Fingerprints of God in the Margins

Story One

The Little Girl Who Pointed to a Prophet

Dedicated to those who still believe there is more to discover in God's Word.

May these stories help you slow down,
look again, and rediscover the wonder
that has been waiting for you all along.

Why These Stories?

For many years I have loved reading the Bible.

Not because I have learned everything it has to say, but because every time I return, I notice something I somehow missed before.

That realization became the beginning of these stories.

These are not attempts to rewrite Scripture or improve it.

Nothing ever could.

Instead, they are invitations to slow down.

To look from a different angle.

To notice the people who quietly stood in the background.

To linger over details we often read too quickly.

To rediscover the wonder that familiarity sometimes hides.

As I worked on these stories, I used every tool available to me, including modern technology.

But tools never deserve the glory.

If these pages help you see God's fingerprints more clearly, the credit belongs to Him alone.

My prayer has remained the same from the very beginning.

Father, if these stories are not from You, let them go no further. But if they are, use them to awaken curiosity, deepen faith, and draw people back to Your Word.

If, when you finish this book, your greatest desire is not to read another one of my stories but to open your Bible with fresh eyes...

then this story has accomplished exactly what I hoped it would.

Before We Begin

This is more than a collection of Bible stories.

It is an invitation...

...to slow down.

...to ask better questions.

...to notice what has always been there.

...and to discover that sometimes the fingerprints of God are found in the margins.

These stories are written for people who think they already know the story.

Their purpose is not to reveal something new, but to help you notice what God has quietly left in plain sight all along.

By changing the camera angle while remaining faithful to Scripture, each story invites you to slow down, pay attention, and rediscover the wonder that familiarity often steals.

So before you begin...

Don't rush.

Read slowly.

Notice the details.

And keep asking one simple question:

"I wonder what I haven't noticed yet?"

Let's begin looking again.

Sharing These Stories

My prayer is that these stories are shared widely.

A church, Bible study leader, Sunday school teacher, or small group facilitator who purchases this PDF is welcome to print copies for participants in that ministry.

Please do not alter the content, claim it as your own, or sell it.

Scripture quotations should remain with the stories if copies are shared.

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Scripture: 2 Kings 5:1–19

Before You Read

Most of us remember Naaman.

The mighty commander.
The leper.
The man who dipped seven times in the Jordan River and came home with skin like a child.

But before Naaman ever met Elisha...
before he ever stood beside the Jordan...
before he ever confessed that there is no God except the God of Israel...

Someone spoke.

She had no title.

No authority.

No army.

No name.

Scripture remembers her only as "a little girl."

Sometimes the fingerprints of God are not found in the people everyone notices.

Sometimes they are found in the quiet faithfulness of someone history almost forgot.

The Story

People often imagine that the hardest day of my life was the day I was taken from home.

It wasn't.

That day happened all at once.

The hardest days came afterward.

They arrived every morning when I woke in a foreign land.

Every evening when I realized I still wasn't home.

Every feast day that reminded me of my family.

Every Sabbath when I wondered whether my father was reading the Scriptures without me sitting beside him.

Grief is strange.

At first it shouts.

Later it whispers.

Sometimes the whisper hurts even more.

I was very young when the Aramean raiders came into Israel.

I do not remember every detail.

Some memories fade around the edges.

Others never leave.

I remember smoke.

I remember shouting.

I remember hands pulling me away before I had time to understand what was happening.

Then home disappeared behind us.

No one asked whether I wished to leave.

Children rarely have a voice when kingdoms collide.

When we reached Aram, I learned that I now belonged to the household of Naaman.

Everyone knew his name.

Even in Israel we had heard stories.

Commander of the army.

Victorious in battle.

Respected by the king.

Men stood straighter when he entered a room.

Servants lowered their eyes as he passed.

His victories had made him famous.

His position made him powerful.

His word carried weight.

Mine did not.

I became a servant to his wife.

She was not cruel.

Quiet, mostly.

Kind in ways that never drew attention to themselves.

She gave instructions.

I obeyed.

The days slowly found their rhythm.

Sweeping floors.

Grinding grain.

Fetching water.

Preparing garments.

Helping with whatever was needed before the sun rose and after it disappeared.

