

*Biblical Drama based on Luke 8:40-56*

*Character Parts: Narrators 1-4, Boy, Stranger, Jairus, Jesus, Peter, Sick Woman, Servant, Girl, Mother*

Narrator 1: Jesus had been preaching, teaching, and healing people all over the land. When he finally returned home, a crowd gathered.

Boy: Look, Jesus is coming!

Stranger: I've never seen Jesus before. That's who everyone is waiting for, right?

Jairus: (*calling from a distance*) Jesus! Jesus! I need your help! Help!

Stranger: Who's that?

Boy: That's Jairus (*JI-rus*); he's the leader of our synagogue. I wonder what the trouble is.

Jairus: Jesus, please, I need your help. My daughter is very sick. She is close to death.

Jesus: Let's go, Jairus. I'm right beside you.

Narrator 2: As Jesus followed the man to his home, the crowd pressed in closely around them. Suddenly, Jesus stopped.

Jesus: Who just touched me?

Peter: What do you mean, Master. It could have been anyone. Look at all the people surrounding you!

Sick Woman: It was I, sir. It's just that ... I've been suffering for so long, and I just thought that maybe ... maybe if I touched the hem of your robe, I would be healed. So I did; and I was!

Jesus: Daughter, your faith has made you well! Go in peace.

Narrator 3: Just then, a servant came from the house of Jairus.

Servant: Excuse me Jairus. I'm sorry to interrupt, but I have bad news. Your daughter has died. There is no need to bother the Teacher any more.

Jairus: What? No! No!

Jesus: Don't fear, Jairus. Only believe, and she will be well.

Narrator 4: When they got to Jairus' house, Jesus told the crowd to remain outside. Only Peter, James and John entered, along with Jesus and the girl's parents. Everyone was crying because the girl was dead.

Jesus: Don't weep, friends. The girl is not dead, but only sleeping.

Servant: Ha! What is he saying? I just checked her pulse! She's dead! I'm sorry to be so blunt, but it's true.

Jesus: (*taking the girl by the hand*) Child, stand up.

Girl: (*yawning as she stands up*) Why are all these people here?

Mother: Oh! My sweet little girl. You're alive!

Girl: (*as if nothing happened*) Mom, I'm hungry. Can I have something to eat?

Jesus: By all means, feed this child! I think some warm pita bread and a bit of honey may be just what she needs.

Girl: Yum!

Jairus: Jesus. I can't believe my eyes. How can we ever thank you?

Jesus: Please, tell no one what you have seen today. Just spend some time with your daughter. And maybe you should have a little something to eat yourself, Jairus. You look a little pale.