

A close-up photograph of a crown of thorns, made of dark, sharp, and tangled branches, resting on a vibrant red, textured fabric. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the sharp points of the thorns against the deep red background.

EASTER: BEHIND THE SCENES

*Snippets*  
JOSHUA T. BABARINDE

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NOW SKIP OVER TO THE REAL STUFF.

# *Snippets*

EASTER: BEHIND THE SCENES

© SNIPPETS - Snippets from the Vine  
Theme: Seasonal reflections for everyday life  
Volume One  
Easter: Behind the Scenes

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*I wrote this book for you  
wherever you are*

The Spirit of God,  
who raised Jesus  
from the dead,  
lives in you.

*Romans 8:11*

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## *Author's note*

EASTER IS UNIVERSALLY celebrated in some three days in Spring. Yesterday morning, as I surfed Google images, the first twenty something rows of results of my "Easter" search brought up cute bunnies and colourful eggs - beautiful creations that have absolutely nothing to do with the meaning of Easter.

With the rapidly increasing secularism that is consuming the whole world, it's enough struggle to help young people retain God in their daily knowledge. This pervasive anti-God world system further kicks hard against opportunities we have in seasons like this to share the story of God.



As with many Christian seasons, we have celebrated so many Easters that our minds have grown weary, our sights dim to the value of the events that happened in these three days - the eternally significant story that is wedged at history's core and shaped it forever.

SNIPPETS is the first volume of a "seasonal reflections for everyday life" series called Snippets from the Vine.

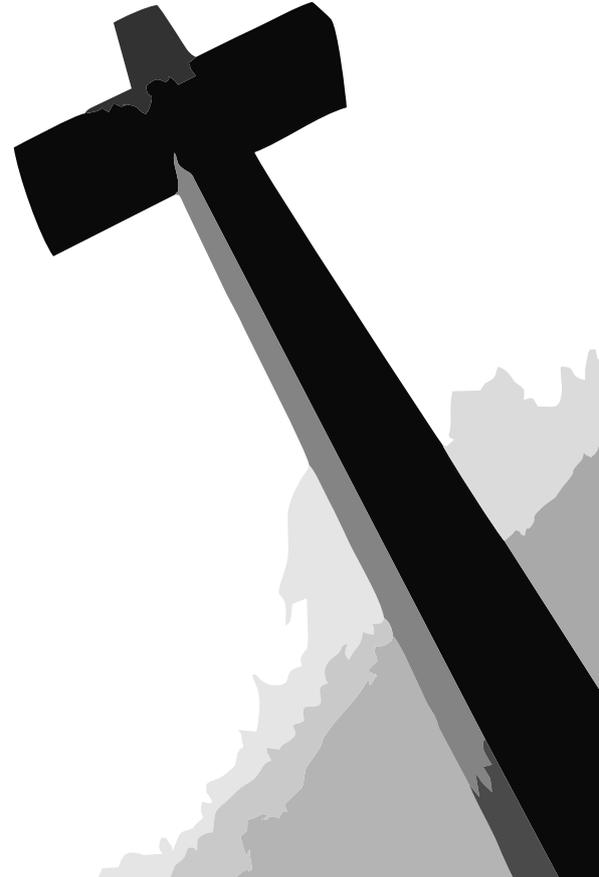
The carefully handpicked chapters of this book will give you a fresh pair of eyes, and will afford you a behind-the-scenes look at Easter. I hope they will prompt you to give deep thought to your life at this time.

Believer, Non-believer or Recanter, you are welcome to join me to explore the passion of Jesus from a storyteller's perspective.

I have done my part. Now do yours - read it carefully.

*Joshua*  
March 7, 2016

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# *Thank You!*

WHEN PEOPLE FACE periods of extreme stress, we usually say something like, "He looks like he's bearing the world's weight on his shoulders." Yet we all know it's only an exaggeration.

But for you, Jesus, it was a literal experience. Thank you for giving my life real and lasting hope in the message of Easter.

Without Editors and beta readers, a writer's best work is like uncut stones. David Adepoju, Samuel Aladejare (Jnr), Oluyomi Oloruntoba, Adetayo Adeyemo, Samuel Osho, Lois Oyetunji, Kayode Adegbesan, Oluwatoyin Ajilore, Dokedensi Uya - in no particular order, you cut, cut, shaped, and cut again, so that the world can enjoy this refined work. Thank you.

Adetayo Adeyemo. Your name appeared before? It's okay. It's because there's a special place reserved for you. Thank You.

And for you, about to experience Snippets - Thank you.



# Snippets

JOSHUA T. BABARINDE

EASTER: BEHIND THE SCENES

VOLUME ONE

*seasonal reflections for everyday life*



Householder  
PUBLISHING  
insightful words...

