

Go ahead and open it

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*Easter may be over but the spirit isn't. How does Judas feel seeing his Messiah condemned and how does he feel now stuck in hell? First person and note I am a Chirstain, proud of it, so I had to write something * it was also for school*

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**Chapter 1 - The letter from Judas, the son of
Iscariot**

2

1 - The letter from Judas, the son of Iscariot

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Disclaimer- Uhm.. I guess I have to say I didn't write the Bible, but I do own one so uhm... yeah... it's hard to do this type of disclaimer...

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Discription- Easter may be over but the spirit isn't. How does Judas, who betraed Jesus, feel seeing his Messiah condemed and how does he feel now stuck in hell? First person and note I am a Chirstain, proud of it, so I had to write something during this season *cough it was also for school cough*

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Title- Go ahead and open it

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Chapter one- The letter from Judas, the son of Iscariot

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Here's some left over Easter bunnies and Peeps for all who comment *throws in random directions cheep half-off bunnies and chickens*

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Judas, the son of Simon Iscariot

All who are willing to hear this story

The place of my fate, the Lake of Fire, Hades

Hello to whom ever is holding this. Though I can't give a friendly hello, I don't believe I ever can or ever will here. Where I am right now, and burdened to stay, is pure torture. Firey flames lick at my skin and burn my flesh. The smell of decay and rotting stink the thick air. The taste of salt and viniger burn my lips, barley allowing me to take a breath. The corpses and blood lay everywhere, laughing at my agony and suffering. The hairs in my head feel like the are being ripped out all at once. The pain in this place can be felt all the way to my bones. Unfortunately that is not even half of the absolute angusish. My eyes have almost forgotten the pleasure of a sunset or the cool waves gently crashing the shores but have been replaced with mad powerful scorching heat and the burning of boiling water being poured on my ragged and worn body in this God- forsaken hell. Yes hell. Indeed no greater punishment for my deeds. I suppose I deserve each and every torment that is planned for me. After all I did betray the Son of God, way back to that day. I remember it so well.

I don't know why I did it. Or even how it started. Evil just started to take root and before I knew it I couldn't even stand next to him as a worthy disiple. I knew in my heart who he was speaking about on that Last Supper. Even if none of the other disiples knew or even had a thought remotely close to what was planed in store. Even if they were not able to understand the messages he had given to us, the Twelve, weather it be "...Yet there are some of you who do not believe." No matter how many clues were given, by the time they were to finally understand what He was saying. It would be to late. It was and still is too late. No another chances could be given, it was all part of something bigger. The prophecies had to be fulfilled.

So I, Judas, the son of Simon Iscariot, had to betray my Lord for thirty pieces of silver. I had arranged a signal with the Romans that were to capture him and told them, "The one I kiss is the man; arrest him." I did as I said I would with no crowd around I said, "Greetings, Rabbi!" and kissed him on the cheek. But what my Rabbi just replied, "Friend, do what you came for." My heart was struck at that moment but there was nothing I could do. The men stepped forward and arrested the man called "King of the Jews." But one of my old companions, Simon Peter, a true disciple, unlike myself, came and protected their Lord and took a stand for him. He took out his sword and struck one of the man's ears. Malchus was his name; he was bleeding badly and had fallen to the ground. Everything was so fast I couldn't comprehend what was going on.

Then, rising up, Jesus of Nazareth, "Put your sword back in its place, for all who draw the sword will die by the sword. Do you think I cannot call upon my Father, and he will at once put at my disposal more than twelve legions of angels? But how then would the scriptures be fulfilled that say it must happen this way?" His words were so true and that wasn't even the end. He healed Malchus's ear and said, "Am I leading a rebellion, that you have come out with swords and clubs to capture me? Every day I sat in the temple courts teaching and you did not arrest me. But this has all taken place that the writings of the prophets might be fulfilled." Yes they were true, it had to be done this way, in this manner. My betrayal, my death, his death, and his resurrection. Yes, I had to die, my own suicide, my own life taken by my own hands.

The sun rose and the bright bitter sun gave light to the injustice that was to happen. What did happen. I saw with my eyes Jesus, an innocent man, condemned. He was to be taken to his death. I couldn't stand the frustration anymore. So I went to right away back to the chief priest. I threw their money back at them and said to all of them, "I have sinned, for I have betrayed innocent blood." I was sweating with anger, my body was rising in heat from my own sin and all they had to say back to me was, "What is that to us? That's your responsibility." I left my money there and ran. I tried to run away from what I did. If it weren't for me he would have lived. He could have had a long life, but I was the one who made him suffer, who put him on the cross. I shouldn't have let Satan take control of me. I did everything wrong. So it was time I did something I thought was right. It was time... for me to end my life. I went far away with only a rope in my hand. I found a tall tree with a slump and stood on it. I wrapped one end of the rope on a branch and the other around my neck. Then I jumped off of the slump and died. I killed myself. I had to commit this act because living with this burden was just too great. Suicide was the only option left to me. That's how I ended up here.

I am left in the pit of Hades It is my destiny, but you, you do not have to suffer this way. Listen to the Lord's teachings and not my own life. Do not betray your comrades and friends, but instead love them as they you would have them love you. God has sent his Son to change everyone. To give us all a second chance by giving up his life and then three days later resurrecting and proving God has beaten death. Do not follow in my footsteps and have your heart grasped by evil but live your life to the fullest and accept him as your personally savior. I might not have another chance but you do. Even though the true divine reason I had to betray Christ was so the Old Testament prophesies could be fulfilled, you do not have to carry such a burden. Open your heart to the Lord and he will forgive you of all your sins, no mater what they may be. Trust in Him he's waiting for you; He suffered too much to let you ignore him.

He wants to be with you, so give him a chance. "For god so loved the world that He gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life." –John 3: 16

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