

backs. But Jesus wasn't like that. He looked normal, but he acted like, like a combination of the best friend you ever had, with the smartest guy you ever met, with the strongest leader you ever saw. As soon as you met Him, it just seemed like there was nothing more important to do than follow Him. Cleopas said if Jesus told him to, he would take on a gladiator, give a donation to a tax collector and ask advice from his mother-in-law, all in the same day! That's the only way I can describe it to you. You know, in a country crawling with Roman soldiers, no one says the "M" word real loud, but all of us who knew Jesus, we were positive He was the Messiah.

So imagine how we felt when it all fell apart. One day, everyone's worshipping Him; throwing their coats in the dust and yelling "Hosanna!" and then this nightmare happens while our eyes are open. Our own leaders frame him and he's arrested and convicted on nothing, and they crucify Him. The most fabulous man who ever lived is crucified at the dump.

So Cleopas and I, we've got nothing left. We decide to get outta town, anywhere. We take off on the road to Emmaus. Before long, this guy starts walking with us. He asks us what we're talking about, which is kind of annoying because I didn't feel like talking. Cleopas asks him, "Are you the only guy in Jerusalem who hasn't heard the news?" "What news?" he asks.

Me and Cleopas look at each other. Then between us we spit out the headlines: "Jesus of Nazareth. He was a prophet. He was powerful in everything he said and everything he did, before God and all people. Our leaders handed him over to be crucified. We thought he was gonna be the one to redeem Israel. That was three days ago. Now some of the women have gone crazy. They're telling us they went to the tomb and couldn't find the body, and saw angels telling them he was alive! A few of our friends went to check it out and they found the tomb empty, but that was it. We thought we had the Messiah, now all we got is a missing body."

