



Hanging On the Cross

By Eva Juliuson

The week before Easter last year, a Bible-study group was considering ways Cherokee Hills Christian Church could reach the lost. Bob Smith, a longtime member of our Oklahoma City church, challenged us to put up our wooden cross in front of the building and let several of our men take turns hanging on it.

We acted immediately to securely place the large cross in front of our church, which is located on a very busy street. Early on Good Friday, the first man took his turn. Wearing a white tunic and leather sandals, the “stand-in Jesus” stood on a tiny wooden platform built into the cross. His arms hung from the cross, ropes holding his wrists up.

The busy city traffic slowed as motorists stared. What many considered an ordinary day was transformed into the reality of Good Friday. One man walked up and cried. A young mother and her children knelt at the cross to pray. When an older woman offered a drink to the man on the cross, a newspaper photographer captured the image. In the background of the photo that appeared in the paper the next day was our church’s sign, “He died for us.”

Every Oklahoma City television station sent a cameraman. One of our men told a reporter, “My prayer is that people will not remember me hanging on that cross, but they will stop to see that Jesus really did die on the cross, just for them.”

Each man who took a turn on the cross has a lasting impression of the experience. Each experienced physical discomfort. Some were insulted by passersby. They were humbled by those who stopped to pray.

A day later, the cross was empty. Then, on Easter Sunday, the cross was draped with purple cloth, reminding everyone that Jesus Christ is alive and reigns forever!

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