Jesus put them all out, took the girl by the hand and said, "Little girl, arise."

Jairus was there. His wife was there. Three of Jesus’ disciples were there. They all heard Jesus’ words. Would the little dead girl hear them, too?

The dead girl heard Jesus’ command! Her spirit returned, and she arose immediately. Jesus had raised her from the dead.

How happy they must have felt; how grateful to Jesus. His wonderful love and power brought their daughter back from death.

The Girl Who Lived Twice

A story from God’s Word, the Bible, is found in Mark 5, Luke 8

"The entrance of Your Words gives light."
Psalm 119:130

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Story 49 of 60

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English

God knows we have done bad things, which He calls sin. The penalty for sin is death.

God loves us so much He sent His Son, Jesus, to die on a Cross and pay our penalty. Jesus came alive and went back to Heaven! Now God can forgive our sins.

If you want to turn from your sins, say this to God: Dear God, I believe Jesus died for me and now lives again. Please come into my life and forgive my sins, so I can have new life now, and then be with You forever. Help me live for You as Your child. Amen. John 3:16

Read the Bible and talk to God every day!

Jairus was a Jewish religious leader who worshiped God and taught God’s Word to others. One day, terrible trouble came to Jairus.

His beloved daughter, only twelve years old, got sick. It seemed nobody could help her. It was a bad sickness. Jairus knew the girl was dying.
But Jairus didn’t care. He had to get help quickly before his daughter died. “My little daughter lies at the point of death,” the desperate man begged.

Jesus went with Jairus. But they could not move quickly because of the huge crowd. One lady had been very sick for twelve long years. She had gone to all the doctors (and spent all her money) without getting help. Oh, how she wanted to see Jesus!

Just then, servants came from Jairus’ house. Their faces probably told the sad story before they spoke. “Your daughter is dead!” they told Jairus. Dead! It was too late.

But then a voice spoke. “Who touched Me?” Jesus asked. Crowds had touched Him. But the lady who was healed knew He wanted her to tell Him about it. Timidly, she told Him her whole story. A miracle! A MIRACLE! The lady was healed. Immediately! Completely! She knew she was well and strong and whole.

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When Jesus heard it, He answered, “Do not be afraid; only believe, and she will be made well.” How difficult it must have been for Jairus to really believe Jesus. His daughter was dead.

At the house, everybody wept and mourned for the girl. “She is not dead, but sleeping,” Jesus told them. They laughed at Him. They knew the girl was dead.

“She is not dead, but sleeping,” Jesus told them. They laughed at Him. They knew the girl was dead.

Perhaps, if that lady hadn’t delayed things . . . perhaps, if . . . Dead! Jairus’ precious little girl was gone.

Only one person could help Jairus’ daughter. Jairus set out to find Jesus and bring Him back to his house. Jairus probably knew his religious friends did not approve of Jesus.

“Come and lay your hands on her that she may be healed, and she will live.”

She inched her way toward Jesus. Then, stretching out her hand, she touched Jesus’ robe.

What could the lady do? “If only I may touch His clothes, I shall be made well,” the lady muttered.

Just then, servants came from Jairus’ house. Their faces probably told the sad story before they spoke. “Your daughter is dead!” they told Jairus. Dead! It was too late.