

The Other Ninety-Nine

A 3-Day Journey Behind the Veil of the Cross

*A free devotional gift from Timothy Holt, author of **He Tasted Death***

Before You Begin

The world has never forgotten what the cross did to His body.

The scourging. The thorns. The nails. We have seen it painted, filmed, and preached. And it was real — every wound of it was real.

But Scripture makes a claim we rarely slow down to hear: the suffering men could *watch* was only the threshold. Isaiah said He would bear our griefs and carry our sorrows. Paul said He was made sin. Hebrews says He tasted death for every man.

If the physical agony was one out of a hundred, this little book is about the other ninety-nine — the suffering in soul and spirit that no eye could see.

For three days, come behind the veil. Read slowly. All Scripture is King James Version.

Day 1 — The Threshold

"Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." — Isaiah 53:4

Isaiah does not say Jesus *observed* our griefs or *pitied* our sorrows. He says He *bore* them, *carried* them. The Hebrew *nasa* means to lift a weight onto oneself and take it away.

We are so trained to look at the nails that we forget to ask what the nails were only the beginning of. The body was on display — but behind the torn skin, a soul was being handed the accumulated weight of every human sorrow that ever existed.

Today, ask the harder question, the one this whole journey is built on: *What did it cost Him where no one could see?*

Prayer: Lord, where I have made the cross familiar, make it holy again. Amen.

Day 2 — The Scroll of Names

"He was made sin for us, who knew no sin." — 2 Corinthians 5:21

Imagine a scroll holding every name ever written in the ledger of the human race — not billions as a number, but billions as *people*. A widow. A soldier. A betrayed child. You.

The staggering claim of Scripture is that the transfer was total. Not the sins of a nation, but of a species, laid on one sinless Man in one afternoon. Every lie you have ever told is on that scroll. So is every cruelty ever done to you. He took both — and carried them to the same cross.

There is no burden you bring today that was not already named there, and already borne.

Prayer: *Father, take the weight I have hidden. It was already Yours to carry. Amen.*

Day 3 — Tetelestai

***"It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost." — John
19:30***

One word in the Greek: *Tetelestai*. Merchants stamped it across a paid invoice — *the debt is settled; nothing remains owing*. Paid in full.

It was not the cry of a victim who had run out of strength. It was the shout of a victor who had run out of *debt*. Every name on the scroll: covered. Every sorrow: carried. And at that moment the temple veil tore from top to bottom — the way behind the veil thrown wide forever.

Then came the third day. The tomb could not hold what the cross had purchased.

This is where your journey can begin: not in the darkness at noon, but in the light of an empty tomb. The bill is paid. The veil is open. Come and worship.

Prayer: *Risen Lord, it is finished, and so I rest. I come behind the torn veil to worship.
Amen.*

Keep Reading

This 3-day journey is a doorway. The novel walks through the full six hours.

He Tasted Death: The Six Hours Behind the Veil

A novel of the crucifixion witnessed from the spirit realm and from within the soul of Christ Himself — the Scroll of Names, the Courtroom of Eternity, the darkness at noon, and the one word that finished it. Reverent, biblically anchored, and emotionally devastating, it ends where every

reader will want to stand: at an empty tomb, worshiping.

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