



Lenten Reflection for Wednesday, March 1, 2023

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Matthew 9: 18-36

While he was saying these things to them, suddenly a leader of the synagogue came in and knelt before him, saying, 'My daughter has just died; but come and lay your hand on her, and she will live.' And Jesus got up and followed him, with his disciples. Then suddenly a woman who had been suffering from hemorrhages for twelve years came up behind him and touched the fringe of his cloak, for she said to herself, 'If I only touch his cloak, I will be made well.' Jesus turned, and seeing her he said, 'Take heart, daughter; your faith has made you well.' And instantly the woman was made well. When Jesus came to the leader's house and saw the flute-players and the crowd making a commotion, he said, 'Go away; for the girl is not dead but sleeping.' And they laughed at him. But when the crowd had been put outside, he went in and took her by the hand, and the girl got up. And the report of this spread throughout that district.

Today's reflection is by Emily Hursh

This reading has two stories of healing: a more detailed one about a synagogue leader's daughter being brought back from the dead, and a brief encounter within that story of a woman healed of her bleeding after twelve years. It makes me wonder how many small encounters like hers happened that went unnoticed. Were these stories noted because of how dramatic the healing was? Healing a medical issue that's persisted for twelve years in an instant is definitely the first century AD version of clickbait (doctors HATE this one weird trick!). As the stories of Jesus spread, and he grew in popularity, surely he was being brushed up against in crowds all the time. Did Jesus heal the little things, too? How many tummy aches were healed? How many hangnails? How many bad days? It's beautiful to think about Jesus healing those things, caring about those things.

I bring my big problems to Jesus because I can't help it. I feel lost, and helpless. So many of the little things, I don't share. I just deal with them on my own, and it works out fine, because they're things I can handle. But I wonder if there's a cost. I wonder if I'm missing out on countless opportunities to deepen my faith, and my relationship with Jesus, to just feel loved by Jesus. Jesus told the woman it was her faith that healed her. If faith is what it takes to heal the big stuff, and faith is like a muscle that can be exercised, mine could probably use some toning. What would it look like to trust Jesus to heal the little things in my life? I don't have to push through a crowd and hope to brush my fingers on Jesus' cloak as he walks by. I can pray anytime about anything, and know that he is listening. It's a comforting thought. How much more comforting would it be to take advantage of it?

Emily has attended Holy Apostles for about six years now. She's a doula, and an aerialist, and loves cooking, playing the ukulele and guitar, and learning more about birth.

