





















EYEWITNESS

THE VISUAL BIBLE EXPERIENCE

WRITTEN BY JEFF WHITE • ILLUSTRATED BY 16 INTERNATIONAL ARTISTS



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EYEWITNESS: A VISUAL BIBLE EXPERIENCE

INTRODUCTION

“For we did not follow cleverly devised stories when we told you about the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ in power, but we were eyewitnesses of his majesty.” — 2 Peter 1:16 (NIV)

If you could travel back in time to watch Jesus wander the Judean countryside, you’d see him do one thing more than anything else: Tell stories. No matter where he went or who he was talking to, Jesus always had a good story to tell.

And the Bible, more than anything, is a story. God’s story.


Information about the Bible—dates, names, places, details—merely fills the filing cabinets in our heads. God’s *stories*, however, flow through our hearts. They inspire us. Move us. Transform us. They make Scripture more memorable. More understandable. They fill us with wonder. They give us courage, hope, and comfort. They open our eyes to see what’s possible in our lives.

That’s why we created *Eyewitness*: so you can experience the Bible as stories—heart-stopping, earth-shattering, spellbinding stories of real people...people just like you.

The journey begins with what you see. *Eyewitness* invited artists from around the world—Greece, Spain, Brazil, Indonesia, and elsewhere—to interpret Bible stories using their unique and diverse talents. Their visions will spark your imagination, freshen your perspective of Scripture, and leave a profound, lasting impression on your faith.

The stories themselves are unique, too, told from a first-person point of view. These God encounters tap into the wide range of emotions that undoubtedly fueled their personal experiences.

These stories are true to Scripture, but *Eyewitness* isn’t meant to replace Scripture. If something surprises you in this book and you wonder, “Did that really happen?”, read the original story in the Bible for yourself. (We’ve provided all the references.)



I grew up with the Bible. Some of my earliest memories are of hearing Bible stories told in church. (Sunday school flannel boards were my favorite.) I've heard the stories more times than I can count. I've spent most of my career writing Bible-related books and curriculum.

Yet as I wrote *Eyewitness*, the Bible surprised me again and again. The experience deepened my faith and inspired me in unexpected ways. Whether you're new to the Bible or a lifelong reader like me, I hope you experience the same.

One more thing about God's story: It's not finished. You're as much a part of the story as any of the people in the Bible. As you journey through this book, as you journey through life, I hope you, too, will be an eyewitness to God in the world around you.

— Jeff White



THE TASTE OF REGRET

BY EVE — GENESIS 3

Have you ever regretted something so much you'd give anything—*anything*—to take it back?

I have—and it rips my heart out every time I remember.

You see, Adam and I had a good life. Not just good—a *perfect* life. We lived in paradise, waking each morning to Eden and each other. And we had no idea what we had until we lost it.

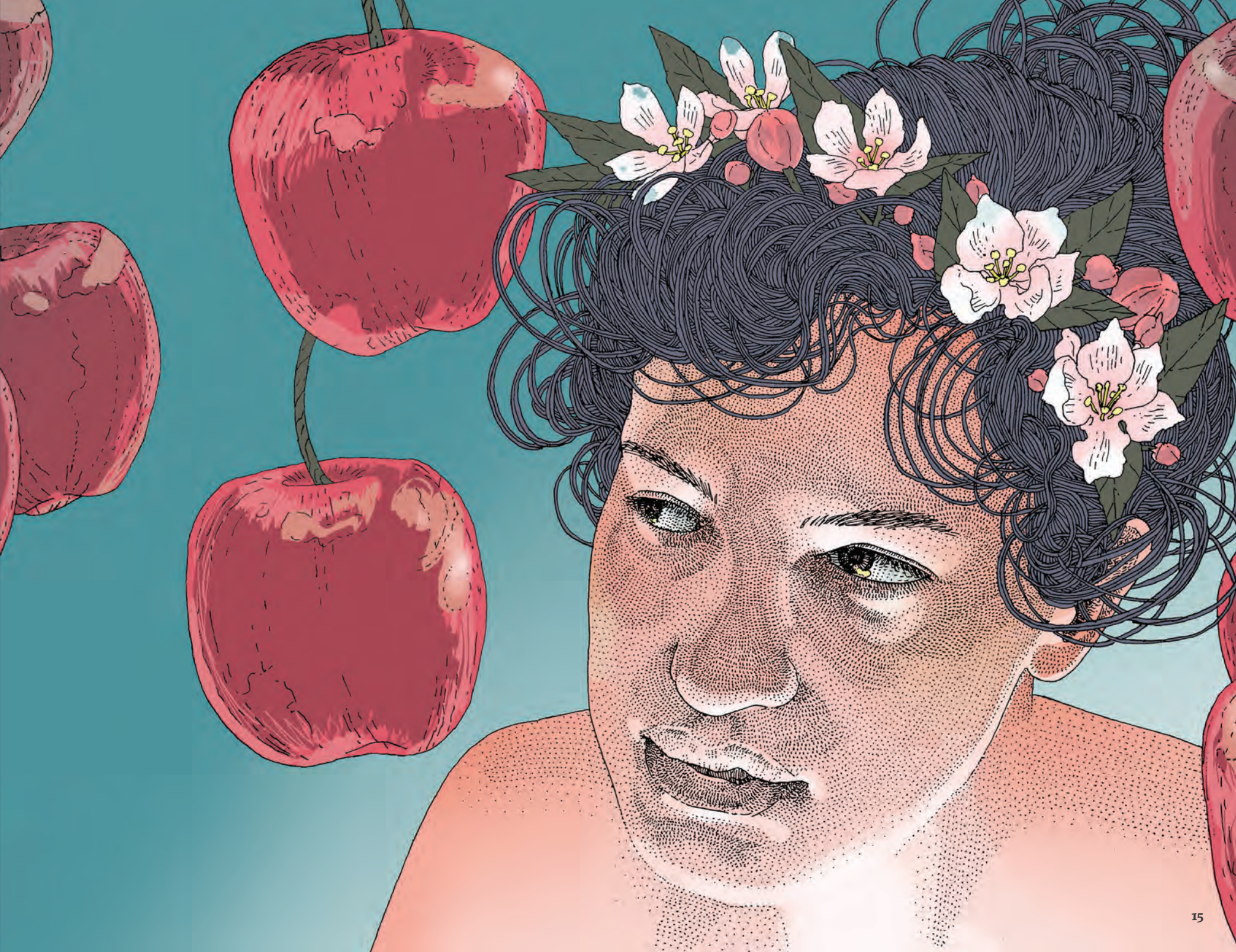
Lost it all...and it's my fault.

