

Noisy Friday - Silent Saturday - Victorious Sunday

Friday, noisy day filled with anticipation and anger. People **filling** the streets demanding to have their say, demanding their rights to be heard, demanding from government that no one tells them what to do or believe.

The anger was roused by people walking through the mob whispering in their ears, "He wants to take your rights away. He wants to condemn you for all you do. He is full of 'hate speech.' He thinks He is God. What you think in your own mind is right and others should follow your way."

So began the struggle between good and evil in earnest that day. Satan had a plan. God had a plan. Whose plan would win? Who would come out on top? Who would live and who would die?

The inciters ramped up the voice of the people until they raged about everything. They hated right. They hated anyone coming against what they wanted. They claimed their right was more right than anyone's. The answer, death. Death to anyone who believed different. Death to anything **that** did not line up with their agenda. Death to this one so it would silence their consciences. Death.

No ... Add ,
So death it was, but not until...he was punished. They beat him with **words** and then they beat him with hands. They made fun of him. They **ridiculed** him. The more pain they caused and suffering **he endured** or he had to endure **he had to endure**
endured and the more lies they told and good things they **mocked** the more powerful they felt. So they raged at heaven calling good evil and everything evil was good and permissible and evil reigned.

in
He looked out **at** wonder at the crowds. He had done them no harm. He had healed the sick. He had brought hope to a crippled nation. He had made their belief in God great again. And they turned on him like a pack of wild dogs eager to tear apart all the good he had done. He loved them, to His death. He stretched out His arms in love, and died.

Satan won.

Saturday was silent except for the weeping of the people who loved Him. Their tears would not **stop** nor their hearts **stop** hurting. They hid for fear that the mob that killed their friend would come for

them too. So Saturday was silent. No more words from their friend. No more laughter at his humor. No **awe-inspiring (hyphenate)** more **awe inspired** healings. Nothing. Silence. Deathly silence.

Sunday did not promise anything easy. As custom would have it, the body would be prepared for a proper burial. A funeral would be had. Loud mourning and cries would be heard for all to hear. Sunday would bring things to do but not things of hope.

Sunday morning came. With heavy hearts, they woke up at the break of dawn and made their way to the grave. There were to be guards **there** and they could open up the grave so they could work. Their steps were heavy, their load even heavier. Reaching the **place** there were no guards. The door that had been sealed was open. They feared the worst, someone had come to desicrate the body, as if killing him was not enough. Looking **in**, there was no body, only the bloody cloth he had been wrapped in **was there**, and...

the body should have been

Someone was sitting where **he was**. He simply asked, "Who are you looking for?"

"We are looking for the body that was put here on Friday."

"Do not look here any more. He is not dead but walks among the living."

2-16
They wanted to believe. They were excited to believe. Their hearts told them to believe. They began to run back towards their home **and met him**. They asked if he knew about what had happened. He threw back his head and laughed and then looked at them and said, **Ge** tell my diciples I am alive."

"Oh no! It cannot be! We watched him beaten. We watched him die. We watched him put in a tomb. He is dead!" the devils railed against what they heard. It could not be. "Master Satan, did you hear?"

has
"Yes. What I feared most happened. He is alive."

And the earth felt His footsteps and shook for joy. The heavens looked down and beheld the Holy One of God **shining** and the angels sang. The four winds of heaven felt His breathing and blew hope across the earth. Death lost. God won. He was alive. The ones who felt defeated now **jumped with joy** and told the

3-1

Replace , with :

world, He lives. The ones who believed jumped for joy because now their lives were filled with forgiveness and love and joy and most of all, hope. And instead of misery and shame the cross had stood for, now it stood for victory.

Add ;

the



Jesus Won. Satan Lost. We are redeemed. On that Sunday morning everything changed.

Notes

1-1 Recommend changing , to a : or —

1-2 You changed verb tense here. Don't use "filled" twice so close together.
"People flooded the streets"

1-21 Recommend changing one "stop" to another word. Perhaps, "Their tears would not end"?
Or "nor their hearts cease hurting"?

2-16 Is this where they knew who he was or where they didn't recognize him?

I would change to "met him unexpectedly" or "and suddenly there he was!" Some less like they expected to meet him on the way.

3-1 Replace one "jumped for joy" with another description.