

## 9

# Judas

I feel the weight of the thirty silver coins in my hands. It feels good. If I worked in a regular trade, as a carpenter or a stonecutter, this would be two months' wages. Instead, I'm following a teacher named Jesus around the countryside, depending on the charity of people we meet to provide us food and shelter. This is the first money I've had to call my own in months.

Of course, as the treasurer, I look after the little bit of money our small group of men receives now and then. Sure, I've helped myself to a few coins once or twice. No one's ever noticed. Not that Jesus really cares about money anyway. He shares what little we have with needy strangers.

Once He even praised a woman who, instead of washing His feet with water, used expensive perfume. That perfume was worth a year's salary! I think Jesus would just as soon give away the little money we have than use it to buy better food or a new cloak. Sometimes I don't understand what He values at all.

The only thing I had to do to earn these coins was provide a little information. The religious leaders asked me where Jesus would be tonight. So I told them. After our meal, I'll point Him out to them, and then my job's done. What they do after that is of no concern to me. He's the one who decided to return to Jerusalem, knowing the danger.

Right now, I'd better hurry or I'll be late for Passover supper with Jesus and the others. I wonder if He already knows what I've done ... He's kind of funny that way. I feel like He knows me better than I know myself. He knows how uncomfortable I was with how He handled the merchants at the temple. Even though I disagreed, we've all been through a lot together.

Huh ... Jesus is so *forgiving* of the sins of others. I wonder if He will still love me when He learns what I did ...

I drop the coins back into the money bag I keep securely tied around my waist and uneasily climb the steps to the upper room. As I push open the door to where we'll dine together, the bag hangs heavy against my hip. Somehow its weight doesn't make me feel as happy as it did before.



*Why do you think Judas took the money to betray Jesus and then still went to the supper?*

*What do you think each disciple was thinking as the group gathered with Jesus?*

*Has a friend ever done something that hurt you? In what way? Have you ever been that person who hurt someone else?*