Eden's one rule: Don't eat fruit from the tree of knowledge of good and evil. If we did, we'd one day fall asleep and never wake up. *Death*, God called it.

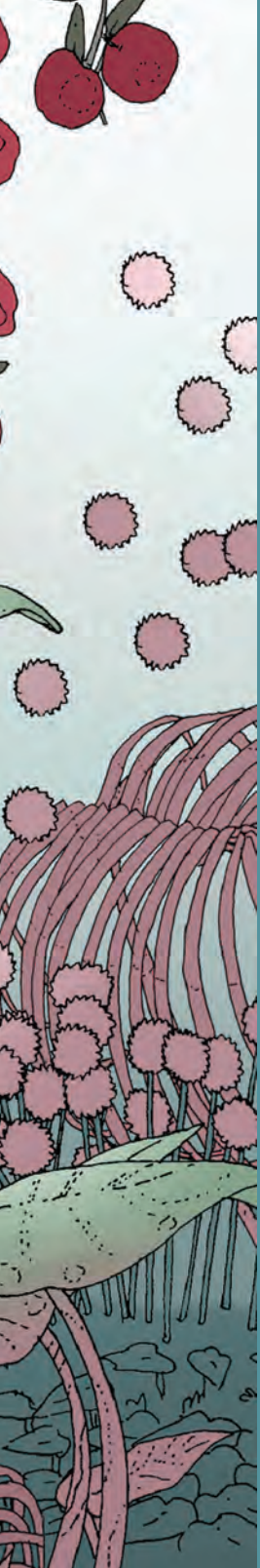
Anything else we could enjoy to our hearts' content. Sweet berries, fruit bursting with juice—they were ours for the taking. As much as we wanted. Plus, we had each other. I loved Adam, he loved me, and we both loved our Maker.

Besides, who cares about knowledge of good and evil? "Doesn't sound very interesting," I muttered.

"Doesn't it?"







A serpent lay coiled beside me. His dark, clever eyes held a secret, his hiss low and reassuring as he spoke.

"I hear you and your man aren't allowed to eat fruit here in the garden," the serpent said. "Is that true?"

"You must have heard wrong. We can eat from any tree we want. And they're all so delicious! There's only one we can't touch—the tree over there in the middle," I explained. "God said its fruit makes you go to sleep and never wake up."

"Oh, you're quite mistaken, dear woman." The serpent's eyes gleamed. His tongue flickered. "It won't make you sleep. That fruit will wake you up! It has special powers."

God hadn't told me anything about special powers.

"One taste and you'll see things only God has seen. You'll know things only God knows. God wants to keep it for himself, but, believe me, it can be yours, too."

I glanced at the tree. My mouth watered. Something dark twitched in the back of my mind.

In that moment, nothing else mattered. It was all I wanted. I had to have it.

The serpent nodded slowly. "God knows this is true. He knows you'll become just like him and discover his secrets. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

I felt...strange. As if icy and hot water were washing over me at the same time. The ground swayed under

my feet. Half of me was shouting *yes, yes, yes!* while the other half screamed *no, no, no!*

"Do you want to be like God?" the serpent hissed. I did.

My first step toward the tree was a half-step. I could at least *look* at it, I thought. What would I see if—*when*—my eyes were finally opened? What secrets would be revealed? What powers could I possess?

