

About the Author



Award winning writer Dr. Susan Easton Black has honed her talents in the academic arena. But when it comes to writing of Jesus Christ, few unfinished projects stand in the way for she knows that Jesus is the King of Kings and wants to share that knowledge. With artist Liz Lemon Swindle, Susan has written the *Son of Man* series (Greenwich Workshop Press), *Joseph Smith: Impressions of a Prophet*, (Deseret Book), and *Every Superman Needs a Dad*, (Millennial Press). Susan and her husband, Harvey, live in Provo, Utah, and enjoy the blessings of a happy home.

About the Artist



Acclaimed artist Liz Lemon Swindle believes that painting scenes from the life of Jesus Christ has increased her faith in his reality. "The Savior that I knew when I began the *Son of Man* series is not the one I know today," she confesses, "and I do not believe it will be the one I know in the future." Liz shares a deep and abiding faith in Jesus Christ through her art. Her talent is unique and refreshing. In 1999 she embarked on the ambitious *Son of Man, God With Us* project, which will feature approximately seventy paintings depicting the life and ministry of Jesus Christ. In 2001 the Greenwich Workshop Press published *Son of Man: The Early Years*, the first in a series of books based on this project. In 2003 the second in the series, *Son of Man: Miracles of Jesus*, was published.



Volumes I and II in the Son of Man series:
The Early Years and *Miracles of Jesus*



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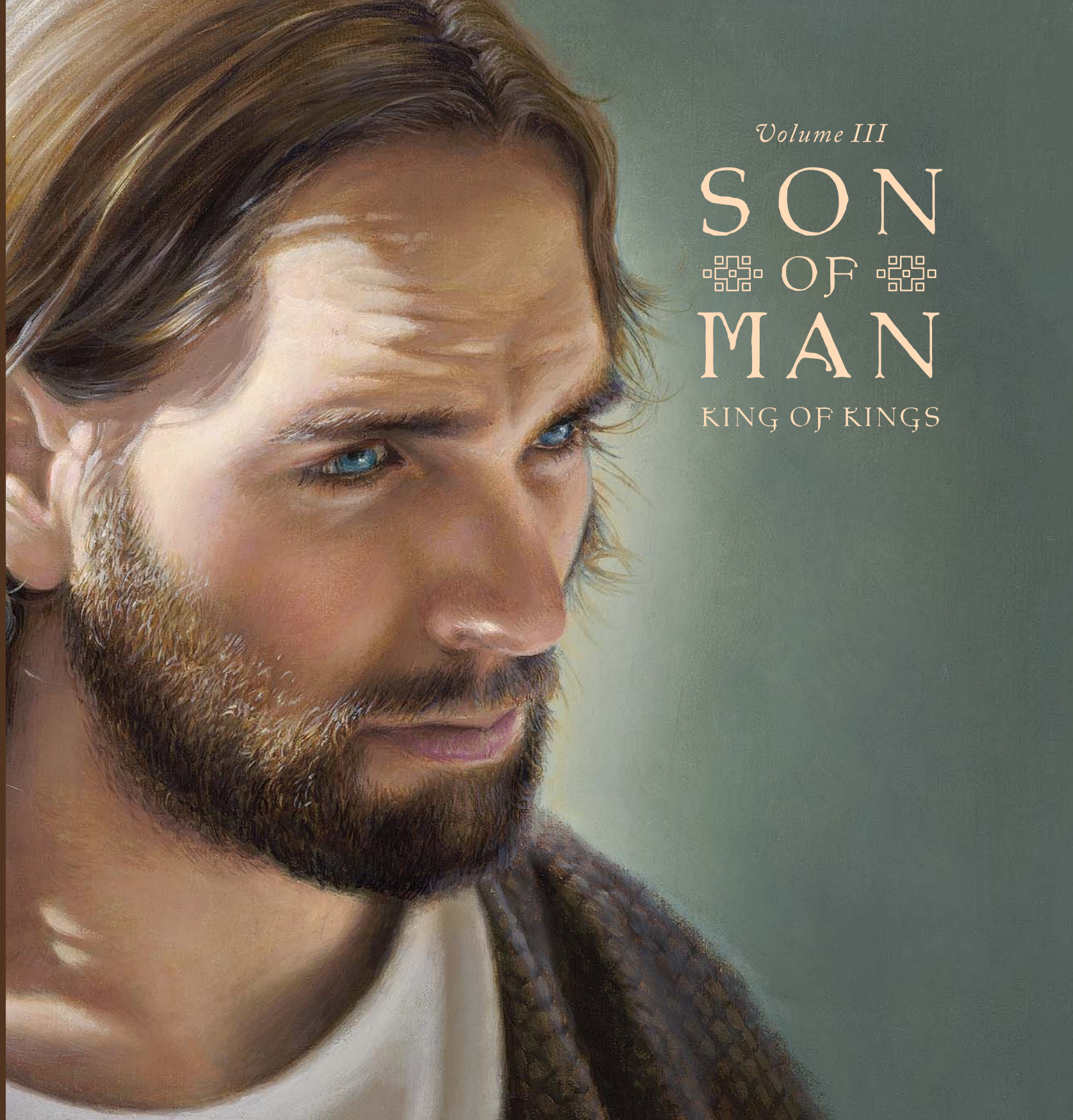
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VOL. III SON OF MAN: KING OF KINGS Black / Swindle

PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU, MY PEACE give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Live a new commandment, "That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." Jesus then prayed to the Father. In that sacred utterance, he offered himself as a ransom for the sins of the world and acknowledged that his earthly ministry had ended.

