

SM024 – The Bleeding Woman and the Dying Daughter

You're listening to Stories of the Master.

The stories of Jesus have reached into the hearts of millions. They have changed people, families, and nations. Not all have loved the stories Jesus told. Not all have honored the life He lived. Some were angry with Him, the things He did and the things He said. Others were deeply moved and found hope. What will your response be?

Today on Stories of the Master, The Bleeding Woman and the Dying Daughter and it is taken from Mark 5:21 – 43. I hope you will follow along in your own Bible.

My name is Jonathan, and I will be your Storyteller and Teacher.

I'm so glad you're here. Gather your friends. Come close and listen. It's time for the world to hear again the stories of the Master.

And now, The Bleeding Woman.

Part 1

Jairus was alone in the synagogue, this synagogue where he had led his people in worship of the one true God all of his adult life. He had enjoyed his work and counted it a privilege to have such an esteemed position in his community and to help his people learn the truth about the God of creation who also had entered into a covenant of love with His people.

But this time Jairus was not working in the synagogue. He was not preparing for services on the Sabbath or studying what Moses and the Prophets had written. Jairus was praying. All night long Jairus had been in prayer. He was pleading with God for the life of his daughter. She was sick, not getting better, and only God could restore her now.

Hour after hour Jairus prayed, pleaded, begged and asked God to have mercy upon the life of his little girl. She was 12 years old and just getting ready to bloom into the fullness of life. Marriage was only a few years away. She had so much possibility. But the sickness came upon her, and he watched her thin and weaken day after day, life slowing seeping out of her now frail body.

Life was precarious in this part of the world at this time in history. 60% of those born alive were dead by the time they were teens. And this 12 year old girl, the daughter who was so loved by her father would be another who would face the harsh reality of life in a difficult place.

Jairus prayed on and night gave way to day. Jairus could hear people outside the synagogue awaken and begin to go about their duties. Then he heard footsteps and voices. Two men entered the synagogue. Jairus' heart was filled with dread as he looked at the serious face of one of his household servants.

The first servant said, "Jairus, Master, your daughter is not better. We fear for her. You had better come quickly. These may be her last moments."

But the second person said, “Jairus, Master, some of my fellow servants were out by the lake this morning and they spotted some boats headed this way. When the boats came ashore, inside one of them was Jesus – the healer. He is staying by the seashore teaching but he may come this way, today, to our village. He has healed many people and perhaps he will come and lay his hands upon your daughter.”

Jairus was torn. If these were his daughter’s last moments he should be by her side. He wanted to be with her. But if this man Jesus could heal her ...

Jairus turned to the first man, “Tell my wife I will be there as quickly as I can. I will go to Jesus and ask him to come.” Then he turned to the second man, “We have no time to waste. We must go quickly,” and away they hurried to find Jesus.”

Jesus stayed out by the lake. He was now a famous and celebrated person. And because not much happened in small villages, whenever anyone of his stature or close to it visited, it was a public event. In only a few moments he was recognized and people began to gather around him. Then they heard shouting in the distance.

“Make way! Make way! Jairus, the ruler of our synagogue is coming to see Jesus.” The crowd parted to let Jairus through and as Jairus approached many wondered how he would greet Jesus. If two men kissed on the cheek it was a sign they were roughly equal to each other. But if one man bowed lowed on the ground it was a sign of humility and that the one he was before was far greater.

And as Jairus came close he fell to his knees before Jesus and with great earnestness in his voice said, “Jesus, my daughter is dying. She is at the point of death. She is only 12 years old. Oh Jesus, please come and lay your hands upon her that she may live.”

And Jesus said, “I will come,” and the men walked back toward the village. The crowd grew, ten men, twenty men, fifty men, a hundred men. Jesus was surrounded by the men of the village as they entered through its gates and headed in the direction of Jairus’ home.

The crowd was excited. They were all headed to see a miracle but many wanted a miracle of their own. Men fought through the crowd to get as close as they could to Jesus. They reached out their hands to grab him, to touch him, anything to receive a blessing from Jesus. The disciples were having trouble controlling the crowd and the road to Jairus’ house was clogged with people trying to see Jesus or be near to him. Jairus began to be desperate. He knew he had only moments and that his daughter could even be breathing her last as they slowly made their way through the village. “Didn’t these people understand. Didn’t these people care?”

But the village men were only thinking of themselves too and their needs and they wanted Jesus to come to their homes and help them.

