

13B 2018 SML
MK 5:21-43

I was sickly as a child and I knew I was dying. The coldness started in my feet. With that came a fear, unlike I had ever known, as the coldness spread to my heart.

When the coldness reached a height I could no longer bear, it was then I felt a sense of relief. A kind of peace of mind replaced my fear, and I felt drawn toward warmth and light. The last thing I remember is the commotion and the wailing of those who were there to comfort each other. I would have been glad for the chance to comfort them, to let them know the years of sickness were over, and the warmth and the light I felt and saw were good . . . divinely good.

But then, I was gently called back. My small, cold hands were being warmed with warm Hands, with the same warmth I had felt earlier.

I opened my eyes, and I saw a Face that was much like the face of anyone else who was there, except this Face was surrounded by the same light I had seen earlier. He called to me with the soft command, "Little girl, get up!" I then heard the same commotion and wailing I heard before I was drawn to warmth and light, until I got up, and then there was silence.

Stifling silence. All eyes were on me, when all eyes should have been on Him.

My parents rushed over to me, practically bowling over the One who had given me life. To them, He gave the simple command, “Giver her something to eat!” Someone in the crowd said he must be Italian.

As Jesus was getting ready to leave, a banquet was quickly being prepared. The finest of everything was put before me to eat. Little did any of them know that I could have fed them with a comfort and promise that could not be found in any food or drink, or anything else this world has to offer.

Plates were emptied, stomachs were filled and our family and friends eventually made their way home. They obviously did not follow the strict orders of Jesus that no one should know about this, as news spread like wild fire that a little girl in Galilee had come back to life. People came from all over to come and gawk at me. My parents did their best to turn them away, and as a result, most people rationalized and downplayed what was an honest to God miracle.

But my days were never the same again. I didn't settle for the routine so that I could be blinded by the unimportant. I lived life to the full. I did not miss anything. Before my miracle, I was

too sick to lift my head off the pillow. But after my miracle, I didn't want to put my head down at night. And in everything, I saw the face of Jesus, I felt the hand of Jesus, I heard the voice of Jesus. In everything. Even in those things that were difficult and even tragic, I could see glimpses of His face, touches of His hand, whispers of His voice.

Not more than a couple of years had passed, and my family and I were in Jerusalem for the feast of Passover. As a synagogue official, my father was well connected and well respected. In the wee hours of the Friday morning during Passover, there was a knock at the door and my father went outside to talk with another official . . . something about a last minute meeting to decide the fate of a blasphemer . . . By morning we learned the blasphemer was the same Jesus who . . . who brought me from Warmth and Light to a life for which I was so grateful . . . He was no blasphemer. I went up to my father, and said, "Dad, you have to tell them . . ." And he just put his hands up and shook his coward head . . . I flew out of the house. My parents called after me but I ran with only one thing on my mind . . . I had to find Him.

It took me the better part of the day, and by the time I did find Him, it was over.

It was raining hard, as if the heavens were crying along with the commotion and wailing, much like when I was feared dead as a little girl. There was his lifeless body in the arms of His mother. What a beautiful mother, I thought in passing.

I stood there watching such incredible sadness and sorrow, and I wanted so much to restore Him to life as He had restored me to mine. I knew I was unable, but I took His hand as He took mine when I was on my deathbed. I said, "Get up." Although His lifeless body lay there and moved not, I felt an inner warmth of an inner light in me, the same warmth and light I felt that fateful day of my childhood, and clearly I heard words that no one else heard. "I will! I will!"