

**The Atonement of Jesus Christ**  
**Week Seven – October 25, 2023**  
**Gethsemane**  
**Notes and Quotes**

## *Into the Garden*

Matthew 26:36-38	Mark 14:32-36
JST Mark 14:36-38	Matthew 26:39
Luke 22:42-43	Isaiah 53:10
Mosiah 15:10-12	Alma 7:11-13
Luke 22:44	Hebrews 12:1-4
Matthew 26:42	Mosiah 15:5-7
D&C 88:6	John 16:33

## *The Burden*

A garden scene;  
Peaceful, serene;  
A place to ponder and pray.  
A gentle breeze,  
Mid Olive trees;  
Warmed by the Light of day.  
Yet in the night,  
A different sight;  
Of pain & suffering sore.  
The price of sin;  
Precious souls to win,  
By blood from every pore.  
No word can say,  
Nor tale convey,  
The love that was in his heart.  
The bitter cup,  
He drank it up;  
Submitting to do his part.  
From darkest night,  
There comes a light,  
To give to us faith & strength.  
Though kiss may betray,  
And thorny crown stay,  
Yet we may conquer at length.  
He went below,  
So He could know,  
How to succor & help us o'ercome.  
God's only son,  
The victory had won,  
By saying, "Thy will be done!"

## *That We Might Not Suffer*

John 18:1	Matthew 26:36-39
Mark 14:32-36	Luke 22:41-44
Mosiah 3:7	Isaiah 53:3-5
D&C 19:16-19	Alma 7:11-14
Mosiah 15:5-12	2 Nephi 9:21-23
Hebrews 5:8-10	Hebrews 9:11-16
Alma 13:10-12	Alma 42:14-15
2 Nephi 26:24	Proverbs 10:12
Matthew 11:28-30	John 18:2

*Mosiah 15:10-12*

**Merrill J. Bateman, "A Pattern for All," Oct. GC, 2005.**

The prophet Abinadi further states that "when his soul has been made an offering for sin he shall see his seed" (Mosiah 15:10). Abinadi then identifies the Savior's seed as the prophets and those who follow them. For many years I thought of the Savior's experience in the garden and on the cross as places where a large mass of sin was heaped upon Him. Through the words of Alma, Abinadi, Isaiah, and other prophets, however, my view has changed. Instead of an impersonal mass of sin, there was a long line of people, as Jesus felt "our infirmities" (Heb. 4:15), "[bore] our griefs ... carried our sorrows ... [and] was bruised for our iniquities" (Isa. 53:4-5). The Atonement was an intimate, personal experience in which Jesus came to know how to help each of us.... In the Garden of Gethsemane and on the cross, Jesus not only became acquainted with sin but also with an infinite number of people as He experienced their deepest feelings and comprehended the effects of their pains and afflictions. The Pearl of Great Price teaches that Moses was shown all the inhabitants of the earth, which were "numberless as the sand upon the sea shore" (Moses 1:28). If Moses beheld every soul, then it seems reasonable that the Creator of the universe has the power to become intimately acquainted with each of us. He learned about your weaknesses and mine. He experienced your pains and sufferings. He experienced mine. I testify that He knows us. He understands the way in which we deal with temptations. He knows our weaknesses. But more than that, more than just knowing us, He knows how to help us if we come to Him in faith.

(Cf. Isaiah 53:3-5, 10; Heb. 4:14-16; 12:1-4; Alma 7:11-14)

*3 Nephi 11:14-15*

**Heber J. Grant, *Marvelous Growth*, 697.**

Not only did Jesus come as a universal gift, He came as an individual offering with a personal message to each one of us. For each one of us He died on Calvary and His blood will conditionally save us. Not as nations, communities or groups, but as individuals.

**C.S. Lewis, *Quotable Lewis*, 248.**

"He [Christ] has infinite attention to spare for each one of us. He does not have to deal with us in the mass. You are as much alone with Him as if you were the only being He had ever created. When Christ died, He died for you individually just as much as if you had been the only man in the world.

(Cf. Isaiah 53:10; John 17:20-23; Mos. 15:10-12; 3 Ne. 17:9-10)

**Merrill J. Bateman, *Power to Heal*, 14.**

The Savior's atonement in the garden and on the cross is intimate as well as infinite – infinite in that it spans the eternities – intimate in that the Savior felt each person's pains, sufferings, and sicknesses.

