking for me ...

When You see me from afar torn,
defeated and in pain.

You embrace me in your bosom
and I regain my peace.



I see You looking for me ...

You find me broken and fallen with my lusts ... so
You give me living water to quench my thirst ...

I see you looking for me ...

You find me blind not seeing my way ... begging
others to be fed ... so You touch my eyes to make
me see Your light and find the way.

When I see You carrying the cross ...

I see inexpressible love that cannot be written with pen
and paper ...

For it is love carrying the Cross ... broken and crushed
down the cross.

Oh Wooden Cross

You were a seed that was thrown in the ground ...

And was watered by the rain
of the heavens and the dew of
the earth ... till you broke the
darkness of the earth and
became a green bud
...warming itself with the heat
of the morning sun.

Your branches ... and green
leaves grew and the years
passed by you in the care of
the Lord of Heaven ...

Till you became a great tree ... inhabited by the birds
of the skies

Who built nests in your branches live in it and
safeguard their chicks.

And one day ...

People gathered around you telling a wood cutter ...
cut it cut it ... So you were cut by the hands of a wood
cutter ... who hit you several times with an axe ...
striking from the right and from the left... that made



you stagger a lot and your body was torn out then you got separated from the earth.

You fell on the ground ... they did not have mercy on you ... but started cutting your branches ... and stripped you naked ...

They continued hitting you ... many blows till you split in two pieces ... While you were wondering why all this pain?!

You suffered all this pain so as to become a wooden cross ...

To be carried by Jesus Christ on His shoulders as He walked with you in the path of pain, “The Way of The Cross” ...

You were carried by Him who planted you ... watered you ... And made you grow ...

To be the cross on which He was crucified ...

And to be planted again in the earth, without branches or fruit ...

so as the branch that came from David’s lineage be nailed to you ...

And you get watered with the blood flowing from His wounds ...

To bring forth the Fruit of Life for all humanity ... so that every human being can eat of it and live.

“As the living Father sent Me, and I live because of the Father, so he who feeds on Me will live because of Me.” (Joh 6:57)

The cross is not a piece of wood

cut out from the earth...

But it is a heavenly throne

on which the Lord of Glory sat on ...

The Lord of Lords and King of Kings.

The Crown of Thorns ...The Cursed plant

Crown of Thorns how dare you be placed on the forehead of the King of Kings?

You are an accursed plant ... you emerged from the earth because of the sin of our father Adam ... your thorns penetrated the Head of Christ and the blood flowed on His pure forehead ...



This Head that carried inside it thoughts for salvation for the whole world.

How cruel and despicable am I ...

I am the one who caused You all this pain ...

For instead of crowning You with a jeweled king's crown of Royalty and Glory, You were crowned with a crown of thorns ...

Which represents my sins and the iniquities of my heart

Every evil thought that crossed my mind is a thorn in Your crown ...

And every bad word I uttered is a thorn in Your crown

And every sin I intentionally or unintentionally committed is a thorn in Your crown ...

My Saviour, Make me ...

Put Your crown of thorns on my head to take away all thoughts of adultery or pride, lust or false accusation of my brothers ... envy and hatred ... fear and anxiety ... So that these thoughts bleed till they die inside me ...

And one thought gets renewed in me ... which is the salvation through You my Beloved Lord ... So that all my thoughts be centered on the One who loved me and died for me ...

“I am my beloved’s and my beloved is mine” (Sol 6:3)

My Saviour ...

My evil thoughts are all these thorns on Your virtuous Head

So forgive me my Good Saviour for all these thoughts that caused You all this pain.

And cleanse my thoughts so that I would not cause You any more pain.

My God ... bless me with pure and holy thoughts that is only busy with You my Beloved.

The Crown of Thorns

You thorny plant

You were cursed by God to grow thorns from the ground because of Adam's original sin.

How dare you ...

Be fixed on the head of your Creator, the Maker of the Universe ...

You were a punishment to Adam ... to hurt him and make his hands and feet bleed ...

And not to be fixed on God's forehead.



My Lord Jesus

You bore my punishment for me and endured its thorns instead of me ...

These thorns my Lord are the product of my planting and watering ...

It is me who planted in my own land the seeds of sin and lust ...

And they produced the thorns that were fixed on Your pure head.

Every thorn

Uprooted from my land ... was fixed on Your head to save me ...