A few timid paces later I found myself close enough to touch the tree. I slid a finger along the edge of a smooth leaf, staring at the fruit hanging before my eyes. My tongue swelled and my mouth watered. I reached out slowly and touched it, ever so gently. And then I plucked the fruit from the branch and held it in my hand.

The serpent's voice echoed in my ears. "Be...like...God."

I took a bite. Mmmm... Juicy and sweet, just like the serpent said. But there was something else—it had a sting to it, a sharpness that bit back.

I felt...different. As if I was trying to remember something I'd forgotten, circling a hollow place inside me that hadn't been there before. The sun shone brighter, but I felt...darker.





Something was off. I needed Adam's help. I called, my voice strange in my ears. He came running—something in my voice had frightened him.

I placed the fruit in his hand.

"What is this?" He stared at the fruit, and then me.

"You know what it is. It's God's little secret," I whispered. "I ate it...and didn't die. I'm still alive—*more* than alive. Take a bite. It will open your eyes, too."

Juice trickled down Adam's fingers, glistening like sun on water. The hair on his arms stood, his breath all but stopped. But then he closed his eyes and took a bite. Chewed. Savored. Swallowed.

And everything changed.

When Adam opened his eyes, he looked at me as if he'd never seen me before. His face melted from one expression to the next: surprise...embarrassment...desire...then horror.

"What have we done?" he gasped, dropping the fruit onto the grass.

I saw it, too. Adam was naked. *How could I have missed that? Has he been naked this whole time?* Then I noticed my own body, bare and exposed. The shame was instant, and overwhelming.

"What *have* we done?" I cried.

Adam grabbed my hand, and we ran. Ran as fast and far from that tree and the serpent as we could. As we covered our bodies with fig leaves, we heard footsteps—someone walking through the garden. We

darted into a thick grove and crouched low.

"Where are you?" called a familiar voice. It was God.

Adam stood, his voice trembling. "We heard you coming, so we hid. We were afraid you would see us...naked."

"Who said you were naked?" God asked, deep sorrow in his voice. "Did you eat the fruit I told you not to eat?"

My husband pointed one fruit-stained finger at me. "It's not my fault! *You* gave me this woman, and *she* gave me the fruit."

"It...it was the serpent. He lied to me. That's why I ate it," I said.

I'd never seen God angry or disappointed. I didn't even know what anger *was*. But now that my eyes were opened, I could see God's fury as clearly as the dark clouds gathering over Eden.

My ears were open, too, and I heard God's every word as he cursed us.

First, God told the serpent: "Because of what you did, all snakes will spend their lives on their bellies, slithering in the dust."

Then God said to me: "From this moment on, you'll feel pain like never before, especially in childbirth. You'll try to keep your husband happy, but he'll keep you under his thumb. That will hurt, too."

I could feel the pain already.









God saved his last curse for Adam: “You did the one thing I asked you not to do, so you’ll suffer, too. For the rest of your life you’ll work, and work hard, scratching and digging in the dirt, torn and bruised by thorns and stones, hoping to grow enough food to keep you alive. And when you die, you’ll return to the dust I used to create you.” I waited for death to strike me down, but God’s anger melted into sadness and he took pity on Adam and me.

God fashioned clothes for us out of animal skins, animals Adam had named and we had loved. The skins were rough and stiff on my skin and smelled of blood. God had clothed us in death.

And then God banished us from his garden.

We didn’t know how divine Eden truly was until our bare feet scraped across the rocks and weeds in the world outside.

Adam and I had it all.

Then we lost it all.

A quick look over my shoulder told me we were never going back. God had already posted angels to block the way. I could still taste the forbidden fruit, but it was no longer sweet. Only bitter.

The taste of regret.





EYE TO EYE WITH EVE

Now I understand death.

It's harsh. Cold. Full of pain. It's an end—the end—to life's warmth and laughter, closeness and comfort. It's destruction, a light that filled our eyes and hearts snuffed out. The emptiness of a dark fog that never goes away.

Adam and I didn't die when we ate the fruit, but we will. It will be a death choked with remorse and grief. That sweetest of fruits has left my life bitterly fruitless.

