

Jairus' Daughter

I am so glad to be alive!
You just don't realize how wonderful it is to be alive until you have been dead.
Now, don't look at me that way. I'm not a ghost.
But I have been dead.
And, you see, Jesus brought me back to life.
I don't remember everything about that day so my parents had to tell me some things.
But it was a day I will actually never forget.

It was about 2 years ago, when I was 12.
I do remember being very sick.
I first had a very bad headache and a high fever.
Then I got very dizzy and weak.
I hadn't been able to eat or drink for several days.
I was having frightening dreams and then waking to a terrible pain in my head.
My mother was always wiping my forehead and looking like she must have a worse pain than I did.
I would say, "What's wrong with me, Mommy?"
Her voice said, "You'll be fine."
But her eyes said something different.
I asked, "Am I going to die?"
Then she turned her head and covered her face.
She did not want me to see how worried she really was.
But I could see she was crying and I began to cry, too.
I remember how with great effort she fought back the tears and changed her expression from pained to comforting again.
"Don't worry," she said, "Daddy went to get the teacher, Jesus. He can do anything. He can cure any illness."

Her face faded out of my view and in its place a horrible dream of evil ugly creatures grabbing at me, giving me terrible pains.
I was trying to fight them away but they kept coming back.
I did not know what was real and what was a dream but it seemed that there was a great battle going on, and I was in the middle of it.
It went on for what seemed an endless time.
I just wanted it to be over.
I did not care if the evil creatures took me or not.
I only wanted to rest.

Just at that moment, a light appeared in my dream.
The horrible creatures screamed and dissolved into black smoke.
The light got brighter and closer, but it did not hurt my eyes.

The black smoke was pushed completely away.
I could not tell if my eyes were open or closed, but in that light, I began to see the most beautiful face I had ever seen.
I heard a musical voice like the sound of a mountain stream speaking.
He told me not to be afraid, that He would take care of me.
I cannot say how long it was that He kept on speaking.
I loved to hear His voice and he told me many wonderful things that I am not to speak on earth.
But He said that one day I would live with Him and never have any pain again.
He also said that I was to return to my mother and father who loved me very much.

In my mind, the face of light changed into the face of an ordinary man, yet He was not just ordinary.
He was the kindest gentlest man I had ever seen.
The voice of waters changed into a human voice.
Yet it was full of understanding and love.
It seemed that each word He said spoke a book full of meaning.
He had been talking to me for only an instant but He had said more than I could take in.
He was saying, "Little girl, get up."
I knew that I must and that I could.
I jumped out of bed like a grasshopper.
I felt completely well.
I was not weak or tired or sick at all.
I felt like nothing had ever been wrong, and like nothing would ever be wrong again.
My father told me that this was Jesus and that I had been dead, but He brought me back to life.

Since that time I have told many people about what happened to me.
I thought they would all be as happy as I and my parents are.
Yet, some of them seemed angry that Jesus had done this.
Some did not even believe that it was true.
But, of course, it is true and it is wonderful and I am going to keep on telling about it to anybody who will listen.

Luke 8:40-56