

THE THIRD DAY


It was empty, they had said. The doorway was open, and the tomb was empty. There had been more, but that had been enough for the two now rushing through the sleeping town. Off they went, racing down the long, dark road as fast as their feet could take them. The first rays of the sun were just beginning to light the sky.

They had buried Him only three days before. *What more could they want with His body? Hadn't they beaten Him enough while He was alive?*

O TERCEIRO DIA

Contaram que a tumba estava vazia e que a encontram aberta. Disseram mais, mas aquilo fora o bastante para que os dois se lançassem porta a fora para atravessar a cidade que ainda dormia. Lá se foram, desembestados, pelas ruas escuras tão rápido quanto seus pés conseguiam levá-los, enquanto os primeiros raios da alva começavam a iluminar o céu.

Fazia três dias que O haviam sepultado. *O que mais querem fazer ao Seu corpo? Não O espancaram o bastante quando ainda vivia?*



Peter could still remember how the soldiers had struck Him with their whips again and again, long beyond the point of human endurance. And He had let them.

Jesus could have stopped it. Why did He let them go on? He said that He could have called legions of angels to protect Him. Why didn't He?

A thought struck Peter. It was something from the prophet Isaiah: *"He was hurt for our wrongdoing. He was crushed for our sins. He was punished so we would have peace. He was beaten so we would be healed."*


He did it for us.

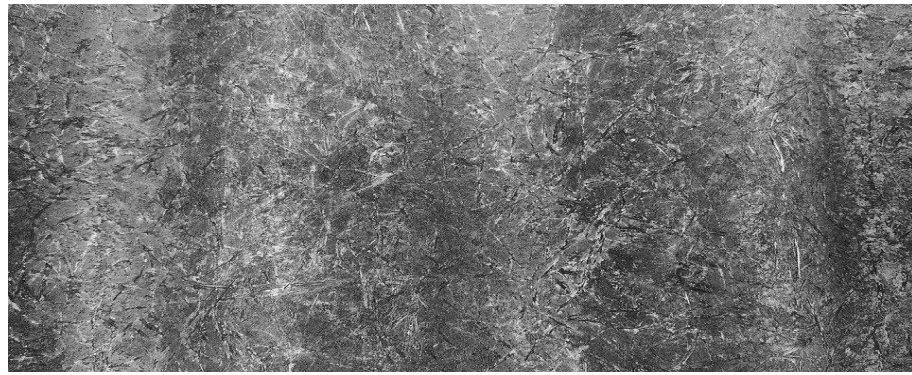
Era fresca na memória de Pedro a cena dos soldados castigando-Lhe as costas com o látego, vez após vez, muito além do que alcança a resistência humana. Ele assim lhes permitiu.

Jesus poderia ter impedido Seus torturadores. Por que deixou que continuassem? Disse que poderia invocar legiões de anjos para O proteger. Por que não o fez?

O apóstolo então se lembrou também da predição feita pelo profeta Isaías: *"Ele foi ferido pelas nossas transgressões, e moído pelas nossas iniquidades; o castigo que nos traz a paz estava sobre Ele, e pelas Suas pisaduras fomos sarados."*

Passou por tudo aquilo por nós.





The opening of the tomb loomed in front. John was already there, staring into the tomb.

Peter slowed down as he approached. He went in, and John followed close behind. The tomb was empty. The linen cloths that had been used to cover the body were lying on the ground, and the cloth used to wrap the Lord's head was neatly folded a little distance away.

The body was gone. Taken.

"Who, what...?" John was at a loss for words. Finally it came out. "Where did they take Him?"

They stood there for a few minutes, waiting.

A entrada da tumba estava à vista. João havia chegado primeiro e, sem dizer palavra, fitava o interior do túmulo.

O apóstolo entrou seguido pelo outro discípulo. De fato, nada havia no sepulcro, exceto os tecidos de linho no chão, usados para cobrir Seu corpo e o pano que Lhe envolvera a cabeça cuidadosamente dobrado em algum lugar ali por perto.

Não havia corpo. Fora levado.

"Quem, o quê...?" Apesar de Lhe fugirem as palavras, João conseguiu formular uma frase. "Para onde O levaram?"





Then the realization dawned on them as brilliantly as the sunrise that morning. Jesus had talked about this. They hadn't understood it at the time, but now it made perfect sense.

"The Son of Man shall be delivered up to evil men, and on the third day He shall rise again." (Luke 18:32-33)

Depois de alguns minutos ali parados, acendeu-lhes uma luz tão brilhante quanto o alvorecer que avançava. Jesus havia falado sobre isso. Não entenderam da primeira vez, mas ali, naquele túmulo sem corpo, a predição fazia todo o sentido.

"O Filho do Homem será entregue a homens maus e ao terceiro dia ressurgirá." (Lucas 18:32-33)

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