



Jairus shouted as loudly as he could,
"Jesus! Help me, Jesus!
My daughter is dying!"

Jairus explained,
"She's only twelve and she's so ill.
But I know I can count on you to
make her well.
Please!"

Jesus nodded,
"Show me the way."

Jesus whispered,
"Somebody touched me."

One of his disciples whispered back,
"Jesus, there are hundreds of
people here.
I'm sure lots of them touched you."

Raising his voice now Jesus said,
"No. Somebody here was sick.
Very sick.
Then they touched me and God
made them well.
I felt it.
I felt the power rush out of me!
Now, who was it?"

A woman close by said,
"It was me.
I have been sick for so long.
I've spent so much money on
doctors.
But when I touched your robe, I was
healed."

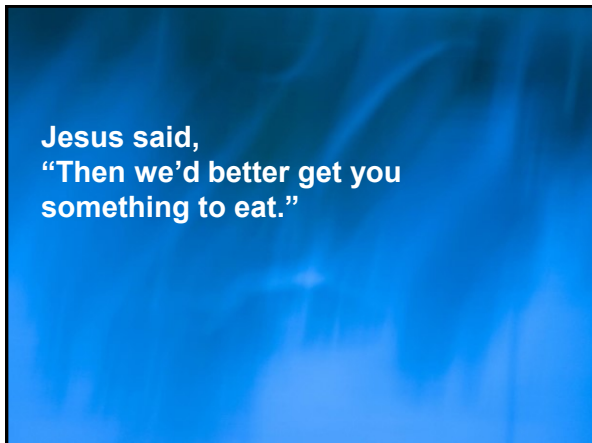
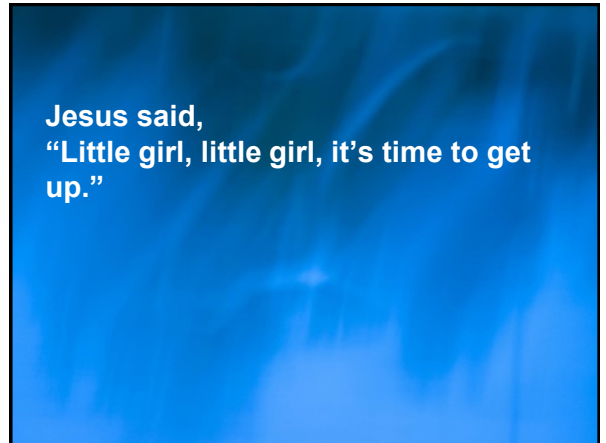
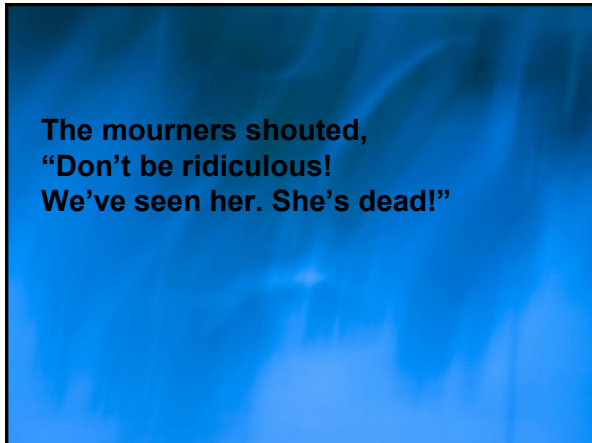
Jesus said,
"You trusted me.
That's good.
So God has made you well."

Jairus said,
"Jesus, Jesus, I don't mean to
interrupt..."

One of the servants called out
across the crowd,
Master, master, I have the most
awful news...
... your daughter is dead."

Jesus said,
"It will be alright.
Trust me."

Jesus said, Listen everybody.
There's no need to cry.
The girl is not dead.
She is only sleeping."





Who did Jesus heal?
The man of high status
The unimportant girl
The outcast woman

What does that say to us?

Jesus cares about each one of us;
regardless of status, gender or
anything else