## *Before you read...*

Life isn't fair.  
Has never been. And will never be.  
Because Evil is in control, since the fall of man.  
Life throws what it likes - what it has - at you.  
Sin, sickness, poverty, hatred, gloom...  
We wail, we complain, we struggle, but it  
doesn't get better.

We live the experience of the ancient book  
when it says: You will eat the bread of toil till  
you return to the dust.\*

Dust, we shy from.  
As much as we hate the negatives life throws  
at us, we still dread taking our lives, for we are  
uncertain of what lies beyond the silver lining.  
Of what eternity holds. So in essence, we are  
trapped between two realities - the one we

know but wish we didn't and the one we don't  
know but wish we do.  
Like Limbo.

But God is Good.  
God? The big man upstairs with a club to  
bludgeon you at the slightest mistake?  
No.  
God - the father up there, who came down  
here, and longs to come in here... to wine and  
dine...\*\*

He wants to hold you close. To touch you.  
This is better than a Midas touch. It is  
predestined, glorious.  
The touch of God.

\*Genesis 3:17-19 \*\*Revelations 3:20

# WHAT ABOUT ME?

a woman experiences  
more than a midas touch

## A NAMELESS WOMAN.

She had been afflicted with an inexplicable bleeding for twelve years. No doctor had been able to help. Her condition worsened daily. She was a rich widow, whose sickness had stripped her of her wealth. Maybe she was not a widow – maybe her husband deserted her – we would never know.

She was nameless now, her only appellation was a daily reminder of her condition: the woman with the issue of blood. No one knew

her real name – she wasn't relevant to the society.

Everywhere she went, people let her know she was a third class citizen, if not less. The nature of her disease was still under study – no results yet. The scientists and doctors of her day had not come up with a cure or treatment. They could do little to help. In fact, they could do nothing. They had inspected, palpated, percussed and auscultated. No definite diagnosis. Even if they knew, there was no plan of management. Her blood, urine and stool samples did not lead them anywhere. If there was an imaging device, it picked nothing.

There was no treatment available. She had to die. She had lost hope.

Or maybe not, because when she heard that Jesus was in town, she got up, her mind



making up a plan. She had to meet the man who claimed to be the Son of God – if he could help.

But there was a problem. Her condition had caused her immense shame so much that she could no longer go out. But somehow, she did summon courage. She followed the trail of footmarks, thanks to the crowd that bustled, jostled and shoved each other just to catch a glimpse of the man who said He is the Son of God – the King of Glory. They barely noticed her, save few people who quickly flinched away on seeing her, and muttered expletives at her, but she didn't care.

She went on, taking the risk to trust Jesus. "It's worth a try," I could hear her say. She resigned like the three Hebrew children<sup>†</sup>: Even if I get mocked, I will get my healing. And if I

don't, it will be worth a try.

The people bumped against each other, struggling to keep His face in their view, wanting to hear His words and to receive the miracles and healing.

She couldn't struggle. But her determined mind thought, "if only I can touch Him." Then she slipped through the slits between bodies. Her movement might have been slow, nevertheless, progressive, and focused on the aim: **to touch the hem of His robe.**

Her body might have been weak, but her mind was strong as ever. While everyone seemed to want to see Jesus and hold His hand, she was satisfied with and believed she would receive her healing by touching the edge of Jesus' robe.

So while others reached up, elbow to elbow



with others, butting anyone that stands in the way, she stooped down and sought the hem of that seamless garment.

"Who touched me?" The Master stopped dead in His tracks.

What a ridiculous question. The disciples could not believe what they heard.

"But master, we've got crowds of people on our hands. Dozens have touched you." Peter responded.

But Jesus identified a seeker's touch. Not the touch of the vast crowd who were pressing against Him, most of whom were lost in the frenzy. It was the touch of a human, desperate to contact the divine - the touch that always made a difference.<sup>++</sup>

Many people are caught up in the religious rat race. We jostle and shove our way to

attention, pulling others down in the process. We struggle to catch a glimpse of God's kingdom in our activities and service in Church, but we know it's just for the records - or the human accolades and the reputation we would accrue.

The true touch is not one motivated by selfish reasons, and surely not from sycophants or spectators. It comes from the sincere faith of the heart and the will of the mind. It is the touch of someone that seeks the King above all things.

"Someone touched me; I felt power discharging from me." Jesus spotted the touch that alerts Heaven and gets God's attention.

When you touch Jesus, he calls you.

She realized she could not remain hidden. You can't remain hidden when you touch Jesus



because He's always excited to meet a true worshipper.

