



Gethsemane

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There is a hymn with this refrain: Lest I forget Gethsemane, Lest I forget Thine agony, Lest I forget Thy love for me, Lead me to Calvary.

Gethsemane was a garden where Jesus and His disciples often went to pray. The garden was quiet and beautiful as usual, however, on that night, Jesus was suffering in a most sorrowful time. That is because his time was up.

Jesus knew that the cup, from which he was about to drink, contained disgrace, bitterness and the separation from God, the Father, all due to His bearing the sins of the whole human race. Jesus felt scared and downhearted, and he prayed that the cup would pass.

At the same time, He realized that the cross was His purpose in life and His final destination; he couldn't avoid it. Caught in between these two thoughts, Jesus was in such agony that His sweat flowed as though it were great drops of blood falling to the ground.

On the eve of something is the hardest time. Jesus had known a long time before that He must go to the cross, but since He was busy preaching and healing, He had tried to put the subject out of His mind, until now. Later, after the soldiers had arrested Him, He was prepared to face the mission, and so he was calm. Only the time of struggle, between hope and fear, is the most painful time.

I remember the morning I sat in the waiting

room of the hospital where my husband has been taken to the emergency room. I knew he had been in and out of the hospital many times for his heart problems, yet I prayed for a miracle. I think that was the most painful time for me. After the doctor announced his death, surprisingly, I could stand up and face the task of arranging his funeral. This experience enabled me to realize fully how the Lord suffered in Gethsemane.

During that time in the garden, the Lord's agony was worsened by the loneliness He felt, although he was not alone. All eleven disciples were with Him, yet not one understood His agony, not even the three who seemed closest to Him and even though he had told them many times about His death.

That night, he told them again: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, please watch with me." The disciples, however, were all sleeping and did not respond to His sorrow.

How lonely He was! He could only sigh with the words: "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

We also have felt such loneliness with nobody to talk to. During these times, I think about the Lord in Gethsemane. Since He had the same experience, He can understand my sorrow and can comfort me. At least, I have Him to listen to me, and that's more than enough.

Lord, don't let me forget Gethsemane!