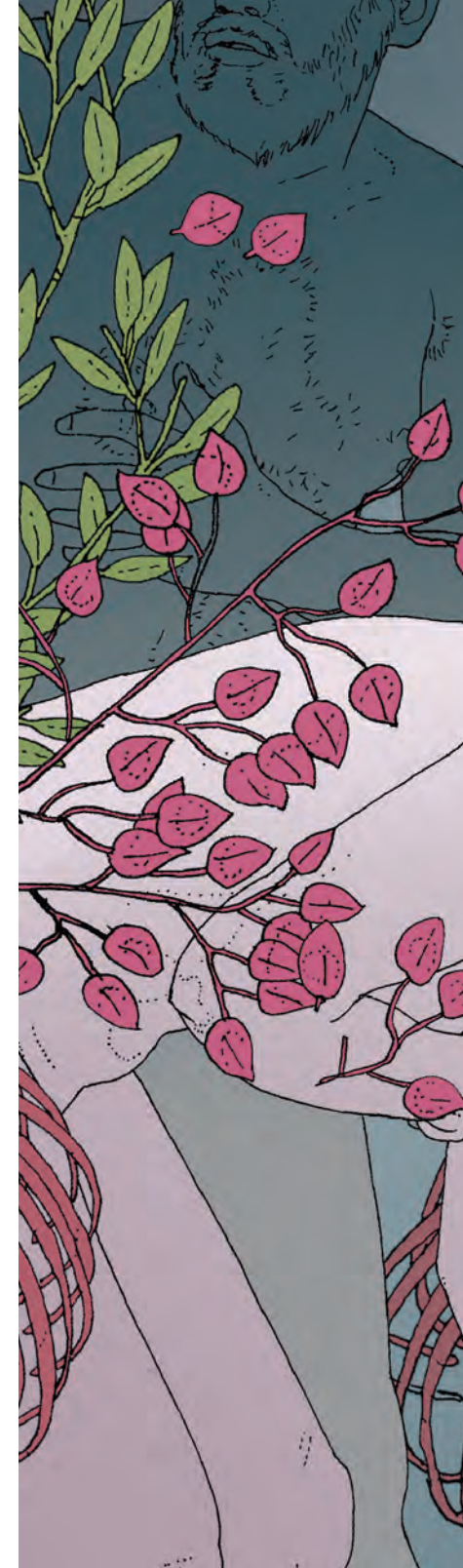
I've quit making excuses. God gave me a choice, and I chose death.

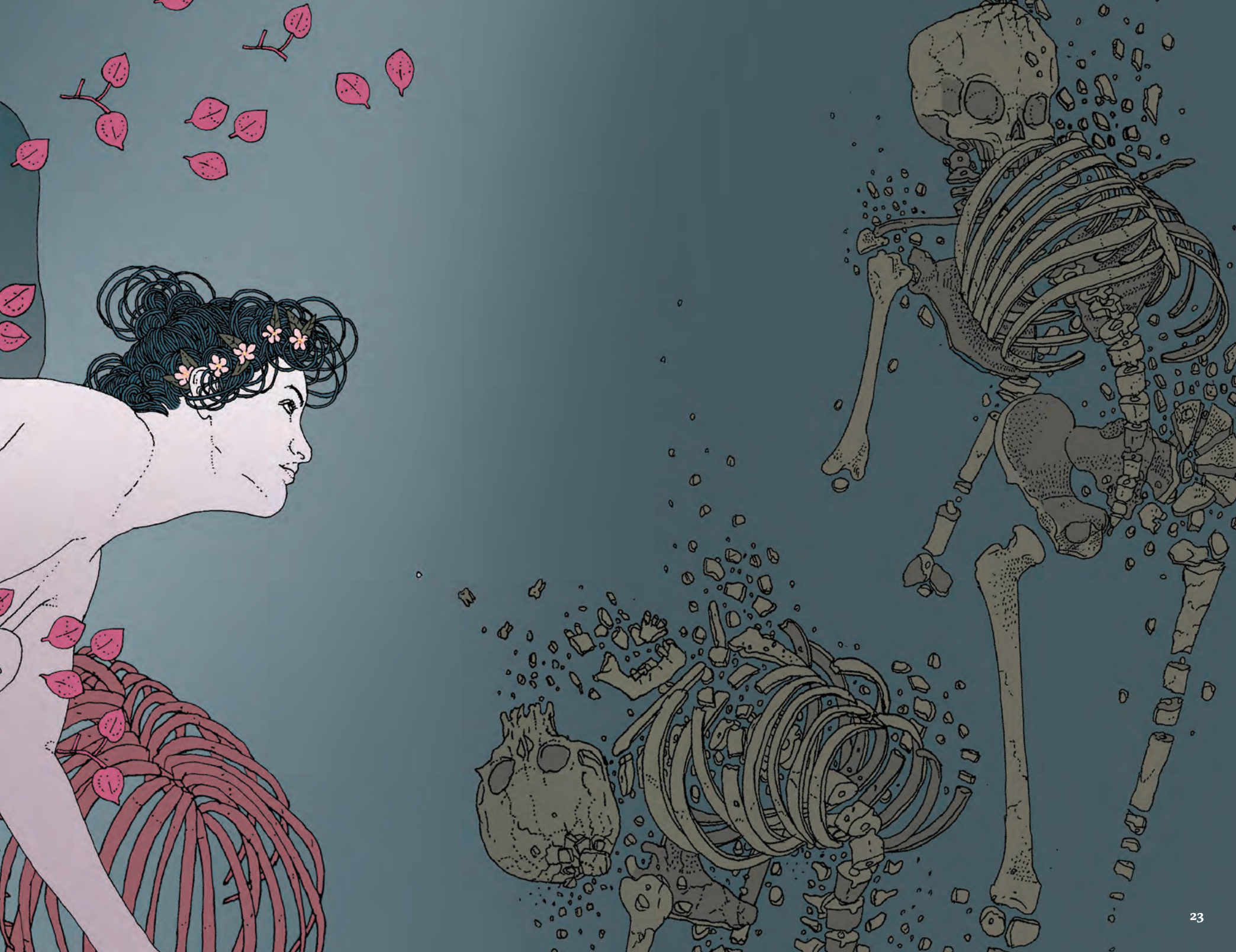
I'm broken now. I cry a lot. It hurts so much, all of it. These shattered pieces of my heart can't be put back together, and every shard cuts deep. The teeth of regret never stop biting.

