

Title: My Name Is Malchus

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My name is Malchus and I am a servant of the Jewish high priest. I was there. It was probably the most important night of my life. Along with some soldiers and others from the chief priests and Pharisees, I had gone to a garden on the Mount of Olives. We went at night to find a troublesome teacher from Galilee and arrest him.

My name is Malchus and I was there. We were prepared or so we thought. We had weapons and lanterns to see where we were going, but, more importantly, one of his closest supporters had agreed to help us find the man when he was not surrounded by crowds of people. We found him alright; our guide, a disciple by the name of Judas, identified him by giving him a kiss. He seemed to be expecting us and did not try to flee.

My name is Malchus and I saw what happened next. We were there in force to arrest him, but there was a boldness about him, a presence which shook us all. At one point, he stepped forward and identified himself and we all drew back and fell to the ground as though he had physically struck us. He asked us to let his disciples who were with him depart unharmed.

My name is Malchus and I will never forget what happened that night. I had worked my way to the front of the crowd and I saw his disciples. They seemed unsure of what was going on or what to do. Maybe the fact that Judas was with us had unsettled them a bit. Suddenly one of them drew a sword (most were not armed) and swung it at my head! If I had not managed to duck, he would have perhaps beheaded me! As it was, his sword sliced off my right ear. Immediately, the side of my head was covered with blood and the pain was intense.

What happened next took me by surprise. We were there to arrest him, to take him to the authorities who surely wished to do him harm. I had made myself this man's enemy, but he gently reached and touched my ear where I was bleeding and he healed me. As I stood there in amazement, he turned and challenged those of us who had come to arrest him. "Have you come out, as against a robber, with swords and clubs?" His disciples scattered and ran. The rest of the multitude took hold of him and bound him and in moments they were leading him away to the chief priests and scribes.

My name is Malchus and I was there. He healed me and I will never forget.

(This account is fictional. We don't have anything written by Malchus, nor do we know what his reaction to being healed truly was. However, the details of this letter are taken from the following passages: Matthew 26:47-56; Mark 14:43-50; Luke 22:47-53 and John 18:1-12.)