

# A HURTING MAN'S STORY

A Dramatic Reading

by  
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Jesus didn't look different from other teachers. Probably I've heard just about all of them. Always talking and arguing about the Sabbath. I always wondered why it was such an issue.

But I had to admit, Jesus was different. He didn't let them corner him, get him defensive about the Sabbath.

Here he was in our synagogue--well, I should say, their synagogue. They didn't really consider me a part of it with my withered arm and all--I was a sinner. Anyway, here he was teaching on the law and obedience and such and I, for one, wanted to hear him. Tucked back in the shadows I'm not that noticeable. I didn't think he'd object to my being there anyway.

He seemed likable enough. I'd even heard he was doing incredible things--miracles. Healings. Elias told me some time ago that he knew of a blind man who had been healed. But beggars are always lying about something. I've told people who plunked a silver or a gold into my cup that I've been an orphan from childhood. Always a good line. If they knew my own brothers dumped me there every morning to beg, they'd be horrified. But it makes people feel good--like their money was more sacred in the eyes of God because they'd given not only to a cripple, but to an orphan.

Of course the rumor about Jesus was that he was an honorable man. However, some said he performed his miracles on the select few, his believers. Sometimes his brusque confidence was hard to take. But he was probably just like the rest. He wanted a name and a following, and his words on the scrolls. Have the scribes quote him on the Sabbath, I knew the type.

I was pinching my arm while he talked. It always itched when I thought about it.

And suddenly he was looking at me. I turned my head to look behind me to see what he was staring at. But I was against the wall. I just hunched down more deeply into my robes. Then he motioned for me to rise.

When Jesus motioned, I didn't think he meant me. But he kept looking directly at me. I have to admit, I was scared. I even began to shake.

He said, "Young man, come forward."

There were rumors that he liked to make examples of people, spin stunning stories. He called them parables. But why was he singling me out?

**--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---**