

When You're Sick in Spirit and Don't Want to Move

If he had been a southern man and the mother-in-law had been a Texas girl, she would have been appalled for him to see her lying there like that—with no lipstick on and hair mussed by the pillow.

But he would have been a gentleman and paid no mind to her appearance.

Gently taking her hand, he would have helped her sit up. With that, the dangerous fever would have left.

And she would have gotten up and set out chips and homemade salsa on the bar. She would have asked all those guys if they would care for some sweet tea, and she would have made sure the ice cubes went all the way to the rim of the glass.

... if he had been a southern man and the mother-in-law a Texas girl.

But it was Jesus and Simon's mother-in-law. I think, though, that he still was the gentleman and only the choice of food set out by the woman would have made the story different.

How do we know when a woman has come back from the brink of death? Because we see her get busy at home.

Dinner is in the crockpot.

Clean underwear is in the drawers.

Beds are made.

I have been sick in spirit before—not feverish, but anxious or grieving or lonely. And in those times the hardest thing to do was a regular chore. To get out of bed and get dressed, load

the dishwasher and think of what to make for dinner all seemed impossible tasks.

But then the Lord would lift my chin, and I would find life and energy in my soul again. The most joyful sign of inner health was that I actually felt like tidying up the living room or wiping down the bathroom sink.

“So He came and took her by the hand and lifted her up, and immediately the fever left her. And she served them” (Mark 1:31).

To be helped up is a great gift, isn't it? To be able to get up and go about our daily tasks?

So I pray today that the Lord will take you by the hand and help you rise to serve the people in your life. What a great celebration that you are alive and well.