

My daughter lies sick, she is moaning and crying
And I dread the worst, for it looks like she's dying.
I am one of the rulers of synagogues here,
But in this I am helpless, my thoughts ruled with fear.
My prayers now seem hollow, for can this be God's will?
I kneel for His guidance, how I need to be still!
My great love for my girl makes me both weak and strong,
What more help can I seek? she has not got long.

I hear from a friend the prophet Jesus can heal,
He speaks of new life, God's kingdom as real.
I feel deep within me he could heal her, but how?
My heart leaps with last hope, I must find him right now.
I make urgent enquiries, - he's here, by the sea!
I find him quite quickly, and beseech : "I pray thee!
My little daughter lieth at the point of death,
Please come and heal her before she breathes her last breath!"

I need him to come with me, his word will not do;
My wife needs to meet with him, to understand too.
He responds to my need, turns with love to my home.
We must now go quickly, can't he see there's no time!
But someone has touched him, - my heart misses a beat,
For he stands and looks round at the crowd in the street!
"Who touched my clothes?" he asks with a gentle request.
(But my daughter is dying! - I feel great unrest).

A woman comes forth, kneeling and trembling with doubt,
What she'd hoped could be quiet we've now all found out!
Jesus spoke to her kindly, as God's daughter true,
Her faith made her whole, she was free, become new.
For twelve years she'd been sick, - twelve years weary and worn,
The same number of years since my daughter was born!
But weren't both God's dear daughters? This gave me fresh zeal,
For I'd just glimpsed for myself God's love could sure heal.

We're about to move on, and I'd taken the lead,
When friends come from my household: "Thy daughter is dead!
Why trouble the master any further" they say.
And Jesus replies, "Be not afraid! Only pray."
But what can he do? This simply beggars belief
That with her now dead we could find peace and relief!
We approach to my house, and the mourners wax loud,
My dear daughter already to them in her shroud.

Once more Jesus speaks, saying she is but asleep.
They so laugh him to scorn, calling him a mad creep!
Their thought is not helpful, and he casts them all out,
Which makes them scoff more and more stubbornly shout.
But he takes Peter, James, John, both me and my wife,-
We quietly enter, feel the presence of Life.
I think of that woman restored after so long,
But raising the dead? Are my doubts yet so strong?

Jesus said to believe, and goes up to her bed:
"Maid, arise." And she gets up, yes, she that was dead!
We're both just astonished, for our daughter's now whole!
All fear has quite gone! We glimpse Spirit, see Soul!
We'd *all* been asleep! Oh, don't believe what flesh sees:
In the presence of Life he's proved Truth is what frees.
*Hold fast then to Truth; for Christ's love will reveal
The beauty of life is forever and real.*

