



JESUS – THE PRINCE OF PEACE
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Steve and John were two friends. They both lived in the same neighbourhood and attended the same school. Steve's parents were Christians, they taught him to read his bible and pray everyday. It was also compulsory for him to memorize a verse of scripture daily. John's parents on the other hand never bothered about church. Sunday morning in their house was time to play games, watch films and for John's father to drink as much alcohol as he wanted.

Steve knew all these and tried so hard to win his friend's heart to Jesus. As hard as he tried, he seemed not to make any success. An opportunity came one day. John was seated on a huge stone in front of his house weeping. "What's the matter John?" Steve asked as he walked towards his friend. "It's mum and dad again! They quarreled last night. In fact, daddy beat mummy up and she in turn said many hurting words to him. Each time this happens, I get so sad and wish I could find someone to help them. We surely need peace in our home."

"I know how to help," Steve spoke with enthusiasm. "How, who can help?" John asked as he stood up and held his friend by the shoulder. "Jesus is the Prince of peace. He is right here with us and is ever willing to help." "But I thought He was just a baby born in a manger." "There's more to know about Jesus than that," Steve replied. "He makes the difference in my home. He gives joy and peace no one can describe and guides people about life through His word." "I want Jesus in my home too. Can we talk to Him right now?" "Oh yes," Steve answered. The two friends prayed together as John invited Jesus into his heart that day. They started reading Steve's bible story books and memory verses on a daily basis.

John took some of these books home to share with his mother. "I know someone who can give you and daddy peace." He said to his mum one day. Little by little, John's mother began to show interest in the books. One day as John entered the house, after parting with Steve, he found his mother kneeling by the chair in the kitchen, weeping and mumbling some words in prayer. John stayed back quietly as he heard his mother pray, inviting Jesus unto her heart, marriage and home.

He waited patiently for her to finish and held her just as she was trying to wipe her eyes and get up.

Thank God, you took that decision. Things will never remain the same again. Gradually, John and his mother started attending the weekly teaching meetings in Steve's church. They both started praying for his daddy too and invited him to join them. At first, he refused but when he saw the changes in his wife's behaviour after about six months of going to Steve's church, he decided to follow them. What joy filled John and his mother's heart one Sunday morning as they saw his daddy walk down the aisle to invite Jesus into his heart too.