

The Bread of Life & Dogs

Mark 7:24-30

by John Walsh

A Monologue

Well Its true. I admit it – especially now. My daughter ... well ... she was demon possessed.

I did what all mothers do in that situation. You start with thinking it is not true. “Oh, it is nothing more then strange moods ... She just has these (uh) fits. ... She’ll get over it ... she’ll grow out of it.”

Then it became obvious to everyone else – even though I was in denial. People stop letting their children come near our house. We were cut off from the community. Then those “other” people started coming by. People like ... well, like my daughter. That is when I knew I had to do something.

Over the last year, I had heard about “the Jew,” the one they called Jesus. He was from Nazareth, down in Galilee. Some Jews thought he was their Messiah – that is, until he started saying everyone had to eat his flesh and drink his blood. He said he was the Bread of Life. At the time, I thought it was disgusting. But as I said, “I had to do something.”

Then I heard Mr. Bread of Life was in our area. That was hard to believe – why would a Jewish Messiah come to a non-Jewish area? They had a word for us. They called us “Gentiles.” That didn’t matter. I knew he had cast demons out of people – and one time it was out of a Gentile.

I left my daughter with her “friends” and ran down the road. I stopped everyone I met until I knew exactly where Bread of Life was. As I traveled, I rehearsed exactly how I would approach him. I would control my self and be dignified. I would reason with him and point out our good standing in the community. I would recognize that he was a king from the line of their great king David.

Suddenly there he was – with all of his men standing around him. He was about to leave – to go back to Israel – never to come back! I panicked! I cried out, “Jesus, son of David, have mercy on me. My daughter is possessed with a demon!”

I could tell he didn’t hear me because he looked the other way. How could he not hear me? Is he deaf? Even the dogs started barking at my screams. You would think that I was the one who was demon possessed.

I kept screaming until his disciples said something to him. They obviously wanted him to send me away. I guess I don’t blame them. I was making quite a scene.

He looked at me. ... Oh, he looked at me. ... That was when I knew he was the Bread of

Life. That was when I truly knew he had the ability to heal my daughter. Then he told me to go away.

My spirit quieted down as I ignored what he said and bowed before him. I only said three words, “Lord, help me.”

He answered by calling me a dog, a wild dog. He said it wasn’t right to give His bread to wild dogs. Yes, you heard me right. I had just been called a wild dog. With all of my upbringing and cultural refinement, he called me a wild animal. Well I guess I had been acting like one.

I glanced over to his disciples. It was obvious by their smiles that they agree with him. The only thing was, He wasn’t smiling. He simply looked at me ... waiting for me to answer.

Suddenly my pride was broken. All of those years of hiding my daughter’s condition – wishing it would go away – seeing my social standing crumble. Now it had come to this. The only thing left was my daughter, this eternal Bread of Life, and me. There was no longer room for pride.

I looked up into his eyes and said, “Your right Lord. But ... even the little puppy dogs are allowed to curl up quietly beneath the table and wait for a few crumbs of bread to fall from the children’s table.”

That is when he smiled. And not just a little smile. His smile almost turned into a laugh. He said, “Woman, You have great faith!” He then got serious and said, “Go on home. Your daughter is healed.”

I knew it was true – and it was true. I went home, and all of my daughter’s “friends” were gone. I mean all of her friends were gone, even the ones that lived inside her.

I told her all that had happened. And today, we are both followers of the Jewish Messiah, the Bread of Life.