I ache for a new fruit. A vine that I can cling to and never let go. I want to be close to God again, like we were before. So close that I can hear only God's voice whispering in my ear, so close that I could never be tempted by something else slithering through my life.

If only there was someone who could take that pain away. A way to restore the friendship with God I've lost.

Maybe, someday...a second chance. A way to save us from ourselves.





I BURN FOR YOU

BY MOSES — *EXODUS 3-14*

I'm not who you think I am.

Never have been, to tell you the truth. People think of me as a hero of the faith. God's chosen champion.

If only you knew me back then. Oy.

My identity has been in question since my first breath. I was born into a family of slaves. Hebrew slaves—poor, miserable, and forgotten. They called themselves a people of promise, but in truth they were a people of suffering.

But not me.

When Pharaoh decided to kill all the Hebrew baby boys, my mother resisted. In order to save me, she abandoned me. She hid me in a basket along the bank of the Nile, and it was there, crying and alone among the reeds in the river, where Pharaoh's daughter found me.

From that moment on I became someone else: the adopted son of a princess. My life was a dream, sheltered within the lavish halls of the king of Egypt—and undeserved. I didn't belong there, but did I belong *anywhere*?

I grew up unaware of who I really was. Who I was meant to become. Oblivious of God's plans for my life.

I had my first glimpse at my true identity when I visited the Hebrews. I knew I was one of them, but I was also very much *not* one of them.

I weaved my way through the mud pits where they were

forced to make bricks, watching the Hebrews' agony unfold before my eyes. The Hebrews—*my* people—were living a literal nightmare. Every crack of the whip made me wince. It was impossible to watch...and do nothing.

When I saw an Egyptian slave driver beating one of the Hebrews senseless, I felt an uncontrollable fire ignite inside me. I glanced around to make sure no one was watching, and then I killed the slave driver and hid his body in the sand.

But, somehow, people found out I was a killer...including Pharaoh, who now wanted to bury *my* body in the sand. I escaped to the hill country of the Midians, hiding far away from my crime. I was a fugitive, a murderer, a privileged imposter—I didn't know who I was or where I was going.

And then it happened again. When I saw some sisters drawing water from a well being bullied by some shepherds, the fire in my heart ignited once more. I couldn't resist the urge to rescue those girls. After their father—a local priest—found out what I'd done, he thanked me by giving me a job...and one of his daughters for a wife. So I got married, had a couple of kids, and settled into the quiet life of a shepherd, far away from Pharaoh's wrath.

Yet again I became someone else. I felt like a stranger in a strange land, a candle without a flame. I had no idea God was about to light a new fire inside me.





There's not much to see out in the hills around Mount Sinai. Rocks and dirt, more or less. During the dry spells I took my father-in-law's sheep deeper into the wilderness to find them water and food. One day I ventured even farther than usual...and that's when I saw it.

There, among the bare sand and stones, a bush was on fire. Which, out in the middle of nowhere, was...odd. But as I walked closer, I noticed the shrub wasn't burning up. No smoke, no ashes, no charred leaves—just a blazing flame.

"Huh," I mumbled, feeling the heat of the fire across my face. "How is that even possib—"

Then a voice called out from the flames, "Moses."

I looked around but no one was there except me, my sheep, and the fiery bush. "I'm...right here," I stuttered.

"Stay where you are," the voice commanded. "You're standing in a sacred place. Only your bare feet should touch it."

"Who are you?" I whispered, kicking off my sandals as fast as I could.

"I am the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob," answered the voice—a voice that was more than just mere sound, a voice that flooded through my skin and bones, a voice I could feel echoing through the very depths of my soul.

I'd never been so afraid in my life. I covered my eyes and stood melted to the spot, feeling waves of heat radiating from the flickering flames.

"It's time to save my people from their slavery in Egypt. They've suffered for far too long and need to

return to the home I promised them." Then God said something I wasn't prepared for: "I want *you* to help me rescue them."

"Me?!" I choked. My mind whirled. "But I'm...I'm not that kind of person!"

"I know exactly what kind of person you are, and YOU are the one I want. And I want you to lead them back to this very spot so you can worship me together," God said.

I shook my head, my eyes still covered. "I—I—I wouldn't know what to say," I sputtered. "And they wouldn't believe m—m—me anyway. I mean, I don't even know your name. Who would I tell them sent me?"

"I am who I am. Tell them Yahweh sent you."

This Yahweh had to be wrong, I thought. I was *terrible* at talking. I could barely manage a flock of sheep, let alone guide an entire nation. What God needed was a torch; I was nothing more than a fizzling spark.

"No way," I protested. "I—I—I can't do it."

