

The resurrection of Lazarus  
(John 11: 1-45 and 12:1-2, 9-11, 17-19)

My name is John Lazarus. My sisters Martha and Mary and I were friends of Jesus. Jesus loved me! My sisters said so, and so did the Jewish people who came to our house to be with them after I died.

Martha and Mary told Jesus I was ill. They expected Him to drop everything and come over and heal me straight away! But He didn't. It was four days before He came! By that time I was dead and buried.

Both Martha and Mary said to Jesus: 'Lord, if you had been here, my brother would not have died.' They believed He could heal people. But I had died already!

Jesus told Martha: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life' 'Do you believe this?' Martha replied: 'Yes, Lord, I believe that You are the Christ, the Son of God.'

They showed Him where I was buried and Jesus cried. They opened up the site and I heard His voice call me loudly 'Lazarus, come out!' I moved as fast as I could but I had the grave-clothes on! Then He told them to undo them and set me free!

Well, you can imagine the fuss there was! People were gob-smacked! My sisters gave a celebration dinner for Jesus at home and there was I eating alongside Him, right as rain!

Most people were thrilled, but some went and told the opposition. They went mad! They had wanted to kill Jesus for a long time, but now they were after me as well!

As you know, Jesus died on the cross and and also rose again from the dead, and then went back to heaven. For myself, I did not die again till I was an old man. That's how much He loved me!

My life was never the same again I can tell you. I wasn't afraid of death of course but I had to hide! If you want to look for me, you can catch sight of me in the rest of the gospel of John. After all I was the one who wrote it down.

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