A cross raised high on Golgotha’s peak signals to all that there are no more categories…

We gaze, searching for God – only to find a mortal man – a man twisted by pain and tears – If God were to be found here? There are no more categories…

The power of Rome rendered powerless by one who will not answer. A king, whose crown of twisted thorn and throne of wood offers no comfort; no splendour of power, no miracle… Where is truth? “What is truth?” the only true question asked in a court of injustice. There are no more categories…

Friends who betray, followers who abandon the Way – for the Way, seemingly, is a dead end.

A mother who weeps for her son; now dead. Dead before his time – before her time… There are no more categories…

A cross that would confine the Word of the universe. Sharp nails which pierce the beauty of perfumed flesh. Blood now stains the one who would wash other’s feet. There are no more categories…the immortal has died, God is now dead and the prince of life has breathed his last…

There are no more categories “It is finished” has had its say.

There are no more categories? Dare we hope that even this category will be shattered.