Jesus in the House 8

Description

Mark 2 Session 8

Days dragged into weeks and weeks into months until I did not really know what day of the week it was.

The days seem to drift from one to another and I really have no idea how long I had been lying on the floor of my parents house when suddenly my four â??friendsâ?? from days gone by came into the room. My mother was trying to prevent them she was saying â??havenâ??t you done enough damage alreadyâ?•, â??just leave us aloneâ?•. I had never seen my friends so persistent before, but on this occasion they were persistent. They had bought a makeshift stretcher that had been thrown together in rather a hurry, rolled me onto it and began to carry me down the street with my mother crying behind us and me shouting to them to put me down and take me home. I donâ??t know if you have ever been in that situation where youâ??re not in control, awful isnâ??t it?

Eventually I realised that there was a crowd, this took my mind off the fact that I was being carried against my will. As we drew closer I asked why the crowd and where were we going? The answer was â??Jesus is in the houseâ?•. I had heard of this guy, well who hadnâ??t he was big news, not really for what he said, although that was big news because he was claiming he was the Son of God. Well we had heard that God had got a son and that he would send him, I mean we had all heard about these crack pot prophets of old telling us this for centuries. In the end you just glaze over donâ??t you? No, the real big news was that it had been rumoured that this Jesus guy could perform miracles. That was BIG NEWS. No wonder my friends were so persistent.

As we drew near it became apparent that we were not going to get anywhere near this Jesus. My friends were visibly disappointed at this, I suppose they were convinced that if only we could see Jesus He would heal me. It was evident from their faces and their actions that they really believed that Jesus was the answer. I noticed a difference, I donâ??t know what had happened but they were different, all four of them, they were intent on getting me to Jesus, quite determined, as if to say â??what Jesus has done for us He can do for youâ?•. In hindsight I suppose you would call it faith, that is in fact exactly what Jesus did call it, but I am running ahead of myself.

As we were desperately trying to get into the house by legal means, you know through the door, and as it was becoming blatantly obvious that this was a no go area, suddenly one of the four said excitedly â??lets revert back to what we know, up on the roofâ?•. Before I could protest one was off to get the tools while the other three started to find the best way through the crowd and onto the roof of the house where Jesus was.

Within minutes number four returned and without wasting any more time we were on the roof. I watched in disbelief as my friends began to dismantle the roof, without a sound. I had given up protesting by this time and just helplessly lay their waiting for the next move. As the hole got bigger and as it became apparent that there was a disturbance on the roof the crowd went quiet.

My friends swung me over the hole and down into the room right in front of this Jesus. I still only knew about him, I mean I had heard stories about him, to me he was just another man who, apparently can heal. I suppose that made him a bit special, but I had no personal experience of that as yet. I had been lying on my back unable to move as a result of my sin and I began to realise that it was not physical healing I needed but spiritual healing. In that moment I began to understand that I was more than just a body with a spirit somewhere that had been suppressed. The lights started to go on and I realised that I was a spirit with a body. Something began to stir inside me that wanted to be free of all this guilt that had been brought about through my own selfish desire, this desire that drove me away from God and not toward Him.

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Category

1. Mark 2

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