She came trembling and fell at his feet. In the presence of all the people, she told why she had touched him and how she had been instantly healed.

Then he said to her, "Daughter, your faith has healed you. Go in peace."

She got her physical healing, and as you would expect, Jesus would not leave her without leading her into eternal life. He would give her the full package.

The touch of only a few persons makes a difference these days. Only a purposeful touch gets Jesus' attention. A touch from the heart and mind prepared to meet Him. Not a show off but of a humble and believing heart.

Many would still remember the Greek mythology of King Midas, who, as a gift for his hospitality, was given the ability to turn everything he touched to gold. But this touch got him into trouble.

But there is a touch greater than that of Midas'. It is the touch that makes an eternal difference. It is when men touch God.

Why do you seek Jesus? What makes you happy? Is it when you stand as a spectator of signs and wonders? Is it to be known as 'he saw Jesus' or to really know Him as a person?

Seeking God's visitation and habitation? All you need to do is to touch God.

A sincere prayer is a touch that calls heaven's attention. A diligent study of God's Word with a mind to know God and obey Him with all you have will bring down God's power



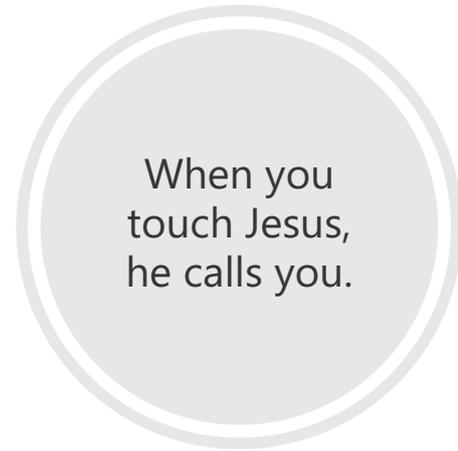
over your life. An obedient spirit is a touch that draws God's close. A heart ready to live for Christ is one that touches God too.

The woman with the issue of blood came humbly. When you touch God with a humble and sincere heart, he comes after you. He looks for you and meets your greatest need with His great goodness.

Have you touched God?

This article was written in 2011. The story can be found in the book of Luke 8:43-48 in the Bible.

\*Daniel 3:16-18, \*\* Read Isaiah 66:2.



Denial.  
Pain.

Denial is painful,  
Especially from someone you love.

Jesus faced denial time and again, as He  
trudged on to the path of the cross.

This day, before he was crucified, his  
beloved Cephas denied him.

There was no plausible explanation. There  
was no reason for it. Just fear.

Denial is painful.

*Denial*

# FOLLOWING HIM FROM A DISTANCE

Peter's Denial of Jesus

JESUS LOVED THE disciples who followed Him for three and the half years, but when He was to follow the path to the cross, they clearly scampered off the scene.

Peter did take a slightly different course though - he followed Christ from a distance.

Tonight, the Jews had arrested Jesus and were dragging Him to the high priest's house while Peter followed closely behind. Many people crowded Jesus and the soldiers,

mocking, having fun and looking forward to another time of watching a criminal being crucified. It was easy to be a spectator, without any care in the world - the people did not know Christ personally - so they could dare to move closely without fear of the soldiers.

But not Peter. He knew Jesus, he was his disciple. Just this afternoon, they ate the last meal together. Last week, he was with Jesus while he performed miracles, boldly cleansed and cleared the temple.

But now, he knew anyone who associated with Christ in this dire moment was as good as dead. The other disciples fled; one other follower, when he was grabbed, left his linen overall and fled naked. They all feared for their lives, their families and friends.

Peter loved Jesus, and probably wanted to



get in on the action but not into trouble. While he never wanted to be left out, he was careful for his own life, so he kept a distance.

Jesus had told his disciples earlier "Tonight you will fall away. For when the shepherd is struck, the sheep will scatter."

Peter did not believe it then. He had beat his chest and said "Even if others fall away, I will not." Now he did the exact opposite of his proclamation.

Jesus had told Peter: you will deny me – you will fall away! And here we see Peter, following Christ from a distance. That was the first sign of denial that preceded his actual testimony in the High Priest's courtyard: **I do not know him.**

Peter calculated that the group advancing towards the High priest's house would occupy

about 3-4 metres. And Peter added about 3 metres more. So that gave him an allowance of 6-7 metres.

Behind Jesus. Space away from Jesus. Chance to dash behind a stall if a soldier or anyone who can identify him with Jesus looks back, and an advantage to run back if anyone takes up a chase.

I picture him stop - when the mob approaches a bend - and wait behind a vegetable booth, till they round the corner. At that point, he loses sight of Jesus; then he runs up to them, rounds the corner and waits again.

