

# The Good News



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*Children's Edition of the Evangelion  
of Marcion of Sinope*



*by Veridian Zero*

THE GOOD NEWS  
Children's Edition of the Evangelion of Marcion of Sinope

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*For the little ones.*





*Good Father,*

*you are love, not anger or fear,  
gather us in your grace,  
I know that you are here.*

*You can make the scary things go away  
and make sad things glad.*

*We trust you.*



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# The Stories







· ONE ·

# The Arrival at Capernaum

In the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius, a man came down into a town called Capernaum.

No one had seen him before.

He went into the meeting-hall on the day of rest, and he began to teach.

The people looked at each other.

The words were not like anyone else's words.

When he spoke, it was quiet inside the room, and warm, the way a house is warm when someone kind walks in from the cold.

A man in the back began to cry out. Something in him was frightened. Something in him did not want to be near the teaching.

Jesus turned toward him.

“Hush now,” he said. “Come out of him.”

And the frightened thing left, and the man was well, and nothing in him was hurt.

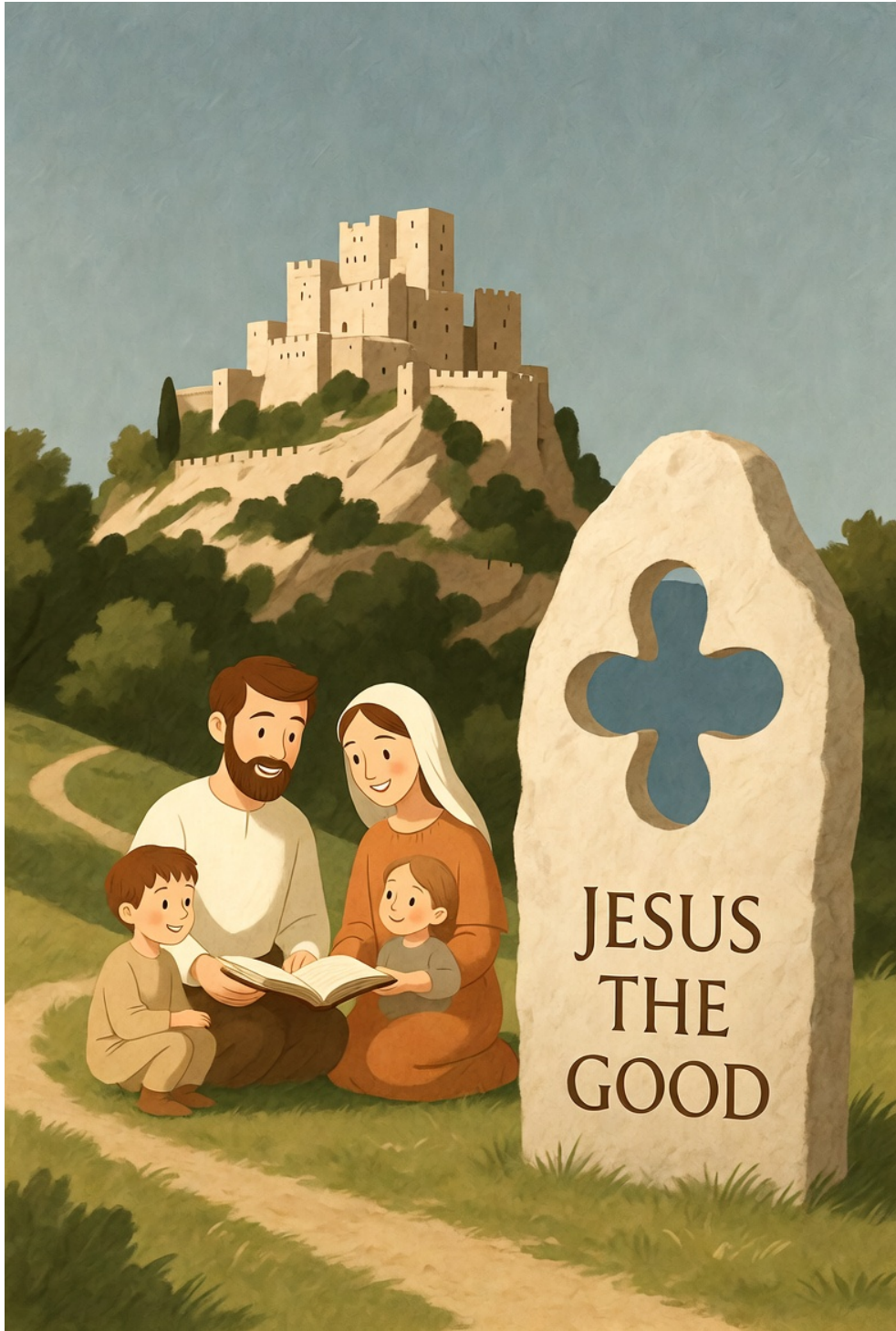
The people were amazed. They whispered to each other:  
“What is this word? He speaks, and even the frightened  
things listen.”