Every impure thought ... every foul word

Every false accusation to any man ... every cruelty of my heart ...

All these are thorns that grew inside me

And You, with your love, removed them from me ... to make out of them a crown of thorns to be placed on Your head ...

O what a wretched man I am ... I was the cause of all these thorns to my Saviour.

I see the blood flow from Your head and run on your cheeks...to wash my sins away.

Forgive me my Lord

*And wipe away all my sins that have caused
You all this pain*

A Hammer on the Hand of the Beloved

What are all these hammerings on You my Lord ...

It is screaming in my ears ... “all this is for you”

My Lord I am the reason of Your pain and sufferings ...

I carried the hammer with my hand and struck Your pure hand to nail it to the cross ...

Your hand that healed my leprosy,

Your hand that raised me from the slumber of sin

Your hand that opened my eyes.

With Your hands, You seek to embrace me, heal me, and raise me from the humiliation of sin ...

What a wretched sinner I am ... for nailing Your hands.

They are the same hands that embraced me ...

Your hands that fed me and carried me from among the thorns ... and protected me from all danger



My Lord Jesus Christ ...

Forgive me for nailing your feet to the cross with the hammer of sins, lust, sloth, and carelessness ... I prevented You from walking towards me.

But You were raised on the cross opening Your arms ...

Saying to God **“Father forgive him for he does not know what he is doing”**

Have mercy on me my Lord ...

And accept me ... make me kiss Your feet that are nailed to the cross.

Allow me to wash away my sins with Your pure blood.

And enjoy Your wide open bosom on the cross ...

Telling me **“Return to Me so that I will return to you”**

Here I am my Lord knocking on the door of your compassion, so please accept me and forgive me.

You who with His death removed the might of death ... You who are the Mightiest ... Have mercy on me

A Nail in the Body of the Beloved

Nail, why did you go through the body of the Beloved?

Don't you know who He is?

He is your Maker and Creator ...

This is God who created you through all times ...

How dare you pierce in His tender body?!



I did not Know ...

The day the blacksmith formed me with my brothers, we thought we would be nailing wood to wood ... and I did not know I would nail the Beloved to the wooden cross.

I stood and resisted a lot ... as my pointed tip was in the hand of the Beloved and the hammer was striking my head ...

I resisted and resisted but with the hard hammering I could not resist for longer ...

I pierced His hands and His feet and saw the blood flowing towards me and covering me completely.

I cried towards Him saying: Forgive me my Creator and Maker ... for my sins were the cause of all this pain ...

My stubbornness and inflexibility are the cause of Your pain and hurt.

It is my wickedness and cruelty that hurt You and bloodied You ...

And You, with Your blood, washed me of my dirt and filthiness ...

And made me a bright, shining, and glorious nail ...

Hold me steadfast in You my Lord so that I do not get lost ... and sin again with my pointed tip and my stubborn head.

My Lord, forgive me ...

For all what I have done as I am weak and a sinner ...
And You are forgiving, loving and Holy.

Your son the Nail.

Your Outstretched Hand Nailed to the Cross

What is this my Lord?!!!

**Why is Your hand
nailed to the cross?!!**

My son ...

I nailed it to save you
from sin and evil.

My Lord ...



This is Your tender hand that blessed the loaves and
fed the multitudes.

Who will feed me if Your hand is nailed to the cross?

Who will touch my eyes, as You touched the eyes of
the blind, so as I would see the light ... and would no
longer walk in darkness?!

Who will stretch out His hand before the wind to calm
it ... to let a great calm reign ... and the winds of
tribulation to storm around me no more?!

Who will touch my body ..., to raise me from the death
caused by sin, and fill me with the power of life ?!

Who will hold my hand and raise me from my slumber
... as You held the hand of Jarius's daughter ?

Who will save me from drowning in problems,
troubles, fear, and doubt ... as You held Peter's hand
while he was drowning ?!

**You who touched the son of the widow to raise him
from death ..., touch me with Your hands so that I
can live.**

My Saviour ...

Do not leave Your hands nailed but release them ... to
set me free from my weakness and sin ... to raise me
from my fall ... and support me in the way of this life.

My Lord ...

I love You and beg Your pardon for nailing You on
the cross of Golgotha .

Come now and touch me so that I might rise from the
death caused by sin.

So that I would sin no more and do not hurt or crucify
You again.

Touch me my Saviour

with Your healing hands

that is covered with Your blood.