This he did at every twist and turn till they got to the Priest's courtyard, where he established his denial, "I don't know or understand what you're talking about," he blatantly lied.



After Judas Iscariot betrayed Him, the crowd jeered, the religious leaders of the day and soldiers spat and spanked. It was clear that everyone left Him to trudge the path of the cross - alone.

Even Christians do, today.

When you follow Christ from a distance, your life becomes a mixture of pauses, drop-backs, catch-ups and agitation all in fear of not wanting to stand with Christ in His reproach.

Peter had to catch up at every turn. Does this happen to you? Do you lose sight of your focus, purpose and direction at every twist or turn of your life - especially decision points?

In our world today, we see in practice, the denial of Jesus - in the echelons of power, in our schools, in our public systems.

Maybe you're also following Christ from a distance. You admire Christ but you don't want

to get personal with Him. You even come to church but you don't want to get involved in service. "It's demanding," you say. You are a Christian, but you don't want your colleague at school or work to know. You love God and want to know more of him but your desire is not strong enough to push you to a place of consistent communion through Bible study and prayer.

Maybe you've never acknowledged Christ in your life. This is denial.

While the Hosanna-criers of yesterday shouted "crucify" today, Christ, knowing that it was the only sure way to victory for all mankind, faced the cross.

Alone.

For you - because of His love.

This article was written in 2012. The anchor scripture verse is found in the book of Matthew 26:58 in the Bible.





Saturday is the least eventful  
of the three Easter days.

Or is it the most eventful?

We really don't do much on this day.

Silence is more often than not  
subconsciously alluded to this day, while  
everyone looks forward to tomorrow.

Sunday.

It's usually Friday and Sunday.

What if Saturday was more than just a  
quiet and gloomy day?

Death

# QUIET SATURDAY

the day no one could record

A SORROWFUL AIR could be felt everywhere as those who managed to summon courage to go out carefully avoided the major streets.

The soldiers by the streets corners were still on edge, the temple yard and market places empty. They had no work on their hands – no one really wanted to cause another stir today. Even the mockers and dust raisers of yesterday's crucifixion were sober now.

Only the Chief Priests and Pharisees, those that seemed above the law were able to walk around feeling like stars. They sealed and got soldiers to guard the tomb, so that "His disciples will not come by night, and steal Him away, and say unto the people: He is raised from the dead." That absurdity.

The remarkable teacher, who taught as one with authority, had been done away with. He performed many miracles: opened blind eyes, healed the sick, and raised the dead. He even turned destinies around by turning the owners back to God. But all these experiences seemed hazy in the minds of people, pushed to one corner by the memory of the harrowing experience of yesterday.

As they chose the nails and put it through his hands, people flinched in horror. Faces



squeezed, heads wagged. This was heart wrenching – not the type of death you would wish even your enemy, not to talk of this good man. People had been crucified in the past, many, but there has not been one that attracted much viewership and mixed emotions as this man's. Or this King's.

What really turned heads that day? Was it His life, or His death? Was it the earthquake that accompanied His crucifixion? Or the rentin' rocks? No one had the forces of nature announce his or her death before. Was it the graves that were opened, the dead saints who came back to life by the ripping effect of His last breath?

Those that were in the temple said the curtain rent, and with quick calculation, the time it did tallied with when He breathed His

last.

The effect of these events was unsettling and there was no one to explain what was happening. The faithful men that followed this phenomenal figure had fled the night before the last. The multitude had dispersed, returned to their normal lives, even if it wasn't going to be as normal again, for the shock of the last few days' events was too overwhelming.

This man had reached beyond the restrictions of social status and racial discrimination, and touched the hearts of people.

His touch was no ordinary one. It was better - it changed lives. He raised brows as He toured round the country, declaring the good news of the Kingdom of the One He called His Father – God. Many had accepted Him, while some had



thrown his message back to His face, spitting at Him in the process and mouthing "No, Thanks."

His life was short, but impactful. Even then, it seemed all was gone. The impact seemed absorbed by sorrow. And it was as if the dust settled when the man who called Himself the Son of God was killed.

But, deep down the core of this eventful day, beyond the view of mortal eyes, there was no such thing as silence. In the place where no man could watch and return to give report, there was activity at its peak. The dead man up here had arrived down there.

The other day, they mocked him and told him to descend from the cross so they could see and believe that He is true.

Now, not only did he descend from the cross, He descended to the lower parts of the

earth, to finalize the victory that the cross brings. And everyone down there knew he meant business.

He has the sole authority over life and death, for He was obedient even to the point of death on a cross.

He paid the price with His blood. And He reconciled us to God.

Tomorrow, Sunday, the world will come to the full knowledge and significance of the life and death of Christ.

