Mothers' Union Listening, Observing, Acting (MULOA)

Monologue: The Woman who touched the cloak (based on Luke 8: 44-48)

The woman who touched the cloak Martha my neighbour has just been in to see me. She was so excited – "You'll never believe it" she said "The little girl – Jairus's daughter – she died you know – she actually died and he raised her from the dead – can you believe it, can you believe he actually did that? – he raised her from the dead."– Then she was gone – dear Martha – off to tell someone else the good news.

Can I believe it? Yes I can believe it - he's done it before, you see I know all about Jesus. Stuck inside my house – shunned by everyone, except Martha – this is what has kept me going - listening to the people standing outside the window in the street, and often they talked of Jesus. He's done such amazing things and his fame is talked about everywhere – he healed a leper, a demon possessed man, and a centurion's servant who was close to death and in Nain he raised from the dead the only son of a poor widow. He seems to care about everyone, lepers, widows even centurions – so when I saw him from my window coming through our village I just thought he might care about me.

It's been so lonely having this illness – 12 years I've been suffering, I've been bleeding. No one has been able to heal me I've spent all my money on doctors and instead of getting better I've just been getting worse. And the worst thing is there is no one I could share this suffering with. No one has come near me. Unclean. unacceptable. Who in their right mind would come near me? Martha would come by occasionally and leave me food – but she didn't stay – why should she? So I was left on my own - just waiting to die.

And then there he was, walking through the village. I heard the crowds from my window and then I heard his name. I looked out and I saw him coming – a huge crowd of people were there – I recognised a few – Jairus the leader of the synagogue –he looked desperate and as they came closer I could hear what he was saying, "my daughter, my daughter – please heal my daughter" over and over again. He was out of his mind with worry. Ah so that's where Jesus was going. This was important and I didn't want to stop him, but I was desperate too – and I thought that if I could just touch him as he walked by – that would be enough. But how? – such a big crowd.

Somehow I had to do it. I came out of my house – some people shouted at me to stay away – to get back indoors away from decent people. – For once I didn't listen – I kept going – into the crowd, closer and closer to Jesus. But I couldn't get close enough – there were just too many people. I looked down and there it was – just the edge of his cloak right in front of me – I leant forward and reached out my arm as far as I could and felt it - I felt the material brush past my fingers - and then the most amazing feeling – I can't describe it but it swept through the whole of my body and I knew then and there, I just knew I was healed.

I tried to make my way out of the crowd, but then he stopped. “Who touched me” he said – One of his disciples said “There’s a crowd of people all round you what do you mean?” I breathed a sigh and looked for a way out of the crowd. But Jesus didn’t move – he spoke again “ “Someone touched me - power has gone from me” I knew I had to own up. So I fell at his feet and told him it was me and why I had forced my way through the crowd to touch his cloak. Everyone listened including people who had ignored and avoided me for years – now they knew what that had been like for me. And then I looked up at Jesus - he was smiling and there was such warmth in his eyes. Then he said to me the words I will never forget for as long as I live. “Daughter, your faith has healed you, Go in peace.”

Later on that day he gave a little girl her life back. In saying those words, he did the same for me.