



My Jesus Story

In Bible study, we were talking about our second-favorite Jesus story (first being Easter, of course).

I chose the healing of Jairus's daughter. By the time He got there, she was dead. That didn't stop Jesus, though! He took her by the hand, the Bible says, and told her, "Child, arise." And she did!

That's about all the Bible tells us. But (if I'm that child, anyway), I think He took her hand and pulled her to Him, taking her on His lap, stroking her hair, holding her close.

I'm sure she never forgot that safety in Jesus' arms. Never!

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Easter Dawn

The disciples were beyond words, beyond feelings, even. They had seen their Friend ... their Master ... their Messiah and Lord ... brutally murdered. They had no hope, no future. They hid; they lied; they gave up.

Dull rain dribbled down the sky's sullen face. A dank, clammy wind pushed at clots of green-gray cloud. Clinging fog decapitated the trees across the street. I was clinically depressed. I had no expectation I would ever have energy for life again. I pressed my head into the pillow and pretended I was not there.

"He's alive!" Mary Magdalene told the disciples. "He's alive!" And they lifted their heads ... and their hearts ... and believed.

The breeze, carrying a hint of forsythia, coaxed me outdoors. Fresh green softened the winter-dead grass. Somewhere a bird was singing. I lifted my eyes to the hills and was filled with wonder.

Dark to light. Sorrow to joy. Fear to hope. Christ is risen! He is risen indeed! Hallelujah!

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Dinosaurs

Job 41:12-21

I wish I had a dino!
I *wish* I had a dino!
I wish I had a dino,
a prehistoric beast!
I wish I had a dino,
much stronger than a rhino.
I'd ride my friendly dino
from northwest to southeast!

I wish I had a dino!
But not one that could fly ... no,
A friendly, riding dino!
They're part of life's great plan.
I've love to see a dino ...
I'd love to pat a dino ...
In Eden there were dinos,
when God created man.

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Dragons

Job 40:15-19

I wish I had a dragon!
I *wish* I had a dragon!
I wish I had a dragon,
with fire in her breath!
A friendly, scaly dragon
with spiky tail waggin';
I'd always be a-braggin' ...
I think I'd call her Beth.

I wish I had a dragon,
a fire-breathing dragon!
I wish I had a dragon,
to cuddle warmly with.
And Job says God made dragons,
sharp teeth and tails draggin' ...
Since God created dragons,
then dragons aren't a myth!

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