

Brazil News



No. 211
4 APRIL 21
SPECIAL EASTER EDITION

Editorializing

[While listening this evening by streaming to the inspirational Easter program presented by the youth of the church in the Philippines, my mind went back over 40 years. VEJA Magazine reported an incident that took place in the Brasília zoo. Those familiar with this zoo know that often the traditional cages are replaced by a moat and a waist-high stone wall, from which the animals are viewed. Escape is impossible.]

Nothing

A young family was taking the day off in the Brasília zoo. A crowd was gathered in front of the giant otter enclosure. This particular species of the otter is especially vicious.

The parents didn't notice when their seven-year old son disappeared among the onlookers. Neither were they aware when he climbed up on the wall and fell into the moat. The otters, however, did notice. True to their nature, they turned on what they perceived



as an intrusion to their domain.

Someone who did take notice of what had just happened was an off-duty fireman. He too, in adherence to his training as rescuer, didn't have to think twice. He leaped the wall and dropped into the moat just as the snarling otters reached the boy. Before they could inflict

Brazil ² News

serious injuries, the fireman had the boy in his arms and held up for a visitor on the outside of the wall to snatch him to safety.

The fireman was not so fortunate. He now received the brunt of the otters' fury, which began tearing at his flesh.

Zoo officials were able to drive the attackers off and remove the fireman to safety. He was rushed to a hospital for treatment. The following day he died of his wounds.

Ten years later, the reporter who covered his case, decided to pay the young man a visit. During the interview, he asked, "When you think of the man who gave his life to save yours, what do you feel?"

The youth, now 17, shrugged his shoulders and tonelessly replied, "Nothing."

Nothing!

It is fair to assume that no other mother has ever had more poignant memories of her own child than Mary. During her life she undoubtedly relived hundreds of times the different chapters of Jesus' life, beginning with the visit of the angel, then the laborious trip to Bethlehem, the inn with a No Vacancy sign, the stable, the shepherds, the wise men, the flight to Egypt...

As more children were born, her soul was daily aroused by the firstborn who never disobeyed, who never showed disrespect; the son who showed a special acuity for all things spiritual, who at 12 was found in the temple discussing scripture with the learned.

He was special, in the home, in the temple, in the carpenter shop, with those who knew him best.

It was this son, 33 years later, who was being crucified.



If a reporter would have asked, "As you saw your son being nailed to the cross, what did feel?" what would she have answered?

Peter was impulsive.

Now Peter sat without in the palace: and a damsel came unto him, saying, Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee.

But he denied before them all, saying, I know not what thou sayest.

And when he was gone out

into the porch, another maid saw him, and said unto them that were there, This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth.

And again he denied with an oath, I do not know the man.

And after a while came unto him they that stood by, and said to Peter, Surely thou also art one of them; for thy speech betrayeth thee.

Then began he to curse and to swear, saying, I know not the man. And immediately the cock crew.

And Peter remembered the word of Jesus, which said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And he went out, and wept bitterly.

Brazil ³ News

By tradition, throughout his life when Peter heard a rooster crow, he would become emotional.

If a reporter would have asked, “Peter, what do you feel when you remember the man who died to save your life?”

We imagine he might have answered, “Unworthy! I too shall die a martyr’s death, but am not worthy to die like He. I want to die with my head toward the earth!”

And Pilate?

The reporter asks, “And you, sir. You are the one who signed the death warrant for a man called, Jesus, is that correct?”

“It is.”

“What do you feel when you think about sending a man whom you yourself recognized to be the King of the Jews to His death?”

We can only guess what he answered.

“It wasn’t easy, but my job isn’t an easy one. One must at times make difficult decisions.”

“Would you do it again?”

“If faced by the same facts, yes, I probably would.”

“Does it keep you awake at night?”

“I have learned to live with this kind of thing. But, my wife is a different story. She has nightmares every night.”

Now you.

The reporter asks, “When you think of Jesus’ death, what do you feel?”

Our lips have been trained to give the right answer. But what would happen if your heart would turn traitor on you and openly answer exactly what it feels? Would you, like Pilate, have to do some explaining?

The young man answered, “Nothing.”

There is an answer that lies at the bottom of your heart. It may be thoroughly buried under an avalanche of explanations. But it is there, in hibernation. When asked what you feel, is it possible your heart would defy your lips and say, “Nothing”?

Once Easter season is over and life resumes its routine – actually, very quickly – is your heart overcome with a deep feeling of gratitude, of love and praise?

Those of you who have lost a loved one, a parent with whom you were especially close, as time goes on, how often do you think of them? Fondly?

Recently someone whose dad died over 20 years ago told me there isn’t a day that goes by that she doesn’t think about him.

If the reporter would knock at your door six months from now and ask, “What do you feel when you think of the man who saved you from eternal destruction?” how would your heart answer?



Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the LORD hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no

Brazil News is published only in electronic and audio format. Charles Becker, editor. For a free subscription, send your name and e-mail address to charlesbecker@outlook.com. This same address can be used for correspondence. Please ask for permission to reprint articles in other publications. You may request a free subscription for friends or relatives. Thank you for reading BN. cb