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Tell Me the Stories

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<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nm8nKMRQXgY>



When I was a child, my mother sweetly sang to me the hymn, "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus."

So, when I had children of my own, I rocked each of them to the same lullaby. But as a child, it was the words that touched my heart most deeply.

I recently discovered William H. Parker wrote this hymn in 1885 for his Sunday school students at Chelsea Street Baptist Church in Nottingham, England. Knowing my heritage, I can't help but wonder if some of my relatives might have been sitting in that class.

"Tell me the stories of Jesus I love to hear; Things I would ask Him to tell me if He were here; Scenes by the wayside, tales of the sea, Stories of Jesus, tell them to me."

And as my children grew, each night from the Children's Living Bible pictorial, their bedtime stories of Jesus came alive through those precious drawings.

Into adulthood, the realization became evident for my children and for me. The melodies and stories of Jesus were not just for children. They carried deep, profound meanings that challenged, matured, and sustained them throughout their lives.

These same stories of Jesus offer mature comfort, resilience and, most of all, hope.

Now as an adult, I hear something more: a reminder that when life feels frightening and unpredictable, Jesus is still present.

The story hasn't changed—but we have.

There have been storms I could not calm, situations I could not fix, and grief I could not reason away.

That is why I'm drawn to the song, "I Love the One," by Lady A and Boyz II Men.

One line says: "I love the one where You calm the storm with just a word. It makes me think You can calm the storm in me."

Yes. The storm around us may be real, but so is the presence of Jesus within it. Suddenly, Jesus standing in that boat no longer feels like a children's story. It feels personal.

The stories I heard as a little girl were never merely children's stories. They were the beginning of a lifelong conversation.

Through marriage, parenthood, disappointment, joy, grief, and everything in between, they have continued to unfold.

The melodies began in my mother's rocking chair, continued beside my children's beds, and still echo in my heart:

"Tell me the stories of Jesus."

Every time I return to them, I discover something new—not because the story has changed, but because I have.

Maybe that is the beauty of Scripture. We can read the same story at seven, thirty-seven, or seventy-seven, and Jesus meets us differently each time.

So I wonder:

What is your favorite story of Jesus—and why?

Which story speaks to your heart in this season of life?

Karen Good

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