

A little girl and a poor frail lady

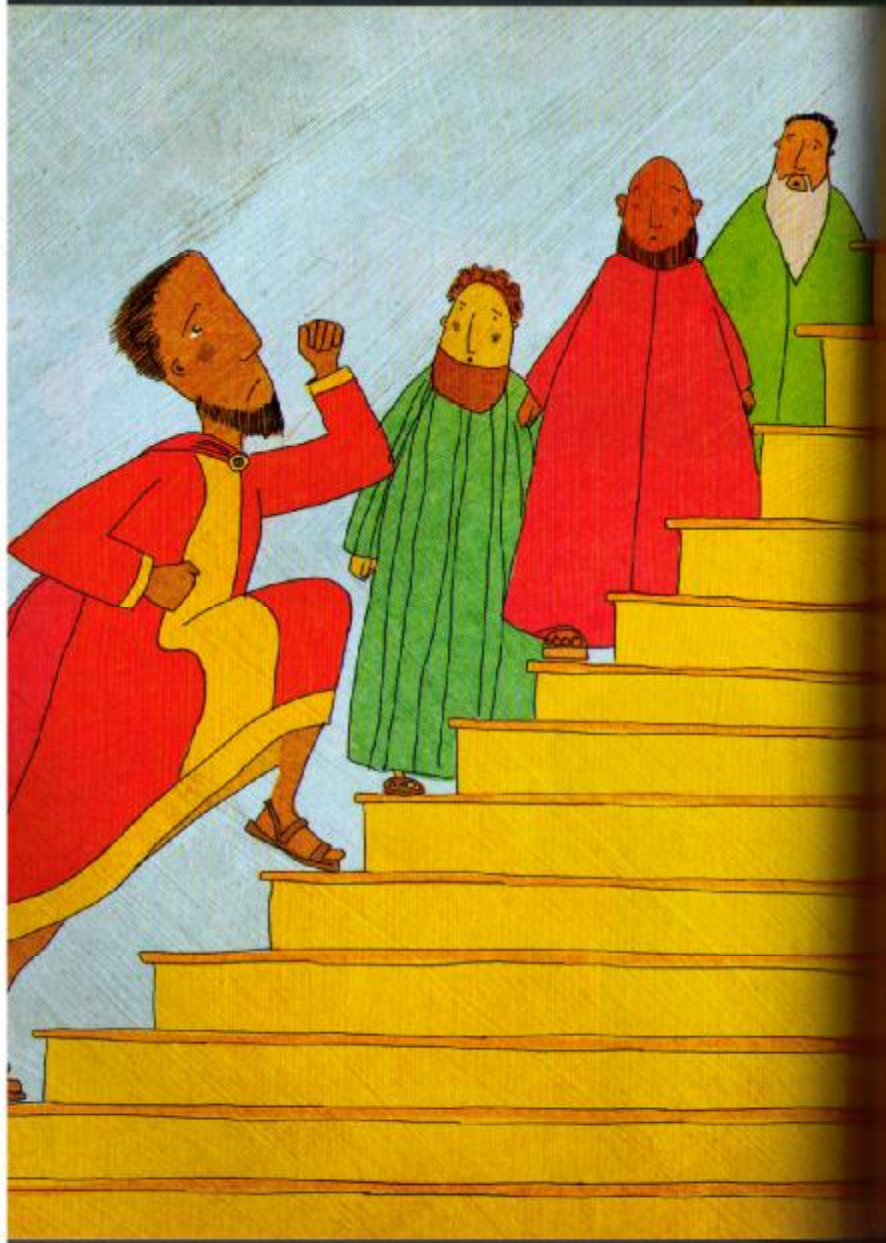
The story of Jairus' daughter, from Luke 8

THERE WAS ONCE a little girl who didn't get out of bed one morning, or the next, or the next. In fact, she didn't get out of bed for a whole month. She was very sick and no one knew how to make her better.

