

## Somebody told me about Jesus

### A young girl and her friend Joanna

Somebody told me about Jesus.

It was my best friend, Joanna.

We've been friends since we were babies.

Our mums are also friends. They work together, usually at our house, making clothes. My mum stitches better than any woman in the village, and Joanna's mum is really good at finding people who want clothes made for them.

Joanna is an only child, whereas I have two brothers and a sister. Joanna's mum gave birth to two boys after having Joanna, but they both died young. So, Joanna gets all her parents' love and attention. Sometimes I'm jealous of her. But I love her lots! We dream dreams together, and we talk about everything.

Anyway, one day Joanna got a scratch. Mum had asked me to clear some brambles from the goat pen, and Joanna said that she would help. The brambles scratched her leg. She hardly noticed it. When we'd finished clearing the pen she went home.

The next day and the scratch mark looked really nasty, and she was in quite a lot of pain. Her mum kept on washing the scratch but it didn't seem to do any good.

The day after that I called at her house and her parents said Joanna was still in bed, and she had a fever. I wasn't allowed in, but I went round to her bedroom window and we talked there. Joanna was sweating and shivering and really didn't look well. I walked home feeling very worried about her.

The next day friends and relatives in Joanna's family started gathered at her home. My mum told me that Joanna might die, and I should pray for her.

Of course, I did pray for her. I really begged God to heal her!

Then news came that Jesus had come into the village and my dad went off to see what was happening. Joanna's dad is an elder at the Synagogue and we heard that he had gone to ask Jesus if he could heal Joanna.

But then we heard Joanna had died. At first, I couldn't believe it. Not Joanna! She was absolutely fine just a few days ago. How could she now be dead?

Later, when I saw Joanna, she told me what happened.

She remembered lying in her bed feeling really hot and ill, sometimes sleeping and sometimes awake. Then she remembered having a scary dream, which then seemed to drain away into nothing.

Then she heard a man's voice say very clearly "My child, get up!" Joanna just opened her eyes, and there was this man with a very kind face looking at her and smiling. Joanna felt completely well. Just like she'd woken up after a good night's sleep.

Joanna's mum and dad were standing behind Jesus. They were both crying. Joanna had never seen her dad cry before.

I think everyone cried that day.

I did!

The strange thing is that Jesus then immediately left the village, so I never did get to see him. Joanna and I are now secret disciples of his. We hear things about him from time to time, and sometimes we don't know what to believe. But he saved my best friend and so, as far as we are concerned, he'll always be our friend.