

Walk – Talk – Eat

It's a two-hour journey from Jerusalem to our village. A man joined us, and asked a strange question, "What are you discussing together as you walk along?". Surely everyone who had been in the city for the Passover festival had heard the news? We stood still, too weary to explain it all to a stranger – not really looking at him at all. But he seemed interested, so the three of us walked along together as we told him about our friend Jesus.

"Jesus came from Nazareth. He was clearly a prophet – he spoke powerfully about God and did miraculous signs in front of huge crowds – feeding us and healing us. We hoped that at last he was the Messiah who was going to free Israel and bring us back to our God. But our priests and rulers saw him as dangerous, and within a few days of arriving in Jerusalem he had been arrested. We will never forget the horror of hearing that he was going to be crucified – like a criminal. I'm sorry that I'm weeping again but every time I close my eyes, I see him on that cross. We were with his friends this morning when some of our women rushed in to say that they had seen angels, telling them that Jesus was alive. It sounded like nonsense to us, so Simon Peter went to the tomb and found it open and Jesus' body missing."

The stranger's response to our story surprised us – "How foolish you are, and how slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken!". Using our Scriptures, he showed us that the Christ would suffer before his glory could be shown. His words warmed our hearts and brought us peace. Only when he broke the supper bread later in our home, did we realise that it had been our friend Jesus walking with us today.

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