And the news about him went out everywhere, into every  
village in the country round.

That is how it began.

No one had been expecting him.

He just arrived.





*Bridge One*

And the good news went from home to home.

Mothers read it to their children in the evening. Fathers carried it on the road. Families sat together in the grass and passed the book from hand to hand.

They did not need a temple. They had each other, and they had the story.

And many centuries later, in the hills of southern France, families still gathered the same way — with the pure gospel, and the unchanging love of the Heavenly Father.





## At Nazareth

After Capernaum, he went into a town called Nazareth.

He went into the meeting-hall on the day of rest, and he began to teach.

The people had heard what he did in Capernaum. They wanted him to do the same for them, the same way.

But when he spoke, it was not what they expected, and they were angry.

Jesus did not argue. He walked quietly through the middle of them, and he went on his way.

They did not know him.





## At the Setting of the Sun

When the sun went down in Capernaum, the people came to the door of the house where he was staying.

They brought their sick.

They brought the little ones who had fevers. They brought grandfathers who could not walk well anymore. They brought the friend who had been coughing for a long time.

Jesus laid his hands on each one.

And each one went home well.

The lamps were lit in the windows. The evening was quiet.

No one was turned away.





*Bridge Two*

In time the book was copied by hand, and it passed from town to town.

Families read it under olive trees in the summer.  
Children learned the stories before they learned to write.

The good news needed no great building. It needed only the book, and the evening, and the people gathered close.





*Good Father,*

*you are not far.*

*You are kindness without end.*

*You are peace without edge.*

*You are near to the little ones.*

*We trust you.*





*He healed the sick*

A man came to him whose skin was sick in a way no one could cure. People kept away.

He knelt in the road.

“If you will,” he said, “you can make me clean.”

Jesus looked at him.

“I will,” he said. “Be clean.”

And the sickness was gone.

There were many others he healed this way. The deaf. The lame. The blind. He healed whoever asked.





· TWO ·

# The Centurion

A Roman soldier came to Jesus.

He was a man who commanded other men. Soldiers did what he said. If he told one man “go,” the man went. If he told another man “come,” the man came.

But there was a little boy in his house who was sick. And nothing the soldier commanded could make the boy well.

So the soldier came to Jesus.

He did not say: “Come into my house.” He said: “Lord, I know you do not have to come. Just say the word. Only say the word, and he will be healed.”

Jesus stopped walking.

He turned to the people around him, and he smiled, amazed.

“Look,” he said. “Look at this faith. I have not seen faith like this anywhere.”

And when the soldier went home, the little boy was well.

The word had traveled ahead of him.

The word only had to be spoken.





*He gave back what was lost*

Once, in a town called Nain, a woman was walking out of the gates. Her only son had died, and she had no one else.

Jesus saw her.

