
Dare to Touch

By Hsiao-Ching

Isn't it funny how you can walk through a crowded store, bumping people left and right and not feel uncomfortable? Yet, if the same people came over and brushed the side of you as you stood bumping gas into your car, your reaction would probably be shock.

When people touch, there are a variety of emotions: intentions or non-intentional communication. Sometimes you are just a part of a group that is waiting to enter a theatre, in line at the grocery store, or hugging a friend in need.

Take your "touches" now to your relationship with God. What type of touch do you have?

When I read in Matthew 9 of the woman who had a bleeding illness and touched Jesus in the midst of a crowd, I wonder what kind of touch she had that would draw such attention from God.

If you remember, Jesus was moving, in urgent route to a special request of a father whose daughter had just died. However, the crowds probably slowed him down enough so the woman, (not allowed to even be in public because she was "unclean"), dared to reach out and touch his

clothing. She was healed on the spot.

Jesus immediately sensed healing power expressed to another human. He stops and asks who touched him. What a ridiculous question, the disciples thought. Many touched him at the same moment, yet He knew only one of the touches was special. Why?

How often I have thought I touched him as I prayed, or worshipped, only to find it was as if I was standing next to him in a crowded subway train. What was the difference in her touch and the others who surrounded him that day?

God is always present, his healing powers are always available. Yet her touch granted healing when no one else's did.

That woman had the touch of faith. At the very point of contact, she was probably not even thinking of her physical need, she knew she had to touch God himself and in so doing, it would grant her a blessing. Regardless of the results, regardless of her non-conventional methods, she was risking all she had to meet God.

I remember now the times I have been granted my desires. I realized it wasn't healing I

needed as much as God's presence in my life. His presence meant His power.

However, it was only when I was desperate for God's attention. I had no other place to go, no one else to pull me through, no higher court to plea my case. Not until I have emptied myself, been humbled, had a contrite heart, had I really touched Him. That is the touch God wants from us.

How can we be filled with His power when we are not empty? Can you fill a glass that is already full? Of course not. I must go to Him empty of my idols, abandon my collection of

earthly hopes: money; wise doctors and technology; family support; insurance that promises me help.

The woman came to Jesus with no other hope. She wanted him so bad, she risked her life to gain access to even the tail of his cloak. With the little strength she had left, she was determined to push forward into his presence, dead or alive, and knew that even without Him speaking to her, she was loved and would be healed.

What a touch! Do you dare to touch Him?
Jesus awaits you.