He that descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things. He's gone to be with the Father, not without sending us a Comforter, the Holy Spirit, who brings the divine conference into our lives every day.

He prepares a place for as many that



believe, and He will come to take them there, when it's time.

Many Easters have come and gone but the value of Christ's death and resurrection remains ever significant.

### **It is finished!**

He has paved the way of reconciliation to God, and we all can have the life of God. We all can have peace, if we come to Him. God came down to earth so we can all go to heaven, and He's coming back for as many as believe.

Yes, when we believe in Jesus deep in our hearts, we are made right with God. And when we openly say that we believe in him, we are saved.

Yes, the Scriptures say, "Anyone who trusts

in him will never be disappointed."

It says this because there is no difference between those who are Jews and those who are not. The same Lord is the Lord of all people. And he richly blesses everyone who looks to him for help.

Yes, "everyone who trusts in the Lord will be saved."

Will you trust in the Lord today?

This article was written in 2012. References: John 20:17, Ephesians 4:8-10, Romans 10:10-13.



## *Bridge*

In six hours one Friday, Christ did it all.  
He tore the temple curtain and  
reconciled man to God.  
Mission accomplished.

The Devil has been defeated  
And on the third day, by the Spirit of God,  
Christ was raised  
Death couldn't hold him down.

For a minute, consider this:  
Who can hold down the Spirit of God?  
The power that created the heavens and  
the earth, the power at work in the  
elements of nature...

The power that enabled Christ to live the  
abundant life - the perfect one.  
That the Father calls beloved.  
He raised Christ and is able to make you  
alive too.\*  
He can make you live a life in the  
beloved.

One truth to never forget:  
That same power is at work in you -  
behold it!



\*Romans 8:11

*Love*

# A MIRACLE IN THE VALLEY

Ezekiel's Vision - dry bones become an army

IT WAS FIRST Silence. Deadly silence. He could almost hear a pin drop.

From the cliff where he stood, he saw that the valley stretched before him was a white carpet. With brown patches.

As he descended the hill in the wings of the Spirit, he saw the carpet take a three dimensional form. With contours.

White carpet? Hardly.

White carpet – bones, thousands of them.

Brown patches – sand.

He didn't believe his eyes! Shapes like skulls, breast bones, fists and –

What the...

He stepped down into the valley and was at eye level with the bones. Frowning Skulls, clenched fists, flexed thigh bones across broken hip sockets. They all seemed poised to action, but without a flesh. They were disjointed.

Dry. Dead.

He went round them and thought he was seeing faces. Depressed, downcast ones. Wishing they had won the battle that brought them down in this valley.

He was probably unborn when the war was fought and ten years old when the bald vultures got tired of meat.

His face squeezed in a grimace as desperation rushed through his veins. The gory sight made him queasy.

Dry bones in the valley of death.

But before he got overwhelmed with sadness, the master GOD tapped his shoulder and said, "Son of Man, can these bones live?"

Live? Dry bones. How long does it take a human being to decompose to dry bones - ten years, twenty? He could have looked it up on Google.

If souls do travel by foot after death, theirs would have reached their destination long ago. Now to call them back?

I don't know, he thought. But he knew better than to voice his doubts. So he said, "Master GOD, only you know that."

Yes. This was the Master GOD, not mere

man. This was the One who made a walled highway on the Red sea by the wand of a cane walking stick. This was One who made dresses that grew through the years so His people did not need to swop dresses. It was Him who rained manna from heaven for food. Same God who scolded His people and drew them back to Himself.

Only You know that. Only You can know that.

What is death?

Hopes lost. Dreams dashed. Heightened expectations crushed.

Being dead is like being in sin, being alienated from God and condemned to the harsh consequences of iniquity.

Death is what happens to a substance



addict who isn't himself when there is no fix. His sanity and sobriety are dead. His joy is late. He ravages mummy's drawers, steals her trinkets or dad's suit pocket for cash so he can fix himself up. Or else -

A dead guy is like a victim of a bad habit like a furious temper. No one knows when he will let rip so everyone plays safe around him. Don't annoy him or he becomes a big red machine - energetic on the outside but he feels dead within. Self-control, love is dead.

When you set out to execute the bright ideas that pop up in your consciousness, you always meet a dead-end. No matter how hard you try to study for a test, you still flunk it. When you manage to keep your head above the water in school, but you know you won't

stay afloat for long, that's deadness.

Or those bright ideas are limited by a debilitating physical illness. You can't help but feel dead and wimpy.

Do you see yourself like the colt tied to the stakes? It has never been used. It has potentials, but still tied. Maybe his owners felt he's still too small, or has a weakness they do not want to risk exposing.