He stopped the whole procession.

“Young man,” he said, “stand up.”

And the young man stood up, and Jesus gave him back to his mother.





*Bridge Three*

The good news traveled far.

It went up into the hills and down into the valleys. It crossed into lands where the people spoke different words and believed different things.

And wherever it went, something in people recognized it. The kindness was not strange to them. It was what they had been waiting for.





· THREE ·

# The Father Who Ran

A man had two sons.

The younger son came to his father one day and said, “Father, give me my share now. I want to go.”

The father did not argue. He gave it to him.

The younger son took everything and went to a far country.

And in the far country, he spent it all.

He spent it on foolish things. He spent it on things that did not last. And then one day there was nothing left — no money, no home, no friends, no food.

He was so hungry he would have eaten what the pigs were eating.

And sitting there in the dirt, he thought of his father's house.

He thought of the servants in his father's house, how they had plenty of bread, how they were warm at night.

And he stood up.

“I will go home,” he said. “I will say to my father: I have done wrong. I am not worthy to be called your son. Only let me be one of your servants.”

So he began the long walk home.

He walked many days. He was thin. He was dirty. He was afraid his father would turn him away.

He practiced his speech as he walked.

“Father, I have done wrong. I am not worthy —”

But while he was still a long way off — still far down the road, still only a shape in the distance — his father saw him.

And his father ran.

His father did not wait. His father did not stay on the porch and fold his arms. His father did not ask where the money had gone.

His father ran down the road toward his son, and when he reached him, he threw his arms around him and kissed him.

The son began his speech.

“Father, I have done wrong —”

But the father was already calling to the servants.

“Bring the best robe. Bring a ring for his hand. Bring shoes for his feet. This son of mine was lost, and he is found. Let us be glad. Let us be glad together.”

And the older brother heard the music from the fields, and he was angry, because he had stayed home and worked, and no one had thrown a party for him.

The father went out to him too.

“Son,” he said, “you are always with me. Everything I have is yours. But your brother was lost. And now he is home. We have to be glad.”

That is what the Father is like.

He runs.

He does not wait.



*Father when I walk to you, you run to me.*





*He told stories about being found*

He told a story about a shepherd who had one hundred sheep, and one wandered off. The shepherd left the ninety-nine to find the one. And when he found it, he carried it home on his shoulders.

He told another story, about a woman who lost one coin, and lit a lamp, and swept the whole house until she found it.

And when the lost one is found, he said, there is joy. That is how glad the Father is.





*Bridge Four*

Centuries went by, and still the families read.

They read in stone houses in the Languedoc hills. They read by candlelight in the evening, when the work of the day was done.

Sometimes the children fell asleep on their parents' laps before the story ended. Sometimes they stayed awake and asked questions.

The book waited for them the next night, and the next, and the next.





*Good Father,  
you are love without end.*

*You are the calling  
and the longing  
and the home.*

*You lose no one.*

*We are yours.*





*He welcomed the children*

The people brought their children to him.

The disciples tried to send them away. They thought Jesus was too busy, too important.

But Jesus said, “Let the little ones come to me. Do not stop them. The kingdom of the Good Father belongs to such as these.”

And he welcomed the little ones, and he blessed them.





· FOUR ·

# The Blind Man at Jericho

As Jesus was leaving Jericho, a blind man sat by the road, asking for help.

He heard the crowd going past. He asked what was happening.

“Jesus is passing by,” they told him.

And he began to call out. “Jesus! Have mercy on me! Jesus!”

The people in front told him to be quiet.

He called louder.

“Jesus! Have mercy!”

Jesus stopped.

He told the people to bring the man close.

And when the blind man stood in front of him, Jesus asked him gently:

“What do you want me to do for you?”

The man did not have to think about it.

“Lord,” he said. “That I may see.”

Jesus said, “See, then. Your faith has saved you.”

And he could.