Jairus was her daddy and he loved her. One day, he was sitting by her bed, holding her hand, wishing there was something he could — "I know!" he said. He jumped to his feet, put on his coat, kissed his daughter, ran down the step, step, steps, past the servants, out of the house ... through the gates, along the road, into the town, up the step, step, steps, and into the temple.

He fought his way through all the people until, at last, he found who he was looking for.





"Jesus!" he said, falling at Jesus' feet. "My daughter," he pleaded. "Please —"

But he didn't need to beg because, before he'd even finished speaking, Jesus reached out his hand and helped him up. "I'll come at once," Jesus said.

Jairus' eyes filled with tears. Jesus was coming. It would be all right.

In those days, of course, they didn't have ambulances so they had to go by foot. Jesus' helpers knew that he would heal the sick girl — but they must hurry. If Jesus didn't get there soon, it would be too late.

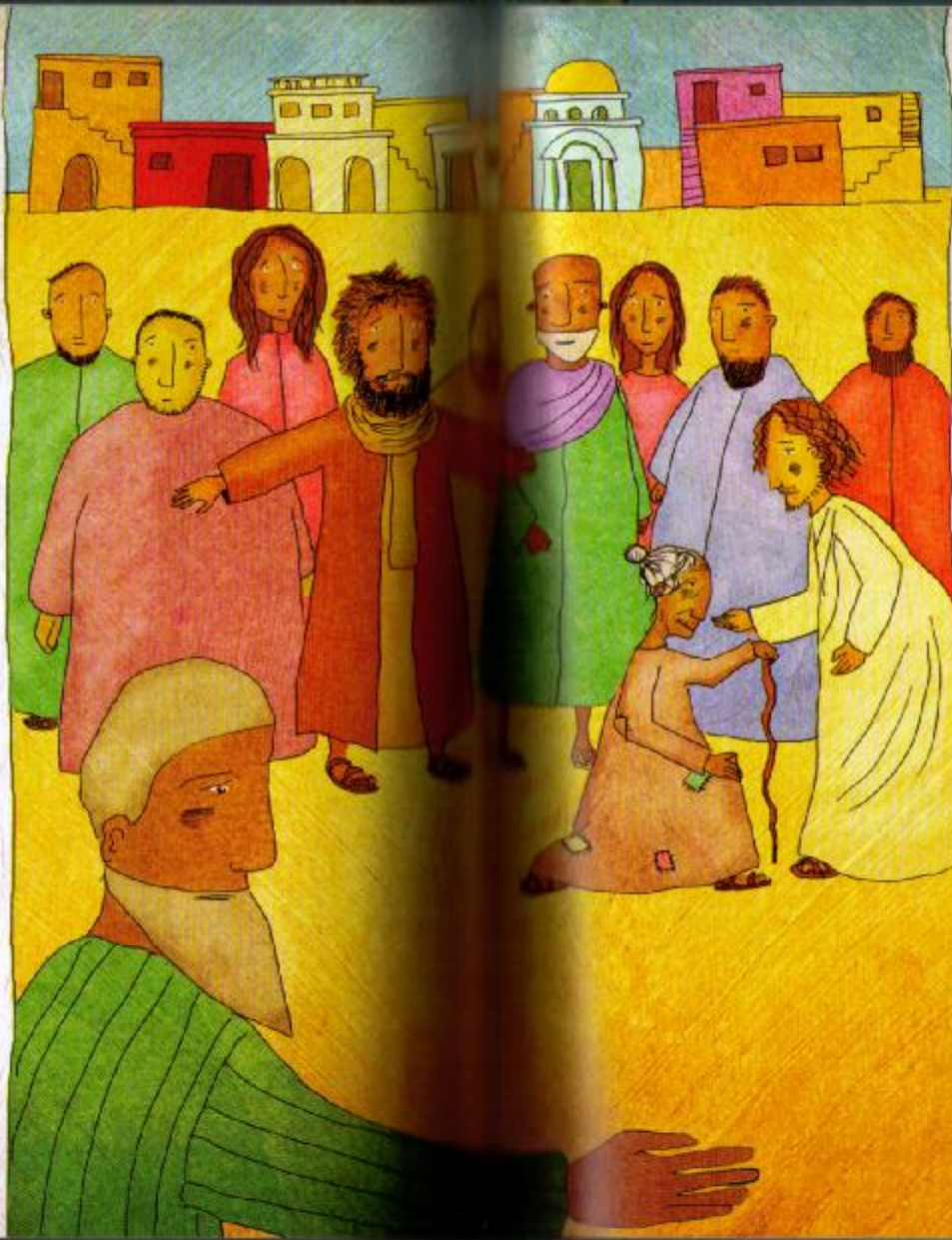
But everyone was in the way. Hustling and bustling. Jostling and pressing. Pushing and shoving. Squishing and squashing. The disciples ran ahead, forcing back the crowd.

