

The Mummy Man

By Esther Olson

A man came riding up to Jesus on his horse. The horse was out of breath and panting, so I went to go fetch it and its rider a jar of water since I was the only one who looked like they would move in at least the next ten years. Glancing over my shoulder at Jesus, he looked like he was about to cry. I tried to remember the last time I had seen Jesus cry. I paused lost in thought, now that I thought about it more, Jesus had never cried. It was always the disciples and me who were lying on the ground, defeated, weeping, but it was never Jesus. He had always been the one to comfort us. I thought all of this while walking to the well, getting the water, and walking back. Once I looked up from my feet, I noticed that the man I had retrieved the water for wasn't there anymore. He must have been in a real hurry.

"What did he say?" I questioned Jesus, who was staring off in the distance.

"My friend Lazarus is sick, almost dying," Jesus said in a sad sort of way, and then just walked away.

"What? Aren't you going to go to him if he is your friend?" I sputtered, clearly confused.

"Don't bother Jesus, he has his reasons," advised one of the other disciples, leading me away from Jesus.

I was confused, if Lazarus was Jesus's friend, why wasn't Jesus going to heal him so he could live, and not die. It was getting late, so I went back into my tent to sleep.

Two days later, I repeat, TWO days later we left to go visit Lazarus. I can't believe Jesus would wait that long to visit his so-called-friend. When I got the chance to visit a friend, I would be so happy and wouldn't waste time getting there. Sometimes I guess I just don't get Jesus.

"We are going to see Lazarus, he has fallen asleep and I am going to wake him up," Jesus declared.

Once again, I was confused, if he was asleep why did Jesus have to wake him up. Unless he wasn't a normal human being who could wake up on their own, why would he need help to wake up. Jesus must have sensed that we had no idea what he was talking about, so he rephrased it.

"He is dead," Jesus said.

A murmur of "Oh," rolled through the crowd. We left immediately after that. Before we got there Martha came running to Jesus.

"Jesus, if you had been here my brother wouldn't have died," she wept hysterically. We kept on walking until we reached their house, Jesus comforting Martha the entire way.

We all walked to the tomb. I'm not a fan of tombs, and this one wasn't any better. Everything seemed darker when you were near one. It seemed like anything bad could happen to you while you were standing in front of a tomb. Jesus started to cry, I felt so bad because I didn't know what you were supposed to do if Jesus

was crying. He stopped and stood up. I was so tense that when Jesus told someone to roll the stone away from the tomb, I jumped.

Why would Jesus want to open the tomb anyway? It would stink like horrible, and what was even the point? When they moved it away, I put a cloth over my nose, preparing myself for the worst. Jesus went to stand in front of the tomb.

“Lazarus come out,” Jesus called in a huge voice.

I squinted my eyes to see whether I was actually seeing this, or it was just an illusion. It seemed to me that Lazarus was coming out of the tomb, still wrapped in cloth. But of course, I was just seeing things, it couldn't possibly be real. Apparently, it was real because Mary and Martha went over and started hugging the mummy type thing. Jesus told them to unwrap him and they did. After that it looked like they never wanted to let go of their brother. I was astonished at how Jesus did that, I probably shouldn't have though, because Jesus can do anything he sets his amazing mind to.

We left the next day ready for whatever adventure would come next. After all it is Jesus we are talking about.