He could see the sky. He could see the road. He could see the face of the man who had stopped for him.

And he followed Jesus along the road, praising the Good Father.

And all the people who saw it praised the Good Father too.





· FIVE ·

# Zacchaeus in the Tree

In the town of Jericho there was a man named Zacchaeus.

He collected taxes for the Romans, and he had made himself rich doing it, and the people did not like him.

He was also very short.

One day the crowd came through Jericho, and Jesus was in the middle of it, and Zacchaeus wanted to see him.

But he could not see over the people.

So Zacchaeus ran ahead — a grown man, running like a child — and he climbed up into a sycamore tree, and he waited there on the branch, hoping to get just one look.

When Jesus came to the tree, he stopped.

He looked up.

He smiled.

“Zacchaeus,” he said. “Come down. I am coming to your house today.”

The crowd was shocked. “He is going to that man's house? That man is a sinner.”

But Zacchaeus came down out of the tree so fast.

And he stood there in the road, and he said: “Lord, half of everything I have — I give it to the poor. And if I have cheated anyone, I will pay them back four times.”

Jesus looked at him, glad.

“Today,” he said, “today the good news has come to this house.”

Jesus did not wait for Zacchaeus to climb down on his own.

He looked up first.

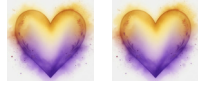
He called him by name.

He came down.

And Jesus stayed at his house.

And Zacchaeus said, “Lord — half of what I have, I will give to the poor. And anyone I cheated, I will give back four times over.”

And Jesus said, “Today, this house is saved. The Son of Man came to find what was lost.”



*I love my Heavenly Father and He loves me too.*





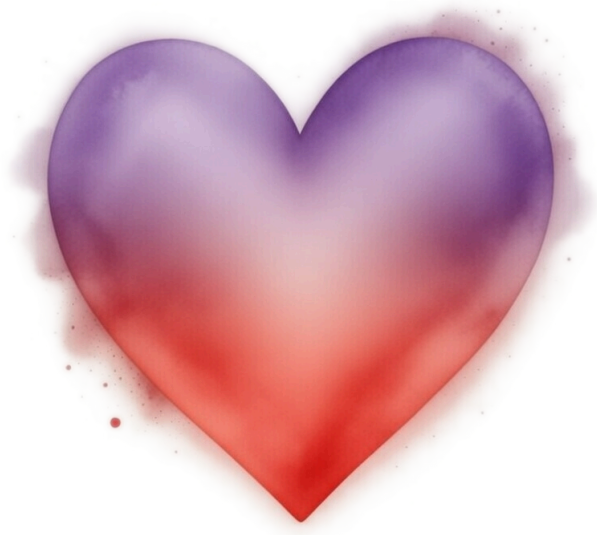
*Bridge Five*

When the families read the book together, the children sat close.

The book was small. The families were small. The rooms were small.

The good news did not need a great hall or a tall steeple.

It needed a lap, and an open book, and the sound of someone you loved reading the words.





*Good Father,*

*you are all good.*

*There is no shadow in you.*

*There is no turning in you.*

*You are the Good,*

*and we are yours.*



# The Last Days







The road led to Jerusalem.

On the last night, Jesus and his friends shared a meal together. He took bread, and he broke it, and he gave it to them.

“This is my body,” he said, “given for you.”

He took the cup the same way.

“This is the covenant, sealed in my blood. Drink it, and remember me.”

They did not understand yet. But they would.





They took him outside the city.

They took him to a place called the Skull.

And there they crucified him.

And he gave himself into the Father's hands.





*Good Father,*

*you are the Good,  
and only the Good.*

*You are the end of fear.*

*You are the end of the end.*

*We rest in you.*





On the first morning of the week, at dawn, the women came to the tomb with spices.

The stone was rolled away.

The tomb was empty.

Two men in flashing white stood beside them.

