

Somebody told me about Jesus

A woman and her son Mark

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It was my son, Mark.

Even as a child he was committed to the pursuit of God. For a while he was a follower of John, the baptizer, and I worried about him. He was hardly eating anything out in the wilderness, and he was still very young. But it was impossible for me to get him to see things differently. He needed to walk his own path.

Then Jesus came along, and Mark became one of HIS disciples. Surprisingly, John had encouraged his followers to go with Jesus and many of them did. Mark would regularly come home and tell me all about what Jesus was teaching, and the miracles he was doing. In the end I began to believe in him too. I went with Mark to hear Jesus speak and I gradually became as committed to following Jesus as Mark was.

Then we arrive at the events of a few weeks ago. There was a really tense atmosphere building up during the Passover week. I was talking to as many people as I knew who might have some influence with the members of the Sanhedrin. I was trying to help people understand that Jesus really IS the Messiah...and should be welcomed into Jerusalem by everyone.

I know a lot of important people.

But I gradually began to realise that the tide was going against me...or, rather, against Jesus. The clouds were gathering, and it was only a matter of time before we would have to choose publicly whose side we were on. People like Joseph of Arimathea were also doing their best to buy time so that attitudes could change towards Jesus. But in the end, it was no good. Those who hated him were going to get their way.

When the arrest took place, Mark was actually there with Jesus, but he managed to escape. A Temple guard grabbed his robe, but Mark managed to free himself from it, and run away. He came home, very upset, and told me what had happened. Then we went to Joseph's house to tell him. He then went to talk to Caiaphas, the high priest, at the palace, but it was too late. Jesus had already been condemned by the Sanhedrin and sent on to the Romans for execution.

A chain of events had started that proved to be unstoppable. Jesus was executed on the Friday and I watched him die. I was with some of the other disciples. Mainly the women. We all felt so utterly powerless. The very least we could do was stand and be there with him when he died.

I have never experienced a trauma quite like that one. When Jesus died, the sky suddenly grew dark and the rain poured down. There was even a small earthquake! Everything we observed and experienced that day told us something truly dreadful had happened. After following Joseph and Nicodemus as they carried Jesus' body to a tomb, I went home numbed with the horror of it all.

It's easy to think that death is the end. But it's only the end if that is your final destination. Jesus had no final destination. When Jesus reached the end, he just ploughed straight through it! By Sunday the battle was won, death was defeated, and the sting of death was gone forever. It took us all a while to understand what had happened and why. Jesus, now alive again, explained it to us in person. But I'm sure we'll still be working it out for many years to come.

In the meantime, we're all just waiting to see what will happen next.