

Only for the Sake of Love

by Rick McKinney

Passion Sunday, 2000, Revised on Passion Sunday, 2026

No one wants to know ahead of time that it's one's last meal.

No one wants to be all alone in prayer when facing one's darkest hour.

No one wants to be betrayed by a close friend.

No one wants to be bound and dragged off to one's enemies.

No one wants to be abandoned by all one's friends.

No one wants to be condemned by the leaders of one's people and one's own religion.

No one wants a best friend denying he even knows you.

No one wants to be hit and spat upon in the face.

No one wants to be handed over and over to strangers again and again.

No one wants to be rejected by the crowd who a short while ago wanted you as king.

No one wants to be sentenced to die in a painfilled, horrible fashion.

No one wants to be publicly mocked and scorned by brutish men.

No one wants to have thorns gouging down on one's scalp.

No one wants to be scourged so many times that one's body becomes raw and skinless.

No one wants to be prodded through streets with a huge weight on one's shoulders.

No one wants to have others strip one's body of all one's clothes.

No one wants to be nailed naked to wooden beams and then, lifted up for all to see.

No one wants one's mother to see oneself while one is being horribly executed.

No one wants public derision from enemies during one's most vulnerable moment.

No one wants to have every breath one takes a living agony.

No one wants to feel totally abandoned even by the God one thought one knew.

No one wants to die an excruciating death.

Yet, for the sake of love, One did undergo it all, and that, has made, All the difference.