THE
AFIKOMEN

Messiah's Sinless Body

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Introduction

The Afikomen is a piece of matzah that is broken before the Passover meal. Part of it is wrapped in a cloth and hidden; at the end of the meal, it is brought back, distributed to the participants and eaten as the final morsel. Traditionally, the word is explained as “dessert” or “that which comes later”.

Our messiah’s sinless body was “broken” in death, wrapped in a cloth and hidden as a burial, then brought back; resurrected by the power of God. It is truly a reward to those who find
and partake in the life He offers, yet the amazing parallels we see in the tradition of the afikomen remain hidden to those who reject Jesus’ claims.

As you partake of this sacred bread, it is life transforming, a meal for the hungered and a satisfaction to a million generations. TAKE, EAT!
THE FEAST

The children surrounded the night fires; its sparks brought so much enthusiasm as they held hands around shoulders dancing clockwise round the edges of dry flaming bundle of sticks.

As we approach the festival camp, sounds of jubilee songs filled the air leaving everyone with praises as they reflect on several miracles in time pass. Luminous dots in the cloudless portion of the night sky radiated throughout all the camp adding to the glowing fluorescent light bulbs at each tent joints.
Seven was a good age to start counting the number of times I was present at the yearly festival and by that, it means this particular day was my seventeenth time of being present at the feast. You won’t get scolded by Dad for not coming but somehow you know deep within that you cannot miss out of the yearly festival.

After the song had faded out, we all sat and immediately; the scent of olive oil filled the entire camp, it had these pleasant fresh aroma ranging from fruity apple and floral, it was so awesome. I clenched my teeth and sucked back, allowing the oil flavors to
fill my breath. It was a symbol of peace, and at the same time a true portrait of gethsemane- a period of pressing and great burdens to taste of a better life. The scent remained that you can literally perceive it with your mind. The jubilations and celebrations had in a moment been changed to solemnity. It raised a consciousness of what I came to the festival for in my heart.

As the manner was; the priest came out from an enclosed room with a stainless bowl rapped with white linen on his hand. He walked majestically and at the same time we all rose as we sang
until he got to his stand. I had never in my life felt this sacredness of the festival as I did this day. In all the amusement and curiosity to know what every activity meant; I battled with the bitterness that lodged in my heart. I struggled but later managed to keep my heart abreast to the happenings around, and for that time being; it worked. We all sat on our seat and after a short exhortation, it was time for serving.
The wafer...

I pinned my head down to quickly adjust my tight fitted shoes just while the serving was going on, and bringing my head up; I saw an entirely different person. Somehow, I couldn’t understand, one the service man was now a totally different person. This particular man was dressed in a full-length robe with a golden sash over his chest; His head and His hair were white like wool-white as glistening snow. No! This was no ordinary man; I waited panting until it was my turn to take the wafer.
He handed me the wafer and immediately; an overwhelming fear gripped me, it was a pure fear without condemnation, but at the same time I realized I wasn’t worthy to eat of Him. I reached the wafer closer to my mouth and suddenly His strength just emanated in me, I beheld His glory and realized He’s my savior but reaches to me as an equal.

Wow, it was the Lord that served me this bread, and I realized that if I eat of it; I was telling Him to go die for my sins. My hands began shaking but still got hold of the wafer, I couldn’t let go seeing His glory and unique
love. That moment; tears rolled down my cheek uncontrollably, oh yes, I was twenty-three years old then but the feeling that moment was irresistible. I knew if I eat of the wafer; I was literally telling Him to die for my sins—mine sins. At that point, I couldn’t find another person to tag it our sins, it was my sins I was telling Him to go die for. The creator of the universe was going to die for my sins NOW. It was two thousand years ago but yet it was as fresh as now. I was telling Him to go now and die for my sins if I eat of that wafer, and in return; I was
going to allow Him to live His life through me.

Then He broke the silence; “I love you son, and I’m going to do this a thousand million times because I love you unconditionally”. This was so unique and accepting, a total relieve.

The instructions...

I was satisfied with just seeing Him but after those words, I for one have not perfectly described the feeling of inner joy and peace I had. It was an out of this world comparison.

Messiah’s sinless body wasn’t and is not going to be in vain. The taste of the
wafer carries a weight of glory which instruct and drives you to bring many others to taste of that bread. This was irresistible, hunting and a burden, but the joy was that it pleased my Lord. That which only makes Him happy and joyful and all the things He bids me, I’ll do.

As I ate, I am drawn continually to offer that bread to many thousand others, to taste of His body and partake in His death, burial and resurrection. Glory!!!

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The bloody wine... (To be continued)