

WRITTEN BY RACHAEL HOOD

BUILDS BY JOSHUA WHITEHOUSE



When he came to Jerusalem, crowds **filled** the town - and, to show their excitement, laid cloaks on the ground.

Who was this man?
'Cos he looked like a **king!**Could he be the one
who would **fix** everything?

His friends thought he was!

But they soon felt **confused**...

... when later that week they were sharing some food. They'd **all** heard him say that he'd come down to **SQVe** them but now he announced someone there would **betray** him! They looked at each other. This **couldn't** be true! But Jesus knew Judas had planned what he'd do.

Jesus held up some bread, and he broke it to pieces. "This is my body." He told them to eat it.

Then he picked up a cup, and he passed that round too, saying, "Here is my blood, which is poured out **for you**."

Who **was** this man?
What on **earth** had he said?
What did it **mean**,
he'd get broken like bread?



He is Jesus - the **King!** - who, to show us his love, let his body get broken and poured out his blood.

He told them he knew
how his evening would end alone and abandoned
by all of his friends.

Peter said,

No!

and insisted, "I'll stay!"

But Jesus was clear:

"You'll disown me today."



Alone, he knelt down, and he prayed to his Dad.

