

A Woman Healed

based on Luke 8: 42 – 48

By Phyllis Hostmeyer

I am a woman - frail and sick
I want healing, strength, peace.
I have tried every remedy and medicine the doctors prescribed, but I only
grow weaker.
I see massive crowds pressing around this man they call Jesus.
I wonder if I can slip through the crowds unnoticed.

I am a woman determined to find healing.
I hope to touch the fringe of his robe without anyone noticing me.
I understand that if people see me, I could be stoned for coming near the
men.
I dream of a being part of a community rather than being the one they
shun.

I am a woman who believes.
I touch the fringe of his clothes.
I feel immediate change.
I hear the Master ask, "Who touched me?"
I fear that his followers will punish me when they learn that I touched his
robe.

I am a woman: frightened but hopeful.
I cry as I kneel before the Master.
I hear the Master call me daughter as he says, "Your faith has healed you."
I feel a total healing of my ravaged body.
I whisper, "Thank you, my Master."

I am a woman – healed.