

The Christian Miracle

Teen Fiction

Summary

Isdra Lutheri used to be a committed child to the Lord until a life changing event that had caused her to lose everything. Now that she's all alone surviving college without anyone by her side, she has simply given up. With her questioning everything that has to do with church and Christianity, Jacob Vober comes in to help her. Jacob Vober is an old friend of hers that she helped save when she was only twelve. Now, it's his job to get her back on track and save her as she once did for him. Through obstacles they both go through together and the painful past, Isdra is slowly inspired to be a Christian again. This time with patience, love, and faith. Eventually in the end, Jacob succeeds in his mission to help save Isdra and her life is changed forever once again.

one | change

Isdra could still remember the family gatherings they had every Sunday night by the chimney. From the sound of the crackling pinewood to the flames dancing on the carpet, she could still remember each detail. It appeared to be common sense considering it was nearly a tradition for the family.

All the family in the household would gather on the carpet, and grandpa Albus would tell a story of one chapter in the Bible. Isdra was a young child that was very committed to the Lord. She intently listened to each story, and her grandpa certainly enjoyed watching her green eyes each time they glowed in amazement.

But things were different now. Isdra Lutheri was all grown up, and everyday she would work her early shift at the Phoenix Diner. It was always wake up before the sun rose, and keep everything in order. Being a college student had definitely changed Isdra, and natural habits from when she was young had faded as well.

Each morning it would be the same customers. The same old seniors ordering the same breakfast each day. Because Isdra worked there every morning, everyone naturally knew her, and she naturally knew each customer. "Table seventeen, Isdra!" she heard Ned yell from the kitchen.

"I got it!" she shouted in reply. She patted down her apron as she held her notepad and pen in one hand. Little did she know that while her attention was on her apron, a handsome young man happened to be on her path. So, of course, she found her face stuffed onto the man's chest with a strong scent of cologne surrounding her.

"Um," came her muffled reply as she questioned what had happened to herself. She lifted her head off of the man, and quickly fixed her hair before glancing at the obstacle that had blocked her way.

He was a brunette with aquamarine eyes and a smile that appeared to be awfully familiar. "Are you okay?" he asked her. Isdra watched as he tried to get a good look of her, she didn't hear his simple question. Then there was a gleam in his eyes when it had finally dawned on him. "Isdra?"

Isdra blinked in attempt to regain full consciousness once she heard her name from someone that she hardly recognized. "Yes, that's my name," she carefully chose her words and bent down to pick up her notepad and pen. "And I need to go." With that, she scurried off to table seventeen, ready to take their order.

With the man left dumbfounded and amused by her actions, he settled himself at the counter. When Isdra returned, she looked at him briefly in attempt to identify key features that would rattle her memory, but to no

avail. "I'm Jacob," the man stated, not removing his eyes from the menu and abruptly drawing her from her thoughts. "Jacob Vober."

"Vober?" she muttered to herself. It all seemed familiar, but she couldn't find the right trail that would lead her to her memories. "I'm sorry, I don't believe I remember you," she furrowed her eyebrows in frustration, but maintained a smile all the same. "What would you like to order?"

Jacob, slightly offended by her not remembering him, kept his bright smile as he ordered a cup of coffee. He watched as she poured a generous amount. He noticed how careful she was about not spilling anything on the counter as if her life depended on it. Soon after, she was off running around delivering meals and taking orders.

Then Isdra reached a praying family. The family was holding hands, bowing their heads, and closing their eyes just as she remembered from her past. Not knowing whether she'd wanted to respect them and wait or interrupt them rudely, she obviously waited on the side.

Once they opened their eyes, they noticed Isdra holding a tray of all their orders and a smile formed on each of their faces. "Sorry for the wait," the oldest man said.

"It's fine sir, I wouldn't want to interrupt your praying," she replied while placing each plate on the table. "Although, if you don't mind me saying, isn't it a lost cause?" The family appeared to be taken aback by Isdra's question, but this was something she was used to by now.

The same man cleared his throat and looked over to her in a kind manner. "A lost cause?" he asked. Isdra, now regretting her question, took this as a sign to continue, to elaborate her question.

"Well, sir, what if the Lord wasn't listening? What about those times when it seems he isn't there to help or save us? The time when he makes you question what you did wrong," she trailed, feeling a lump in her throat as she held back her emotions.

