

The Power of a Touch

"And Jesus said, "Who touched Me?" When all denied it, Peter and those with him said, "Master, the multitudes throng and press You, and You say, "Who touched Me?" Luke 8:45

Jesus has returned to Capernaum. He has just cast the army of Hell out of a man on the other side of the lake. Now He returns to the crowds and the clamor. We read they are waiting for Him. Among the swarm the synagogue leader, Jairus (Hebrew for "enlightened by God") begs Jesus to heal his ailing **12 year** old girl. She is at the throes of death and each second allows mortality's steely talons to further sink in. Every second is his enemy. Jesus is not only willing to heal, but also willing to follow him home.

To think that God would come home with you to heal your little girl, but a walk takes more time than a word. So here he is rushing Jesus, for time appears to be the most important thing, or is it? On His way he abruptly stops. The crowds press in and collide like bowling pins.

There is no time for stopping, his girl is dying. But Jesus isn't for the moment even considering the girl; He has another **12 year** issue to deal with. Amidst the crowd is a woman, fettered by her own private manacles of helplessness, lunging for the keys. She has tried every advertised cure known to her in science and medicine, but each further incarcerated and isolated her, draining away her funds and bleeding her hope. Now the chains rattle in the prisoner's cell of a cowered frail frame of a woman.

Then came Jesus.

She moles her way through the mob with the determination of a bulldozer. All in her wants to touch Him, even if it's just the hem of His garment. She wants to be healed, she wants to be free. Spotting a clearing she lunges, and touches. Immediately she knows there is change within her. How could she ever think that would have stopped the surf of the crowd with that single touch? Even as Jesus stilled the Sea of Galilee with a word, now the tides of the crowd halt with his voice. His question pushes through the foggy mass. "Who touched Me?" She knows she is busted. The spotlight pierces the oblivion of the crowd and besieges her.

You see...she is not going to get away with trying to subterfuge the power of God without succumbing to the person of God in the process. He isn't in the business of performing miracles for people who will not meet Him first. The Disciples are perplexed. "Everyone is pressing against You and yet You asked who touched You?" Somehow her touch was unique to theirs. Jesus would quote Isaiah 29 saying: "These people draw near to Me with their mouth, And honor Me with their lips, But their heart is far from Me." Matthew 15:8

Could that be the difference?

Perhaps what really separated her from the others is that while all were inadvertently rubbing up against God, she was the only one willing to touch Him with her heart.

Oh, the little girl will die, and then Jesus will steal her from the grip of death, and the father will have to realize that God is not moved with the iron goads of desperate words but with the gentle touch of a lunging heart.