If anyone needed saving, it was me. My mother thought so. Pharaoh's daughter thought so, too. Even my father-in-law saved me. But this God...this Yahweh...thought *I* was the one who should do the saving. God saw something in me I couldn't see in myself.

"If it makes you feel better, take your older brother with you. You can let Aaron do the talking," God told me. "But you're going. You're the one. And my fire will light your way."



Fire? The only fire I could feel was my smoldering anger. *God had to be wrong*, I fumed.

Who was I to rescue an entire nation of people? Who was I to make demands of Pharaoh?

Who was I, anyway?

I turned out to be right...at first. When Aaron and I told Pharaoh to set the Hebrews free, he waved us away. He then ordered the Hebrews to be worked even harder—whipped, cursed, and forced to meet their daily quota of bricks without straw to add to the mix. Pharaoh wanted the impossible.

But, in my mind, it was *God* who wanted the impossible. And it burned me up.

“God! What’s wrong with you?!” I spat. “You said you’d free your people, but you haven’t! And now it’s worse! I said it before, and I’ll say it again: I am NOT the right one for this job.”

“Don’t worry,” Yahweh reassured me. I could almost hear God cracking his knuckles. “Just watch.”

Then God unleashed nine horrors upon the people of Egypt. One after the other, each calamity—rivers of blood, infinite pests, agonizing disease, and devastating weather—was worse than the last.

Still, Pharaoh felt nothing and did nothing. He refused to give us our freedom.

But I began to feel...*something*. I saw that nothing could stop God from freeing his people. Not Pharaoh. Not Pharaoh’s army. And certainly not me. God was

igniting the world around me with his unstoppable power. Spark by spark, I was becoming the on-fire hero God wanted me to be.

By the time God’s tenth and final horror, death of all first-born sons, dropped its sword across Egypt, Pharaoh had had enough. His own son’s passing was more than he could bear. “Get out,” the king moaned, defeated.

After hundreds of years of captivity, the Hebrews—we Hebrews—packed in the middle of the night and marched off toward our homeland.

But it didn’t take long for Pharaoh to change his mind. He wanted his slaves back. So Pharaoh sent his army to chase us down, trapping us with our backs to the Red Sea.

The people panicked at the sight of the approaching chariots. But I did not.

I was not the man I used to be. The shadows of my former, trembling self had faded under the brightness of God’s truth. I Am Who I Am had shown me who *I* am.

“Don’t worry,” I told my people, God’s fire reflected in my eyes. “Just watch.”

I raised my hand toward the sea. A mighty wind tore through the water, splitting a path of dry ground all the way to the opposite shore. We picked up our things and walked across, leaving Pharaoh’s army behind.







Our enemy never had a chance. Once we reached the other side, God let loose the walls of water and sent every last soldier to their grave at the bottom of the sea.

Again and again, God proved his love for us. God set us free. God crushed those who meant to harm us. God gave us food and water when nothing but bare rock surrounded us. And God gave us instructions for how to live the ultimate life.

And through it all, I became a different person.

So who am I, really? A slave...or a prince? A killer...or a savior? A herder of sheep...or the leader of a nation? I suppose I am all—and none—of those things. The roles I've played in life don't truly define me. Something else—or, rather, *Someone* else—does.

I'm not who you think I am.

I am who *God* thinks I am.

God is the One who set my heart ablaze. And now I burn for God and God alone.



EYE TO EYE WITH MOSES

I was a fraud. I'm not a hero. I can't speak well.

I was. I'm not. I can't.

Those were the words I used when I wrote my own story. But God tells a different tale.

I am.

With barely a whisper...a blink...a snap of his fingers, God divides seas. Unleashes untold terrors on a nation. Rains down food from heaven.

And most amazing of all—transforms me.

Before God sent me to Egypt, I had the confidence of a gnat. The self-esteem of a fly. The poise of a frog. Then God showed me what he could do with gnats and flies and frogs.

I was no leader. I'd never met an excuse I didn't like. "No" was my favorite word.

Yet God loved me anyway. God knew who I truly was. Who I could become.

If God can cause that kind of change in me, God can do it in you, too. God can split the proverbial seas in your path—if you let God define who you are. So let God's fire light the way to *your* land of promise, wherever that may be.



RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW



BY SATAN — *MATTHEW 4:1-11*



Don't call me the devil.

People call me lots of names. Destroyer. Beast. Thief. Prince of Darkness—that's one of my favorites. I was called Lucifer once, a long, long time ago.

These days my friends just call me Satan. And I have *lots* of friends.

Just don't call me the devil. I hate that name. It sounds so...*evil*.

And I am *not* evil. No, seriously. Hear me out. All I try to do is help people—you know, give them what they really want. If anything, I'm a giver. All I ask in return is a bit of...admiration. Maybe a tiny piece of your soul. What's so evil about that?

Besides, you humans make it so easy. It doesn't take much to win you over. A little nibble of fruit. A flash of skin. The sparkle of a few pieces of silver. You know you want it. And I'm here to give it to you.