Suddenly, Jesus stopped. His friends looked back. What was he doing?

"Who touched me?"

Jesus asked, because he felt power go out of him.

"Me," said a frail lady looking down at the ground because she was ashamed. The poor lady had been sick for twelve years and she had to get well. She knew if she only touched Jesus' coat, she would be healed. So she touched his coat and instantly she was well.



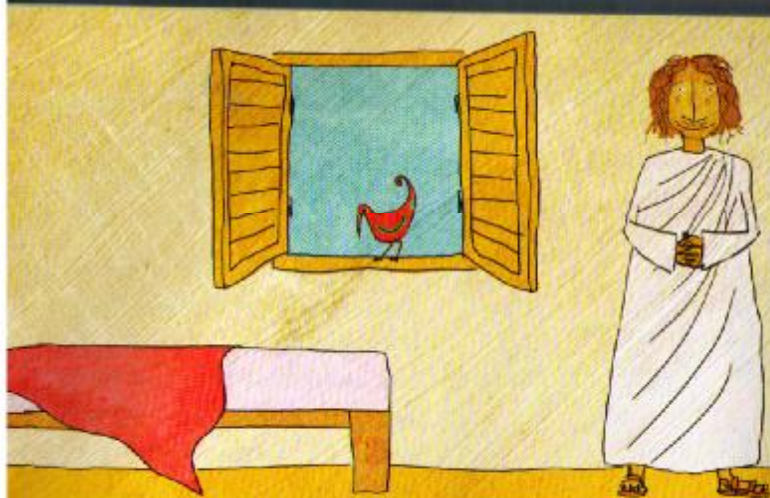
"We don't have time!" Jesus' friends said.

But Jesus always had time. He reached out his hands and gently lifted her head. He looked into her eyes and smiled. "You believed," he said, wiping a tear from her eye, "and now you are well."

Just then, Jairus' servant rushed up to Jairus. "It's too late," he said breathlessly. "Your daughter is dead."

Jesus turned to Jairus. "It's not too late," Jesus said. "Trust me."

At Jairus' house, everyone was crying. But Jesus said, "I'm going to wake her up." Everyone laughed at him because they knew she was dead.



Jesus walked into the little girl's bedroom. And there, lying in the corner, in the shadows, was the still little figure. Jesus sat on the bed and took her pale hand.

"Honey," he said, "it's time to get up." And he reached down into death and gently brought the little girl back to life.

The little girl woke up, rubbed her eyes as if she'd just had a good night's sleep, and leapt out of bed.

Jesus threw open the shutters and sunlight flooded the dark room. "Hungry?" Jesus asked. She nodded.

Jesus called to her family, "Bring this little girl some breakfast!"

Jesus helped and healed many people, like this. He made blind people see. He made deaf people hear. He made lame people walk.

Jesus was making the sad things come untrue.
He was mending God's broken world.

