

Lazarus-Sister Mary's Thank You

Dear, dear Jesus, our precious and Holy friend,

I'm so grateful, so amazed and blown away with Your gift of Lazarus' life being given back to us. I was in Nain when You raised that woman's son from his funeral bier. I've watched You perform miracle after miracle of restoration of sight, of hearing, of speech, of wholeness of life. Yet I got so angry with You when You didn't get here in time to save Lazarus.

I am sorry, I am so, so sorry, I forgot how able You are to restore life, to bring newness filled with hope and light into the very center of our beings. Please forgive me for being angry, for doubting that You would show up, for thinking we didn't matter to You. I am especially sorry that I wasn't a better witness for those with Martha and me at Lazarus' wake. The runner said You were coming and I pouted. Martha got up to go and meet You, I stayed there stuck, living with my miserable thoughts, forgetting all Your past goodnesses to us and how much we treasure Your friendship. I was mad and I wanted to hurt You back for how much You hurt me, hurt us, by not getting here in time to help.

Lord, I love the life Your presence, principles and grace have brought into how we live. The peace and joy of it usually fill my steps with lightness and plasters a grin on my face. But not those days that Lazarus was sick. It was so awful to watch him getting weaker and weaker. It was horrible not being able to stop the disease from sucking his life away. Lord, I remember thinking over and over, if only Jesus would get here, if only Jesus would get here, if only...

But You didn't come! Instead we were faced with a home full of people who wanted to help, who wailed and mourned, who kept asking what they could do, and who just wouldn't go away. O! Goodness, I was pretty angry when Martha got up and left because we heard You were coming.

And then... and then, she told me You asked for me! For me, the one who was angry, the one who was pouting, the one who was mad, the one who felt so, so stuck - like I was almost living inside of Lazarus' sealed off, deep, dark cave - his tomb with him!!!

It was like my feet had a mind of their own. I flew to You, hearing my heart sing, He's here, He's here! The pain was still there, Lazarus was gone, but You did care, our pain did matter to You—You were here!

O! Jesus, the first words from my mouth were what I'd been thinking for four whole days. "If only You'd been here, Lazarus wouldn't have died." I saw how our pain trouble You, I saw Your tears, and I cried too! I wept because Your friend was gone, my tears were because You hadn't made it on time, and I hated hearing the whispers behind us, " He opened the blind

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man's eyes. Couldn't he have kept this one from dying?" I hated the niggling doubt that caused me to wonder if You were really God's Son, the Messiah sent to save the world.

O! What a mess I was, I still am, but O! Jesus, how amazing You are, for You are indeed the Messiah, You not only raised Lazarus from the dead, You brought me back to life too! How can I thank You for Your magnificent power and amazing goodness to us, how can I ever thank You for ALL You've done to destroy the enemy's lies and bring us hope, glorious hope again and again and again. Thank You Jesus for being who You say You are, doing what You said You'd do and most of all for being our friend! O! Lord, we love You! Thank You again for loving Your Father even more than us, for I wouldn't have learned how to be as content and completely willing to have my thinking about life transformed by my trust, my faith in Your love. Somehow I thought my faith needed to be in blindly trusting, but You showed me my faith needs to be in You, in Your love for me, for my family and for my world. My faith is in Your love!

I praise You and thank You for forgiving me for my anger, my poor behavior, and how I succumbed to the enemy's fiery darts. Thank You for not only forgiving me... but for putting my sins away. Everything You do and have done, reminds me that You love me!

We are blessed to call You our friend, but even more blessed that You call us Yours. Holy are You dear Jesus, Holy are You.

Loving You with ALL of me! Your Miryam FOREVER!!!