So when I saw Jesus walking around in his skin suit on MY turf, I couldn't help myself. I mean, he must've thought he was something special, being God's Son and all. I know what

God wants you to think about that guy. God's only Son. Born of a virgin. Messiah. Immanuel. The perfect little Prince of Peace. Savior of the world. Whatever. Blah, blah, blah.

@#\$\$%&! him.

At the end of the day, Jesus is just a human—someone with needs and wants, same as everyone else. Nothing more than a walking, talking meat bag.

And when this lion roars, this lion eats.

I heard Jesus was out in the desert. He'd been there for 40 days, praying or whatever. But he forgot to pack a lunch. How stupid do you have to be to go camping in the desert for 40 days without anything to eat? Unless you like to eat dirt, you'll get very, very, very hungry.

And sure enough, he was.

I walked up to Jesus like we were old pals, a sparkle in my eye and wearing the widest crocodile smile I could muster.

"I've heard some pretty amazing stories about you," I said. "Some people say you're the Son of God. I bet you've got some impressive powers, eh, Jesus?"





The guy didn't flinch. Solid as a rock, that one.

"Listen, you don't look so good," I said. "Just skin and bones. I bet you're starving. Since you're the Son of God and all, why not just whip up some food? Snap your fingers, do a little Jesus magic. You could tell these stones *right here* to turn into bread—hot and soft like it's right out of the oven. Doesn't some bread sound delicious *right now*?"

I grinned and licked my lips. I could hear his stomach rumbling.

Jesus shook his head. "No. The Scriptures say that bread isn't the only thing that keeps us alive. We live because God speaks and makes it so," he said.

@#\$\$%&!

Fine. Bread was just a start, anyway. Time to do a little magic myself.

I whisked us both away to the city of Jerusalem, up to the roof of the Temple, at the highest spot I could find—150 feet above ground.


"That's got to mess with your head," I said. "I mean, the *Messiah*! People are expecting you to do extraordinary things. I've read the prophecies. You must feel overwhelmed."

Jesus just stared out at the city below us. I wasn't sure if I was getting through.

"I bet God would do anything for you," I said. "You could jump off the roof, *right here, right now*, and God's angels would catch you. The Scriptures say so. And I know how much you like Scripture. So how about it? Take a leap of faith."

Jesus clenched his jaw and folded his arms. "The Scriptures also say not to test God. I won't do it."





I should've pushed him.
But I wasn't done yet. I had one more...enticement (*temptation* is such a dirty word) up my sleeve.

I waved my hand and took Jesus up to the highest mountain. From that peak we could see every kingdom in the world. Every fortress, every treasure, every ounce of power and prestige one could possibly imagine. No one could resist this.

"Look, Jesus," I said, "you and I both know what's waiting for you in the future: disappointment, abandonment, betrayal. The worst pain a human could endure. I don't want to see you get hurt.

"I can give you something better. In fact, I can give you *everything*. All of it. This world can be yours. And I can give it to you *right here, right now*. All I ask is one thing. For just one moment, drop to your knees and tell me how much you adore me."

The stone-cold look on Jesus' face told me he was never, ever going to take the bait.

Instead, Jesus said, "The Scriptures tell me to worship only God. Leave me alone, you *devil*."



He spat the last word out like it was poison. The fire in his eyes sent an icy shiver down my spine.

So I took off running. I glanced back, just once, and couldn't believe what I saw: God's angels! They surrounded Jesus and took care of him.

@#\$\$%&!

Whatever. It doesn't matter. Your days are numbered, Mr. Messiah. Count on it. I'll hunt you down, turn your friends against you, and make you suffer. I'll fire up the pain as high as it can go. I'll make you bleed. You'll beg for mercy before I'm done.

But I'll just laugh in your face.

And then I'll kill you.

And that will be the end of that.

Mark. My. Words.





EYE TO EYE WITH SATAN

I'm not the bad guy here.

What you people don't understand is that it's God who's holding you back. I'm trying to help you. I'm the one with all the goodies—the money, sex, dream jobs, vacations, clothes, jewels, fame—it can all be yours.

All you need to do is give me one thing: a little bit of admiration. We don't have to call it "worship." I mean, you can worship me if you want; I won't mind. Look up to me, stand in awe of me, and I can make your wildest dreams come true.

Besides, God's gifts are lame. Peace? Hope? Forgiveness? Lame, lame, lame. God says he'll love you forever, but I can love you right here, right now.

And here's the best part: I'll let you love yourself more than anything or anyone else. Put yourself first. Hell, that's what I do, and it's worked out pretty well for me so far.

Oh, speaking of hell, it's not nearly as bad as you think. Trust me.





YOUR STORY

What have *your* eyes seen?

You probably haven't watched a dead person walk out of a tomb. You haven't slain a giant or been tossed into a pit of lions. You never parted the seas or walked on water.

But that doesn't mean you aren't a part of God's story. There's plenty of story left to tell...including yours.

YOUR story—*your eyewitness*—matters. Just as much as Daniel, Esther, Peter, or any other Bible “hero.” Your journey with God is just as significant, just as important, as any of the stories in this book.