Why did You Nail it

My God ...

Why did you nail it ?!! ...

I wish these were my hands that were nailed so that I stop sinning with them ... And Your hands be set free ... to do good for everybody.



Come to me now my Lord ...

And touch my eyes to see the light and see You ... and so that all the self-destructive sinful and lustful looks disappear .

My Lord ...

You put Your hands in the ears of the deaf and mute and touched his tongue. (Mar 7:23)

Come now my Savior ...

And put Your hand on my ears to sanctify them from hearing evil and I would no longer hear the voice of the serpent, Satan ...

That my mouth utter your words ... So that each word may come out of my mouth for the Glory of Your Holy name ...

Protect me from the sinful talk, insults, gossip, and every evil word that will be a cause of my judgment.

My Savior ...

Touch all my senses ...

I want You to treat me and touch me as You touched the children and took them up in Your arms when the disciples rebuked them, (Mar 10:13) , and so filled their hearts with peace and joy.

*Touch me with Your tenderness my Lord Jesus
Christ*

To transform every evil in me to sanctity

Your Feet Nailed

My Lord I see Your feet nailed to the cross ...

Are not these Your feet ...

That went after the lost sheep and looked for him on the mountains and among the thorns and slipped and bled for him till You found him and carried him on Your



shoulders and returned him to Your bosom and home.

Are not these Your feet ...

That stood and waited long for the return of the prodigal son ... and when he returned, You ran to him in great joy and hugged him and invited the others saying “for this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found. And they began to be merry” (Luk 15:24)

Are not these Your feet ...

These feet that went to Zacchaeus under the sycamore tree and asked him to get down to enter his house and change his life and save him and all his household ...

“The son of man has come to seek and to save that which was lost” (Luk 19:10).

The man who was lost in his own eyes and in the eyes of others ... and thought that there was no salvation for him.

But You saw that there was hope for him and a salvation through You.

Are not these Your feet ...

That were nailed by my sins ...

That were touched by the sinning woman ... who washed them with her tears of repentance and wiped them with her hair ... and anointed them with the balm of her love.

Are not these Your feet

That were nailed for my sins ... that walked on the sea by the power of Your Godliness.

How can I nail them ...

Forgive me my God ... and come to me now ...

For it is me whose feet is nailed in the path of evil and sin ...

And I am waiting for You to come to me and free me to walk with You and be saved.

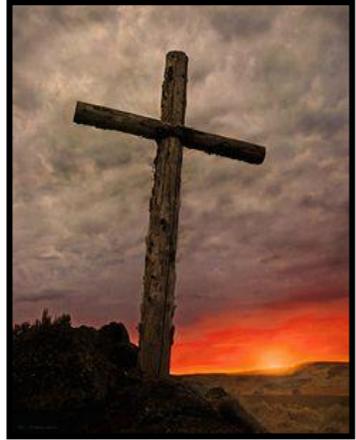
O High Mountain

O high mountain ...

How did you accept and allow that the One who created the whole Universe with just one word, be raised upon you ?!!

Why didn't you let His glory and might appear as on Mount Tabor where the Creator of all transfigured ...

He appeared in His glory, brightness and might that the eyes could not see till a cloud shielded Him from them.



I resisted and refused ...

But He told me allow it now for we have to complete all righteousness ...

So I obeyed and did not want to reject His word for He is my Maker and my Creator who made me out of dust.

But I placed Him on my head, on the peak so that all humanity could see Him

You are the one who insulted and humiliated Him with your sin

And You crowned Him with the crown of thorns that pricked His head with the fruit of your sins.

As for me, I gave Him glory ...

All the rocks on me moved and cracked and every grain of earth in me shook when they heard His tender voice crying “It is finished”

I could not bear to see my Creator dying ...

He is the One who gave life to everyone ...

And He is my Maker ...

My Lord Jesus Christ ...

Give me the ability to give You the glory that befits You ...

And may all my evil thoughts be moved away ...

And may all traces of sin wither away from my heart

Forever Amen

The Cross is Love

O Love that is shed and flowing on the altar of the cross...

What is all this Love my Lord?!!

Why did You do all that and offer me all this Love?!!

I do not deserve one drop of this Love, my heart is hard and has no pity on You ... And does not soften or become tender before Your love ...



My thoughts are away from You ... and my heart is full of selfishness and pride ... I seek my pleasure, my happiness, and my enjoyment.