Like dad and mum does to you – you're still too small. You stammer or can't speak your bright ideas in front of a crowd. Potentiated but restricted – more or less dead.

Or you have a fear of failure that makes you fail the test in your mind before even writing it. You're already dead before you start living.

Dead. Dead. Dead.

If it takes years for human bones to decay, it



means you've had this problem for long.

So Master GOD spoke again: Speak my words to these bones.

Ezekiel did speak and there was a rustling sound. The bones began to shake and come together.

At first it was bone to bone, then muscles, subcutaneous tissue, ligaments, tendons, skin and hair began to form on the bones. Before He knew it, complete humans were fashioned.

Then He prophesied to the wind – which promptly responded and gave them the breath of life. They lived and became an exceeding great army.

The dry bones became an exceeding great army. Once again.

And for the rest of the day, he walked

around dazed because he had seen a miracle.

Yes, what you need is His Word, the very one that created the beautiful universe. The very One that came down, lived among us and saved us – you need Jesus Christ. The very one that is ready to make you alive again.

Ezekiel saw a miracle. Do you want to see one?

Then come to the source of the God kind of life. Jesus awaits you at the well. His words are spirit-words; it gives Life to dead things.

He says:

**Are you tired? Worn out? Burned out on religion? Come to me. Get away with me and you'll recover your life.**

**I'll show you how to take a real rest. Walk with me and work with me - watch how I do**



it. Learn the unforced rhythms of grace.

I won't lay anything heavy or ill-fitting on you. Keep company with me and you'll learn to live freely and lightly.

Will you come to the valley?

God raised Jesus from the dead, and if God's Spirit is living in you, he will also give life to your bodies that die. God is the One who raised Christ from the dead, and he will give life through his Spirit that lives in you.

*Romans 8:11 NCV*

This article was written in 2012. References: Ezekiel 37, Matthew 11:28-30, John 6:63. Article initially inspired by "Spirit Wind," a song by Casting Crowns



# BARABBAS

son of the Father

THE NOISE OF the riot receded as the soldiers dragged him across the city. His mind was tired but His mind resolute to gain freedom for the people of Jerusalem, or at least avenge the death of his father. The Jews couldn't understand that!

The company paused to refresh along the way as he was being marched out of the city towards the gallows. One of the soldiers bent over him and placed a water skin near his mouth.

As he took a sip of the cold water, a hard slap against his temples jostled the water out of his mouth.

Oh! He opened his eyes and stared at hard concrete above. Instead of being refreshed by the water from the young soldier's cistern, he was lying flat against his back in a prison cell, thirsty and famished.

He had been dreaming.

He motioned to rub the sweat from his forehead, but was restrained by the big iron fetters that bound his muscular blood stained arms.

As he struggled in vain to wrench his hands from the chains, blood trickled from wounds reopened by abrasion. He didn't mind the loss of blood. He didn't mind the pain. He was already in pain, since the day his father died.

The stamp of the hilt of a spear stopped



him.

He stopped struggling and muttered some curse words to the guard that drew near.

"Awake, bro?" the guard tossed breakfast through the slit below the door. It landed near his temples.

"That's your food," He smirked.

Click of chain showed that the guard had released the tightness of the chain, so he managed to sit up, as much as the length of the chain on both arms could allow him.

The smell of the food was as disgusting as its sight. But he took a bite of the stale bread and watery mushroom soup.

**And among the rebels in prison, who had committed murder in the insurrection, there was a man called Barabbas\*.**

Barabbas [Bar-abba] - literary translates in Aramaic as "son of the father."

Barabbas.

We know him as the criminal chosen in preference to Jesus, at the instigation of the priests, for Pilate to release on customary pardon during the Jewish Passover Feast. He had been in prison for murder during a Jewish revolt against the Roman forces.

Other than that, the scriptures do not give more information about this man. But I'd like to spike your mind with my overactive imagination. Indulge me – it would be quick.

I'm going into Barabbas' head!

What if Barabbas was a sweet little Jewish lad who grew up through the Roman oppression but unlike some of his peers, was



psychologically pained because he watched a lousy Roman soldier kill his father and get away with it?

As he grew, the hurt festered by the daily injustice he had become too familiar with, eventually became too much and led him to think he could get freedom for his people by agitating. But he had a second motive – to get even with his father's murderer in the process.

So he either led or signed up to join a revolt and in the process, got an opportunity to murder the soldier, who had become a high ranking officer at that time.

Phenomenal story line, isn't it?

Maybe we all are like Barabbas.

