

THE STORY OF JESUS TOLD BY HIMSELF
(a version written by Esther Sauñe Gonzalez)

This is My story:

I was born of a single woman and I had to go to Egypt, to a country that was not mine because of a decree of death by king Herod. During my childhood, I experienced rejection.

Even when I was in the belly of my mother, there was not a place where I could be born; a place in which I they would accept me. When I was growing up, I knew I was different, and my friends asked me why I was behaving in the way I was. I had no approval of none of them neither of my siblings, and even my parents did not understand me. None human being understood my mission.

At the begin of my ministry I have been in the desert for forty days, without water neither food, and I was tempted to rely in my own strength and provide for myself. Also, when Maria washed and kissed my feet, I was tempted with lust WITHOUT giving into it.

Moments before of my death, I went to the garden of the Gethsemane, and the people closest to me, they fell asleep when I needed them the most. I prayed alone, dying while I was sweating blood and was fighting to give my will to the will of my Father. I was betrayed with a kiss, by Judas, one of my closest friends, and I was sold by the price of a slave. And Peter denied that he knew me three times, and the last time he did it with curses after Peter promised me that, if necessary... he would die for me.

When they took me captive to make a decision about my case, I was injured and mistreated by the people under the influence of Satan and his demons. The soldiers who should have protect me did not do it, but that they mocked me while they were beating over and over. Pilate, who should have executed a fair judgment, he delivered to a sure death. While the rest of the people I love chose Barabbas, a murderer, and I was condemned while being innocent. The Roman officers then removed my clothes, embarrassing me and humiliating me in public. They abused me verbal and mentally. They spat on me while they were beating me harshly and were blaming me, and I experienced all this in silence, deciding not to talk neither pay them in the same way in which they did.

While I was dying nailed to the cross, I was tempted to obtain some relief to my physical, emotional and mental pain, and while I was bearing all the sin and suffering of the world. I was tempted to believe that my situation was hopeless and useless. I lost water and blood, my nerves were on fire, and was struggling to breathe while I suffocated slowly.

I was tempted not to forgive those who betrayed and abused me. I was tempted to take control of the situations that happened to me in order to defend and protect myself.

I could have taken all that they did to me personally when I was not respected, neither seen, neither listened, neither understood either appreciated; when I was accused without a reason and when I was arrested, unfairly condemned and finally murdered. But I chose not to do it.

I know suffering, treason, rejection, the lack of understanding, and the pain of losing loved ones.

Now, you know that I experienced suffering first hand: YOUR suffering.

A LONG SILENCE

At the end of time, billions of people were scattered on a great plain before God's throne. Most shrank back from the brilliant light before them. But some groups near the front talked heatedly—not with cringing shame, but with belligerence.

Can God judge us? "How can He know about suffering?" snapped a pert young brunette. She ripped open a sleeve to reveal a tattooed number from a Nazi concentration camp. "We endured terror—beatings—torture—death!"

In another group an African American boy lowered his collar. "What about this?" he demanded showing an ugly rope burn. "Lynched—for no crime but being black."

In another crowd, a pregnant school girl with sullen eyes. "Why should I suffer?" she murmured, "It wasn't my fault."

Far across the plain there were hundreds of such groups. Each had a complaint against God for the evil and suffering He permitted in His world. How lucky God was to live in heaven where all was sweetness and light, where there was no weeping or fear, no hunger or hatred. What did God know of all that man had been forced to endure in this world? For God lives a pretty sheltered life, they said.

So each of these groups sent forth their leader, chosen because he had suffered the most. A Jew, an African American, a person from Hiroshima, a horribly deformed arthritic, a thalidomide child. In the center of the plain they consulted with each other. At last they were ready to present their case.

It was rather clever. Before God could be qualified to judge, he must endure what they had endured. Their decision was that God should be sentenced to live on earth—as a man!

Let him be born a Jew.

Let the legitimacy of his birth be doubted.

Give him a work so difficult that even his family will think him out of his mind when he tries to do it. Let him be betrayed by his closest friends.

Let him face false charges, be tried by a prejudiced jury and convicted by a cowardly judge.

Let him be tortured.

At last let him see what it is like to be terribly alone.

Then let him die. Let him die so that there can be no doubt that he died.

Let there be a great host of witnesses to verify it. As each leader announced his portion of the sentence, there was a long silence. No one uttered another word.

No one moved. For suddenly all knew that God had already served his sentence.