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Dave: What are you doing?

Ann: I’m trying to write.

Dave: I can see that. What I mean is, what are you writing?

Ann: I’ve been keeping a diary of our holiday. I’m about to put some of the things we’ve seen and done on a post scroll to my brother. It’s been such an eventful couple of weeks I just can’t wait until we get home.

Dave: Yes, it has been quite hectic. Who’d have thought there would be so much going on in Jerusalem at this time of year? Mind you, most of the action seemed to revolve around that group we kept bumping in to. It was almost like they were following us.

Ann: I know what you mean.

Dave: And I bet you haven’t put any of the embarrassing bits in.

Ann: Like what?

Dave: Like when we first got here. You know, when we were first walking into town, well, you tottering as best you could in the heels you were wearing, and you thought all those people were waving at you and shouting your name. You were beaming and waving back like the Queen of Sheba, and they weren’t even looking at us. You must put that bit in; it was just so, well, you.

Ann: How was I to know they were praising their God and waving branches for the chap who was riding a donkey about a hundred yards behind us? Anyway, these Jewish customs can be very confusing, as you found out the following day. You know, when we went to the temple. There was that same chap with his friends, and he started overturning the traders’ tables, and shouting about his father’s house being ruined or spoiled.

Dave: There’s nothing embarrassing there.

Ann: No, but you thought it was a boot sale, and that they must be cowboy builders! It wasn’t until we found somebody we could understand that we found out that what was really going on.

Dave: Yes that was a bit of a misunderstanding. And after that, we just kept bumping in to that chap Jesus and His friends, or what was it they were called; oh yes, disciples.

Ann: I remember thinking to myself the next day too that the Jews must be a funny lot; you know, when we saw them again, and this time they were complaining to that tree. Even with my limited knowledge of arboriculture, I know that you don’t get figs from a dead tree, and that shouting at it wouldn’t make a difference.

Dave: One of them said the tree wasn’t dead a few minutes before we got there when they started on it, but it didn’t look like it to me.

Ann: That same group seemed to be everywhere we went. Even when we left Jerusalem for a day out we couldn’t shake them off! Do you remember that day we went to that little village, Bethany, for a bit of olde worlde charm and peace? No sooner had we settled at that cafe for a bit of cake and a coffee than that woman came rushing down the street, saying she had to pour perfume on Jesus.

Dave: Yes the Jewish people have been quite excitable this last fortnight. Mind you, with all the strange goings on it’s not surprising. That first Thursday when we went for a walk in that garden, and those men were there again. You remember, when that friend of Jesus kissed Him, and the soldiers appeared.

Ann: It looked like there was going to be a fight, and one man seemed to be injured...but then Jesus looked like He just stuck the soldier’s ear back on. That was strange. Mind you, even that was nothing compared to the next day.

Dave: Oh yes, the day that Jesus was executed; with the three hour eclipse, the earthquake, and dead people appearing in the city. That was a very peculiar day too. We thought we’d taken refuge from all of the goings on in the temple, but even in there that massive curtain just split open from the top. It wasn’t a lightweight curtain either; do you remember how thick it was when we looked at and touched it to try to find out what had happened?

Ann: It was just as well the city went quiet for a couple of days after that. Then, just as we were getting to enjoy some peace, those friends of Jesus were saying that He had risen from the dead. I expect if we were to stay a few more weeks we’d be seeing Him go up to heaven in a cloud or something!

Dave: Still, at least our holiday has been eventful.

Ann: Yes, but what would my family think if I told them all that’s been happening? They would be booking me a place in the funny farm before I got home.

Dave: So what are you going to put?

Ann: I know. (Sits to write) Dear John. Having a lovely time. Weather good. Wish you were here. Love Ann.

Exit.