

Where is the Lamb? God will provide.

Abraham ascended the holy mountain, obedience measured step by step.

Isaac followed, bearing the wood, bearing the question placed upon every faithful heart...

"Where is the Lamb...?"

Abraham answered, voice steady, heart burning... "God will provide for himself the Lamb... my son."

Faith spoke before understanding.

The knife was lifted... The knife was stayed... by the word of the Lord.

*A ram was revealed, full-grown, strong, its horns caught in the thicket...
power restrained, the horn of salvation held fast.*

Not a Lamb. Not a son.

A substitute was appointed, strength offered in another's place, blood given so the beloved might live.

The altar changed. The promise held. God provided.

Time opened its long obedience. Another mountain waited.

*Another Son ascended, wood pressed into His shoulders.
The spoken promise returned and stood fulfilled.*

*This time, the Lamb was provided.
Not caught. Not spared. No knife was stayed.*

*No substitute stood nearby.
The Lamb was bound, crowned with thorns, laid in the silence of the earth.*

But the story did not end where the stone was set...

*The horn of salvation was lifted in victory.
The thicket gave way to a garden tomb...*

The grave loosened its hold. Provision rose. Redemption breathed.

The Lamb lives, for us.

Happy Easter