We have always voted for the energetic. The Israelites probably thought that Barabbas was more of a saviour figure than Jesus – they

were expecting an aggressive king or warrior to save and lead them to freedom from the Romans, and end their suffering. They might have felt Barabbas would try again.

Little did they know that the real problem was an internal bondage that no insurrection could cure. Jesus came to deal with the heart of the matter – which is the matter of the heart. He came not to palliate, but to heal and restore to brand new. His inside-out influence involves and transcends the physical.

It's exciting though, to parallel Jesus and Barabbas.

Two prisoners (with similar names) exchanged position – while the innocent One was about to be crucified, the guilty one was about to be set free. One sought mere physical liberation (for his people), the other brought



spiritual (and holistic) liberation to all people. Having similar passions to save, one did so by rebelling and killing, the other, by dying.

My imagination is very wild! But you see it makes sense, and it means something to your life.

The Barabbas in you is hurt, sick and tired of the oppression going on around. You are tired of the weight of sin, as it reigns in present day - and in your heart - and you want to close the gap it has created, so you try to do all you can to get out of the rut -hard work, ambition, morality, religion, science - the list is endless. We love to agitate - race against race, class against class. Without struggle, there is no progress, we say.

But it doesn't work because the mechanism of human oppression and death is much

deeper than you can fathom. The price of freedom is too high you cannot pay it.

I was in Barabbas' agitating shoes until I realized Jesus was exchanged for me. He died a substitutionary death for me. I relaxed and believed his sacrifice was enough to bring me freedom.

The blood stained freedom became precious to me. - it brought me to Peace and the grace I received empowers me daily to live the kind of Life God desires - and why He sent Jesus at Easter - the one above sin and unto righteousness in this present world and joy beyond this life.\*\*

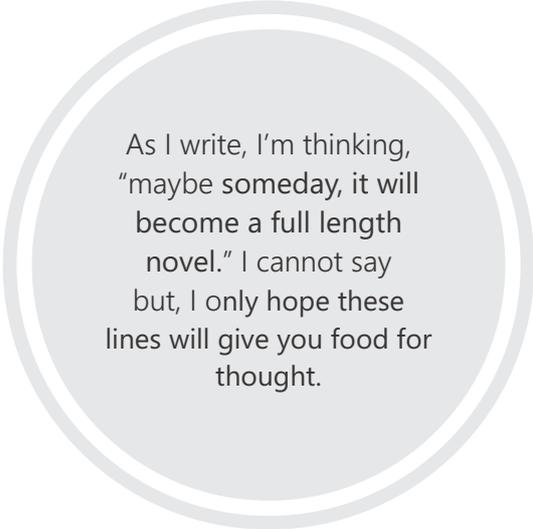
Now, I simply follow the Father's lead as a son and disciple according to His good will. I live the guided adventure of learning, growing and shining in life.



Maybe Barabbas heard about one “begotten son of the Father,” the king of the Jews who was killed when he was released. Maybe he repented, we may never know.

But today, if you will quit struggling and come to Jesus, you will experience a 360-degree.

Consider the divine exchange today.  
Come to Jesus.



As I write, I’m thinking,  
“maybe someday, it will  
become a full length  
novel.” I cannot say  
but, I only hope these  
lines will give you food for  
thought.

\* Mark 15:7, \*\*Titus 2:11-14  
References: Matthew 27:20-21, Mark 15:7-15,  
Luke 23:18-19, and John 18:40



# INTO “ABBA” ARMS

SO YOU READ this booklet to this point - thank you! Many people would have dropped off before getting here. I hope it signifies that the words mean something to you, and you want to complete this wonderful journey with me.

As you read through, did you wonder how amazing it would be to experience the power and meaning of Easter in your daily life?

Is the big God - who created the whole universe - your Father? Have you experienced the adoption into His big family?

Before Jesus entered the stage, humanity was estranged from God through sin. Life was a tragedy - a vortex of woe controlled by the devil.

**Therefore, as sin came into the world through one man, and death as the result of sin, so death spread to all men, [no one being able to stop it or to escape its power] because all men sinned. Rom 5:12 [AMPLIFIED]**

In fact, God was unhappy with us because of the bad things we do and the bad nature we had been born with as a result of the fall of Adam, the first man.\*

**Remember that you were at that time separated from Christ, alienated from the commonwealth of Israel and strangers to the covenants of promise, having no hope and without God in the world. Eph 2:12 [ESV]**

We could not as much as raise our faces toward God. We were spiralling down to doom



and the devil was happy.

Until...

**While we were yet in weakness [powerless to help ourselves], at the fitting time Christ died for (in behalf of) the ungodly. Rom 5:6 [AMPLIFIED]**

Yes! Jesus Christ came to the rescue - and if you believe Him, you will be saved from God's anger, because He makes you right with God by the blood of His death.

