

Gentile Woman

When I met Jesus, I was desperate. My little daughter had been taken by a demon that changed her into a violent and hateful creature.

Someone told me that Jesus could cast out demons and so I did not even think for a moment that he was a Jew and we were Gentiles. I asked until I found him and then just barged right in to the house where he was.

He looked at me and his words were harsh, but his face was kind. He said all the usual things about Gentiles being dogs, but there seemed to be a twinkle in his eye, and I would not be put off anyway.

Even as he spoke, I instantly knew that my daughter's affliction was my own fault -- the idols we kept and the magic spells we often spoke for good luck had given the unclean spirit entrance into our family.

But he did not berate me. Although I don't deserve anything good, he gave me more than I even knew I needed. I have my sweet daughter again and that would be enough. But he also gave me new life as a child of his Father, who loves Gentiles as well as Jews.

Matthew 15:21-28