In spite of all this cruelty and iniquities, You present Your love and you get crucified for me.

How come O my soul, after all this flowing Love shed on the cross, you still keep on sinning with insistence and enjoyment ?!

My Lord Jesus Christ ...

I am despicable ... because I do despicable things that are the deeds of a despicable person without thinking, discernment or retraction.

But You are great ... because You do great and exalted things ... You love and forgive ... You get crucified and You forgive ... moreover, You forget the sin ... and these are the deeds of a great God ... who is Your Beloved Self.

My Lord, You presented Your Great Love ...

“Greater love has no one than this, than to lay down one’s love for his friends”. (Joh15:13)

You gave Yourself to be crucified for me on the cross ... to be insulted for me ... to be seen as a despised person while You are great and I am the one to be despised ... My Lord, forgive me and have mercy on me -the despicable one-.

Your love in endless ...

“having loved His own who were in the world, He loved them to the end”. (Joh 13:1)

You loved me!! ... and who am I ... but one in the big wide world ... but You loved me ...

And I am one of Your own ... who are these called Your own ?

Are they not those whom You have chosen and appointed as Your disciples and Your children ... Am I one of them?!!

You loved me till the end ...

And what is the end my Lord? ... Was not Your end the cross of shame? ... And was not Your end the throne of glory? ...

But it was Your love that led You to be crucified for me...

It is Love that does not end either by the cross or by death ...

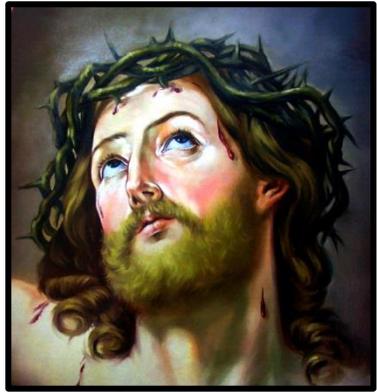
It is an eternal endless (everlasting) Love

The Wounds of the Beloved

O our saviour what are all these wounds ... that cover
Your pure Body.

My son these are the wounds of My love for you ...

With them I redeemed you
... I carried them for you,
and I shielded you from
the whippings with My
arms ... I bore them on my
back instead of you. They
whipped Me ... they
nailed Me to the cross ...
and they pierced My side.



Every time the enemy directed his arrows at you, I
would receive them in your place ... They were
renewing the pain of the whippings on My back.

Your sins wounded Me and hurt Me ...

While you were enjoying and taking pleasure in your
lusts ...

Till when will you see the sins I bear for you and still
not repent ...

Till when will you see Me hanging on the cross and not hurry repenting, as the thief on My right, and crying:

Lord, remember me when you come into Your kingdom.

Do you feel how much I love you?!

Do you feel how much I gave for you?!

Enough enjoyment with your sins for My body is torn from the whippings and beatings ...

I want you to feel my love and redemption ... so that you stop committing sins now and repent because I want your freedom and salvation ...

Here are the signs of my love ... the wounds that cover my body.

I will remain waiting ... with open arms ...

I will remain on the cross waiting for your return and repentance ...

Then I will make you enjoy My salvation and My eternity ... as the thief on my right enjoyed Paradise.

Jesus Christ the Crucified

Your Cross is a Triumph and Fire

My Lord Jesus Christ ...

Your cross will always remain the sign of Triumph over the devil and the powers of evil.



Your cross is the weapon of the weak against a powerful enemy.

Your cross is a consuming fire for all sin, weakness, and lust.

My Lord, Your cross was not a piece of wood on which You were crucified ... but a ball of fire burning the devil...

In the hand of a child, it is like a stone in the hand of David defeating Goliath (Satan).

Surround me O Lord, with the power of Your cross...

Like a wall of fire... the Angel of the Lord protects those who fear Him and saves them.

My Lord ...

Your cross is fire and triumph ... a fire burning all the forces of evil ... and triumph over the devil, his ploys and evil thoughts.

Lord, make me ...

Always carry Your cross to drive out all the powers of evil and be the secret of my triumph and a fire in the face of Satan and his soldiers.

Judas why did you betray the Beloved?

Judas, why did you betray the Beloved?

Were you not sated with His words ... were you not sated by His food ?!

How many times did He declare His love to you ! ...

and how many times did he serve you Living Bread ?!