It is remarkable how quickly people become accustomed to another person's presence.

Soon I was simply there.

Not family.

Not a guest.

Not quite invisible.

Just expected.

I learned their language.

I learned their customs.

I learned where everything belonged.

But every evening, when the house became still, I remembered where I belonged.

Not here.

Israel.

The land where the Lord had chosen to place His name.

Sometimes I would quietly repeat the psalms I had learned as a child.

Not loudly.

Only enough so I would not forget.

Captivity can take many things.

I did not want it to take the words of God from my heart.

Months passed.

Perhaps longer.

Time loses its shape when every day looks like the one before it.

That was when I first noticed.

Naaman's servants became careful whenever they helped him dress.

His wife lingered after everyone else had left.

There were whispers.

Doors that closed sooner than usual.

Conversations that stopped when others entered.

At first I did not understand.

Then one morning I carried freshly washed garments into his room.

His outer robe had been folded back.

For only a moment I saw it.

A pale patch.

Small.

Different from the skin around it.

Naaman covered it quickly.

No one spoke.

Neither did I.

Days became weeks.

The spot did not disappear.

Another appeared.

Then another.

I knew what I was seeing.

Everyone did.

No one wished to say the word.

Leprosy.

In Israel we knew what it meant.

It separated people.

It changed lives.

Sometimes it ended them.

But in Aram there seemed to be no answer.

The physicians came.

They offered medicines.

Ointments.

Bandages.

Advice.

Nothing changed.

I watched something happen that I had never imagined possible.

A powerful man began carrying an invisible burden.

Victory could not remove it.

Honor could not hide it.

Wealth could not purchase freedom from it.

Every morning he dressed as a commander.

Every evening he undressed as a man who feared what tomorrow's mirror might reveal.

Illness has a way of making every person equal.

One afternoon I found my mistress sitting alone.

She held one of Naaman's robes in her lap but had forgotten she was mending it.

Her eyes rested somewhere far beyond the courtyard.

She looked tired.

Not from work.

From carrying worry.

I nearly walked away.

What could I possibly say?

I was a servant.

A child.

A captive.

Who would ask my opinion?

Yet another voice spoke inside me.

Not aloud.

Only in my heart.

You know something they do not know.

I did.

Not because I was wiser.

Because I had come from Israel.

Because I knew about the prophet.

Not stories.

Not rumors.

The prophet.

Elisha.

The man through whom the Lord had shown His power again and again.

I had heard what God had done.

I believed what God could do.

Still...

Should I speak?

After everything that had happened to me...

After being taken from my family...

After losing my home...

Why should I help the man who had led the army that carried me away?

That question lingered longer than I care to admit.

Bitterness always sounds reasonable at first.

It tells you justice means silence.

That compassion belongs only to those who deserve it.

But the God of Israel had never treated people according to what they deserved.

If He had...

None of us would have known His mercy.

I looked at my mistress.

She was no longer simply the wife of my captor.

She was a woman watching someone she loved slowly disappear.

Compassion quietly overcame resentment.

I spoke.

"My mistress..."

She looked toward me.

"I wish my master were with the prophet who is in Samaria. Then he would cure him of his leprosy."

That was all.

No long speech.

No explanation.

No promise.

Only one sentence.

One quiet sentence.

I returned to my work.

I wondered if she believed me.

I wondered whether she would even mention it.

Days later I noticed unusual activity throughout the house.

Servants hurried.

Supplies were packed.

Animals prepared.

Something important was happening.

Then I learned.

She had told Naaman.

Naaman had told the king.

The king had written a letter.

And Naaman was leaving for Israel.

I stood in the courtyard and watched them disappear down the road.

My heart traveled with them.

Not because I knew what would happen.

Because I hoped.

I prayed.

The days that followed seemed longer than the months before them.

Every sound near the gate drew my attention.

Every traveler made me wonder.

Had they returned?

What had happened?

Had Elisha received him?

Had the Lord answered?

Or had I spoken too soon?

Sometimes faith waits in silence.

And silence can feel very long.

The waiting became its own kind of work.

No one spoke much about the journey while Naaman was away, but everyone thought about it.

The servants wondered whether their master would return disappointed.

The physicians wondered whether the prophet in Israel possessed some secret they had missed.