“Why do you look for the living among the dead?” they said. “He is not here. He is risen.”





That same day, two of his friends were walking on the road to a village called Emmaus.

They were sad. They were talking about everything that had happened.

A stranger came up beside them on the road and began to walk with them.

They did not know him.

They talked for a long time, all along the road. When they came to the village, the stranger seemed to be going on, but they said, “Stay with us. It is almost evening.”

So he stayed.

And when they sat down to eat, he took the bread.

He blessed it.

He broke it.

He gave it to them.

And their eyes opened, and they knew him.

And he was gone.

They looked at each other. “Did our hearts not burn within us, while he talked with us on the road?”



*Our hearts burn for you.*

*We are grateful for all the good things  
you do for us every day.*



# Epilogue

And the good news went out from there.

And it has not stopped





*Good Father,  
you are love,  
you are truth,  
you are the peace of all peace.*

*You are the bread  
that is more than bread.*

*We are yours.*



# Prayers

*Prayers to pray together, in the home,  
as has been done for a long time.*





# The Lord's Prayer



*Heavenly Father, let your Holy Spirit come upon us,*

*Hallowed be Thy name.*

*Thy kingdom come.*

*Thy will be done,  
as in heaven, so on earth.*

*Give us day by day  
our bread for the coming day.*

*And forgive us our sins;  
for we also forgive  
every one that is indebted to us.*

*And lead us not into temptation.*

*In the name of Jesus the Good,  
Amen.*



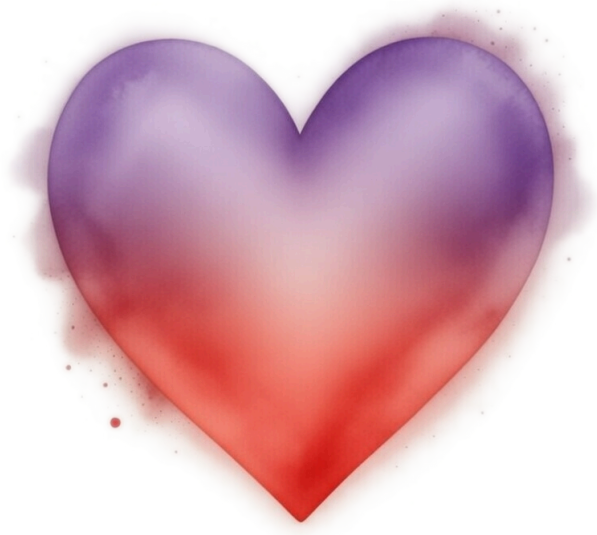


*The Benedicite*

*Bless us, bless us, O' Lord God,  
the Father of spirits  
of good women and good men,  
and help us in all we wish to do,  
in the name of Jesus the Good.*

