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Introducing a newsletter by Christian women for other women.

Evelyn Waite and Kathy Webber are collaborating on this project in an effort to encourage our Christian sisters and possibly *to inspire other women to participate in this effort.*



### ***Just Wondering...***

*Then the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took His garments and made four parts, to each soldier a part, and also the tunic. Now the tunic was without seam, woven from the top in one piece. They said therefore among themselves, "Let us not tear it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be," that the Scripture might be fulfilled which says: "They divided My garments among them, And for My clothing they cast lots." Therefore the soldiers did these things. (John 19:23-24)*

I wonder...which of the four soldiers won Jesus' tunic? Was he a young man who had been pressed into the service of the Roman army? What was his character like? Did he have any feelings of compassion for this man who was being crucified before his very eyes? Had his heart already been so hardened by his military training and experiences that this was just another duty?

I wonder...what was the lasting result of that day on this soldier? Was he just in a hurry to get back to his game of lots? Did he ever wonder about the guilt or innocence of these victims of crucifixion? Was he listening and wondering when Jesus told the thief on the cross, "Assuredly, I say to you, today you will be with Me in Paradise." (Luke 23:43) Did he ever wonder about this man who could speak of Paradise in the midst of torture and agony?

I wonder...what happened to this soldier after the fact? Was he taught and converted later? Was he,

like the Jews in Acts 2:37, "cut to the heart"? Did he also ask, "...what shall we (I) do?" Was his life ever changed by what he saw and heard that day? Did he treasure this garment that had belonged to the Son of God? Or did he simply use it to cover himself on a cold night?

I wonder...what were the lasting effects of having "won" the tunic that had belonged to Jesus, Son of the Most High God...

*Therefore, because it was the Preparation Day, that the bodies should not remain on the cross on the Sabbath (for that Sabbath was a high day), the Jews asked Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away. Then the soldiers came and broke the legs of the first and of the other who was crucified with Him. But when they came to Jesus and saw that He was already dead, they did not break His legs. But one of the soldiers pierced His side with a spear, and immediately blood and water came out. And he who has seen has testified, and his testimony is true; and he knows that he is telling the truth, so that you may believe. For these things were done that the Scripture should be fulfilled, "Not one of His bones shall be broken." And again another Scripture says, "They shall look on Him whom they pierced." (John 19:31-37)*

I wonder...which one of the soldiers thrust his spear into Jesus' side? Could it have been the same one who had earlier won the tunic? Was he battle hardened? Had he plunged his spear into many other men in times of battle? Was this just another stab of the soldier's spear as in so many battles? Did some of the precious blood of Jesus splatter on him? Did he ever realize what that blood represented, what it means to every human ever born? Did he ever realize it could mean true freedom for him?

I wonder...how did he sleep that night after having been at the foot of the cross? Did the moans and

cries of those being crucified trouble his sleep? In his dreams that night, did he hear Jesus' voice saying through his agony, "Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they do." (Luke 23:34) Did he ever realize that he was one of "them"?

I wonder...did this soldier tremble when darkness covered the land for three hours—in the middle of the day? (Matthew 27: 45) Did it cross his mind to wonder how Jesus could be concerned about his mother while he was dying on a cross? (John 19:36-37) Did he think of his own mother and wish he could see her again soon? Did he ever shudder when remembering Jesus' cry of, "My God, My God, why have You forsaken Me?" (Matthew 27:46) Did he tremble with fear when the earth quaked and he heard his own centurion declare, "Truly this was the Son of God!" (Matthew 27:54)

I have many questions about the soldiers who were there on that day, but I have no answers. The Bible does not tell us anything more about them. We don't know if their lives were changed by the events of that day. We don't know to what other duty stations they might have been assigned. We don't know if they heard converted Jews bursting with the news of this Messiah, about freedom and salvation in the Son of God. We don't know if they ever encountered anyone from Cornelius' household and heard how salvation had come, even to the Gentiles, through this Jewish Messiah. We don't know if they ever heard any of the apostles preach the gospel. There is so much we don't know, and yet, I wonder...

Evelyn Waite  
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*You don't have a soul.*

*You are a Soul.*

*You have a body.*

*C. S. Lewis*

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"If anyone says, "I love God," and hates his brother, he is a liar; for he who does not love his brother whom he has seen cannot love God whom he has not seen. And this commandment we have from him: whoever loves God must also love his brother." 1 John 4:20-21 ESV

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*Death is more universal than life;  
Everyone dies but not everyone lives.*

*--Alan Sachs*

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## *Found Only in the Arms of My Father*

*by Kathy Webber*

*Sometimes tired and confused --*

*I crawl up into the arms of my  
Heavenly Father.*

*There sitting upon His lap*

*I nestle my head into His shoulder,*

*And I find His peace and gentleness.*

*I share with Him all my toils and tribulations.*

*He shares with me His self-control and goodness.*

*I tell Him of all my dreams and desires.*

*He tells me of patience and faithfulness.*

*I come to Him for He is my hope.*

*And He fills my heart with kindness and love.*

*And then I standup*

*To walk in His way with joy.*

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## **The Washcloth**

*by Kathy Webber*

*I'm just a brown ole' washcloth*

*My Savior chose one day*

*To do a special mission*

*And what I heard Him say...*

*I saw my Master willing*

*And in humble service do*

*The very best to wash the feet*

*Of His beloved crew.*

*I learned so much from Him*

*In that simple act*

*Of Christ's gentle love and kindness*

*Oh yes, that is a fact.*

*I am a brown ole' washcloth*

*And happy as can be*

*Because I know my beauty lies*

*In my Christ-like service to thee.*

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