

THE PASSING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER (Luke 8:49-55)

Introduction

Her name is not given, but she was twelve. The father, a ruler of the synagogue, did what desperate fathers do: he went to find the only help he knew, because she was ill and very weak. At the earnest urging of Jairus, our Lord turned that day from present labors and walked beside a worried man toward the object of his care.

But before they reached that destination, a messenger from the house stopped them in the road: "*Trouble not the Master; she has passed away.*"

I. **8:49:** Once that has happened, nothing can be done. "*Trouble not the master; she has passed away.*"

A miracle worker, was he? Yes, a healer of the most noteworthy sort, one who healed even the lepers, the palsied, and the lame. But does not the implication of the man's plaintive words ring true that "where there is life there is hope"? And now hope was gone; for, as he said, "She has passed away." Hope is a wonderful power in the midst of trial; but there are bounds to hope, bounds set by what we have already seen. BUT we have not seen everything yet.

II. **8:50:** "*Fear not,*" he answered; "*just trust me: she will be made whole.*" By what we have seen, we dare to trust for more than the present scene.

Is it too much for him, who created the heavens and the earth and made us all—is it sensible to limit God and suggest, "Don't worry about it now; there is nothing more to be done"?

They walk on—the messenger and the man, more than worried now, crushed by loss, and even more—confused by hope. They near the home, pass through the gate, enter the door—to meet the mourners there.

III. **8:52:** "*She is not dead; she's asleep.*" Jesus called it "sleep," though they and he [53] knew she had passed away.

Jesus called it sleep because that is closer to the truth of what it is than what the mourners, family, friends, neighbors, and father and mother were thinking and feeling. They sensed finality; he saw temporary repose.

IV. **8:53:** “*They laughed at him,*” it says. The professional mourners ridiculed one so naïve, they thought, as not to recognize the obvious state of the girl who lay before them all.

For their unbelief he put them out, and with her parents and his disciples he approached the bedside of the daughter. There he did what was more than they had dared to hope for, more even than had entered into their heart: he went beyond the cure of sickness to the conquest of its worst consequence—just as the Father went beyond taking Jesus down from the cross, and raised him from the grave. The temporary sorrows with its fears were not removed; those lesser things enhanced the greater victory—o'er the grave.

V. **(8:54):** “*Talitha, Cumi* [Maiden, get up].” What happened with the daughter of Jairus will happen with each of us who will indeed follow in her train. The difference lies only in the amount of time between the passing and the rising. The certainty of both is the same, and what happens will be for all practical purposes the same as well.

It remains for us to carry on the struggle of life. True to our mortal condition, we have confidence in front of the enemies we see, and with at least minor confidence we wage the warfare of the world. BUT there is more to our struggle than arms and weapons can address; there are the intangible enemies, the invisible foes. We must carry on.

The hymn is entitled, “For All the Saints Who from Their Labors Rest”

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