Heal

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Healing.

Does Jesus even do that anymore? I’ve read about it in Bible stories, but what does that mean? What did it look like? Did Jesus really say, “take up your mat and walk?” and it just worked?

All they did was ask and it worked?

What if I’m not sure if Jesus can heal me?
Should I still ask?
Could he still do it?

Or what if I’ve asked and it’s not working?
What if I pray and pray and pray, but my knees still ache and my bones still quake and my body’s still broken?

Or what if my relationships are broken, and my friendships are crushed, and families are devastated all around me?

Or what about that hurt, that deep, deep pain inflicted upon me, wrought from the carelessness

or the maliciousness

of others
that has ruined me, 
slicing me open and leaving me raw, 
gasping for breath.

Can God heal that? 
What if he doesn’t? 
What if he won’t?

What if I still struggle with my sin, and my soul is wracked by sickness and temptation crowds me in?

_Though he slay me, I will still trust him._

Where is God when I’m sinning – is he there? 
Can he still heal that?

_Though he slay me, I will still trust him._

What does it mean to be healed, and what does it mean to be made whole?

_Though he slay me, I will still trust him._

Where are you, God? 
Where are you? 
Jesus, where are you? 
If you are really strong to save, why am I not healed yet?

Find me in my asking, find me in my hurting, for here I am, waiting to be found.

_Though he slay me, I will still trust him._