

Gospel Story:

On the Road to Emmaus

(Emmaus is pronounced em-MAY-us. Use a piece of bread as the focal point. Break it at the right moment in the story.)

Two friends of Jesus were walking to a town called Emmaus. “Jesus can’t be alive!” said one. “I saw his body go into the tomb.”

“But the women say he’s alive,” said the other. “Why would they say that if Jesus were dead?”

A stranger came up to the two. “What’re you talking about?” he asked. “Who is this Jesus?”

“What?” questioned one friend. “Everyone knows that our friend Jesus was from God. But people killed him anyway. That was hard enough to believe; we thought Jesus was too powerful to be killed.”

“But now some women in our group have surprised us,” said the other friend. “They went to his tomb, but his body wasn’t there. They came back and told us they’d seen a vision of angels who said he’s alive. We don’t know what to think!”

The stranger answered them, “The Bible said all this would happen. Let me explain it to you. Then he told them stories from the Bible as they walked. He explained how all the stories helped people get ready for Jesus.

When they got to Emmaus, it was almost dark. “Stay with us,” the two friends begged the stranger. “We want to be with you longer. We want to hear more.”

The stranger and the two friends sat down to eat. Then he took bread, blessed it and broke it. (Hold up and break the bread here.) The friends cried out. “It’s you, Jesus. It’s you!” Then suddenly he was no longer there—he just disappeared. “We should have known!” they said. “When he talked with us, weren’t we as happy as when we were with Jesus?”

They ran back to Jerusalem. They told their friends, “What the women said is true! Jesus is alive!”