But unknown to all of these men, a shadowy figure lurked in the back of the crowd slowly making progress, step by step getting closer to Jesus.

This person had also heard that Jesus was in the village and this person was a woman. Her name is unknown to us. At one point in her life she may have been wealthy, for unlike others she had money to spend on doctors. This woman had a problem. She continuously bled. Her monthly period was not normal. It would continue long after it was supposed to have stopped.

For twelve long years this woman endured this condition. She consulted with one doctor after another – but her condition had not improved and instead grew worse. And now she was out of money, living in poverty with no one to care for her.

She had probably never married – for no man in that culture would touch a woman in such a condition. Or, if she had been married, undoubtedly her husband had left her because with her condition he would never be able to have sexual relations with her.

But it was not just that she was penniless and unmarried in a place that valued wealth and marriage and children, she was also considered unclean before God and before people. She could never visit the Temple in Jerusalem. She could never attend services at the synagogue. She was not allowed to touch others. She was not allowed to sit on furniture others used. If someone accidentally brushed up against her or just touched her clothing, they would be considered unclean. She could not share food with others and water in her presence had to be covered up so that it would not become unclean. She was a social outcaste. She was cut off from her community.

But Jesus was coming to her village that day and when she heard it, she made a decision. She would try to find him and be healed.

This was an impossible challenge – not for Jesus – but for her. She was unclean. No one would let her near to them. How could she get close to Jesus? And, she was a woman. It was not proper for a woman to speak to a man in public. It was not proper for a woman to touch a man. But the woman was desperate and Jesus was her only hope. If only she could get close to him. If only she could touch him, she believed she would be healed.

So she covered herself with a robe and slipped out of her house. One had to look hard to realize she was a woman. And that worked to her advantage. Perhaps others would think, if she drew her robe close around her face, that she was a man and in that way should could get in close to Jesus, touch him, be healed, and then make her escape. No one would know that she, an unclean woman, had been around any of them.

It was easy to find Jesus. You just had to listen for the noise of the crowd and there you would find him. But when the woman saw the crowd she was not prepared. She quickly spotted Jesus but how could she get to him? There were a hundred men around him and they were all trying to get to him.

She lowered her voice to mask her identity and asked someone near, “What is happening? Where are they going?” And the person said, “Jairus’ daughter is dying. They are all going to his house and Jesus said he would heal her but I don’t know if they are going to make it in time – that crowd won’t let them through.

The woman continued to study the situation. Then she saw it. Toward the rear of the crowd there was an opening. Most people were standing to the front of Jesus trying to get Jesus to look at them, trying to get his attention. If she could just slip through the few people that were in back of him, she might be able to get to him and touch his garment. She could pretend to fall and reach down toward his feet and touch the edge of his garment, be healed, then get back up and slip away unnoticed. She knew Jesus could heal her.

As the crowd slowly made its way to the home of Jairus, the woman quietly slipped into the back of the crowd and pulled her robe close around her face. No one noticed her. Good, her plan was working. Step by step, she made her way closer to Jesus. She was bumping up against men, each one becoming unclean with her touch but they didn't know and she didn't care. She had to get to Jesus.

The crowd grew more tense. Loud shouting for people to get out of the way, people crying and screaming, "Jesus come to my house. Jesus help me. Jesus heal me." Hands were clawing to reach him. The disciples were looking concerned, and then, as if someone or something pushed the woman from behind, she stumbled forward through the small group of men at the back of Jesus. She fell to the ground at the feet of Jesus as he was walking away she reached out her arms and grabbed the fringe of his robe.

And in the next instant she felt it – like lightning coursing through her body – she felt the power of God and she gasped and screamed with fear and then with joy as his power surged through her and she knew was clean.

And in the next moment she heard the voice of Jesus above the crowd.

"Everyone stop! Someone touched me!"

The woman had been discovered. She had been healed as she hoped but her plan to get away and not be recognized had not succeeded. She, an unclean woman, had touched a man and in public!

The crowd stopped and everyone became silent. The disciples said, "Jesus, Master, everyone is touching you. Everyone is grabbing for you. Why do you say that someone has touched you!"

And Jesus replied, "I felt healing power leave my body. Someone touched the edge of my garment and power flowed from me to someone in this crowd. Who touched my garments?"

And the woman who was unclean stepped forward and with fear and trembling fell down at the feet of Jesus and told him her story.

And when we come back we will find out what Jesus said and did to her.

