Peter:

Betrayed with a kiss. What perverted thinking had chosen this symbol of love for such a vile purpose? Earlier, the Lord insisted that I, Peter, would also deny Him. Impossible! I would defend him with my life.

And yet, this all happened so quickly that it was over before I knew what to do. I watched, crouching behind the tree as the Temple Guard led the Lord away in chains. How could this be? There was never a man born who was more kind, honest and wise. Indeed, I worshipped at His feet. And yet, His life was in danger in the hands of "holy" men whose job it was to protect us from evil.

Yes, my Master needed me, and I knew I must find Him and help Him. Would He not do the same for me if I were in trouble?

Quickly, I hurried down the path within the sound, but not the sight, of that small army of infidels. If I had stopped to think of the danger that lurked ahead within the Palace of the High Priest, I might not have gone on. Surely, any disciple of Jesus would be unsafe in the den of His enemies.

But I did not stop to think. All I knew was that the Master was in danger. How could I leave Him alone? I had followed Him since the day I first heard His voice along the shores of the Sea of Galilee. I would follow Him now.









