

“A New Perspective”

The time is one week before the Passover. My mother and I are preparing the house, while father works the fields as is custom to his normal day. Preparing the house for Passover is a rather easy task, but the work takes time and can be rather tedious.

“Mother, are you sure we have checked all of the rooms for chametz?” I asked wonderingly. During the whole process I felt we may have been missing the tiniest crumbs. Passover preparation includes making sure there are no traces of chametz. The house must be spotless, as is tradition.

“Yes, Hannah, I’ve been very careful to check every spot in the house, ” said my mother affirmatively.

My mother is always very particular on how she cleans for chametz, and she never takes the job lightly. She does everything as best as she can and checks countless times to make sure the house is prepared.

“Hannah, could you cut some palm leaves for tomorrow? I heard we needed to throw them on the streets to line the road for the Messiah.” I swiftly ran outside and gathered palm leaves. I made sure they looked perfect. This is for THE Messiah they had to be perfect. This is the day I’ve been awaiting, the day I can finally see the Messiah with my very own eyes.

The next day...

The time is now six days before the Passover, and more importantly, the day I see THE Messiah. I have been ecstatic for this day. I could hardly fall asleep last night, and now the day is actually here. My mother said it would be best for us to leave early, the streets would soon be very crowded, and we want to be front and center to see Him.

The whole morning we were speculating on what His chariot would look like, the music that would be playing for His entry, and what His disciples would look like. We swiftly got dressed and headed for the streets of Jerusalem.

After countless hours of waiting... and waiting... and waiting... We finally saw something coming in the distance.

“What is it father?” I asked curiously. I wanted answers and I wanted them as soon as possible.

"It's a donkey," said Father,"that can't be Him. He would have to be on something nicer than a lousy, rugged looking donkey." I was bummed. I thought that after all this waiting I would finally be able to see my Messiah.

"That's Him! That's Jesus" yelled out a random bystander. Palm leaves started waving. People started cheering. People taking off their finest garments to line the road for the Messiah. I was happy of course, but I was also wondering about the fact that THE Messiah, THE saviour of the world was riding in on a...donkey.

"Was it all they had?" "Could they not find a chariot in time for Him?" These were the questions running through my mind.

But then as He got closer those very questions were drowned by excitement and joy. I was now only a few feet from my Messiah.

"Messiah! Messiah!" I exclaimed with joy. I tossed my palm leaf into the road before Him. My dad told me the tree signaled victory and triumph, and today was most definitely a victorious day for the Jews.

During all the excitement, the multitudes started yelling "Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest. (Matthew 21:9 KJV)" It was a glorious sight. The Messiah, Saviour of the World, was only steps in front of me. But then, as quickly as He came, He passed by us and continued into Jerusalem. The noise from the multitude was now distant. People around began on their way home, and the excitement and joy was over.

"God's Son and He can't even stop to speak," Father said annoyed, "This was such a waste of time, we have Passover preparation to finish." Mother and Father were obviously irritated, but Father was the only one that expressed it, but I, on the other hand, was overfilled with joy that I had just seen Jesus in person. Seeing the disciples was cool too, but nothing compared to seeing THE Messiah. No matter how my parents felt, nothing could change the joy inside of me. But Father did have a point, we still had a lot of preparation to do for Passover, and only a few days left to finish, so we best get back home.

2 days later...

Not much has happened since Jesus rode into town. After He rode in. He arrived at the temple and cast out all the people using the temple as a marketplace, which caused some uproar between my parents.

"I knew this guy was fake!" exclaimed my dad. "He's nothing more than a false prophet, I should have known He was not the Messiah from the start! The real Messiah would be compassionate towards those poor people in the temple!" My mother, per usual, never really showed how she actually felt, but she did agree with my father.

Slowly over the next few days, my father tried shifting me to his side.

"Do you not listen! This is not God's son! God is a singular being!" my Father exclaimed. I was torn. I knew what I believed had to be true, but I did not want to disappoint my Father. I stood there. Still. Silent. My father did not go any further with what he said and walked off.

It has been a few hours now. My father and I still have not spoken since what he said. I was still torn. Do I believe in something I don't have faith in or do I continue believing that Jesus is my Messiah? I decided to get my mother's opinion. She has been silent about all of this, just silently agreeing with what father says but never stating her own opinions.

"Mother," I said softly, "Do you actually believe what father says?" I was scared to ask her. I figured she would respond like father did and get angry with me, but she responded completely differently.

"I'm sorry for how your father responded, he's very passionate about Judaism and doesn't like it when someone tries changing it, but he does have a point. There are many things He preaches that are against our beliefs. You're young, maybe you should do more research into it when you get older." mother said. She spoke softly and slowly, in a soothing tone, while dad spoke harshly and rashly. My mother even though she was kinder, and softer spoken about it, still did not agree with what Jesus was saying. She just agreed with father like she has been doing this entire time. I shook it off. I tried forgetting what father said and tried just going on about my business, but every second it seemed like that was the only thing I could think about. I never doubted that Jesus was the true Messiah, but I could not get off the fact that following Him could lead to me disappointing my father and possibly my mother too.

I sat in bed thinking still about what my father said. I needed to get my mind off of it and rest but every time I tried, my mind would just go back to it. My mind finally eased, and I was able to get rest. Tomorrow was going to be a busy day for preparation, so it was best I got some sleep.

Two days later...

The last couple days have been busy, but today we finally get to rest. Passover has officially begun meaning all the preparations are over. The celebration of the Israelites exodus has started. Joy filled the homes of many as this was a joyous day among the Jews. But for some, today was not so joyous.

