





Today's Bible story is found in Mark's gospel chapter 5. As I read it to you, we shall hear from two of those in the story.

Let us listen to God's word.

Jesus went in the boat back to the other side of the lake. There, a large crowd gathered around him.

A ruler from the synagogue, named Jairus, came to that place.

Jairus saw Jesus and bowed before him.

The ruler begged Jesus again and again.

He said, "My little daughter is dying.

Please come and put your hands on her.

Then she will be healed and will live."

So Jesus went with the ruler, and many people followed Jesus.

They were pushing very close around him.

I am Jairus and I was desperate.

My 12 year old daughter was dying and needed urgent help.

I had heard about Jesus and how he cured sick people.

I knew that the religious authorities did not trust him, but my daughter was precious to me.

So I put my pride aside by throwing myself at his feet and pleading for his help.

Jesus started to come over, but the crowd pressed in upon and stopped us getting to my daughter's sickbed.

Then suddenly Jesus stopped.

A woman was there who had been bleeding for the past 12 years.

She had suffered very much. Many doctors had tried to help her.

She had spent all the money she had, but she was not improving.

She was getting worse.

When the woman heard about Jesus, she followed him with the people and touched his cloak.

The woman thought, "If I can even touch his cloak, that will be enough to heal me." When she touched his cloak, her bleeding stopped.

She could feel in her body that she was healed.

At once Jesus felt power go out from him.

So he stopped and turned around.

Then he asked, “Who touched my clothes?”

The followers said, “There are so many people pushing against you!

And you ask, ‘Who touched me?’”

But Jesus continued looking around to see who had touched him.

The woman knew that she was healed.

So she came and bowed at Jesus’ feet.

Shaking with fear, she told him the whole story.

Jesus said to the woman, “Dear woman, you are made well because you believed. Go in peace. You will have no more suffering.”

I didn't mean to delay Jesus. I fully appreciated the urgency of the father's request. Only I was desperate too – I had been ill for so long; Jesus was my last hope. I found courage deep inside me. I reached out to Jesus. I shouldn't have been there, let alone touch a man and a rabbi. I stretched out my hand and touched his cloak. Immediately, power surged through my body and the bleeding stopped.

I was healed! I thought I could creep away unnoticed, but Jesus knew I had touched him. I saw the look of despair on Jairus' face, especially when looking in the direction of his home he glimpsed a servant obviously bearing bad news.

However, Jesus was unfazed; he looked at me knowing what I had done.

He smiled, he held out his hand to me.

‘Daughter,’ he said gently, ‘your faith has made you whole.’

He had not only healed me, but had restored me so that I would no longer have to creep in the shadows.



Jesus was still speaking to her when some men came from the house of Jairus, the synagogue ruler. The men said, “Your daughter is dead.

There is now no need to bother the teacher.”

But Jesus paid no attention to what the men said.

He said to the synagogue ruler, “Don’t be afraid; only believe.”

Jesus let only Peter, James, and John the brother of James go with him to Jairus’s house. They came to the house of the synagogue ruler, and Jesus found many people there crying loudly. There was much confusion. Jesus entered the house and said to the people, “Why are you crying and making so much noise? This child is not dead. She is only asleep.” But they only laughed at Jesus.

He told all the people to leave. Then he went into the room where the child was.

Jesus took the child's father and mother and his three followers into the room with him. Then he took hold of the girl's hand and said to her, "Talitha, koum!"

This means, "Little girl, I tell you to stand up!"

The girl stood right up and began walking.

The father and mother and the followers were amazed.

Jesus gave the father and mother strict orders not to tell people about this.

Then he told them to give the girl some food.

I was devastated by the news about my daughter. Just when I thought Jesus might heal her, he'd been delayed and my hopes were dashed.

'Come with me,' said Jesus. Take courage, she is sleeping.'

By the time we reached my home, mourning was in full swing.

They laughed at Jesus when he said she was not dead but asleep.

She was dead, end of story!

Jesus ignored them, preventing anyone from entering the house apart from my wife, myself and his three disciples.

He approached my daughter's bed, took her by the hand, ignoring the taboo of not touching the dead, and quietly spoke to her.

What happened next was amazing!

She got up, walked around the room as though refreshed from sleep, and she asked for food.

It was a miracle.

Thank you Jesus!

Thank you Jesus!











## Closing Prayer

**Father God**

**Make me happy to be me, not disappointed  
that I'm not someone else.**

**Lord Jesus**

**Make me willing to reach out to you.**

**Holy Spirit**

**Make me ready to love those that others  
forget.**

**Amen.**