

The Seven Trials of Jesus

Excerpt from *The Advocate*, by Randy Singer

A. Three Jewish, Religious Trials

1. **Annas** John 18:12-14 (p.997)

2. **Caiaphas** Matthew 26:57-68 (p.915)

Charge: threat to Temple; blasphemy.
Decision: Death.

3. **Sanhedrin** Luke 22:66-71 (p.972)

Charge: Blasphemy.
Decision: Death.

B. Three Civil (Roman) Trials

1. **Pilate** Luke 23:1-7

Charge: Insurrection; opposing taxes; claiming to be king.
Decision: Innocent.

2. **Herod** Luke 23:8-12
...son of King Herod the Great, who had ordered the slaughter of the infants thirty years earlier.

Decision: Innocent.

3. Pilate Luke 23:14-24
Decision: **Innocent**

What is your decision?

Why by Nichole Nordeman

We rode into town the other day, just me and my daddy.
He said I'd finally reached that age, and I could ride next to him
on a horse—that of course, was not quite as wide.

We heard a crowd of people shouting, and so we stopped to
find out why. There was that man that my dad said he loved,
but today there was fear in His eyes.

So I said, "Daddy, why are they screaming? Why are the faces
of some of them beaming? Why is He dressed in that bright
purple robe? I bet that crown hurts Him more than He shows.
Daddy please, can't you do something? He looks as though
He's gonna cry. You said He was stronger than all of those
guys; Daddy, please tell me why. Why does everyone want
Him to die?"

Later that day, the sky grew cloudy, and Daddy said I should
go inside. Somehow he knew things would get stormy. Boy
was he right. But I could not keep from wondering if there was
something he had to hide.
So after he left, I had to find out. I was not afraid of getting lost.
So I followed the crowds to a hill where I knew men had been
killed, and I heard a voice come from the cross.

And it said, "Father, why are they screaming? Why are the
faces of some of them beaming? Why are they casting their
lots for My robe?"

This crown of thorns hurts Me more than it shows.
Father please, can't you do something? I know that You must
hear My cry. I thought I could handle a cross of this size.
Father, remind Me why. Why does everyone want Me to die?
Oh, when will I understand why?"

My precious son, I hear them screaming. I'm watching the face
of the enemy beaming. But soon I will clothe You in robes of
My own.

Jesus, this hurts Me much more than You know,
but this dark hour, I must do nothing, though I've heard Your
unbearable cry.

The power in Your blood destroys all of the lies; soon You'll
see past their unmerciful eyes.

Look, there below, see the child trembling by her father's side.
Now I can tell You why... she is why You must die.