*Hebrew 12:1-4*

**Russell M. Nelson, "Joy and Spiritual Survival," *General Conference*, October 2016.**

Just as the Savior offers peace that "passeth all understanding," He also offers an intensity, depth, and breadth of joy that defy human logic or mortal comprehension. For example, it doesn't seem possible to feel joy when your child suffers with an incurable illness or when you lose your job or when your spouse betrays you. Yet that is precisely the joy the Savior offers. His joy is constant, assuring us that our "afflictions shall be but a small moment" and be consecrated to our gain. How, then, can we claim that joy? We can start by "looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith" "in every thought." We can give thanks for Him in our prayers and by keeping covenants we've made with Him and our Heavenly Father. As our Savior becomes more and more real to us and as we plead for His joy to be given to us, our joy will increase. Joy is powerful, and focusing on joy brings God's power into our lives. As in all things, Jesus Christ is our ultimate exemplar, "who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross." Think of that! In order for Him to endure the most excruciating experience ever endured on earth, our Savior focused on joy! And what was the joy that was set before Him? Surely it included the joy of cleansing, healing, and strengthening us; the joy of paying for the sins of all who would repent; the joy of making it possible for you and me to return home—clean and worthy—to live with our Heavenly Parents and families. If we focus on the joy that will come to us, or to those we love, what can we endure that presently seems overwhelming, painful, scary, unfair, or simply impossible?

(Cf. Isaiah 53:10; Luke 22:40-42; 2 Nephi 2:25-26; Moses 5:10-11)

*Hebrews 12:1-4*

**C.S. Lewis, *Mere Christianity*, 109-110.**

Only those who try to resist temptation know how strong it is... You find out the strength of a wind by trying to walk against it, not by lying down. A man who gives in to temptation after five minutes simply does not know what it would have been like an hour later. Christ, because He was the only man who never yielded to temptation, is also the only man who knows to the full what temptation means.

(Cf. Isaiah 53:3-5; Hebrews 4:14-16; Alma 7:11-13; D&C 88:6)

*Alma 7:11-13*

**Elder David A. Bednar, "THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST," Brigham Young University-Idaho Religion Symposium, January 25, 2003**

Jesus' character necessarily underwrote His remarkable atonement. Without Jesus' sublime character there could have been no sublime atonement! His character is such that He "[suffered] temptations of every kind" (Alma 7:11), yet He gave temptations "no heed" (Doctrine and Covenants 20:22). Someone has said only those who resist temptation really understand the power of temptation. Because Jesus resisted it perfectly, He understood temptation perfectly, hence He can help us. The fact that He was dismissive of temptation and gave it "no heed," reveals His marvelous character, which we are to emulate (see Doctrine and Covenants 20:22; 3 Nephi 12:48; 27:27).

Perhaps the greatest indicator of character is the capacity to recognize and appropriately respond to other people who are experiencing the very challenge or adversity that is most immediately and forcefully pressing upon us. Character is revealed, for example, in the power to discern the suffering of other people when we ourselves are suffering; in the ability to detect the hunger of others when we are hungry; and in the power to reach out and extend compassion for the spiritual agony of others when we are in the midst of our own spiritual distress. Thus, character is demonstrated by looking and reaching outward when the natural and instinctive response is to be self-absorbed and turn inward. If such a capacity is indeed the ultimate criterion of moral character, then the Savior of the world is the perfect example of such a consistent and charitable character.

The following is an excerpt of the account of Gethsemane from my book, "The Unknown Disciple." Stumped as to how to record the experience in Gethsemane from the perspective of the unknown disciple, I was unable to write for over 6 months. Finally, the following came as a dream in the night, so I arose and wrote the experience. I hope that it further helps you to visualize what the gospel writers tried to capture through revelation from the Spirit and recorded in the scriptures for us to read, study, visualize, and ponder. Following the excerpt is a poem that I wrote after several visits to Gethsemane. Enjoy!!

## (Excerpts from "The Unknown Disciple")

As we were about to enter the room where the apostles were sharing the Passover with the Master, we could hear Jesus praying. We stopped outside the door and listened. Jesus's words pierced the heavens, and I felt certain that he communed directly with God, whom he addressed only as his Father.

I could not make out all that he said, but I could tell that he was praying very intimately for the apostles. Then as if he knew that we were listening at the door, he expanded his pleadings to include all who would believe in him through the teachings of the apostles.

"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me. Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."<sup>1</sup>

The power of his words swept through me as the morning light sweeps away the darkness of the night. It seemed to energize and give life to every fiber of my being. Though I did not fully comprehend or understand what he meant when he prayed for us to be one, I knew that I felt empowered and able to do all that God asked of me. I longed to physically embrace him and be one with him.

