

250 Words

Naarah Serves Her Master

by

John W. Nichols

John W. Nichols
11825 N Exeter Way
Raleigh, NC 27613
(919)847-7968
john@nicholsnotes.com

Naarah's carefree childhood ended when invaders conquered her village, and the able-bodied workers were taken to Syria as slaves. Syria's victorious commander, Naaman, picked Naarah to work in his home and assigned her to wait on his wife.

Sadness jostled Naarah's thoughts as she labored over the morning chores. She missed her parents who always taught her to do her best no matter the circumstances. Commander Naaman and his wife recognized her hard work and treated her with kindness.

One morning Mrs. Naaman sat next to the window overlooking the garden and sobbed. Naarah rushed to help.

"Ma'am, are you unhappy?"

Naarah learned the horrible truth. Naaman, the mighty warrior, had leprosy! Naarah wondered if Naaman must move from his comfortable home to a camp with other lepers.

Naarah thought about God's prophet, Elisha, and the miracles God worked through him. God might give Elisha the power to heal Naaman. Should she tell her master? What would God want her to do?

Naarah summoned her courage and knelt beside the weeping lady.

“I wish my master was in Samaria. We have a mighty prophet, Elisha, who can heal leprosy.”

Naaman ran to the king and shared the news. The delighted king wrote a letter and sent Naaman to Israel with gifts including gold, silver, and ten new suits of clothing.

“Please, heal my servant, Naaman.”

Naarah served God by sharing what she knew about Him. Her master, Naaman, was healed from his leprosy, and he returned home glorifying God.