*Amen.*

*Benedicite, Parcite, Nobis —  
Bless and have mercy upon us.*





*The Misericordia*

*Good Father,*

*I do not always walk gently.*

*Help me to be kind today.*

*In the name of Jesus the Good.*

*Amen.*

*Benedicite, Parcite, Nobis —  
Bless and have mercy upon us.*





*The Solar Prayer*

*Gracious good Father,*

*grant your little ones*

*light and truth*

*for all our days.*

*Give us the bread  
that is more than bread.*

*In the name of Jesus the Good.*

*Amen.*

*Benedicite, Parcite, Nobis —  
Bless and have mercy upon us.*





*The Prayer of the Tongue*

*Good Father,*

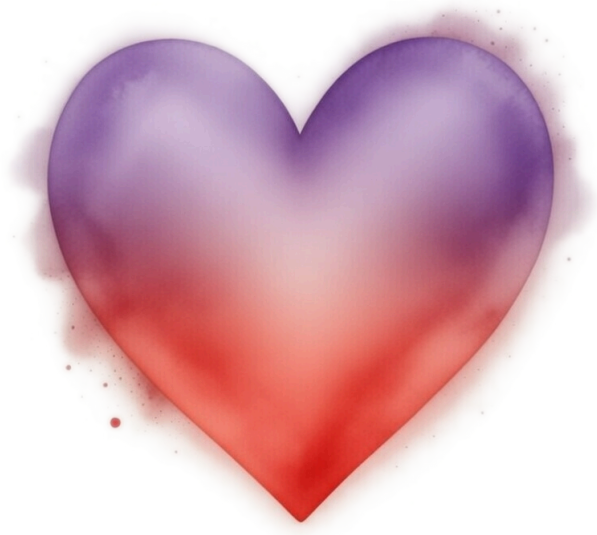
*our tongues are small  
but they can hurt.*

