bleeding OUT

Can you imagine what it must have been like to stop Jesus in His tracks? They say she trembled; she was so frightened, she couldn't find her voice when He demanded, "Who touched me?!" Although His disciples refute anyone specifically had touched Him and they remarked He simply was jostled by the crowds, Jesus *knew* a specific touch had indeed occurred, and power had gone out from Him to meet her urgency and belief. The woman, knowing she'd been discovered, fell at His feet and admitted her desperate need, and upon her admission, she received not only healing but incredible grace (Luke 8:43-48).

I believe it took more than reaching out for the fringe upon His robe for the healing she received. I believe she came to Jesus with her desperation and her conviction: desperation born from her incurable misery and conviction that He was worthy of her confident expectation. She thrust her trust upon the One Whom she had heard could heal. But could He, *really*? I imagine she wondered. Like a last-ditch effort, she had to try because nothing else attempted had ever worked or brought relief.

We too must come to Jesus willing to reach out for more of Him than just the fringe, the hem of His grace, the edge of His love. In our great need and deep emptiness is carried a tiny seed of hope, a morsel of longing; that we can carry through the crowds, in the belief that if we get close enough to the Savior, He can fill what is hollow, repair what lies ruined. I believe it is in the surrender of this need that healing and restoration happens; the cautious carrying of it through the gossiping and bustling throngs of the world just to simply get it close where we can lay it—and ourselves—at His feet. It is then that I believe Jesus looks around Himself and locks His kind and knowing eyes with our busted condition when the true healing and relationship occurs. It is then when we become daughters, sons, beloved, internally healed and eternally saved. It is then that the soul knows. The restless wandering of the soul looking for its safe harbor, its hiding place, its way home. To the good, good Father.

Phil 4:6-7 'Don't fret or worry. Instead of worrying, pray. Let petitions and praises shape your worries into prayers, letting God know your concerns. Before you know it, a sense of God's wholeness, everything coming together for good, will come and settle you down. It's wonderful what happens when Christ displaces worry at the center of your life.' (MSG)