

Do You Believe?

Katelyn Haynes

This story takes place in 20AD in the time of Christ

I ran across the market looking for my mischievous little brother. Where could he be now? Hasn't he caused enough trouble today? Thoughts like these raced through my mind often. And now they raced through my mind at light speed because today was my mother's birthday and father had sent us to the market to get her a gift.

Hey! There he was! That little sneak was using mother's birthday money to buy himself a new wooden boat. Oh, this time he would pay big! I started to run across the street when I bumped into a tall, peaceful looking man. I fell to the ground my eyes glued to his perfect face, his kind compassionate eyes, his beautiful teeth as they sparkled in his smile. I landed with a loud thud on the hard ground and the man spoke with a voice so loving and perfect it was barley human, "O child, please forgive me. Although next time, watch carefully where your running."

"Sir, you need not forgiveness, but will you forgive me for carelessly running like a immature child?" Usually I do not talk in such a dignified manner, but his man seemed royal and important.

"Child, I forgive you of all your sins." And with that he walked away.

What did he mean by that? And again more questions raced through my mind.

"Who was that man?," I asked one of the merchants.

"Why that man right there?" I nodded and the merchant continued, "Some call him Jesus son of Jospheh. Others call him 'King of the Jews'. Personally I think he's just another traitor, tricking the Jews into believing he's their savior. But everyone has their own beliefs, so really I can't answer your question. Only you can."

"...so then I ran into this man who said 'I forgive you of all your sins' so I asked a merchant who the man was and HE said 'only you can answer your question' and said something about how the man was Jesus, son of Joseph." I ended my complicated story with a loud sigh. My family gave me perplexed looks as if there was a question in there so I added, "Have you ever heard of Jesus?" After a moment of silence my dad said in a strict tone, "Yes I have, and I don't want you to have anything to do with him."

"But father, We're Christians aren't we? What if this man is the Christ, who

was prophesied about in Isaiah?”, I replied now getting annoyed.

“You do not have a choice.”

“But, father...”

“NO, but...now go prepare dinner.”

The next day at school I asked my friend ,Sarah, about Jesus.

She said, “That guy is just another folly. Anybody who believes in him is just ... just crazy!” I couldn’t believe how strong her opinion was! In spite of my gapping mouth and my astonished facial expressions she continued,” Any fool that believes in him is not allowed to be my friend and that is a rule I approve of because...”

But I couldn’t hear what she said next. I was running to my secret place where nobody in the village knew where it was. I had to think.

My secret place is an old, old house, which caught on fire 2 or 3 years ago. The people who lived there abandoned the house allowing me to have my own quiet times there. I kept my Bible there in case of emergencies. I pulled it out to see what it had to say about Jesus. As I flipped through the pages I heard a familiar voice, “Child, do you believe in me?” I turned around and couldn’t believe my eyes! Jesus was standing right in front of me! How did he know where my secret place was? Nobody knew except me! My mind got lost in a train of thought and all I could do was stare at him. Finally the train came to a stop and I answered, “Well dad doesn’t believe and Sarah doesn’t believe and ...” but he stopped me. “No child what do YOU believe?”

“Jesus...”, I said,” ...I believe.” I knew I was giving up a friendship with Sarah, my dad would probably scold me and nobody in the village would like me. But still a smile spread across my face...I still had salvation.