Standing in the doorway, the Spirit bore witness to my soul again that he was indeed God's Son, who would save us. I did not understand, however, how we could be where he was and enjoy his glory if he was to be slain. I felt confused. I had been taught on more than one occasion that he was to be the Lamb who would be slain, but now I felt with even greater power that he was going to lift all of us to be one with him and with our Father in heaven. Did he expect all of us to give our lives with him in order to escape from the rule of the Romans? Surely, this could not be what he meant.

Following Jesus's prayer, I heard the apostles all join with Jesus to sing one of the beloved hymns from the psalmist. My wife and I watched as the apostles solemnly and reverently departed the upper room. Jesus paused, gently touched each of us on the arm, and looked lovingly into our eyes before following his disciples from the room. There was a look of gratitude yet also sadness as he departed. As my wife and I

moved in to finish cleaning the room and gather the few remaining dishes, I could not help but wonder what this night would bring and what lay ahead for Jesus and his apostles.

## Chapter 20

### Visions of the Night

Those wonderings continued to fill my head and my heart as I finally retired for the evening. Sleep came quickly, but rest escaped me. My thoughts of Jesus soon became visions of the night. In my dreams I found myself in the garden of Gethsemane, a place where Jesus had often gone to contemplate and to pray. The garden was filled with olive trees and a large press resting in the center. Gethsemane, meaning “the oil press,” had at one time been a place where olives were collected and crushed in the large stone press.

As I stood in the garden, I could see Jesus kneeling and praying. He seemed to be in terrible agony. I heard him plead as a child would cry unto his father, “Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me: nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt.”<sup>iii</sup>

The intensity of his pleading pierced my soul. I ached at his pain. I witnessed as he struggled with an unseen force upon him. His agony was more than I could bear to watch. Suddenly yet reassuringly, there was an angel at his side, embracing and comforting him. He spoke to Jesus in warm and tender tones, assuring him that he had been sent by the Father so that he would know his love and receive the strength and vision to endure. I could not hear all that was said, but I felt a love and presence that overwhelmed me. The countenance of the angel shone upon Jesus. He gazed upon the angel for some time, and then he began to look about as if he were searching for someone.

As I followed Jesus’s gaze about the garden, I could see an endless multitude of people. I was awestruck by the myriad of spirits who had come to be with the Savior. The words of the prophet Isaiah came flooding into my mind. “And when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed.”<sup>iiii</sup> These were his seed—all those who believed in him as their Redeemer and Savior. I could feel the combined faith of the mass of people surrounding me. Though the host of people seemed innumerable, it appeared as if Jesus was looking into the face and heart of each and every person.

As I looked about at the throng of people, I could not help but ask myself, “Am I his seed? Am I one of his faithful?” Then as if to respond to my ponderings, Jesus’s gaze turned to me. In an instant my question was answered, and it was as if we were completely alone together in the garden. As he looked upon me, time seemed to stand still. I saw and felt every ache, every sorrow, and every sin that I had already

and would yet experience during my life. I began to hurt in a way that I had never before experienced. Then tenderly, I felt the Savior's arms about me. He gazed into my eyes. His love seemed to envelop every part of my being, overcoming and enveloping every hurt, every heartache, and every pain of my life—not just those caused by sin, but every pain or injustice brought upon me through my mortal journey.

As he embraced me, I felt all my pain leave. It was replaced by a joy and love that left me unable to speak. I wept for joy as he smiled upon me. In that moment, I understood what my Aramaic friends had told me about the *kafat* or embrace. They said that it was actually a sign of being at one with someone. It was this unity or “at-one-ment” that I felt in that moment with Jesus.

With a gentle touch on my arm and one last knowing look in my eyes, Jesus moved on to visit with others who had come to the garden. As Jesus took time with each one, I felt their joy as if it had been my own. Time vanished, and all that mattered was Jesus's love and concern for every person who had come to the garden. It was as if he was becoming one with each person, lifting the burdens of every one of us as his brothers and sisters, taking our burdens upon himself.

After an eternity that felt as but a few moments, he walked to where Peter, James, and John lay fast asleep. Without the least feeling of scorn or rebuke, he gently roused them and asked them if they could not watch with him for an hour. I half-smiled to myself, thinking how exhausted they must be after a full meal and a long night of waiting. Even the most devout disciple would find it hard to fight the overwhelming desire for sleep.