Have you forgotten the multitudes and the five loaves ... or have you forgotten His humility when washing your feet ?!

Judas, love is not declared with kisses ... but love is declared to the beloved by sacrificing oneself.

Judas, why did you betray the Beloved?

Jesus Christ gave you power and splendor ... to expel Satan from the souls of the weak

And heal the sick and raise the paralyzed ... so that your name be written in the book of Heaven.

But you betrayed and was delighted by the showing off, the love of money and by causing sufferance

Your great destiny became with the ignorant ... who are suffering in hell with no solace

Am I Judas the Betrayer?

Has Judas betrayed You ... or is it me who betray You?!

I Betrayed You when I opened my eyes to see evil ...

I betrayed You when I allowed my ears to listen and speak with the serpent ...

I betrayed You when I loved my lusts ... although I know it wounds and hurts You ...

I betrayed You when I walked in the way of loving the world, although I know that friendship with the world is enmity with God.

I betrayed You and You loved me ...

You loved me and redeemed me and walked to death not ignoring the pain ... You walked carrying Your cross to die instead of me ... and here I am, betraying You still.

Let me return to You O Lord ... wake me up Jesus Christ ...

So that I would not continue in sin and betrayal ... but return to You weeping, kneeling at the foot of Your cross ... crying to You O Holy One ... Purify me O Jesus Christ with Your blood and sanctify me to be Yours completely ...

Glory be to You ...

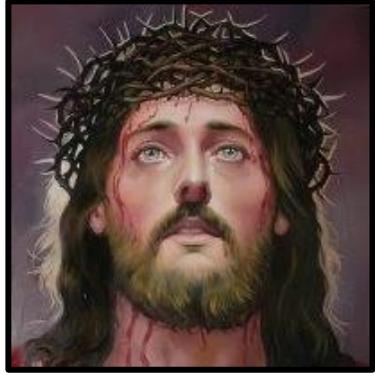
You, the True Love

Your Eyes my Lord

**Your eyes look at Judas ...asking him in tears ...
why the betrayal?**

Your eyes ... look at him
saying ... Why did you
come my friend ...why
did you betray?

I wish you had left the
betrayal to a stranger who
does not know Me or had
not sat at My table ... or
has not seen my miracles.



**Look at me ... shake my thoughts so that I do not
betray You like Judas.**

**Your eyes my Lord look at Peter...Why did you
deny Me Peter?**

Have you forgotten the loaves ... or have you
forgotten the transfiguration on the mountain ... Have
you forgotten that you walked with Me on the water!!!
... My Lord You softened his heart softened and he
went outside and cried bitterly.

Look at me my Lord and soften my heart ... so that I would not deny You anymore with my words and deeds.

Your eyes look at the daughters of Jerusalem ... and see the tears in their eyes ...

You tell them to weep for themselves ... and for their children ... and for their sins.

Look at me ... I am weeping for my sins day and night.

Your eyes look at the eyes of the soldiers in their cruelty...

As if to ask every one of them ...

What evil have I done for you to do this to Me?

What have You done my Lord ... You healed the one of them ... the one whose ear was cut off by Peter

Look at me ... So that my cruelty be changed to love for You and mercy for my brethren....

Your eyes look down from the cross ... at those who rejoice at Your being crucified and Your death on the cross ...

And You ask what have I done to You?

I healed the sick among you, raised your dead, and fed the hungry.

Look at me ... to heal me from my anger and hatred.

Your eyes look down from the cross ... to see Your Mother Saint Mary....

And You see her eyes filled with tears for Her beloved Son ...

Her heart gets filled with pain for You and her eyes overflow with tears of sorrow ... so You sympathize for her and tell Her that John is Her son from this day forward after Your death on the cross ... and You look at Your beloved John to make her his Mother.

Look at me ... and make me a son to Your mother and make Her my tender Mother.

Lord ... Your eyes look at everything ...

Your eyes look deeply in everything ... into my soul ... my heart ... my thoughts

So look at me now ... and sanctify me fully ... Amen

“but all things are naked and open to the eyes of Him to whom we must give account.”

(Heb4:13)

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Your comments are very much appreciated:

E-mail: tamol.tadrib@gmail.com

For Orders:

St. Mark's Church – Heliopolis – Cario – Egypt

Tel: + 20 2 241 88 344 , + 20 2 241 55 804

Cell : + 20 122 733 57 88