"Hannah, may you come here, we need to talk," said Father in a shocked tone.

"Coming father!" I replied. I hurried to him, it sounded urgent. "Yes, father, you called me?"

"The man you call the Messiah was arrested last night. He was taken on counts of blasphemy. This is serious Hannah, I tried telling you He was a fake Messiah. If you would just listen to me for once. You are young, you don't know if this was true or not. Now just be like the rest of the family and follow Judaism and the only God we know," said Father disappointed in me. The whole family has been Judaistic but I know He is God's son. This can't be true, He is God's son, I know He is. I was stunned at that moment. Everything inside of me, numb, I couldn't move even if I tried.

Throughout the next few hours of the day, we spent waiting for Jesus's trial in front of Pontius Pilate. The day was still young but this trial was any moment, and Father wanted to go. Passover festivities were stopped throughout almost all of Jerusalem as people were wanting to know more.

The time was here. Me, Father, and Mother left for the Palace where the trials would be held. The trip to the Palace was a slow, dreary walk, a walk I would rather never make. The walk to see if my Messiah is guilty or innocent.

When we arrived the place was crowded with what seemed like all of Jerusalem's population. Shortly after we arrived the trial started. As the trial went on the harder my heart pounded, each breath getting harder and harder. Then Pilate brought out a man named Barabbas, a well known murderer among the citizens of Jerusalem. I then had new found confidence. There was no way the people would choose a murderer over God's son! But then, to my surprise I heard cries starting.

"We want Barabbas!" said someone distantly. "Give us Barabbas! Free Barabbas! We want Barabbas, not this blasphemer!" yelled the crowd.

"Barabbas! Give me Barabbas!" yelled my father. Me, now on the verge of tears, turned and looked over at my father. My father, now joining in on the chants, had a smile on his face. He finally got his wish. My Messiah would no longer be, forcing me to choose Judaism. Suddenly, a new chant broke out.

“Crucify Him!” “Crucify Him!” “Crucify Him!” yelled the crowds...and father. The Roman guard surrounded Jesus immediately. They placed a crown of thorns on his head to mock Him, spat on Him, hit Him, and yelled at Him with mocking remarks.

My heart...shattered, my eyes...filled with tears, my body... numb, and everything else filled with anger and hatred for the Roman guards. They grabbed Jesus and took Him outside. His bloodied and broken body being pushed around by the ruthless Roman guards. The Roman guards grabbed Jesus's cross and forced Him to carry it down the path. I couldn't watch. The pain He was enduring was shattering to my heart, but my father...smiling the whole time. Jesus fell to the ground. The Roman soldiers helped Him up and continued hitting Him as he carried it.

“Stop! Stop hitting Him! I yelled. No one heard besides my father.

“Hannah! This man deserves this! Stop yelling!” yelled my father.

Jesus struggled, every step got slower and slower. Jesus fell again. This time the Roman guards grabbed a man to help Jesus but continued beating Jesus. Screaming in agony, Jesus was already almost at His breaking point. After a long, grueling walk Jesus made it to the top of Golgotha. The Roman guards laid his cross on the ground and began nailing Jesus to it. The nail, piercing his skin, ripping it open with each powerful strike of a mallet. Jesus was in too much pain to yell, He could only gnash His teeth. The cross was lifted and dropped into the ground.

I looked around me. The things I witnessed were traumatizing. I looked to my left and saw Mary, Jesus's mom, screaming and crying, trying to get to Jesus's feet, but the guards would not let her. I could not imagine what she was going through. I look to my right and see my father, smiling at the pain God's son was going through. I couldn't take it anymore. I fell to the ground, crying, screaming, pleading for a miracle but it was too late. In only a few hours, Jesus died. But instantly when His soul left His body, the sky turned dark. Thunder roared from the sky, the temple veil broke. Earthquakes shook the ground. People running for cover everywhere but not my father. I ran to my father in a rush of tears.

“Father! Father! We need to go!.” I exclaimed.

“Hannah, I messed up. This was God's son. I should've listened. What will I ever do? He's dead now. God's son is dead and I never believed it.” said my dad in a soft, shaky tone.

"I don't know father, but we need to go. It isn't safe here." I said. We ran home, still shocked from everything that had occurred. It was over in such a rush and now...He is dead. My Messiah is dead. I decided to try to rest. It would be hard but it would be better than sitting here, dwelling on what happened.

Two days later...

It has been silent around our house. We were all still in shock. No one knew what to say, think, or do anymore. But then, a rush through the streets of Jerusalem.

"He arose! Jesus arose!" yelled the crowds. "He is no longer in the tomb, He is alive!" A rush of excitement ran through my body but I didn't know if it was true, but then I saw Peter and John, two of Jesus's disciples, running down the street yelling the same thing as the crowds. I knew it was true now. The joy rushing through my body made everything else go away. Anything I had been feeling just disappeared. But with all the excitement, my father approached me.

"Hannah, I should've listened. This man is God's son. God is not just one being. I know how I have been treating you has been terrible, and I'm sorry, but I am now leaving Judaism. This is the real way." said my father with a smile on his face. I didn't know how to react. I was overjoyed, My father believed in the same Messiah I too believed in. My father now saw it from a new perspective. And the Messiah He believes in is still on the throne in power today and can be accepted by anyone who wants to believe and have a relationship with Him.

Believing in Jesus is not just a choice, it's a commitment. The greatest commitment that could ever be made. Will you commit to the service?

WORD COUNT: 2482 WORDS

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