

# *Howard Photo Update*

## *April 2014*

### Higher Ways

He refused the painkiller. Spit dripped off his dirt encrusted body. They had taken his clothes, afraid that his blood or the muck from their own mouths would damage the material they had wagered for. Thorns dug into his temples, punctured his bruised forehead, blood smeared his hair. Splintered wood pierced his previously smooth skin, nails holding him to the death structure, gradually snuffing out his life as darkness distinguishes the light of day. He simply hung there, his weight falling on his mangled wrists and ankles. It was as if he couldn't hear their taunts, their malice filled words and glee filled voices; their jeers failed to spur him to save himself.

But then his own voice rung out clearly, "Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani?" Murmurs rippled through the crowd. "He's crying for help."

"He's trying to save himself."

"This is what we've all been waiting for..."

Presently a man held a sponge full of vinegar up to him, and he drank the sour, acidic beverage gratefully.

A wail escaped his chapped, blistered lips; a sound unlike any sound that had ever reached human ears or ever will again. An intense, life-sucking darkness blanketed everything, swallowing his hoarse, earsplitting cry.

200 word story by Katie Howard

In Him,  
Susan & David and family

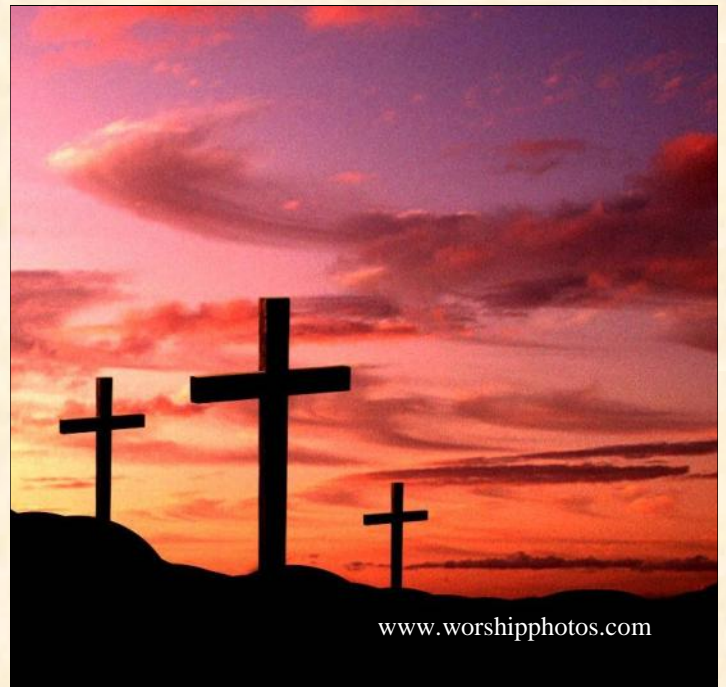
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