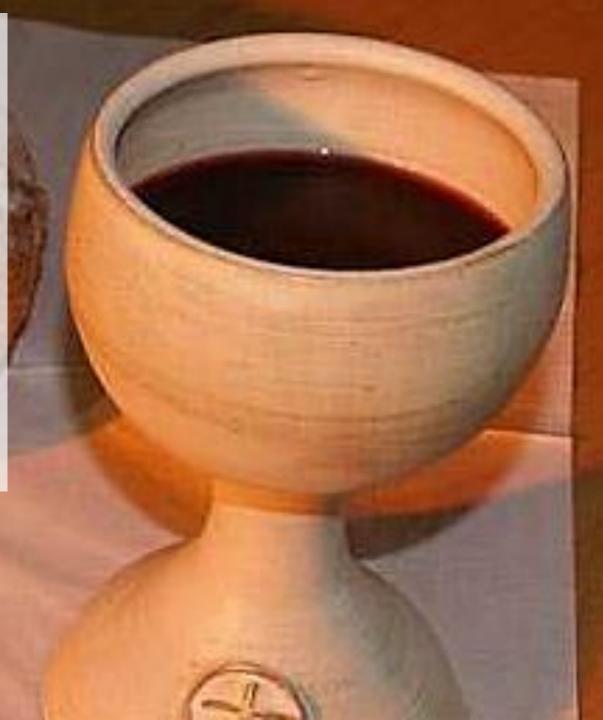


Colored eggs and rabbits are perhaps the most popular symbols of Easter, but we need look no further than the Easter story itself to find some more meaningful ones—and each has a story to tell.



I am the Bread. At the last supper the Master ate with His disciples before His death, He gave thanks and broke me, and shared me with them. "Take and eat," the Master said. "This is My body, which is broken for you. Do this in remembrance of Me" (1 Corinthians 11:24). He was the Bread of Life, sent from Heaven by God to give life to the world (John 6:33). Earthly bread can sustain for a day, but whoever comes to Him shall never hunger. "Man does not live by bread alone" (Matthew 4:4). No, you need something more. That something is Jesus.

I am the Wine. After the bread, the Master poured me into a cup. "This cup is the new covenant in My blood, which is shed for you" (1 Corinthians 11:25), He told His disciples. Even though He knew He was about to die, His heart overflowed with selfless love for others—and it does to this day. He would have shed His blood for you alone, and He would do it all over again, just for you. He loves you that much!



I am the Crown of Thorns. Like the Master, I was cursed and despised. Then one night I was fashioned into a "crown," intended as a cruel joke, a mockery (Matthew 27:29). But I became an emblem of glory when the Father transformed me into a halo of light.



**I am the Reed.** I also was intended as a joke (Matthew 27:29). But held in the right hand of the King of kings during His time of greatest trial, I was transformed. Once a common walking stick, I became a scepter of righteousness, a symbol of the power and glory of the King whose kingdom is not of this world (John 18:36).

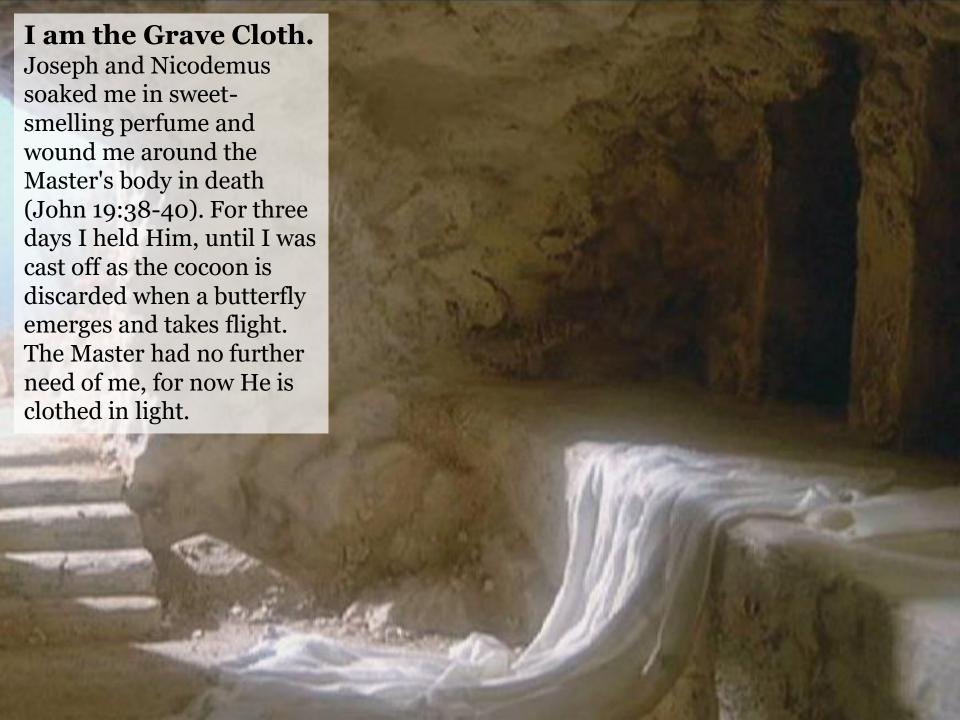




**I am the Scarlet Robe.** Those who draped me over the Master's body did so in jest, saying, "Hail, King of the Jews!" (Matthew 27:28-29). If only they had known how right they were!—And not King of the Jews only, but King of Heaven and earth, "King of kings and Lord of lords, who alone has immortality, dwelling in unapproachable light" (1 Timothy 6:15-16).



I am the Cross. There once was a tree that grew strong and tall over many years, only to be hewn down and carted off in a day. But instead of being held and shaped by a master carpenter into something useful but ordinary—a chair or a table or a door, perhaps—it was fashioned into a rough cross that held the carpenter Master (John 19:16-18). I was the tree that became that cross. I held Him as He died for the world—even for those who killed Him. I was made an instrument of death, but I became a symbol of God's love and His gift of eternal life.





I am the Empty Tomb. I held His lifeless body for three days and three nights, but the grave could not contain Him. In the twinkling of an eye, with a blinding flash of light and a burst of power from on high, He conquered death—and not for Himself only, but for all who receive Him as their Savior.



**I am the Garden.** As dawn broke that first Easter Day, I was transformed from a place of mourning into a scene of great rejoicing when angels asked, "Why do you seek the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen!" (Matthew 28:2-6; Luke 24:4-6).



We know these things are true, for we were there. We were all touched and transformed by the Master. Let Him touch you today, and He will transform you too.



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