Interlude

I guess I left you hanging didn't I? Hi everyone. This is Jonathan Williams, the president of WGS and the creator and storyteller of Stories of the Master. I hope you are enjoying this story. I find it a lot of fun to

use imagination to think through all the details of what could have happened on that day when Jairus and the woman went to Jesus for help.

And that is why we tell the stories of Jesus because we want to bring this same Jesus, the Jesus of love, compassion, and righteousness to the world so that others might hear about him and find his loving touch to bring blessing to their lives.

Stories of the Master is a ministry of Word of God Speak where we teach the truth of God's word for life change, a biblical worldview and to connect your story with the story of Christ's love for you. Our desire is to help people all over the world connect their personal stories to the story of Christ's love for them. Please pray for us and help us with your financial gifts to take these stories to a world that needs to hear about the Savior of mankind. You can reach us at PO Box 90047 – SA TX 78209.

Please check out our website – storiesofthemaster.com and you can listen to today's story again, download it or order a CD to share with a friend. You will also find books and studies that will help you grow in your discovery of Jesus and your relationship with him.

Well, it's quite a situation we have going on. Jairus, the synagogue leader has asked Jesus to come to his home to heal his daughter. She is at the point of death and they must hurry. But the crowd around Jesus makes for slow going. And someone in the crowd had another plan. A woman who had had a bleeding problem for twelve years and touched the edge of Jesus' robe and was healed. Before she could get away Jesus demanded the one who touched his robe come forward and the woman came forward and told Jesus what she had done.

Let's get back to our story and see what happened.

Part 2

The woman fell at the feet of Jesus. She had succeeded in touching him but had not succeeded in getting away. She had been discovered and when Jesus demanded that the one who was healed come forward she had had no choice.

"I touched your garment and I am a woman." She pulled back her robe and revealed her long hair and beautiful face. The crowd was in shock. She had done something improper. She, a woman had touched a man in public.

The woman continued. "I know I am not supposed to be in this crowd. I know I am a woman and I know what others say about my place and where I am supposed to be. But Jesus, I was desperate. For 12 years I have been bleeding. For 12 years I have been unclean. I have consulted with physician after physician and no one has helped. I have only grown worse. I have lost all my money and am down to nothing. I have not been able to be with my family. I have not been able to touch another. I have not felt the hug of a friend or the kiss of a loved one and I thought if I could only just touch the edge of your robe I would be healed. I am the one."

The village men wondered what Jesus would do. She had interrupted a gathering led by the synagogue leader. She, an unclean woman has touched a religious teacher. Jesus was famous. She was a nobody, poor and destitute. Jesus was a righteous man. She was a religiously unclean woman. And she had slowed down the procession to heal the daughter of the synagogue leader. She had broken all the rules of decency and purity and honor in her village.

And so the men wondered, "What would Jesus do? What would he say to her? Would he condemn her for breaking the social barriers? Would he condemn her for touching him?"

Jesus knelt down beside the woman and said to the woman trembling with fear over what she had done and he said, "Daughter, take courage! Your faith has made you well. Go in peace, and be healed of your affliction."

The men could not believe their ears. The woman could not believe her ears. Jesus was not condemning her. Jesus was blessing her. He had healed her body and now he pronounced a blessing of peace upon her spirit. And what was that he called her? Daughter? She belonged again. She belonged to Jesus. She belonged to God and now she could belong to her family again and to her village.

The crowd parted for the woman to pass. This time, as she walked she did not have to walk in the shadows. This time, as she walked she did not have to gather her robe around her face and hide her identity. This time she could walk freely and openly. She took one more look at Jesus whose reassuring smile filled her joy and she walked home.

The crowd stood still and in silence. Many wondered why they had not been healed. They had touched Jesus' body and nothing happened. She had just touched the fringe of his garment and was healed. What was that Jesus said about faith?

Just then a man came running up to the crowd and with sorrow in voice said, "Where is Jairus? I must see Jairus. I have a message for him." They took the man to Jairus who was standing with Jesus' disciples as Jesus sent the woman away and the man said, "Jairus, I am so sorry. But your daughter is gone. She is dead. Jesus is too late. Do not trouble him anymore."

Grief and fear filled Jairus' heart. If only the crowd had been more cooperative they might have made it in time. If only the woman had not interrupted they might have been at his home in time.

But Jesus heard what the man had said to Jairus and he turned to him and said, "Jairus, do not be afraid! Only believe and she will be made well."

