

Prayers for the Sick

Feeling Better with God



Maral was worried. She hurried home from school. It wasn't like mom not to get up in the morning and fix breakfast for them. But today mom had stayed in bed, and daddy had made their breakfast and packed their lunches. Now Maral was going home. She wondered what she would find.

As she turned toward her house, she saw the bus from the high school. Her brother John was getting off. She ran to him.

"What do you think is wrong with mom? Will she be up when we go in the house?" Maral asked her brother. "I don't know," answered John. "I think she is very tired, so tired she got sick. She has been working very hard lately."

John opened the door with his key, and Maral rushed in. She looked in the living room, and then in the kitchen. The breakfast

dishes weren't done. Maral knew something wasn't right. She raced upstairs to her mother's bedroom. Mom was lying in bed, resting.

"Hi, mom. How are you?" asked Maral. Mrs. Johnson turned her head toward Maral and smiled. "I feel a little better, honey, thank you. But it's going to take a while until I'm completely well again. The doctor said I must stay in bed for a week or maybe more. This is going to be very hard for all of us. Everyone is going to have to do some extra jobs, I'm afraid."

Maral left her mother's room and went looking for her brother. Maral was upset. How were they going to manage while mom was sick? Who was going to cook their meals? How was Maral going to get a gift for Saturday's birthday party?

When she found John, he was washing the dishes. Their brother Danny was drying them, and talking. Danny was in the sixth grade. "What are we going to do for dinner tonight? Mom can't get up."

John was about to say something when the doorbell rang. Maral ran to get it, and saw Mrs. Barsamian standing there. "I heard your mother was sick, so I thought this would help." She handed Maral a pan, and then said, "Tell John to heat it for a half hour before you're ready to eat."

Maral was so surprised, she almost forgot to say "thank you." But quickly she remembered and called out, "Thank you, Mrs. Barsamian," as her mother's friend was getting into the car.

As she went back to her brothers, she felt much better. "You know what I think?" she asked them. "I think we'll do okay while mom's sick. But what can we do to help her get better?"

"Well," John said, "we can make sure she takes her medicine. And we can help around here. And we can pray for her."

"But is there anything else we can do?" Maral asked again.

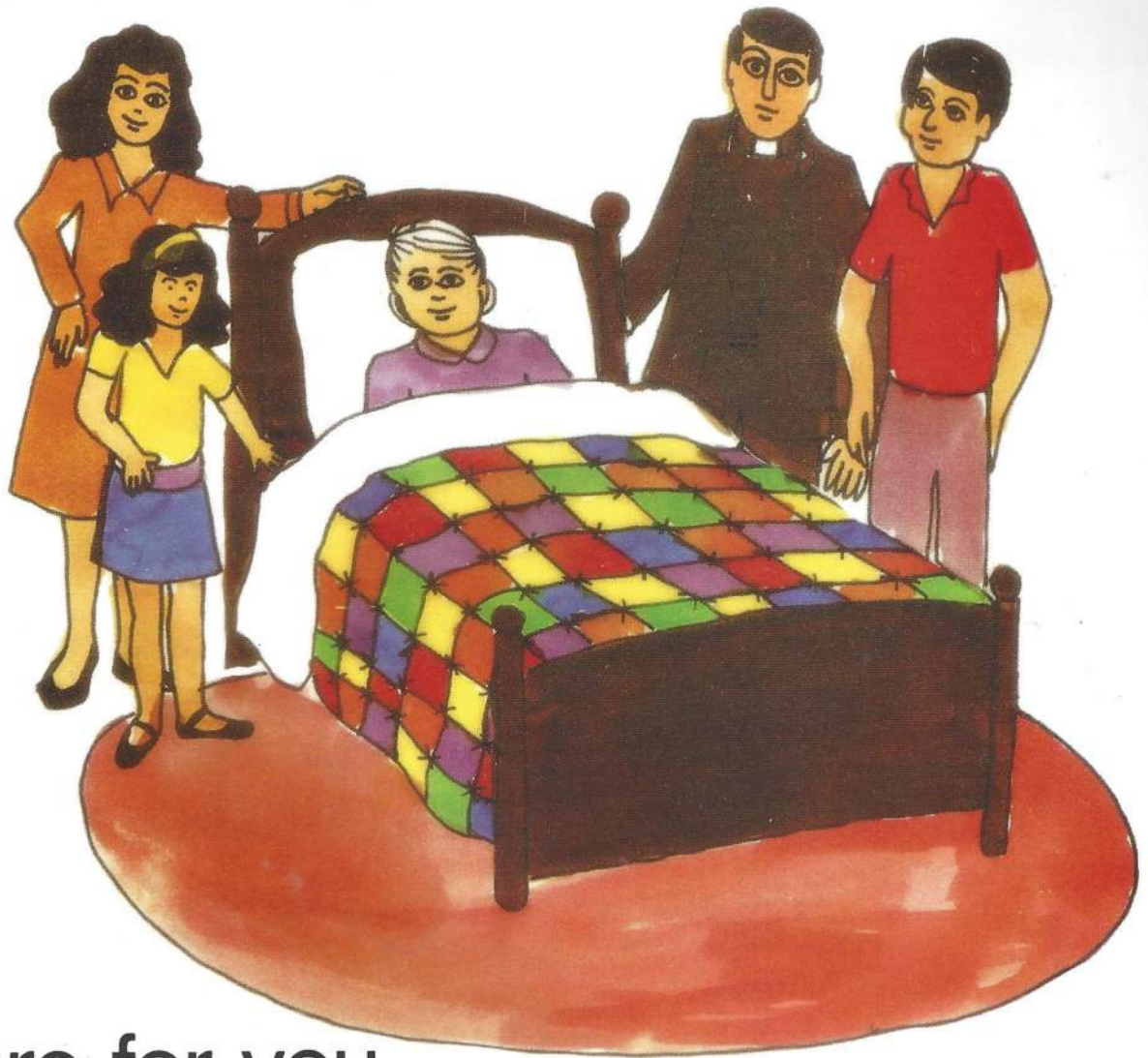
"I know," Danny said. "We learned in Sunday School. We can ask Der Hayr to come and pray for mom. I think it's called *Gark Heevantatz*, or something like that. Der Hayr comes, and says prayers and gives mom Communion, and we can say Hayr Mer together."

"That sounds good, Danny." John and Maral were both smiling. "We'll tell dad tonight as soon as he gets home."

When their father came home, Maral was the one to tell him what the children decided. Mr. Johnson was very pleased. He called Der Hayr after dinner. Der Hayr agreed to come that evening.

Der Sarkis arrived a little later. Soon after, the whole family gathered around mom's bed, and Der Sarkis began by reciting the

Hayr Mer. Maral was glad she had learned it in Sunday School. She was able to say it with him. Then Der Hayr said another prayer, and sang something Maral didn't understand. Just before he finished he made the sign of the cross over mom with his handcross and then she, Maral, John and dad kissed it. He prayed: "Dispel the pain and heal the sickness of your servant Rose, and grant her perfect health ..." It made Maral feel good to hear Der Hayr's words. "Please God," she whispered, "make mommy better soon. And thank you, God."



We care for you.
We pray you will feel better.
Signed, _____