My mistress tried to keep herself occupied, but I often found her standing where she could see the road leading toward Damascus.

Hope can be difficult to carry.

It weighs less than fear, yet somehow feels heavier.

Then one afternoon, someone shouted from the gate.

"They're coming!"

The courtyard came alive.

Servants hurried outside.

The stable hands rushed to prepare the animals.

My mistress stood so quickly that the stool beside her tipped over.

I stayed behind the others.

Not because I wasn't curious.

Because I wasn't sure I belonged among those waiting.

The sound reached us first.

Hooves.

Voices.

Then the company entered the courtyard.

At first nothing seemed different.

The horses were the same.

The servants were the same.

The wagons carried less than they had when they left, but otherwise everything appeared ordinary.

Then Naaman dismounted.

There was something about the way he walked.

Not proud.

Not defeated.

Quiet.

As though part of him had been left somewhere far away.

Everyone watched him.

He removed the cloak from his shoulders.

The sleeves of his garment shifted as he moved.

For just a moment, I saw his arm.

I stopped breathing.

The pale patches were gone.

Not faded.

Gone.

His skin looked whole.

Fresh.

Like that of someone much younger.

A murmur spread through the courtyard.

No one knew what to say.

The physicians stared.

The servants looked from one another to their master as though afraid their eyes were deceiving them.

My mistress stepped toward him slowly.

She reached for his hands.

Turned them over.

Touched his arms.

Then she looked into his face.

Neither of them spoke.

They didn't have to.

Some moments need no words.

I quietly stepped backward.

My eyes filled before I realized I was crying.

Not because Naaman had been healed.

Though that alone would have been enough.

I cried because the God I had known as a little girl in Israel had not stayed behind in Israel.

Kings had borders.

Armies had borders.

Nations had borders.

The Lord did not.

Later, after the excitement had settled, the household gathered to hear what had happened.

Even the servants lingered near open doorways, pretending to work while listening.

Naaman spoke more softly than I had ever heard him.

He told of arriving before the king of Israel with gifts, silver, gold, and fine garments.

He told of the king tearing his clothes in despair, believing Aram sought an excuse for war.

Then word reached Elisha.

The prophet had sent a message.

"Let him come to me."

Naaman admitted that he had expected something very different.

He had imagined a ceremony.

A dramatic prayer.

The prophet himself coming outside.

Hands lifted toward heaven.

Something worthy of a commander.

Instead...

Elisha never even came to the door.

A messenger stepped outside and delivered a single instruction.

"Go and wash in the Jordan seven times, and your flesh will be restored to you."

Naaman smiled, though there was embarrassment in it.

"I was furious."

Several servants nodded.

They had seen it.

"I thought our rivers were better than Israel's."

He paused.

"I nearly went home."

One of the servants who had traveled with him spoke up.

"We begged him to reconsider."

Another smiled.

"We asked him, 'If the prophet had asked you to do something difficult, wouldn't you have done it?'"

Naaman laughed quietly.

"Instead...all he asked was something simple."

The room grew still.

"I went down to the Jordan."

His voice softened.

"I dipped once."

He held up one finger.

"Nothing."

A second.

"A third."

His hand continued counting.

"No change."

The room seemed to count with him.

"Fourth."

"Fifth."

"Sixth."

Then he lowered his hand.

"The seventh time..."

He looked down at his own skin.

Almost as though he still could not believe what he was seeing.

"...everything was gone."

Silence settled over the room.

Not empty silence.

Holy silence.

Finally Naaman spoke the words that have remained with me all these years.

"I know..."

He looked toward no one in particular.

Perhaps toward everyone.

"...that there is no God in all the earth except in Israel."

The room remained still.

He did not say Israel had the strongest army.

He did not praise Israel's king.

He did not admire the prophet.

He spoke of God.

Only God.

The God who had healed him.

The God who had humbled him before He restored him.

The God who asked for obedience before understanding.

Then Naaman told us something else.

He had tried to reward Elisha.

Silver.

Gold.

Clothing.

Everything he had brought.

The prophet refused every gift.

Not because the gifts were worthless.

Because the miracle was never for sale.

Grace cannot be purchased.

It can only be received.

I thought the story was over.

It wasn't.