Chapter One, Son of Man: King of Kings



Volume III
SON OF MAN
KING OF KINGS

Volume III
SON OF MAN
KING OF KINGS

by Susan Easton Black
Artwork by Liz Lemon Swindle

The third volume in the *Son of Man* series depicts events from the last week of the mortal ministry of Jesus Christ. With pen and brush, author and artist combine talents to portray the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, his sufferings for the sins of mankind, and his glorious resurrection. In so doing, they share a significant and marvelous account of the ministry of the Son of God.

Author Susan Easton Black and artist Liz Lemon Swindle once again share an artistic and narrative glimpse of the mortal ministry of Jesus Christ. In this volume, they pause to remember that the Son of God took upon himself the sorrows of humankind and overcame death. In their captivating portrayal of his last week in Jerusalem, familiar Bible scenes are depicted with grace, as readers are invited to remember that Jesus Christ is Lord of Lords, King of Kings—the Son of Man.

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Prince of Peace
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By Susan Easton Black Artwork by Liz Lemon Swindle

Volume III

SON
OF
MAN
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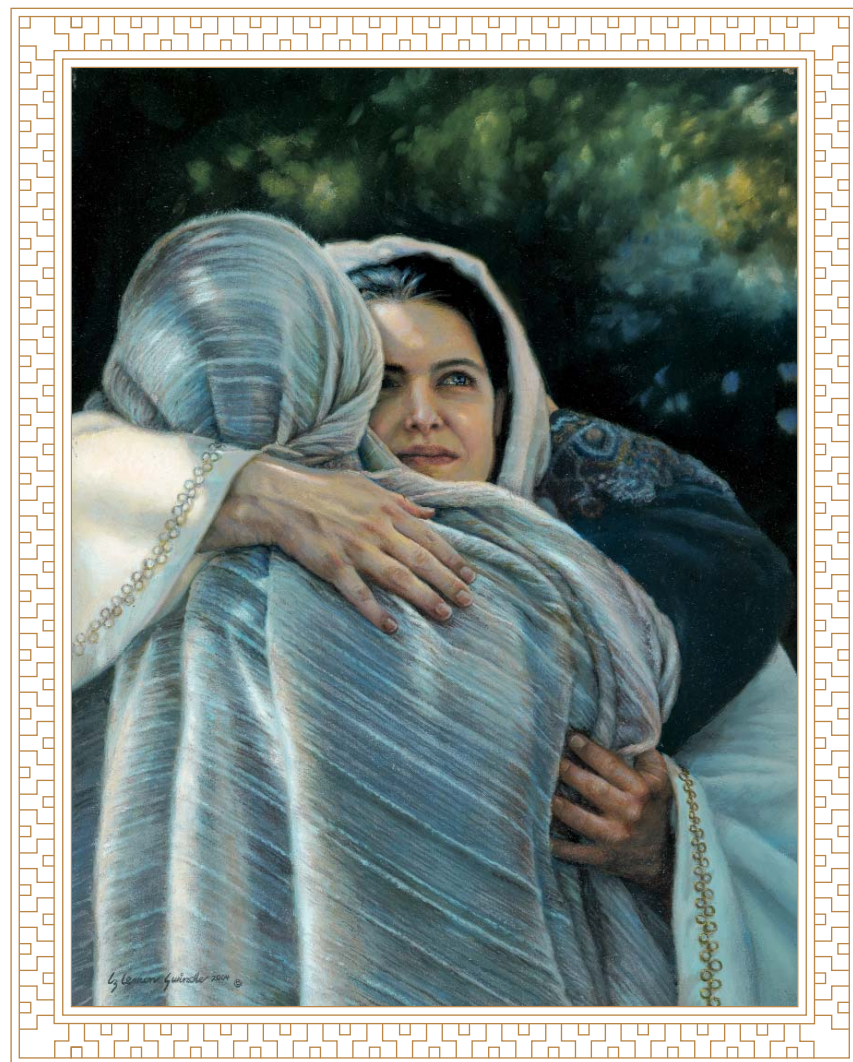
Hosanna to the Son of David

Hail! King of the Jews

Our Redeemer, Our Savior

*The Greenwich Workshop Press
Seymour, Connecticut*

UNCORRECTED PROOF



REFUGE

HOW DO two women, who live rather ordinary lives, depict heart-wrenching scenes—scenes that tried the souls of the disciples of Jesus and Mary, his mother, as she stood by the cross? It would have been easy for them to have ended the Son of Man series with the greeting of Gabriel to Mary, “Hail, thou art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women,” or when Elisabeth welcomed Mary with these words, “Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.” But author and artist know the real story of Jesus centers on the last week of his mortal ministry.

