FUTURE FORETOLD

There are many prophecies throughout the Old Testament about Jesus. Look up each Scripture and explore the way God used the prophets of the Old Testament to prove to us, that Jesus was and is the Messiah.

John the Baptist would	(Isaiah in 700 BC)	
Isa. 40:3 – Matt. 3:1-3		
Jesus would	. (Isaiah in 700 BC)	
Isa. 35:5-6 – Matt. 11:2-5		
Jesus would	. (Zechariah in 500 BC)	
Zech. 9:9 – Luke 19:28, 35-38		
Jesus would be	(David in 1000 BC)	
Ps. 41:9 – Matt. 26:49-50		
Judas would	(Zechariah in 500 BC)	
Zech. 11:12-13 – Matt. 27:5-7		
Jesus would	(Isaiah in 700 BC)	
Isa. 50:6 – Matt. 26:67		
Lots (like dice) would be cast for	(David in 1000 BC)	
Ps. 22:18 – John 19:23-24		
Jesus would be (David in 1000	BC before it was invented)	
Ps. 22:16 – Luke 23:33)		
Jesus' would not be	(Moses in 1400 BC)	
Ex. 12:46 & Ps. 34:20 – John 19:32-36		
Jesus would be	(David in 1000 BC)	
Ps. 22:1 – Matt. 27:46		
Jesus would (Isaiah in 700 BC)		
Isa. 53:8b – Luke 23:46		
Jesus would be (Isaiah in 700 B0	C)	
Isa. 53:9 – Matt. 27:57-60		
Jesus would (David in 1000 BC Ps. 16:10 & Isa. 53:10-11 – Acts 2:25-32	C & Isaiah in 700 BC)	
Ps. 16:10 & Isa. 53:10-11 – Acts 2:25-32		



but who do YOU say that I am?

live forever."	_, which came down from heaven. If any	one eats of this bread, he will
John 8:23: And He said to them, "Yo	ou are from beneath; I AM	You are of this world; I AM
John 8:12: Then Jesus spoke to the walk in darkness, but have the light	em again, saying, "I AM of life."	He who follows me shall not
John 10:9: "I AM find pasture."	If anyone enters by me, he will be sav	ved, and will go in and out and
John 10:11: "I AM	The good shepherd gives His life for the	e sheep."
John 10:36: "Do you say of Him wh because I said, 'I AM	om the Father sanctified and sent into tl?"	ne world, 'You are blaspheming,'
John 11:25: Jesus said to her, "I AN though he may die, he shall live."	/I and	He who believes in me,
John 14:6: Jesus said to him, "I AM comes to the Father except through	n me."	, and No one
John 15:1: "I AM	, and My Father is the vinedresser."	

MYTH OR MIRACLE?

Many people have tried to discredit Jesus Christ by attempting to explain away his miracles as simply an illusion or trick and fool people. Use the evidence found in Scripture, plus your collective brainpower and common sense to figure this out for yourselves. Write down your specific reasons and specific verses to back your claim.

1. Jesus Walks on the Water (and then commands Peter to join him)

Read: Matthew 14:22-32, Mark 6:45-52, John 6:16-21

What the cynics say:

- Jesus never actually walked on the water, but instead tip-toed on the shallow shore.
- Jesus used props. Floating shoes, plywood, or possibly an underwater pier.
- · Jesus walked on ice.

What do YOU say?

2. Jesus Calms the Storm

Read: Matthew 8:23-27, Mark 4:35-41, Luke 8:22-25

What the cynics say:

- Jesus was some sort of weatherman who could predict the exact time a storm would stop and start.
- There was no storm that night, but a shadow from the moon made the sea look stormy and uneven.
- The disciples never went through a storm, but dreamed that they did.
- Jesus fabricated a storm.

What do YOU say?

3. Jesus Feeds the Five Thousand

Read: Matthew 14:13-21, Mark 6:30-44, Luke 9:10-17, John 6:1-14

What the cynics say:

- Jesus hid all the bread and the fish in the field the day before he fed the crowd so it would look like he was multiplying it.
- No one was really hungry, so the 5 loaves and 3 fish was plenty.
- The disciples lied about many of his miracles in what they wrote and they aided him in pulling off these "tricks."

What do YOU say?



Isaiah 53:5 and 2 Corinthians 5:21

Out of the corner of my eye, as the soldiers led me away, I saw Pilate washing his hands. The last think I heard as I was taken off to be beaten was, "Crucify"
The cries of the crowd were charged, but the roman solders were just cold, calculated and cruel. They led me to a whipping post where I was stripped naked. Over and over they pounded instruments of torture against my flesh—cutting, tearing and ripping literal strips of skin off my back. Inner muscles and sinews were torn. That's what happened when they scourged me (), by whips embedded with glass, nails and bone.
Careful not to kill me, for I still had a cross to bear, they put aside their whips—but only to make an absolute mockery of me. The soldiers, out of sport and boredom, covered my raw, burning flesh with a scarlet robe and placed a crown made of prickly thorns into my scalp. I was in physical agony, but they had the time to kneel before my shaking body and spit upon me like I was some village idiot. "Hail, King of the Jews," they sneered as my insides bled to the ground around me. If only they knew.
The physical break was short-lived. It was time for me to carry my cross. I knew the burden was mine's. I struggled with the weight of it for some time, but ultimately I fell to my knees. Another man had to help me finish the journey up to Golgotha.
When we got to the top of the hill, they offered me wine mixed with myrrh to dull my pain and my senses. There was still so much suffering ahead; they needed to make sure I was able to tolerate all of it. I refused. I needed to bear this pain. I,, needed to feel every excruciating moment.
What they did next was the most horrible torture mankind had yet devised. Crucifixion was designed to kill by way of slow suffocation. As the arms and legs of most victims were bound, the upper body would lose its strength, eventually collapsing the weight of the body onto the lungs. But instead of letting my body collapse onto itself, they drove spikes through the bones of my 's wrists—adding extra support and extra time to my suffering. They nailed my feet into the cross so that I could stand longer.
As I hung there from my own limbs, I, suffered the effects of any human body exposed to such trauma. The insufferable thirst of being hung in the sun fueled the fever brought on by the swelling of my wounds. Tetanus began to set in from the rusty nails, and the wounds from which I was hanging tore further as my body shook harder and harder.
Yet, I never lost sight of my purpose on that cross. Even as the soldiers gambled my garments away while I hung there convulsing, even as they hung a mocking sign above me reading, "This is, the King of the Jews," I still kept my character. On either side of me were true criminals—thieves being crucified for their crimes. One of them was defiant, mocking me, daring me to come down off of my cross. How much I wanted to. The other criminal understood who I was. He asked if I would remember him when I came into my kingdom. Of course I would. He reminded me in my weakest hour, what I was there for.
Then more hours passed as I,, hung in agony, the sins of the world gnawing on every nerve in my flesh. It was now that I realized that even God the Father couldn't look upon me. I cried, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The people still there thought I was confused and filled a sponge with sour wine, pushing it up to my lips.
As soon as the wine touched my lins. I knew the cun had passed "It is finished."