Enough

It wasn't enough when Jesus was betrayed by one of His friends for thirty pieces of silver.

He was arrested in the garden, falsely accused by paid witnesses, tried and although innocent, convicted by the Jewish religious leaders.

Nor was it enough when He was handed over to the Romans for sentence to be carried out, beaten, and tried again.

Again not found guilty, He was still condemned to die.

It still wasn't enough when He was stripped, beaten again, and His beard pulled out in handfuls.

He was dressed in a purple robe with a crown of thorns on His head and a reed placed in His hand as a sceptre, and He was mocked by the guards.

It wasn't even enough when He was rejected by His own people.

Instead of Him, they chose a convicted murderer as Pilate tried to release Him.

He was then forced to carry His own cross along the road to the place of His execution.

After six agonizing hours on that Roman cross, His flayed back drawing splinters of wood from the rough sawn beams, Jesus knew.

In a loud voice He cried "It is finished!", bowed His head, and gave up His spirit. He knew that, finally, it was enough. He had paid the price for my sin.