Jesus turned to the crowd and said, "All of you go home. Peter, James, and John, come with me." And this time Jairus and Jesus and three of Jesus' disciples made their way through the crowd without any delay.

When they came to the house, it was already filling with people. Flute players were playing their sad melodies. Tambourine players were beating their somber beat of sorrow. Professional mourners were

loudly wailing and crying. The house was filled with noise and disorder and commotion, just like the crowd a few moments earlier in the village and Jesus in a loud voice said:

“Why are you making all of this noise and commotion. The girl has not died. She only sleeps. Please, all of you leave. Go home.”

The crowd was stunned. They grew quiet and then they burst into laughter. Whereas only a moment before they were weeping now they were laughing with scorn at this man who had the audacity to come into the home of the synagogue leader whose daughter had just died. Who did he think he was? Didn't he know what was proper? Didn't he know their place as official mourners? And how could he be so cruel to say that Jairus' daughter was only asleep.

But as they laughed on with scorn Jairus said, “Do as he says,” and he and Jesus and Peter and James and John put all the people out of the house.

Then Jesus said, “Take me to her.” And Jairus and his wife took Jesus to their daughter. She looked so peaceful. She did look like she was asleep. But her face was so pale and the color continued to drain from her loveliness.

Jesus walked up to the girl, knelt beside her bed, took her by the hand and said, “Little girl, I say to you, rise up!” And immediately the girl's spirit returned to her body. She took a deep breath, opened her eyes, saw Jesus, sat up, and began to walk about the room.

Jesus said, “Give her something to eat. She will be weak and needs nourishment.”

The parents were astounded. They could not believe their eyes. Their beloved daughter was alive and well. God had heard Jairus' prayers and had mercy upon his daughter.

As Jairus and his wife hugged her and thanked Jesus and as the little girl ate and walked about the room exercising her weak legs Jesus turned to Jairus and said, “Don't tell anyone what I have done.” And he and his disciples Peter, James, and John left the house while eyes from the village people looked upon them with scorn and suspicion.

But it was impossible to keep this a secret for in the days to come as the girl began to grow stronger she was soon around the house and around the village with her parents and people knew what had happened. The girl who had died had come back to life and the news went out into all the land.

And the news of the little girl's resurrection and the story of the woman who had been afflicted with a bleeding problem for twelve years has now gone out into all the world. My friends, Jesus is Lord. Jesus is the Savior of the world and he has come to bring the power, mercy, and love of the reign of God from heaven to earth. And now that he has died for our sins and been raised he has sent his followers into all the world to tell these stories and to tell the great story of his love for you.

But as we bring today's story to a close I must ask you this question. Who are you like in the story? Are you like the crowd around Jesus that pushed and shoved and tried to get close and touched him but had

nothing happen for them, or, are you like the woman who had faith and who said, “If I only touch the edge of his robe I will be healed”?

Are you like the crowd that was making loud noise with crying and music when the little girl died or are you like Jairus who believed Jesus’ word when he told him, “Do not be afraid. Only believe.”

Jesus has come into the world to bring the reign of God, the kingdom of God to mankind. He wishes to reign as your Lord and Savior but he will only reign where he finds faith. And so I ask you today, are you full of noise, full of busyness, full of pushing and shoving in life, full of grief and mourning and fear, or, are you full of faith and reaching out to touch the edge of his robes.

Ending

Hello friends, this is Jonathan Williams, your storyteller and teacher for Stories of the Master. You know, these stories of Jesus are so full of emotion. They are full of drama. They are full of fear, they are full of surprises. They are full of faith. And they are full of the power of God.

We tell these stories that you might take another look at Jesus and you might calm your heart and go to him with faith and say, “Jesus, I believe. Jesus I need you. Jesus I have fallen short. Jesus, be my Savior and lead me as you led your disciples and as you led Jairus.

I hope you will call upon the Lord and receive him as your Savior and if you are already a follower of Jesus I hope you will call upon him today and ask him to fill you with his peace and take away all your fears as you trust in him, no matter what you are going through.

Would you write to us at Stories of the Master and let us know how Jesus is blessing your life as you follow him.

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Please check out our website – storiesofthemaster.com and you can listen to today’s story again, download it or purchase a CD to share with a friend. You will also find books and studies that will help you grow in your discovery of Jesus and your relationship with him.

My name is Jonathan Williams and I hope you have been blessed today and I look forward to you joining us next week for another Story of the Master. Until then, may the Master himself richly bless you.