

Friday evening

The last 24 hours have been the most terrible of my whole life. I'm so confused. It started only at the Passover meal with Jesus. He was quiet and sad. He told us that he would soon suffer and go away from us. Then he told me that I would be tested and that he had prayed that I wouldn't lose my faith. I said, "Jesus I would go to prison with you and even die with you." But Jesus answered, "before the rooster crows, you'll say 3 times that you don't know me." I couldn't believe it. I would never do anything like that—at least I didn't think I would.

After dinner we left the city and went out to the Mount of Olives. Jesus went off to pray and asked us to pray with him. But we fell asleep.

Then before we knew it, Jesus was waking us up. Soldiers and priests came and arrested Jesus. I grab my sword and cut off the ear of one of the servants. For Jesus told me to put my sword away. Then he hailed the servants year.

As they led Jesus away, we all scattered. I followed Jesus at a distance. They took him to the house of the high priest. Soldiers started a fire in the middle of the Courtyard. I stirred it near the fire to keep warm. I could see what they were doing to Jesus—it was awful. They beat him and made fun of him. I didn't know what to do.

A servant girl pointed me out and said, "This man is with Jesus."

"I don't even know him," I replied.

Then another person said, "You're one of his disciples."

"No, I'm not!" I replied. I was afraid that the soldiers would arrest me too.

About an hour later, another man said, "You are with Jesus—you're from Galilee."

"I don't know what you talking about!" I shouted. Just then a rooster crowed. Jesus turned his head and looked at me. His eyes are so sad. I ran away into the darkness and cried for the rest of the night. To day they crucified him. Jesus is dead. My life is in pieces.

2 months later

So much has happened since that terrible Friday when Jesus died. He came back to life again on Sunday and appeared to us their role times. He forgave me for denying him and asked me to help take care of his people. Then one day as we were talking together on a mountain top, Jesus rose into the sky! Angels told us Jesus would come again some day.

We went back to Jerusalem to pray for the Holy Spirit Jesus had promised. As we were praying together, the Holy Spirit filled the room. We went out and started preaching to the people in Jerusalem. Many people believed. One day John and I went to the temple to pray. A man who couldn't walk asked us for money. I said to the man, "I don't have any silver or gold, but I do have something else I can give you. By the power of Jesus Christ from Nazareth, stand up and walk!" And he did.

That attracted a big crowd people, so I told them about Jesus. The priests got really angry—the same priest who had killed Jesus. So they dragged us off to court and told us not to preach about Jesus anymore.

But we said, "Should we obey you or God? We cannot keep quiet! We must speak about what we have seen and heard!"