

His Touch

Mark 5:25-34

I will never forget that day. It is the day that changed my life forever. For twelve years I had been wounded, bleeding constantly, and in immense pain. Every doctor I turned to, every teacher, or healer had failed me. I had searched everywhere and done all I could do to try to find a cure, relief. Some had answers that didn't work; some were baffled by what to do. Some blatantly said I had no hope. I just wanted to be better.

They called me unclean, and stayed away from me. Many people were afraid they may catch it, many people just stayed away because they didn't know what to say. Others were too afraid to help me carry my burden.

Then the day came when I heard of this prophet, messiah... healer. They told me He made blind men see, He healed the lame, He even brought the dead back from the grave. I knew I had to find Him. I had to touch Him. I heard He was in our town. This day my sickness was immense. All I wanted to do was lay in my bed. I felt almost paralyzed. It would have been so easy to stay in my bed and wallow in my pain; to miss my opportunity. But I knew I had to go. It was now or never.

I gathered all of my strength and courage to go to Him. He was on the other side of town. The journey there was long, and hard. As I traveled I envisioned stealing a

moment away with Him, to explain all I had been through...all of my troubles. I envisioned His gentle face. I imagined what compassion could feel like. And then I imagined how it would feel to be free from my wounded affliction. It seemed almost too wonderful to be true.

It was that hope that kept me going. I stumbled and fell more than one time on this journey. I became very tired and faint. A few times, I almost turned around and went home to embrace my destiny -- to nurture my wounded-ness. Many times, I wanted to sit on the side of the road resting in my pain.

“Look at how much I have been through, not everyone can say they have felt this much misery. Certainly I have earned the right to rest and wallow where I am. Besides, I have already faced so much rejection, what if He rejects me too? I don't think I could bear one more back turning on me.”

I faced these thoughts many times on this trip alone; but there was also a feeling inside me urging me to press forward and continue on toward hope. And so I did.

By the time I found this messiah named Jesus, I was exhausted. I was actually crawling along the dirt road. It took every bit of strength I had to press on. There was a large crowd around Him. At first I was discouraged. That moment I had dreamed of stealing away with Him seemed impossible now. How would I ever get to Him? Everyone was pressing in to touch Him; I was too weak to even stand. But with courage and determination, I made a choice not to give up. I had come this far, if I

could just press in and touch Him, I knew I would be healed from this affliction. I crawled to the edge of the crowd. I was careful not to get stepped on as I squeezed through the feet and legs...ah finally there He was. I stretched out as far as I could and with the tips of my fingers I touched the hem of the garment of the Son of God. I felt light shine all through my body a supernatural healing washed over me that you may never understand unless you experience it for yourself. The best I can say is that it was gentle, and sweet, and life changing.

I heard Him ask his followers "who touched me?" His apostles said "Sir we are surrounded by a multitude of people, what do you mean who touched you? It could have been anyone."

He replied "I felt power leave me" again he gently asked "Who touched me?"

The crowd parted as I said "I did sir." I was afraid. I felt ashamed. Why would this man feel compassion on me?

With more love and (tenderness) compassion than I have seen in my entire life He looked into my eyes. Just His stare brought more healing to my empty soul. "My child, your faith has healed you.".....

My faith, it was my faith that kept me going as I wanted to give up. It was my faith that pushed me when others would have turned around and walked away. It was my faith that spurred me to His feet. If I didn't have faith in who He is, I would have

never pressed on in determination. It was His power, but indeed, it was my faith that tapped into that power.

We are all afflicted with something that brings us grief, discomfort, or pain. Perhaps it's a character flaw that we hate about our self such as pride or laziness. Perhaps it's a wounded heart, or chronic depression. Maybe just as in the story it's a physical ailment. Healing will never come from passively sitting at home hoping a change will happen. Rarely is prayer without action enough for life changing events. Just as the woman in the story we must have determination, and bravery. We can't let defeat or discouragement get us down. We must press to find God's truth, and wisdom on healing. So many of us, me included, have been guilty of wallowing in self pity because of the difficulties our life has dealt us. But we cannot let that define us. In God is Truth, and in God's Truth is healing. If it's physical healing you need, it's not always the way you hope it will be, but if you seek God out there will be at least healing and rest in your soul for where you are. If it is emotional healing you need, God will move you along, and show you how, but you have to be determined to get the healing. It will come.

I know this because I too had a debilitating affliction of depression, and self hate. I looked everywhere for answers to my problem. Everything was little more than a band-aid. It was not until I began a journey to find out about Jesus Christ, that I

found that healing. The closer I got to him, the more whole I became. There were days of struggle. There were attitudes I had to leave on the road behind me, and there were sacrifices I had to make, but from the moment I found Him, I found healing. I will never be the same. Is it all in my mind? Is this Jesus Christ thing something that works for me, but not everyone?

You may choose to believe that, but everyone I know who has sought Him out for healing in their lives have found the same thing I have, I don't believe that is just a coincidence.