Barabbas

Can you believe it? I'm free! After months of chains, the stench of the prison, the hopelessness of my existence—I'm free!

I waited for the guards to call my name and to lead me to the Place of the Skull. They arrested me, chained me, and sentenced me to die. I heard the crowds scream out my name. My heart pounded. I knew that this was the day. The day I would experience the torture I deserved. This was the day that I would gasp my final breath.

The punishment would soon follow. I heard them screaming, "Barabbas! Barabbas!" Their voices echoed all the way down into the depths of that dark cell where I had been chained. Then silence. I heard the voice of Pilate shouting to the people, but not loud enough for me to understand. Then I heard the mob scream out, "Crucify Him!"

And then within a few minutes I heard the guards walking down into that musty cell where I was. They opened the doors and broke the chains.

"You are free" They said. "Free? What do you mean?" I asked.

"You have been set free. Someone has taken your place."

What is His name? The one who takes my place. What is His name? Why? Someone took my place on that cross. I must know His name. Do you know Him? This man who is dying on the hill for me, do you know His name?