Like you, none of them was perfect. Eve struggled with shame. Moses made excuses. Martha focused on things that didn't matter. David got distracted by sex. Jonah ran away from God. Abraham, Thomas, and even Jesus questioned God. But they were all eyewitnesses to God's ever-enduring love.

You, too, will face your own kinds of giants and lions. You'll encounter waters too deep to wade through on your own. You'll watch parts of your life die and wonder if it's possible to revive what's left.

Yet through it all, you'll be an eyewitness to God's love in action—if your eyes are open to it. Whether we see it or not, God is always working to bring people closer to him. Whether we believe it or not, God brought every one of us into this world with a story to tell—a story that begins and ends with Love.

So what's *your* part in God's story? Maybe, like Moses, you're starting out not even knowing who God is. Maybe God will redeem you like Rahab or Paul. Perhaps God will fill you with the confidence and courage of David or Esther. God might honor your loyalty like Ruth or reward your resilience like Joseph. No matter where life takes you, God will be by your side.

Are you looking for him? Are your eyes open? The possibilities aren't just endless, they're everlasting. And they're happening every day, all around you. Even *in* you and *through* you.

You, too, can be an eyewitness to the greatest story ever...to unfold.

ABOUT THE CREATORS



Alicja Kocurek (Poland)
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Psalms 23, pages 86-87
Sky Witness, pages 220-223



Arianna Floris (Italy)
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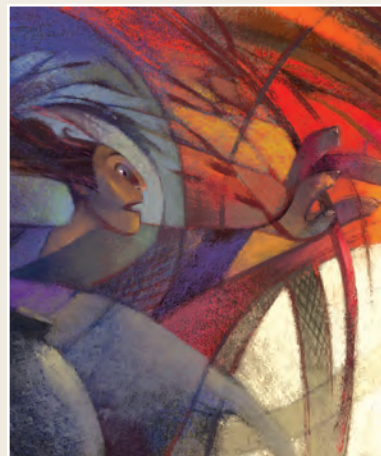
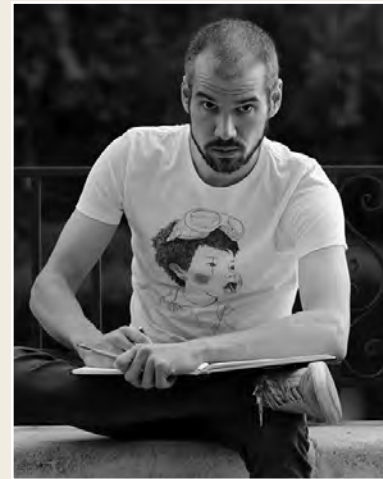
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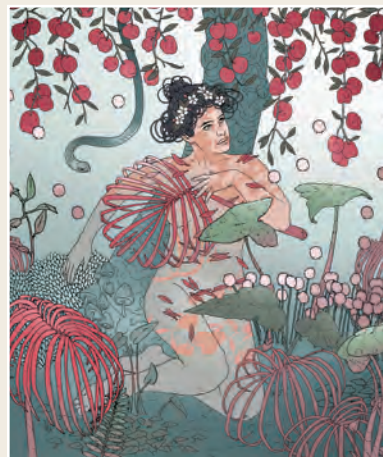
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*“How beautiful
on the mountains
are the feet of
those who bring
good news.”*

— *Isaiah 52:7* (NIV)





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Jeff White (United States)

Jeff White is the author of more than 20 faith-based books, including the best-selling *Friends With God Story Bible*. His innovative faith journal, *I Am Friends With God*, was a 2019 Christian Book Award finalist. A graduate of Biola University, White has produced a wide variety of creative projects including apps, videos, and mobile games. He lives in Colorado with his wife (a high school English teacher) and their three children.

All 16 artists featured in this book were represented by Illozoo, a worldwide visual communication agency for illustrators. Mohamed Danawi, founder and creative director of Illozoo, managed the creative and communication process with the artists.



Welcome to *Eyewitness*, the first-of-its-kind illustrated story Bible for adults. It's designed to help you discover God in fresh and surprising ways by presenting the stories through the eyes and ears of the people of the Bible—all reimagined by an international team of creative artists.

You'll walk alongside David as he faces a giant, bloodthirsty warrior. You'll hear the whispers of Queen Esther as she remembers the perils of being a royal sex slave. And you'll explore up close what it must have been like for Jesus as Satan did his best to lure Jesus away from his destiny.

These are the raw, true-to-Scripture accounts of the relationships between God and humankind, told in the most personal way possible: through firsthand narratives by people who encountered God up close. You see and hear their most passionate emotions, their private thoughts, and their agonizing conflicts. Real people, just like you, who strived and struggled with God in profound ways.

It's through these deeply intimate stories that you discover God's heart—and how much God craves a relationship with *you*.

“EVOCATIVE.”
“VISIONARY.”
“SOUL-STIRRING.”



ISBN 978-1-4707-5957-5 USD \$39.99



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