Naaman said that before leaving, he had asked Elisha for something unusual.

He requested as much earth as two mules could carry.

Some of the servants looked confused.

So did I.

Earth?

Why would anyone carry dirt across a border?

Naaman admitted he could not fully explain it himself.

He only knew that he wanted the ground beneath his sacrifices to remind him of the land where he had come to know the true God.

Perhaps he believed worship should begin with remembrance.

Perhaps he simply wanted never to forget.

Some mysteries are better left where Scripture leaves them.

Then his expression became thoughtful again.

"There was one more thing."

He explained that when he returned to his duties, the king would once again lean upon his arm as they entered the temple of Rimmon.

It was part of his official responsibility.

He asked Elisha whether the Lord would forgive him in that circumstance.

Every servant in the room waited to hear the prophet's answer.

Naaman looked toward the courtyard as though he could still hear the words.

"He simply said..."

Naaman's voice almost became a whisper.

"'Go in peace.'"

Peace.

Not victory.

Not condemnation.

Peace.

I have thought about those words many times.

The prophet did not send him away with fear.

He did not place another burden upon already grateful shoulders.

He entrusted the man to the God who had already begun changing his heart.

Transformation often begins in a single moment.

Faithfulness continues for a lifetime.

Years have passed since those days.

I do not know what became of every person in Naaman's household.

History tells us very little.

It tells us even less about me.

In truth, it does not even preserve my name.

I used to wonder why.

Now I think perhaps that was never the point.

Names are precious.

But sometimes God allows a name to fade so that His own becomes unforgettable.

People remember Naaman because he was healed.

I remember something else.

The moment before I spoke.

The moment when I could have remained silent.

History often celebrates the great victories that everyone can see.

Heaven may remember the quiet moments that made them possible.

I was only a little girl.

A servant.

A captive.

I possessed no influence.

No wealth.

No authority.

Only one small sentence placed in willing hands.

It turns out that was enough for God.

Perhaps it always has been.

Look Again

The unnamed servant girl appears in only a few verses.

She performs no miracle.

She never stands before a king.

She never meets Elisha.

She never sees the Jordan River.

Yet without her quiet act of faithfulness, would Naaman have ever gone?

Scripture doesn't answer that question.

Instead, it leaves us with others.

Have you ever noticed that God often begins a miracle with the courage of someone who seems unimportant?

What if the greatest act of faith is not standing before crowds, but speaking one quiet sentence when no one expects your voice to matter?

How many stories in Scripture begin because someone chose compassion over resentment?

How many people have pointed others to God and then quietly stepped back into the background?

What small act of obedience have you dismissed because it seemed too ordinary?

Perhaps heaven measures significance differently than we do.

A Companion Scripture

"For God has chosen the foolish things of the world to shame the wise, and God has chosen the weak things of the world to shame the things which are strong."
1 Corinthians 1:27

God rarely asks whether we are powerful enough.

He asks whether we are willing.

Again and again throughout Scripture, He delights in using overlooked people to accomplish unforgettable purposes.

The fingerprints of God often appear where the world isn't looking.

A Closing Prayer

Father,

Thank You for reminding me that You are never limited by my position, my title, or the recognition I receive from others.

Give me the courage to speak when You prompt me, even if my words seem small.

Keep bitterness from taking root in my heart when I have been wounded.

Help me to trust that no act of obedience is ever wasted in Your hands.

Teach me to be faithful in the quiet places, knowing that You often begin Your greatest work through those the world barely notices.

May my life point others to You, even if they never remember my name.

Amen.

Now...look again.

The little servant girl never performed the miracle.

She simply pointed someone toward the One through whom God would work.

Perhaps that's closer to our calling than we realize.

We are not responsible for changing hearts.

We are responsible for pointing people toward the One who can.

Sometimes one sentence...

spoken with compassion...

can become the turning point in someone else's story.

The Next Fingerprint

Read Numbers 22:21-35 before the next story.

Most people remember Balaam.

Almost everyone remembers the talking donkey.

But have you ever wondered what it was like to be the one creature on the road who could already see what the prophet could not?

Sometimes the fingerprints of God are revealed through eyes that see what others miss.

Until next time...

Keep looking.

Because sometimes the fingerprints of God are found in the margins.