

“Hurry Nathaniel!”

a fictional account by,
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“Hurry Nathaniel, did you finish what I told you?!”

Nathaniel joggled out of his daydream to hear his mother’s yelling tone.

“How many times do I have to tell you something!”

“I think I finished Mother...” Nathaniel said quickly knowing that he wasn’t sure if he was supposed to sweep the floor or clean the table? He quickly shoved the items on the table into the trash and kicked whatever he saw on the floor to the corners of the room. He noticed the sun’s penetrating rays as it shined through the window and onto the floor, and remembered only a minute ago how dark it was outside when he came into the kitchen. He looked once more at the rocks he had been cleaning and playing with earlier. They looked so special...so shiny, and lined up from littlest to biggest.

Nathaniel’s Mother shook her head as she surveyed the kitchen and then spied the neatly lined up rocks on the counter. Anger filled up within her and she retreated to a nearby chair to slump into it full of frustration and fury. How many times do I have to use “the rod” to discipline him? She felt like she was always yelling, disciplining, and becoming frustrated. He was of no help to her in the house. She knew of his memory difficulties and his learning differences, and that is why she must hurry. She quickly put together some leftover bread and two apples in a basket. As she looked over toward Nathaniel who still was trying to sweep the floor, she glanced out the window and saw her friends and their children walking up the hillside with picnic basket lunches, and refocused with words.

“Nathaniel! Hurry! Forget the chores, we’ll deal with that later! Grab the picnic basket and we’ll have to run to catch up with our neighbors! Hurry Nathaniel!” As they ran from their home, Nathaniel’s mother noticed that in the rushing Nathaniel forgot the picnic basket as well as his shoes. She thought, “No time to go back” as she grabbed his hand firmly rushing uphill to catch up with the others.

Tears welled in Nathaniel’s eyes, as he ran with his mother. He could tell how mad his mother was by her frowned face and tight grip. It was then also that Nathaniel realized he left his shoes at home as he suddenly felt the roughness of the grasses on his bare skinned feet. He tried to jump over any visual rocks and wouldn’t dare breathe a word to his Mother about his shoes. After all, he couldn’t disappoint her again. With a jump over each rock or two he saw, Nathaniel dropped a tear.

Without any eye contact, Nathaniel’s Mother spoke through her breaths **“Nathaniel,... all your friends are already on the way... I can’t handle being the last all the time... And yes, I know you don’t have shoes..., and you didn’t remember to get the picnic basket did you!”** Nathaniel’s feet ached as the grasses have become less and the dirt had become more coarse. When they reached the top of the hill Nathaniel could hardly breathe from the stress the running caused in his lungs. Nathaniel’s mother stopped. She took her shoes off her feet and angrily placed them on Nathaniel’s scratched and bleeding feet. **“Hurry”** she said, as they rushed down the hillside to be with their friends several yards ahead.

The crowds had formed, making it more difficult to hurry through them. Nathaniel’s mother firmly held Nathaniel’s hand, as they squeezed through the masses. Her efforts were suddenly halted as two men stood before them.

“No children!” They firmly stated! **“Take the children to that tree up on the hill”** pointed the dark-haired man. **“They can watch over there.”**

Nathaniel and his mother obeyed and retreated to sit and rest with the other children under the cool shade of the large tree. Within minutes, they saw their friends that were before them

being directed toward them by some men. Nathaniel's mother ran to them leaving Nathaniel under the calm of the shade.

"You can't see him either?" she said, as she joined the solemn march with her friends back to the shade of the tree.

The younger children began to cry, as their mother's turned to comfort them. The older ones asked their mothers what was happening, and the mothers sighed as the inevitable had occurred. They had hoped that maybe they would be able to see the Teacher and have their children learn from Him. Nathaniel's mother had heard of the greatness of this man, and wanted Nathaniel to see Him as well. She had heard of the many healings this man provided, and she had thought that perhaps this Teacher could heal Nathaniel's memory and help him to focus on what he should instead of everything he shouldn't.

"Mommy look!" cried one of the children. The mothers and children looked as the child pointed his finger. They looked where the child pointed and the crowd they had come from was now facing them and talking amongst themselves as they pointed toward the women and children. The crowds began to part and two men ran through them toward the curious mothers and children.

"Bring the children forward!" the two men shouted. "Hurry! The Master wants them! Quickly!"

The mothers looked at each other to make sure they heard correctly, and scurried to wipe their children's tears and straighten their clothes as the children were pushed forward to the great Teacher. Nathaniel somehow was pushed toward the front of the children and in the rush of the excitement fell onto the floor losing his mother's big shoes. The men picked him up quickly and although he was barefooted, pushed him forward as he and the children parted the masses until they came to the great Teacher.

The Teacher, Jesus, was smiling and had his arms stretched out to welcome them. The children gathered around him as he saw Nathaniel and looked down at Nathaniel's bare and bleeding feet. He reached out to Nathaniel and gently picked him up only to seat him on His lap. He stroked Nathaniel's feet as He looked up toward the crowds and said in a firm and clear voice, "Let the children come to Me, do not hinder them. You thought they shouldn't come to me with your reasoning, but you are wrong. Your thoughts are not my thoughts and your ways are not my ways. Let the children come to Me because I want them to know Me and to grow through Me. I want to hold every child and bless them and have their lives change others."

Jesus then blessed Nathaniel with His words and touch. Nathaniel's bleeding feet were miraculously healed. What was once dirty and bleeding, became clean and strong. Jesus spoke a blessing over Nathaniel, and a surge of electrifying love penetrated Nathaniel and he was changed. Nathaniel was able to remember not only the details that day, but many details. From that day, Nathaniel was able to focus on what he should and keep his concentration.

Nathaniel and everyone who knew him knows that Jesus healed him because of their testimony. To this day, Nathaniel speaks of Jesus, His unconditional love, and healing for each of us and brings this testimony to others who need Him.

Who in this fictional story do you best relate with?

The Mother, Nathaniel, the disciples, the friends... Seeing who you relate with may reveal some deep truths to where Jesus is speaking to you.

Go over "Can We Face the Answer" (following page) with your staff and discuss them in small groups.

Can We Face the Answer?

1. Would Jesus tell a student to leave His school because the student was too difficult to teach?
2. How can we empower our schools so that “special need” students can be touched by Jesus through our teachers?
3. As a Christian school, how can we be “loving in word and tongue as well as in action and truth” to those students with “special needs” and their families?
4. Sometimes our school cannot meet a “special need” student’s unique needs. When this occurs, what is the school doing so this would be a rare occurrence versus “the rule”?
5. Is your staff willing to teach student’s with “special needs” or do they expect you to?
6. Prayer confirms our leading, provides understanding to our emotions and gives us God’s peace in times of trial. If you feel overwhelmed right now, how might you ask your inner circles to pray for you?
7. What is God revealing to you this day? What can you bring to Him in prayer?
8. What would Jesus do in your situation today?

Scripture Reading: Mark 10:13-16