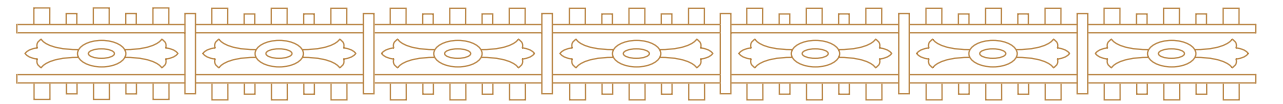
This week was the climax of his mortality—for this he was born and for this he died. ¶ Knowing the trials associated with the last week, Jesus did not turn from his appointed destiny. He moved confidently forward, knowing that he was fulfilling the will of his father. For his greatness that final week, generations have and will proclaim him King of Kings. Yet could the talents of artist and author ever be good enough to portray this story of sacrifice, atonement, death, and resurrection? ¶ Leaning heavily on their conviction that Jesus is the Christ, they now respectfully share their work.

For Susan, writing this manuscript has given greater meaning to her life. She found, through the process, that insurmountable challenges were overcome due to her knowledge that Jesus is the Christ. And for Liz, the glorious resurrection of our Lord and Savior holds unspeakable joy because one day she will be with her parents again and can tell her father, “Thanks for buying me paint brushes. I painted the King of Kings.”

— Susan Easton Black

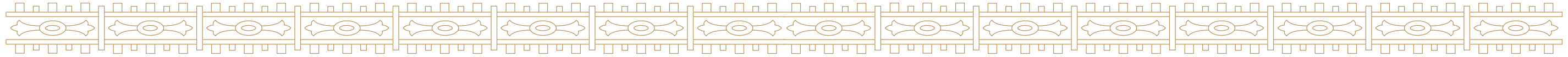


HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID



CHAPTER 1

NEAR THE small village of Bethphage on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, Jesus stood conversing with his disciples. There he instructed two of the disciples to go into the village and “ye shall find a colt tied, whereon never man sat.” They were told to loose the animal and bring it to the Master. “If any man say unto you, Why do ye this? say ye that the Lord hath need of him; and straightway he will send him hither.” The disciples went into the village, unloosed the donkey, and brought it to Jesus. They then spread their outer garments on the



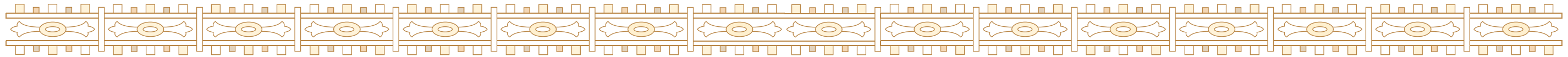
donkey's back, an ancient sign that their Master was the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords. Accepting their gesture, Jesus mounted the garment-laden donkey and descended from the Mount of Olives through the Kidron Valley to the Holy City below. In so doing, he fulfilled the prophesy "Thy King cometh [into Jerusalem] unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass."

A multitude, gathered near the gates, saw him approaching the city. Recognizing royalty—a man riding a garment-laden ass—they spread their garments in his path, broke palm branches from the trees and waved them aloft as they shouted: "Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest." To his disciples and the multitude that day, Jesus of Nazareth was the Hope of Israel, the Triumphant Conqueror, the King of Kings.

But the praise and adulation ended all too soon. The multitude dispersed and every man went his way. Did they not recognize that the Messiah had entered the Holy City? Had they merely feigned recognition? Had those who dropped branches and allowed their shouts of adulation to fade become like the five foolish virgins who went "forth to meet the bridegroom" but were unprepared? Certainly the multitude had heard the cry, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him," yet their adoration was fleeting for they lacked the

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY



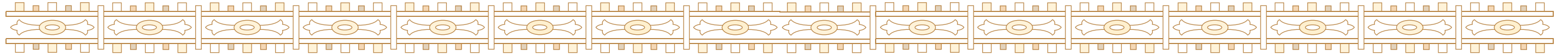


him,” yet their adoration was fleeting for they lacked the faith to truly see him. They believed the man on the ass was the miracle worker of Galilee, and nothing more. Like the foolish virgins, who thought that they could scurry to market to buy oil in time for the marriage feast, the multitude missed the significance of the event. The bridegroom had entered the Holy City. The admonition to “watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh” had failed to capture the attention of the unprepared.

Could the multitude be faulted? Jesus thought so. In his parable of the fig tree, he spoke of branches being tender and putting forth budding leaves. As summer grew nigh, he noted a dramatic change in the branches. They had grown strong and heavy with life-bearing fruit. Was the multitude like the fig tree of the parable—either tender in the faith or strong in the conviction of his identity? Had they heeded the admonition, “when ye shall see all these things,” know that the coming of the Son of Man is near? No! They were like the deceptive fig tree Jesus had seen that had a leafy facade with the appearance of having born fruit, but no life was found beneath its broad leaves. That fig tree withered and died much like the fate awaiting the rebellious and unbelieving of the House of Israel.

I KNOW THEE NOT *(Parable of the ten virgins)*





NO MAN KNOWETH *(Parable of the fig tree)*



WHY WEEPEST THOU?