The man beamed at her. "He's always listening," he explained. "He may not always answer immediately, but sometimes you just need to wait." It was the same. The same thing everyone said when she asked this question. "Patience is a virtue that most people must develop at times such as these. Did that answer your question?" he optimistically looked at Isdra, hoping that he had helped her.

Isdra was anxious to leave, so with a slight nod of her head and a forced smile, she turned on her heels and made her way to the kitchen.

Jacob Vober watched the entire scene from his barstool seat at the counter, and watched as she dashed pass him.

She returned to the counter with an exhausted groan and stuffing her face into her hands. Jacob chuckled to see Isdra as she always was. Isdra always wanted things in order, but that had caused her to be stressed 24/7. "What are you laughing at Jacob?" she asked, sounding more annoyed than tired.

With another light laugh, he replied. "Oh, it's just nice to see you as your old self," he paused and looked her up and down. "Well, almost your old self." With a shrug, he lifted his cup of joe, embracing the warmth through his hands, and took a long sip.

Isdra knitted her eyebrows and narrowed her eyes at Jacob. He, of course, didn't notice for his attention still remained on his brewed coffee. "Almost like my old self? What is that supposed to mean?" she was rather reluctant to ask, fearful for an answer that she wouldn't like.

"Oh, not that much," he replied through the chewed food he had previously ordered. Though his answer seemed believable, his scrunched up face said otherwise. "Well, besides the fact that you're not all about Jesus anymore," he told her in more of a whisper. Probably in fear that she'd hurt him.

"Excuse me?" Isdra asked, grabbing a wash cloth to wipe the counter. Ned would have yelled at her to see her just talking to a customer "Wasting precious work time," he once said.

"Well, I don't mean to sound rude at all, but you're not as committed to the Lord as you once were. I really mean it," he explained, but all that came from Isdra was a scoff. "You don't understand, but you questioned the big guy upstairs. Since when did you do that?"

"Well—"

"Oh! And to top it all off, you called praying a lost cause?" Jacob exclaimed. Appearing to be yelling rather than asking a question. "Excuse me for my yelling, but it's true," he ran his hand through his hair while keeping a hard gaze at Isdra. In return to his clarification, Isdra roughly slammed the rag against the counter in disgruntlement.

"How dare you walk into this diner believing you know every single thing about me," she gave Jacob a stern look before resuming. "I hardly remember you, and here you are blabbering about how I've changed from the time we were twelve to now? If you were ever my friend, I'm sure you would understand that everybody changes. As a matter of fact, you don't even need to be my friend to know such a fact!" Isdra ended her rant, and restrained the sob that nearly escaped her throat.

Jacob looked around the diner noticing the amount of attention that had been drawn towards them. "I'm sorry," he stated after a long moment of silence between them. Once the customers resumed eating, he took hold of both her hands and involuntarily rubbed arbitrary circles on the back of them.

Isdra glanced at him and saw the leveled look he was giving her. His head was constantly moving as he attempted to maintain eye contact with her. She eventually retrieved her arms back and cleared her throat. "It's fine," she stated and Jacob saw how the confidence in her voice had returned.

"I'm here if you'd like to talk about what changed your beliefs," he offered, pulling out a slip of paper and scribbling a few words on it. "Perhaps after your morning shift? Is that alright with you?" Jacob asked her in a hopeful way.

"No," is what she would've said if she wasn't curious about why he so was eager to help her. "Yeah, of course," she told him reluctantly though she tried to hide her hesitation. Jacob flashed a bright smile followed by a familiar gleam in his eyes. Isdra rolled her eyes in a playful way, but eventually smiled back at his contagious happiness.

"I'll see you soon," he paused to think about whether he wanted to say the next part. "Izzy," he added. Jacob winked and handed her the small slip

of paper he had been holding. Isdra walked around the counter to face him, but she didn't know why. She wanted to at least give him a small hug, but she hesitantly looked up at him.

"See you soon," she stepped forward to be slightly closer to Jacob and suddenly began to doubt herself entirely. Maybe this is wrong. Maybe she shouldn't try to push anything. Luckily, he pulled her into a hug that quickly drew her from her thoughts. Once again Isdra's face was stuffed into his chest, but it wasn't accidental this time around.

Jacob placed a twenty dollar bill in the counter after releasing from the hug. With that, he turned on his heels and headed for the door. Before he left entirely, Jacob stopped in his tracks and turned back to Isdra whose attention was still on him.

"I promise I'll save you from this and get you back on track," he told her. And with that, he was gone.