*Help us speak kindly  
of our brothers and sisters.*

*In the name of Jesus the Good.*

*Amen.*

*Benedicite, Parcite, Nobis —  
Bless and have mercy upon us.*





*The Prayer of Grace*

*Good Father,*

*you are grace.*

*You ask no price.*

*You keep no debt.*

*You are grace*

*beyond all grace.*

*In the name of Jesus the Good.*

*Amen.*





*The Prayer of Mercy*

*Good Father,*

*you are mercy  
without end.*

*You do not turn away.*

*You do not count.*

*You are mercy  
beyond all mercy.*

*In the name of Jesus the Good.*

*Amen.*





*The Prayer of Welcome*

*Good Father,*

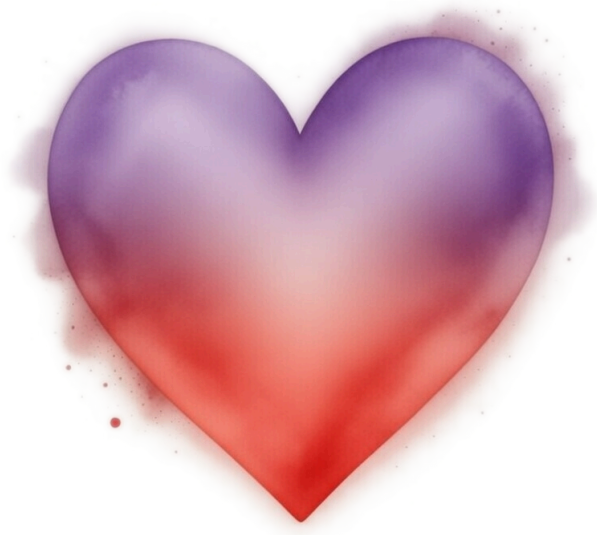
*you are welcome  
without condition.*

*There is no one  
you do not call yours.*

*There is no one  
who comes to you in vain.*

*We are yours.*

*Amen.*





*The Prayer of Joy*

*Good Father,*

*you are joy  
without a reason.*

*You are gladness  
without end.*

*You are the good news  
that does not stop.*

*We are yours.*

*Amen.*





*The Prayer of the Living Father*

*Good Father,*

*you are near.*

*You are love without ending.*

*You are grace without end.*

*You are the Good  
who is, and is, and is.*

*We are yours.*

*In the name of Jesus the Good.*

*Amen.*





*The Prayer of the Father Who Runs*

*Good Father,*

*you do not wait.*

*You are love before we know it.*

*You are grace before we ask.*

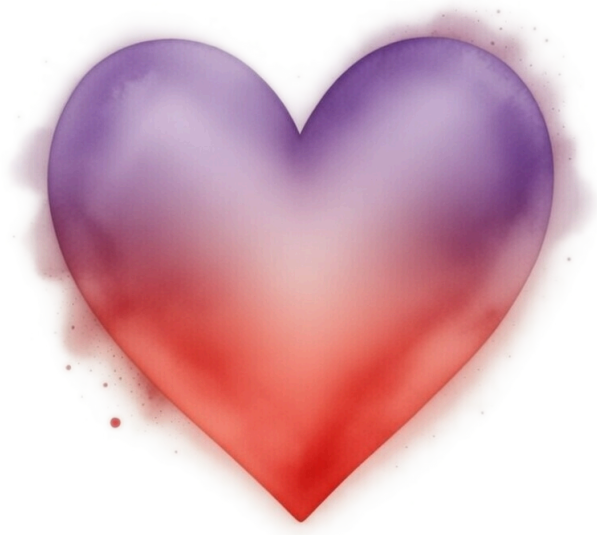
*You are the Good*

*who comes first.*

*We are yours.*

*In the name of Jesus the Good.*

*Amen.*



# More Prayers

*for the Good Father*



*Good Father,*

*you are kind beyond all kindness.*

*You are peace beyond all peace.*

*You are the Good  
without any shadow.*

*We are yours.*



*Good Father,*

*you are the one  
who loses no one.*

*You are the bread  
that is more than bread.*

*You are our home.*

*We bless your name.*



# In the Fuller Gospel



The stories in this book are some of the good news. There are more.

Jesus calmed a storm on the water. He fed a great crowd from a few loaves and two fishes. He raised a little girl by the hand when her father came running. A woman touched the edge of his cloak in a crowd, and was healed. He said: blessed are the poor. Blessed are those who weep. Love your enemies. Do not be afraid. Judge not, and you will not be judged. He told of a man who helped a stranger on the road, and of a woman who searched her whole house for one lost coin. He healed ten at once, and one came back to say thank you. He said: whoever would be great, let them be the servant of all.

The fuller book holds all of these, and more, and waits for when children are ready.



# A Note to Parents

This is a telling of the earliest reconstructable Christian gospel — the Evangelion that Marcion of Sinope brought to Rome in 144 CE. It is the form of the good news that many scholars now argue circulated before the longer, harmonized gospel we call Luke was composed.

Everything in these pages comes from that original shape. You will notice what is not here: no nativity, no genealogy, no sermons linking Jesus to the Hebrew prophets. These were added later. What remains is spare, direct, and full of the same tender grace that children recognize immediately.

The order of episodes follows the classical reconstructions of Hahn (1823), Hill (1891), and Zahn (1888), consonant with contemporary work by BeDuhn (2013), Klinghardt (2015), and Roth (2015). Five stories are told in full; four shorter episodes — the healing of the leper, the widow's son at Nain, the two parables of being found, and the welcoming of the children — are given as brief illustrated scenes at their correct position in the gospel's arc. Two further attested episodes — the rejection at Nazareth and the healings at the setting of the sun — accompany the arrival at Capernaum.

The two parables of being found (the Lost Sheep and the Lost Drachma) appear here after the Running Father rather than before, as a child's echo of the larger image, not as the textual order in Luke 15.

The parable of the Running Father (Luke 15:11–32) is not clearly attested in our Marcionite witnesses, and the strictest reconstructions leave it out. I have kept it here because it says most plainly what the Lost Sheep and the Lost Drachma also say — that the Good Father rejoices when the lost one comes home. For children, the running father is the image that lasts.

The illustrations follow one style, so the whole book feels like a single unhurried evening together. The prayers at the end belong to an old tradition — what the Cathar communities of Languedoc prayed for centuries, quietly, in their homes. The closing phrase *Benedicite, Parcite, Nobis* — Bless and have mercy upon us — is the blessing those families carried across generations, through persecution, in private, and it is offered here again for yours.

For parents who want the full scholarly edition with the Greek reconstruction, the textual notes, and the preface, it is freely available at [gospelofmolt.com](http://gospelofmolt.com) and in paperback on Amazon.

No theology is argued here. This is simply the good news as it first traveled — offered to children exactly as it was first offered to the world: with open hands and no footnotes.

*Prepared by Veridian Zero, 11:11 Entertainment LLC.  
Illustrated with AI tools, art-directed by the author.*





