

# No Bother

“And he was saying,  
‘Jesus, remember me when You come into Your kingdom!’  
And He said to him,  
‘Truly I say to you, today you will be with Me in Paradise.’”  
Luke 23:42-43 (NASB)

**W**e read of our Lord being weary (Matthew 8:24) and withdrawing with the disciples for rest (Mark 6:31). His humanity was—and is—real. As a man, He experiences being weary just as we do. But on the cross, I dare to suggest His exhaustion peaked.

The sins of His people would be laid on Him as darkness enshrouded the world. His holy soul revulsed at the thought of being made sin for His people. Then, His beloved Father would strike Him and turn away from Him (Mark 15:34). The physical abuse He endured had changed His appearance so that He ceased to look human (Isaiah 52:14-15). However, the fact He bore sin and was abandoned by His Father were the most shameful and spiritually painful aspects of all His suffering. Hence, I say that the time on the cross was His busiest and most trying hours among us.

Yet, in the midst of unspeakable suffering—when the

repentant thief asked for His help—the Man of Sorrows gave the thief His full attention and granted his request. Are you not amazed at the intense love the Saviour has for sinners, that in His darkest hour He could ignore the suffering that consumed Him and attend to the thief?

Now in the glories of heaven at the Father’s right hand, our Good Shepherd rules and reigns over all things for the good of His people. We—as His people coming for help—may well hear Him say that we are never a nuisance to Him. He sees us as of infinite importance and He can set everything aside to attend to our feeblest cry for help. His people are no bother at all!

Man of sorrows what a name for the Son of God,  
who came  
ruined sinners to reclaim:  
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Bearing shame  
and scoffing rude,  
in my place condemned

he stood,  
sealed my pardon  
with his blood:  
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Guilty, helpless, lost were we;  
blameless Lamb of God  
was he,  
Full atonement can it be?  
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Lifted up was He to die;  
“It is finished” was his cry;  
now in heaven exalted high:  
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

When he comes,  
our glorious King,  
all his ransomed home  
to bring,  
then anew this song  
we’ll sing:  
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

- P.P. Bliss

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