

When I Met Jesus

As I read the gospels and watch individuals interact with Jesus, I see myself.

I was the foreign woman, an outsider and totally unworthy of Him. I had no right to even approach Him, but I had nowhere else to turn. What could I do? So I ran to Him and just fell at His feet and begged. He looked into my face, smiled, and took away my need completely. (Mark 7:24-30)

I was the leper who cried out to Jesus from a distance, "Have pity on me!" And He did! He certainly did! Now I am well and whole, and I have friends and family again. I have a beautiful, brand-new life, all because of Him! (Luke 17:12-19)

I was blind and in a pit of despair. One day, sitting there in my darkness, I heard that Jesus was nearby. I cried out to Him, hoping He would hear, "Jesus, have mercy on me! Have mercy on me!" They tried to silence me, but I knew this was my last chance. I kept screaming, "Jesus, Jesus, have mercy on me!" And do you know what He did? He stopped and called me over to Himself. He touched me, healed me, and now I can see! I can see! (Mark 10:46-52)

I was the woman at the well. No matter who was around, I felt so alone. I was trapped by my weaknesses and disgraced by my own choices. But Jesus came to me and talked to me, so patiently, respectfully, and kindly. Now I am a different person, just because I met Him. How I love Him! (John 4)

Hymn: [I Was the One](#)

© 2009 by Ken Bible, c/o LNWhymns.com