

My Big Brother

When I was a small boy, I had a favorite big brother. He was great to me. He'd put his arm around me and we'd go running down some cool dirt path. At times like these I felt ten feet tall. He didn't seem to mind me tagging along a bit. And there was nothing I'd like better.

I was so proud of Him. When I was with Him I felt I was beaming stronger than the sun. He was good at everything. I never could seem to match the mountains that He made out of sand. Mine would seem to crumble and sag, but His would stand firm.

Dad always tried not to show how proud He was of Him... but He being the oldest and all. His smile always seemed to beam a little brighter when my Brother came around.

I felt my world had collapsed when He went on his mission. Dad and Mom both had to fight back the tears. He communicated with Dad regularly and let us know how much He loved us. He even told us how great His mission was so Mom wouldn't worry.

The persecution was really bad down there as the church was just getting its start, but He never seemed to let Himself get down even though the people wouldn't believe His message.

We'd all share His joy when He'd get some new converts, but I don't mind saying I was scared that the non-believers would do something to Him. It even got to the point that men were planning to take His life, but Dad never seemed to be worried for some reason. Then, one day we received word that His mission had ended, but not as most mens' do. I was struck by the terrifying news... they had finally got my Big Brother. The Big Brother that never seemed capable of doing anything wrong. My Big Brother that loved everyone He knew, and whom most everyone loved.

They beat Him and mocked Him. He suffered all that they did to Him with out striking back. Why anyone wanted to hurt my Big Brother, I couldn't understand.

A mob took Him to a hill just outside of town and spitting on Him, they nailed Him to a cross. My soul mourned as I heard that He begged Father to forgive them. Racked with unbearable pain, He gave up his life for what He knew. My Big Brother, my King, my Idol, was DEAD. I cried through what seemed to be the longest day of my life.

Where was my Big Brother with whom I'd build mountains of sand? Why did He of all my brothers, have to die like this?

I felt Dads' strong arm upon my shoulder and heard him say, "He did it for you, son... and for all your brothers and sisters."

Time passed and I was called on my mission. Sometimes it is hard for me to remember what happened long ago. But every Sunday a small piece of bread and cup of water reminds me of my Big Brother and what He did for me and assures me that He yet lives.