

The Healing of Jairus' Daughter

My name is Safiya. I am 12 years old. I live in a little village called Debria with my ill - mother, my father, and my older brother Lukas. In the village Debria, people are very poor; many people are sick and are dying. We are one of the fortunate families. We are neither rich nor poor. My father works in a synagogue and my brother catches fish for our family. Every night my father tells me stories of Jesus Christ. When he told me Jesus was coming, I was excited that Jesus was coming to visit. Why would Jesus come to our village? What if he could heal my mother & my best friend? Wouldn't my life of worries be over?

My mother is ill; very ill. She has been bleeding for twelve years - shortly after I was born. No one knows why but it hasn't stopped and she can't really do much in our family. She is always in bed and hardly ever comes out unless it's a special occasion. Every morning, I wake up at dawn, go to the market to buy fresh vegetables and wash the clothes down by the river. It isn't very nice, but I do love her. Although my father bakes the bread and skins any meat we get, I still clean the house and cook the food for my family.

Up the road, my friend Ebony has been ill for 3 weeks. I have known her all my life and not once has she been this ill. Her father - Jairus; is the ruler of the synagogue and was the first to find out about Jesus' visit. He told me that Ebony has a deadly illness, which is fatal; she could die. This is impossible to believe because we are always together. She couldn't have caught it off anyone as we are not allowed near the sick. Could she?

The day came when Jesus was coming, I was so excited that I woke up extra early and helped my father in the synagogue. I saw Jairus and was curious about Ebony's health, so I said "How is Ebony?"

He replied "She will be fine after Jesus has come".

I replied "Why is that?"

He said "You will see" and walked off.

What does that mean? I thought.

I sat outside on a bench outside the synagogue thinking about Ebony and how I missed her so much, she is my best friend; like a sister I never had. Then, I saw people rushing past me, scurrying along like a flock of sheep.

I heard them talking about Jesus, then I realised Jesus was here. I hurried along to the river bank to see a man approaching by boat. It was Jesus. He was like the angel I had been dreaming about all my life. Some nights I would dream of an angel that healed my mother. He had brown locks that fell upon his shoulders, blue eyes that were the colour of the ocean, a beard that looked like it hadn't been combed in a while and scruffy robes that looked like rags. That was surprisingly different considering he was known around our world and could do anything! He stepped onto the land. People went quiet. The only thing you could hear was the waves from the river hitting the boat. As Jesus walked by, many people fell to their knees as they felt blessed by his presence. I stood back and watched from a distance on a hill. I was too shy to be seen by him. I felt a warm glow that surrounded my body. I was so enthusiastic about him being here – I hope he can help my mother and Ebony.

A crowd gathered around Jesus and his disciples as he spoke. I noticed Jairus amongst them. I saw Jairus go up to him and collapsed in front of him, begging him. Then Jesus started to walk towards the village centre. The crowd followed him like a pack of animals.

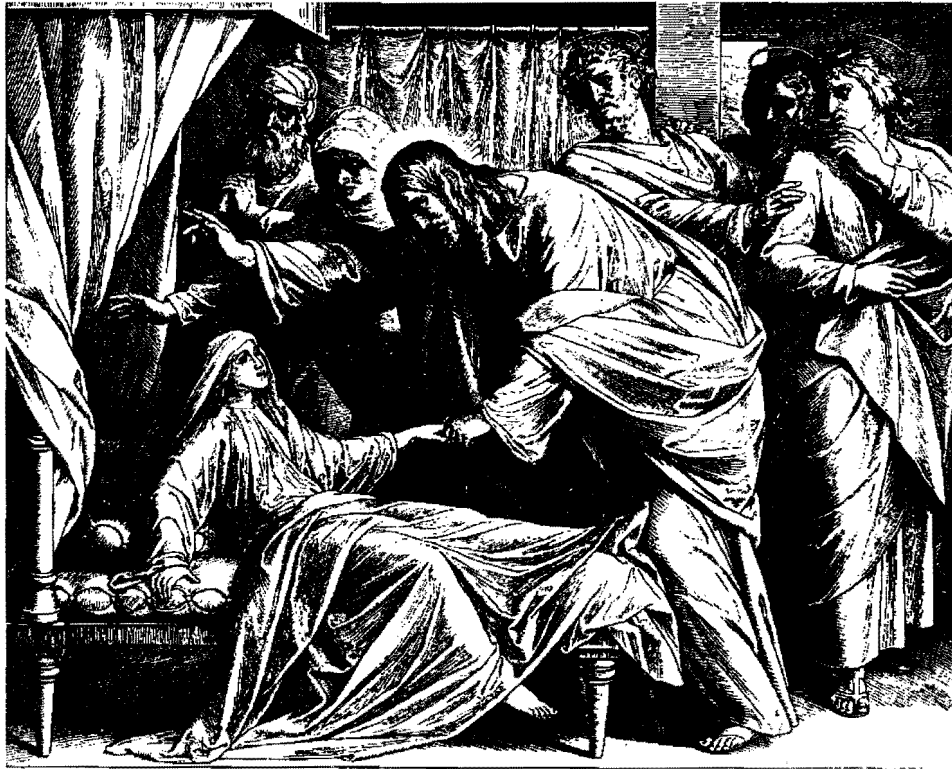
I skipped along into the village centre and joined the crowd. I saw my mother amongst them. I called out to her, but she never heard me then I saw her reach out and touch Jesus' shoulder. Then suddenly he stopped. He said "Who touched me?" The crowd spread out around him as he searched for the culprit. One of his disciples said "You see the crowd pressing around you, and yet you say, 'Who touched me?'". After a few minutes of silence, my mother came out of fear and fell to her knees at Jesus. She explained the whole truth to him, he said to her, "Daughter, your faith has made you well; go in peace, and be healed of your disease."

A ruler from the synagogue rushed into the crowd and said "Your daughter is dead. Why trouble the teacher any further?" But ignoring what they said, Jesus said to the ruler of the synagogue, "Do not fear, only believe." Tears blurred my sight as I felt so much pain in my heart. He allowed no one to follow him except Peter and James and John the brother of James. Without them knowing, I secretly followed them.

I ran around the back of the synagogue and I climbed on top of a basket and peeped through a very high air vent window. Jesus came into the house of Ebony. Many people were weeping outside. He said "The child

is not dead but sleeping.” This brought scornful laughter from the mourners who still had tears streaming down their faces. The crowd was sent out of the house.

Jesus took the child's father and mother and his disciples, and went in where Ebony was. I was shaking with fear at this point because I couldn't believe my eyes were witnessing an actual healing from Jesus. He took her by the hand, and he said to her, “Talitha cumi”; which means, “Little girl, I say to you, arise.” And at that point Ebony got up and walked around like she had only woken up from a dream. Immediately everyone was overcome with amazement. And he strictly said to them that no one should know this, and told them to give her something to eat.



I can not believe Jesus has healed my mother and my best friend all in one day. It's a miracle what has happened to me. Jesus is truly our saviour. Our Holy Messiah. I will tell my children and their children of my childhood experience with Jesus Christ. . . .

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