



I've got to make a choice...

heart stops beating. A life that's eternal – never ending and perfect. Or I could just carry on life as it was before I met him. Do things my way. And take what I deserve myself. Two choices. As simple as that.

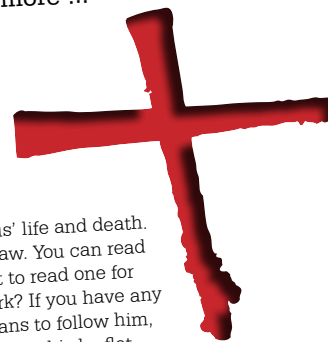
I thought it over a bit. After all, saying yes was bound to lead to some major changes in my life. But in the end it was an offer I couldn't refuse. His life and death made a major impact on me. One I simply couldn't ignore.

It hasn't always been easy since making that decision. Life's had its ups and downs. And there are days I find it hard to live life his way instead of mine. In some ways it means being different to the people around me and that can be tough. He doesn't ask me to be weird but he does ask me to stand out. To do things like forgiving people who have hurt me. To be kind to people I don't like. To be generous rather than selfish. But he's always there to help me. >>



It's awesome to know that I have a permanent guide. It's fantastic to know that no matter how many times I mess up, he'll always forgive me and never stop loving me. Even when I'm confused, he's got plans for my life – plans to use me to show the people around me how brilliant he is. And the future's very bright – what could be better than the promise of life after death; an eternity spent with him? I've definitely no regrets.

His name? Oh, it's Jesus. Mind-blowing guy. One of a kind. He really is. If you want, I can tell you more ...



There were many eyewitnesses to Jesus' life and death. Some of them wrote down what they saw. You can read their accounts in the Bible. If you want to read one for yourself, why not try the Gospel of Mark? If you have any questions about Jesus and what it means to follow him, you could talk to the person who gave you this leaflet.

EYEWITNESS





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The guy just stood there.

He didn't make a move to get away. The beating they gave him was awful. Blow after blow pounded into his body and he just took it. Even when it became clear they were going to kill him, he let them. He was silent as a lamb.

It's not as though he deserved it. He'd done nothing wrong. He didn't have it in him to hurt anyone. But that didn't stop them. They even laughed as they did it. It was cruelty beyond measure. The injustice of it was sickening.

Why did he just stand there, doing nothing? After all, most people would try to fight back wouldn't they? But you could see in his eyes that he was no coward. He knew what he was doing. There was a sense of purpose in him, a sense of authority. Like he was letting them think they were in control because he knew there was something more to come. Something spectacular round the corner.

I watched him die.

My mind whirls every time I think about it. The sky turned black. The earth shook. Even parts of the religious building broke in half. It was like the whole world was reacting to his death. Though he simply turned to God and told him that his job was done. No crying. No fear. No panic. He just made the decision to die.

Jaws dropped. Even some of the people who had beaten him felt their hearts pounding inside them. This was no ordinary guy. Everyone knew that they had witnessed something huge.

I couldn't make sense of it that day. It was all far too strange for someone like me. But a few days later the fog cleared. The story didn't end with his death.

Bizarre I know but he came back to life again.

Yes, really he did. Loads of us saw him. Spent time with him. Had meals with him. He was genuinely breathing again. It spooked me at first. I mean the dead coming back to life again isn't normal. >>

They nailed him there... people were laughing...
then the GROUND SHOOK!!

I couldn't believe it when I first saw him ALIVE AGAIN!

But somehow with him it made sense. Like it was part of the plan all along.

It was amazing to hear him explain what had happened. And how everything he'd been through was part of something that had started long before any of us were born. He explained how he had died to take the punishment that God says I deserve for all the times I've lived life my way instead of God's way. And how, now he's done that, there's no barrier between me and God. I can enjoy a relationship with God. Imagine that – a chance to be friends with the person in charge of the whole universe! Get to know him in a real and personal way. Sharing my life, my hopes, my fears with the most loving and powerful being there is.

I discovered it was a choice.

I could be sorry for the wrong things I've done, accept he had died to take my punishment and go on to live a life with him as my guide and king. A life that carries on well after my >>