

Our Sabbath Scripture Stories



F A M I L I E S R E C L A I M I N G S U N D A Y

Read aloud: Isaiah 50:4-7
 Philippians 2:6-11

Gospel: **Mark 14:1-15:47**

It was Easter break at the Catholic Franciscan University of Steubenville, and Peter Pauline was home for a week, much to the delight of his youngest sister, Hillary. She idolized her big brother and really missed him when he was away at college. She could not wait to spend lots of time with him this week.

Hillary tip-toed into Peter's bedroom early this Saturday morning. "Peter, it's me. Get up and watch *Shining Time Station* with me. Please?" she asked.

"Go away, Hilly," was Peter's reply.

"Please, Peter, I'm scared all by myself out in the family room. I need you to come sit with me," she pleaded.

"Hillary, I am not awake. I was out late with the guys last night. I don't plan to be awake for another two hours," Peter responded. "Now, go away."

Sadly, Hillary left the room dragging her blanket behind her.

Some time later, Hillary found Peter sitting in the dining room having a cup of coffee and downing the last of the breakfast pancakes. He looked like he was in a hurry. "Peter, can you fix my doll house? Ben sat on it, and now the ..." began Hillary.

"Not now, Hilly. I am supposed to meet some of the guys at the YMCA so we can play basketball." And with that, he jumped up, grabbed his jacket, and raced out the door.

About three hours later, Peter came dragging into the house. He was exhausted after playing basketball, and all he wanted to do was rest. He found Hillary sitting quietly in the living room looking very sad indeed.

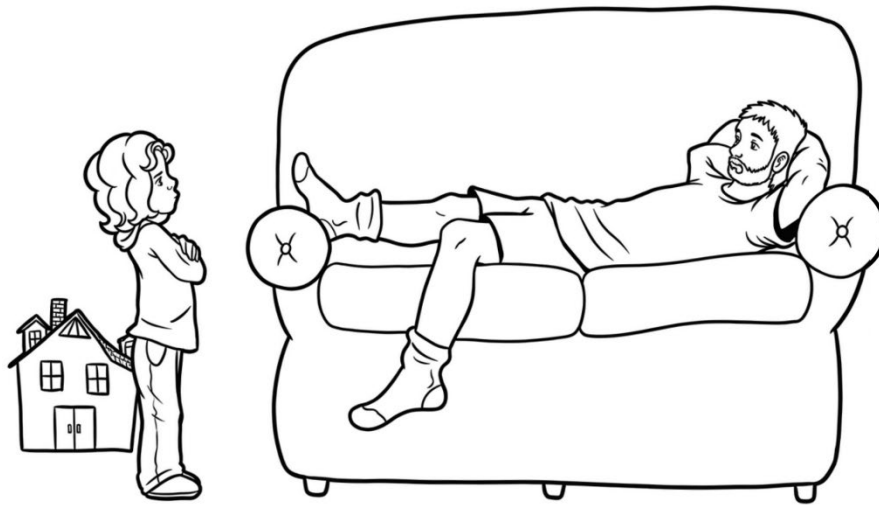


“Yo, Hilly, what’s up?” he began.

Hillary gave no reply. She just sat there looking like she had lost her best friend.

“Hilly, why the long face? Did you get into trouble with Mom?” continued Peter.

Finally, Hillary turned to him and blurted out, “Peter, you don’t like me anymore. You don’t want to be with me. You are just like that Peter in the Bible story that Mama read to me last night. That Peter who kept falling asleep when Jesus asked him to keep him company in the garden.”



“I don’t get it, Hilly. How am I like Saint Peter in the garden?” asked Peter.

“Because you don’t have time for me. You would rather sleep or play basketball with your friends. You just think of yourself,” cried Hillary.

Peter was shocked. Previously, he had never minded being compared to his patron, Saint Peter, but not in this way. Of course, he had been busy since he got home for Easter break, but he still loved his family, especially little Hillary. He realized she did have a point. Good ol’ Saint Pete did let Jesus down in the Garden of Olives. He couldn’t stay awake and pray with Jesus for even one hour. And he had let Hillary down by being too busy to spend time with her.

“Okay, Hilly, you have taught this Peter a lesson. Why don’t you get that book Mom has been reading to you, and I will read you a couple of chapters.”

“Oh, Peter, I love you!” cried Hillary as she jumped up and dashed to her room to get her book.