

Gethsemane

by Robert Cummins

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CHAPTER ONE

Gethsemane is the place of the Great Crushing. The word itself signifies *oil press*. It was the name given to a lovely garden just across the valley from the Temple in Jerusalem. It was a closed garden.

There is a place called the Earth. It is the scene of very grievous crushings. Outwardly it is a beautiful garden. It is across from the Temple of GOD; but it is a closed-in place, cut off from heaven by a dark, deep valley. It is a Gethsemane, and it is full of Gethsemanes. In this great garden there is hidden a cruel, grinding oil press, and multitudes of men and women are being ruthlessly crushed, in soul as well as in body.

I have known many a shut-in garden, beautiful to look upon. Riches, comfort, beauty, and happiness adorned its outward appearance. I said with many of my fellows, "How fortunate are those who dwell in this lovely home!" But my Elder Brother took me on into the inner secret place of the home. I found it was not a garden but a Gethsemane; an oil press, a place of crushing. I could not have gone with Him from the outer court into the inner, from the garden into the "shrine of the oil press," had I not known what it was to be crushed in the oil press of my own Gethsemane.

Only those healed of a broken heart can really minister to broken hearts. They KNOW there is a balm for Gethsemane.

Those who are being crushed and those who have been crushed by the world's presses need the ministry of One who Himself was crushed, and yet overcame, and opened for others the way of restoration and victory.

The prophet Jeremiah, overwhelmed by the crushing of his people, cried in anguish:

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?" (Jeremiah 8:22).

A world in anguish for its young, its sons and daughters, cries out in despair, "Is there no balm for our wounds? Is Gethsemane's crushing the end?"

O broken hearts! Listen to the voice of our Elder Brother.

From the press that crushed His heart flows wondrous oil of healing. O bruised, crushed sons and daughters of men, hear the message of Gethsemane, telling you that although there was no crushing like His crushing, nor sorrow like unto His sorrow, no bloody sweat of agony like unto His; yet He who alone faced the unutterable anguish and horror of the hour of darkness in the garden, is alive forevermore, exalted in triumph. Gethsemane itself has been conquered. The devourer has been devoured.

Listen not to those who know not how deep is thy hurt. They will heal thy wounds but slightly. Harken not to those who know not the meaning of agony. O America, who art being crushed by the horrors of war, seek not physicians that have never suffered. Leave thy man-made gods, who are not capable of sharing sorrow and suffering, to senseless, selfish isolationists, and let them wrap them in the robes of their own cold aloofness, to seek their consolations. Thy true GOD has passed through deep suffering.

O World, thou art passing through Gethsemane!

Thou needest the CHRIST of Gethsemane. The millstones of war and destruction, of shameful rape and ruin, of ruthless, cruel sin, and appalling wickedness, are crushing out the life of thy youth as well as thine aged, thy children as well as thy parents. Only He who Himself knows the depths of affliction and horror can minister to thee in this hour of thy deep travail. Thou needst Him who knew and conquered the crushing of Gethsemane and the death of the Cross. Only He knows the depths of thine anguish. He alone can give thee deliverance and restoration. Seek Him, JESUS of the Scars.

"JESUS OF THE SCARS"

"If we have never sought, we seek Thee now;
Thine eyes shine through the dark, our only stars;
We must have sight of thorn pricks on Thy brow,
We must have Thee, O JESUS of the scars.

"The heavens frighten us; they are too calm.
In all the universe we have no place,
Our wounds are hurting us. Where is the balm?
O JESUS, by Thy scars we claim Thy grace.

"If, when the doors are shut, Thou drawest near,
Only reveal those hands, that side of Thine;
We know today what wounds are, we'll have no fear,
Show us Thy scars, we know the countersign.

"The other gods were strong; but Thou wast weak;
They rode but Thou didst stumble to a throne;
But to our wounds only a GOD with wounds can speak,
And not a god has wounds, but Thou alone."

- Edward Shillito

~ end of chapter 1 ~

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