

# Luke, the Physician

JOHN STRULOEFF

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**A**fter years of looking at the mortal body,  
of seeing afflictions that horrified—cleft  
palates, leprosy, epilepsy, women hemorrhaging  
in childbirth—after decades of devotion  
to saving bodies he did not think could be saved,  
of opening wounds to see only black mystery,  
what did he feel when he first heard  
of the man who could heal with a word?  
As a doctor, how could he believe?  
But case after case—blindness, a crippled hand,  
even (dare he write it?) death—he documented  
the miraculous treatment. So simple: touch  
and a word. The body and the voice.  
The same treatment he had tried for years  
and failed. Wouldn't his mortally wounded heart  
be jealous? Even after his conversion,  
as he was learning to perfect dying unto himself,  
after so many years of seeing death and knowing  
it still awaited him, is it no wonder that he  
was the only apostle to write the prodigal son,  
releasing the anger of the son who never strayed?

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