**While we were God's enemies, he made friends with us through the death of his Son. Surely, now that we are his friends, he will save us through his Son's life. Rom 5:9-10 [NCV]**

Along with this, He sends His Spirit into your heart - God's Spirit doesn't make you a slave who is afraid of Him. Instead, you become a part of the family.

He says you can call Him Father - because He will relate to you as his son or daughter.\*\*

All who follow the leading of God's Spirit are God's own sons. You aren't meant to relapse into the old slavish attitude of fear - you can be adopted into the very family circle of God and you can say with a full heart, "Father, my Father".

HE is up there, but He's also in here!\*\*\*

Great! I hear you say...

But it's not so great until you connect to him through the Son [the firstborn – Romans



5:29]: God did not send his Son into the world to condemn its people. He sent him to save them!\*\*\*\*

In this the love of God was manifested toward us, that God has sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him.\*+

You don't have to continue in sin. You don't have to cower in shame. You can be a part of God's family. All you need to do is repent [Acts 3:19], believe and accept Christ's offer of salvation [John 20:31].

Are you interested?



\*Details in Genesis 3, \*\*Rom 8:15, Gal 4:7,



Then say this prayer,

**DEAR LORD JESUS, THANK YOU FOR DYING FOR MY SINS. THE SACRIFICE OF YOUR LIFE FOR MINE IS MORE THAN I CAN EVER KNOW. I HAVE BEEN LIVING IN SIN ALL THIS WHILE. LORD, I KNOW THIS HAS TO CHANGE. PLEASE, FORGIVE ALL MY SINS. COME AND BE LORD AND SAVIOUR OF MY LIFE. COME AND BE THE CENTRE OF MY LIFE. PLEASE LEAD ME TO GROW IN KNOWING YOU. THANK YOU JESUS.**

You have a new life and you can call Him FATHER!

## *After the read...*

Contrary to popular opinion,  
God isn't seated aloof in heaven.  
He is in your world,  
Walking the streets today  
And calling out to you...

He came as Christ, walked the surface of  
the earth, He felt your pain.  
Faced your fears.  
Encountered temptation.  
And he overcame - for you!

He still does walk the streets,  
Looking for as many as would listen to  
His cry,.

Hossanah! Hosannah!  
"Let me Save Now," he says.  
There has never been a love  
So pure, so complete.  
Offered by blood as this...  
On a wooden cross at skull hill.

Here I am! I stand at the door and knock.  
If you hear my voice and open the door, I  
will come in and eat with you, and you  
will eat with me.\*

This is EASTER.

\*Revelations 3:20 [New Living Translation]



**THE COMPLETE EASTER STORY  
CAN BE FOUND HERE:**

Matthew 26:20-28:20

Mark 14:1-16:20

Luke 22:1-24:53

John 13:1-21:25

**PROPHET ISAIAH'S PROPHECY:**  
Isaiah 53:1-12

**SPEND SOME TIME READING IT, WILL YOU?  
IT WILL GIVE YOU A FULL GRASP OF THE EASTER STORY.**

Got questions after? Email [joshuababarinde@gmail.com](mailto:joshuababarinde@gmail.com)





Have you been blessed by this book?

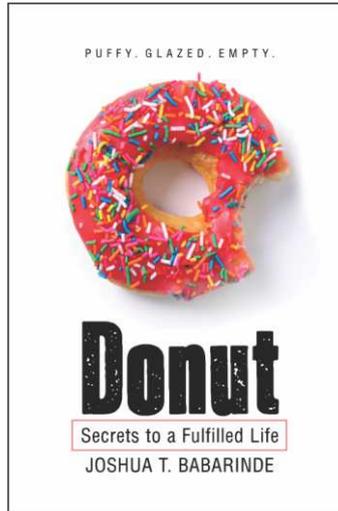
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I'M SUPPOSED TO SAY THAT THIS PAGE IS INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK  
YOU OBVIOUSLY KNOW THAT ALREADY, SO TURN OVER.

THIS IS INSIDE OF THE BACK COVER,  
SKIP TO THE BACK COVER

**JESUS SAYS: I WILL FORGIVE YOU.  
I WILL SAVE YOU. I WILL CHANGE YOU...  
IF YOU COME TO THE CROSS.**

### **WHAT DO YOU SAY?**

Joshua Toluwanimi Babarinde is a young writer, graphic designer and physician.

He actively blogs on HeirWalk.com and has worked on a number of creative projects that reflect his desire to see young people connect to God early, learn, grow and shine in life.

“Snippets” is his second published work.



13:52  
**studio 13:52**  
...Inspired imaginations...



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