

## Soldier's Monologue 2

I was in charge of the execution. I did what I had to do, because I was under orders. But that doesn't mean that I enjoyed what I did.

I could see that he was different. He wasn't your usual villain. He wasn't a thief or a murderer or anything like that. He had something about him, which I could see, even through the blood and cuts and bruises that he had all over him.

Yeah, I could tell that he was different... But it was only after... you know... after we'd crucified him that I realised **how** different he was.

For starters, even after we'd banged the nails through his hands and his feet and hung him up on the cross, he actually said, "*Father, forgive them; they don't know what they're doing!*" I couldn't believe what I heard, 'cause if it had been me up there, I would either have been cursing everyone within earshot, or I would have pleading for someone to rescue me.

Then a few minutes later, Jesus tells this thief – a thief, mind you! – Jesus tells this thief that he's going to be with Jesus in paradise. I'd never heard anything like it in my life. A thief going to paradise? It's like Jesus really cared and had compassion for this bloke. It was also like he had the power... the authority... to give this man a place in heaven...

I tell you what, my head was buzzing with all that I saw and heard! And then right at the end, just before he breathed his last breath, he said, "Father, into your hands I commit my spirit."

I can remember it all, just as if it was yesterday...