

## Somebody told me about Jesus

### A young man and his master Simon

Somebody told me about Jesus.

It was my master, Simon.

I've been working for him for six years now. Back then, Simon was suddenly taken ill, and although he mostly recovered, his legs remained weak. So, I was given the job of helping him get out of bed in the morning and get him back into bed at night. They needed someone strong, so they asked me. During the rest of the day they just give me odd jobs to do.

My master is a fair man, but he's not the happy man he used to be. His illness had that effect on him, though we do sometimes have a laugh together. He seems to enjoy talking with me, but I have to be careful not to forget my place with him. Whatever happens, he is still my master and I am still his servant.

Anyway, one of the things we would talk about as I got him up in the morning was the new Rabbi, Jesus, who is stirring up a lot of people. Everyone's talking about him, and since my master is a Pharisee, it's not surprising he has taken an interest in the man. His Pharisee friends keep him up to date with the news. So, when we heard that Jesus was staying in our town, my master became very excited and decided to invite Jesus over for lunch. He sent another servant with the invite and he quickly returned saying Jesus had accepted. My master was overjoyed...and I was feeling pretty excited about it too!

Sadly, later that morning, I was required to help find some lost sheep, and so I didn't see Jesus. But Simon, my master, told me what happened as I was putting him to bed that night.

Apparently, halfway through lunch, Rachel, a lady from the other side of town, wondered in. My master said that she was in a terrible state, and she started touching and kissing Jesus. All the people in the room were looking seriously uncomfortable with this display of emotions...except for Jesus. He seemed totally fine with that sort of attention from a woman...in public...who wasn't his wife!

Everyone knows who Rachel is...but clearly Jesus didn't. "So, he couldn't have been a prophet." Master Simon said to me, winking! I must admit, I chuckled, but I didn't feel very comfortable with the story. I knew a bit about what had happened to

Rachel in the past, and I felt sorry for her. I was glad Jesus had not done anything to embarrass her. Perhaps he was a prophet after all!

But then my master became serious. He told me Jesus had made the point that those who were forgiven much would be more grateful than those who had been forgiven little; and master Simon said he thought Jesus had a point. But then Jesus went on to question master Simon's hospitality, because he hadn't washed Jesus' feet when he first arrived at his house! As if he hadn't done enough for Jesus by giving him a good meal, and an opportunity for him to share his ideas!

So, at the end of the day, master Simon actually seemed more confused about Jesus, having met him, than he was before he met him. Some things about Jesus seemed to make sense and some things didn't.

As for me, I didn't know what to make of Jesus either. He seemed to be more concerned with the lowest in our society, than he was in making friends with people like master Simon, who really matter.

Actually, I quite liked that!