

Proper 8b: 7/1/18
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Hot enough for you?

It's so hot it almost reminds me of that day by the Sea of Galilee
when I first met young Rabbi Jesus.

Whew – not the sort of day I'd normally want to spend in a close crowd.

Actually, I never much went in for crowds –

nobody wanted to be around me and with the constant hemorrhage
and I never had any energy anyway.

Even that's not it -- I felt dirty.

I knew I wasn't worthy, wasn't fit for polite company.

Unlike that big shot Jairus you just heard about.

He was a man of some means, a leader of the synagogue,
with a family – in other words, everything I was not.

I was a nobody – you don't even know my name, do you?

Who'd a thunk that someone like me –

a woman ostracized, broke and sick to the point of

being ritually unclean – would end up having something in common with Jairus
and his family.

It turned out we both needed Jesus.

Jesus had just gotten off a wind-tossed boat ride with the disciples.

They looked pretty shaken up getting off that boat.

But Jesus went right into the crowd of us there waiting for him.

Even I ventured out to see Jesus.

I'd heard that he'd gone over to the gentile side of the lake

and driven a whole army of demons out of a tortured soul.

Was there even a sliver of hope that he might help the likes of me?

But before I could get to him, Jairus (naturally) beat me to it.

It was a side of him I'd never seen before.

Jairus, always standing up so sure of himself,

was suddenly prostrate before Jesus, begging him to

come help his dying daughter.

And as Jesus moved forward to do just that,
I knew I had my chance.
I couldn't go right in front of him like Jairus.
So no matter how hot it was, I edged in closer
with the rest of the crowd.
I kept my place behind Jesus.
I touched his cloak trusting that would be enough.

Well, it was way more than I could ever imagine.
I didn't just *stop* hemorrhaging. . .
I started knowing that I was loved, that I was worthy of love.
Jesus didn't just heal my twelve years of sickness in an instant,
he made an *ongoing connection*.
He gave me his energy – enough to last a lifetime into the life-to-come.

Before I knew it, I was telling Jesus the whole truth about my life,
right then and there.
It no longer mattered what the others thought.
Jesus wasn't shocked; he didn't judge.
He took me as I am, loved me as I am –
and then transformed me into the person, *the woman*,
God created me to be.

Knowing myself – and everyone else too – as Jesus knows and loves us.
That was the true, the greatest healing,
that nothing could ever take away from me.

Of course I'm thankful that the hemorrhaging stopped after
twelve long years.
But the fact is, even after that, I was still human. Still frail and finite.
Still living in this fallen world God so loves.

And that little girl, Jairus' daughter --
you heard what happened to her, didn't you?
Even after releasing all that energy on my behalf,
Jesus went to her house.

And when the naysayers had fallen into derisive laughter,
Jesus lifted her up to new life showing that we were both daughters –
daughters, beloved children of God,
not so different after all.

We are all sisters and brothers.
We need each other, God made us that way.
We all need the healing love of Jesus in our lives.
You may feel strong or weak this morning – invincible or vulnerable;
you may be on top of the world or carrying a heavy burden;
you may be sitting there feeling right at home or a little out of sorts.
But you all have something in common:
you're human, finite, living in the created world.
You need, and deserve, the healing love of Jesus to get you through.

Please remember that,
and as I've come here today to do,
remind and uphold one another in Jesus' healing love.

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