

SAUL OF TARSAUS

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EXCERPTS

Prologue

. . . I hated Jesus of Nazareth. I hated him since we had met at the temple the first time. I then focused on converting his followers back to Judaism or, if that failed, to kill them for their blasphemy. Since we executed Jesus, we thought his followers, these so-called Christians, would know he wasn't the Messiah and therefore would repent of their foolishness. I mean, how could he be the Messiah if he was dead? They should know he wasn't the one who was to reign like David and throw the Romans out of our promised land. However, I swore that even if there was only one of these Christians left after all this, I would go to the ends of the earth to have him or her brought back in chains to the high priest to be stoned to death for blasphemy. . . .

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. . . He lets you take one of your great traits and turns it against you. Satan let me take the pride of knowledge and family and then distort it into a sacred pride that let me justify killing people who didn't believe in God exactly the way I did. Additionally, my pride also made me convince others to do the same. . . .

