

We were just goofing around, you know, having a big day at the fair. We had been up to our usual mischief: pushing the little kids around, smoking trash, and telling dirty stories. We had ridden a bunch of rides, played the games of skill and chance, and felt very light-hearted as we snuck into the House of Horrors.

As we toured through this place, we saw many strange and macabre sights. There were all kinds of 'people' in various states of torture, injury, or bondage. They had lost arms, legs, and heads, and there was generally a lot of fake blood all around. We were always trying to slap at the figures and dare each other to get even closer to them.

In one room we all jumped over the barrier and were posing as though we were part of the show. It was pretty dark, though, and I couldn't make out exactly what was supposed to be represented. I saw a hammer, and took it into my hand. With much giggling among us I began to act out the punishment scene, pounding on the nails that held a 'body' to its frame. My friends kept yelling at me to swing again and again.

We had made so much of a ruckus that some one on the fair staff began to approach with a flashlight. I was pounding away with all of my might, but as the light in the room began to grow, I had the sudden realization that the body below me was not just a dummy. I glimpsed eye movement, and the ragged breath of suffering. I saw the thorns on his brow, and I suddenly realized that it looked like Jesus Christ. As I looked at the hammer in my hands, I felt a horror greater than any I had ever known.

When the attendant arrived to chase us off, the picture had changed entirely, and I was just looking at a wax figure. But the impression I was left with was overpowering. It haunted me so much that I didn't know what to do.

I began to think about God more, and what He really wanted from me. As I considered it all, I realized that we are all pounding the nails into Christ's hands and feet. It was not just something that was done to him long ago by someone else. I was doing it, too! Every day, many times a day! I thought about my life, and what all was wrong with it. And the image of Christ nailed on that cross changed my life forever.

So you testify that you approve of what your forefathers did; they killed the prophets...

Luke 11:48

I offered my back to those who beat me, my cheeks to those who pulled out my beard; I did not hide my face from mocking and spitting.

Isaiah 50:6

Then they spit in his face and struck him with their fists. Others slapped him...

Matthew 26:67

He was pierced for our transgressions, he was crushed for our iniquities; the punishment that brought us peace was upon him, and by his wounds we are healed.

Isaiah 53:5

...they are crucifying the Son of God all over again...

Hebrews 6:6

*God has made this Jesus, whom **you** crucified, both Lord and Christ.*

Acts 2:36

When the people heard this, they were cut to the heart and said to Peter and the other apostles, "Brothers, what shall we do?"

Acts 2:37