



Healing the Ten Lepers

Luke 17:11-19

Chauncey leaned back in his chair behind his desk in the Bonzai Brothers Flight School. Algernon had just entered the room and sat down in a bamboo stick chair on the other side of Chauncey's big brown desk. It was the middle of the afternoon and Algernon had just returned from giving 800 Pound Gorilla his latest flying lesson.

"You know, dear brother, I've been giving this some thought." Algernon began. "While Mumsy's been with us she has been such a great help! She has helped us get our hut fixed up..."

"And she has helped us organize our ministry and we're able to help more missionaries than ever!" Chauncey interrupted with a big smile.

Algernon nodded. "Yes, I am so thankful to our beautiful Mumsy for all she has done! We need to thank her!"

"I couldn't agree more, dear brother!" Chauncey agreed. "I am so thankful for Mumsy and we do need to show it! Actually, I think I'm as thankful as the one out of the ten lepers!"

"Ten leopards? Where?!" Algernon jumped up and turned around, as if to defend himself against a wild animal.

Chauncey laughed, "No, Algie not leopards, lepers."

Algernon picked up the chair he had knocked over. "What on earth is a leper?" He asked as he sat back down, a little embarrassed.

"It's a person with a skin illness. When people caught leprosy, they had to be separated from their friends and family so that no one else would get sick."

Algernon shuttered. "Oh, that must have been a terribly lonely way to live."

"Indeed, it was," Chauncey agreed. "They even stood far away when they saw Jesus and called out, 'Jesus, Master, have pity on us!'"

"Well what happened next? Did Jesus heal the leopards?"

"Lepers, Algie, they are lepers!" Chauncey answered, "Oh yes, He did heal them along the way. You see, Jesus simply said, 'Go show yourselves to the priests.' The ten men headed for the priests and along the way, as they went they were healed."

Algernon cheered. "It was a miracle! I bet the priests were quite surprised to see them all!"

"It was a miracle!" Chauncey agreed. "And I suppose since they were healed, the priest gave them all permission to run home to their families and celebrate!"

"Why yes, and I'm sure they all invited everyone to a fine party to thank Jesus for healing them," Algernon added.

"Well, not exactly, dear brother." He reached into his desk, pulled out his Bible, and said. "In the book of Luke, we learn what happened. Let me see if I can find the story so I can read to you exactly what happened." He flipped through the pages until he found the right verses. "One of them, when he saw he was healed, came back praising God in a loud voice."

"Only one of them thanked Jesus?" Algernon asked. "What happened to the other nine?!"

"That is the exact same question Jesus asked." Chauncey replied.

Algernon shook his head and frowned. "How terribly sad. Jesus healed them of a terrible and incurable disease, and yet they didn't even come back to thank Him."

"Yes, they didn't give Jesus the thanks He deserved! And they missed out on a time to grow closer to the God of Wonders." His brother agreed.

"Oh, Chauncey, we never want to miss out on a time to grow closer to the God of Wonders. We must always remember to give God thanks and praise!"

Chauncey nodded. "An excellent suggestion, dear brother! We have so much to thank Jesus for! Why don't we go get Mumsy and invite her to thank God with us? We can let her know how thankful we are for her, and she can join us in praising God for all of the wonderful things He has done for us."

"Agreed!" Algernon patted Chauncey on the back. "We're off to see our Mumsy!"

The two brothers got up from their chairs and walked out into the bright sunshine. As they headed down the path to Mumsy's hut, Algie paused and scratched his head. "Chauncey, what was it we going to praise God for?"

"For all of the wonderful things He has done for us," Chauncey reminded him.

"Of course – that will be just splendid. What sort of things?" Algie asked walking quickly to catch up with Chauncey.

"Why dear brother," Chauncey turned to Algie. "Have you forgotten the things God has done for us?"

"Not exactly, but I'm just not sure I can remember them all!" Algie admitted.

"Not to worry," Chauncey said kindly. "Mumsy know a Psalm in the Bible that reminds us of all the good things the Lord has done. It calls those good things 'benefits'."

"What a relief," Algie smiled. "God was so good to give us Mumsy, wasn't He?!"

"There, you see. You are already remembering good things God has done for us." Chauncey looked up the path and saw Mumsy weeding in the yard.

"Mumsy, Mumsy! We've come to invite you to praise the Lord with us," Algernon said.

Mumsy took off her gardening gloves, "Excellent. I'd love to praise the Lord with my little Boo Boo Kitty and Monkey Toes!"

"Mumsy, " asked Chauncey, "Would you start us off by reading Psalm 103 aloud to us?"

"Read it? I'll do even better than that – I say it from memory. That Psalm always helps me praise God."

Mumsy, Chauncey and Algernon sat down in the grass and Mumsy began, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits - who forgives all your sins and heals all your diseases, who redeems your life from the pit and crowns you with love and compassion, who satisfies your desires with good things so that your youth is renewed like the eagle's..."

Chauncey and Algernon added softly, "Praise the Lord."