

Murdered

My Son Was Murdered!

Everyone who has suffered the death of a child knows how I feel.
My heart still screams in anguish.

I had sent my son into a city to deliver messages and a gift for me. The people of the city didn't like how he looked, they didn't like his accent, they didn't like his skin color, they didn't like where he said he came from, they didn't like how he spoke to them. They said, who does he think he is, coming here and talking to us like that?

My son continued to show them his love, with kindness from me, but nothing would change their disposition against him. A few showed him respect, but the multitude led by the self righteous religious, all playing church were the worst. They just would not listen.

At last they gathered together a very viscous mob and under cover of darkness, grabbed him and led him away to display more of their hatred against my beloved son. At last they decided to see if somehow they could get the magistrates and their officers to kill him for them. It worked. They stripped all his clothes off, the more humiliating him and proceeded in their viciousness to beat him to bloody raw flesh.

In anguish of heart this letter is written to you. His name is Jesus if you should care to know. This they thought was the end of him, but it was just the beginning.

Yours truly

Author, rejected

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