The Savior returned to pray again to his father. As he prayed this second time, I noticed that while close to the words he had first spoken to his Father, this time he seemed to pray with greater earnestness, determined now to drink of the bitter cup that was before him, knowing that in so doing, he would bring hope to all those who had come to express their faith and love for him. For the joy of the redemption that he would provide for his brothers and sisters, he endured suffering to satisfy the demands of justice. His will was now in line with that of his Father as he prayed, “O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done.”<sup>iv</sup>

The spirit in the garden intensified. The sorrow of every soul and all the agonies of eternity seemed to be pressing upon Jesus. I sensed his pain, his all-consuming agony. He seemed to be struggling to resist the crushing weight he had taken from each one, not allowing the bitterness that he had born to enter his heart, not allowing it to overcome his divine nature and change his character or the nature of his being. He groaned in his striving against sin.

Then I saw it. In the dimness of the moonlight, I could see that the tunic next to his body began to darken. Then his robe took on the appearance of a deep crimson. I was horrified as I realized that his pleadings to resist sin had left him bleeding from the very pores of his body!<sup>v</sup>

Suddenly, I shot upright in my bed. My heart raced within me. A dream? Or had this been real? The sorrow in my heart left me heaving with a sadness that would not leave. I began to weep from the very core of my being. I tried to tell myself that it was just a dream, but my heart would not believe what my head was trying to persuade me to accept.

“*This could not be real!*” I almost shouted in my mind. Even if Christ had gone to Gethsemane, surely not all of humanity had assembled to witness the suffering I saw in my mind’s eye. The logic of my mind began to calm the dread that was in my heart.

A dream. Just a dream.

As I gathered in my surroundings, I realized that my pillow was wet with the tears that I had shed during my dreams of the night. Gradually, I began to think back upon the joy of the evening spent in the upper chamber of my father-in-law’s home when Jesus had prayed with such tenderness that we would all be one with him and with the Father. The thought of this joyful union calmed my heart. Had he not promised his disciples peace as he had spoken with them in the upper room? I thought on his words, “Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”<sup>vi</sup> The thoughts of his peace calmed my heart and allowed me to put the dream from my mind long enough to fall into a restful sleep.

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<sup>i</sup> John 17:20–24

<sup>ii</sup> Mark 14:36

<sup>iii</sup> Isaiah 53:10

<sup>iv</sup> Matthew 26:42

<sup>v</sup> See Luke 22:44 and Hebrews 12:4.

<sup>vi</sup> John 14:27

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# Returning to the Garden

Again I go to the Garden, to face my greatest fear.  
I tremble at his presence, unsure that he will hear.  
Time and again I've stumbled in traveling the road of life,  
It seems I never conquer, amid the toil and the strife.  
I fear that I will not become, all that he's seen in me;  
I fear in his eyes I'll see it -- he has given up on me.

And so I come to the Garden, reluctantly, unsure;  
To feel if he still loves me, though I did not endure.  
The darkness swirls around me, like a suffocating tomb.  
I cannot see his face this time; all I sense is gloom.  
I kneel alone in the darkness; surrounded by deep despair,  
Where are you, oh Savior? Please -- are you still there?

Now alone in the Garden, I seek answers from above  
I ache to hear him whisper and feel his endless love.  
The silence goes unbroken; I strain to hear his voice,  
I should have come much sooner, and made a better choice  
I wait what seems forever; yet nothing do I hear.  
I waited too long to come to him; now all I feel is fear.

Then suddenly there in the Garden, I see him suffering alone.  
Nobody there to comfort - Pain greater than my own.  
He is pleading with the Father, to remove the bitter cup;  
And yet he says he's willing to take and drink it up.  
I see his pain and anguish, continue through the night  
Oh Father! Please relieve him from the burden of this fight!

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Then mercifully to the Garden, comes an angel to embrace;  
And give the Savior comfort in that sacred, holy place.  
He shows unto the Savior, those who would be his seed,  
He sees in all their faces, their pains and sins and deeds.  
Then he comes toward me, as I kneel there in my grief;  
Should I hide myself from him, or seek once more relief?

Then there in the lonely Garden, the Savior bids me arise,  
He takes my face within his hands, and looks into my eyes.  
His light goes deep into my soul; he sees the hurt I keep,  
He holds me close into his arms; and I begin to weep  
As we embrace I feel his love; all my pain he takes from me.  
And finally now I understand the purpose of Gethsemane.

It's in this sacred Garden, that Jesus felt my pain;  
And overcame temptations; that I may now attain.  
And be all that he sees in me, despite my doubts and fears,  
If I will simply trust in him and strive on through the years.  
He suffered for me in that Garden, so mercy he can extend,  
If I'll return to the Garden and have faith in Him - my Friend.