



### Lent reflection for Friday, March 17<sup>th</sup>

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Luke 8:42-47

As Jesus went, the crowds pressed in on him. Now there was a woman who had been suffering from hemorrhages for twelve years; and though she had spent all she had on physicians, no one could cure her. She came up behind him and touched the fringe of his clothes, and immediately her hemorrhage stopped. Then Jesus asked, 'Who touched me?' When all denied it, Peter said, 'Master, the crowds surround you and press in on you.' But Jesus said, 'Someone touched me; for I noticed that power had gone out from me.' When the woman saw that she could not remain hidden, she came trembling; and falling down before him, she declared in the presence of all the people why she had touched him, and how she had been immediately healed. He said to her, 'Daughter, your faith has made you well; go in peace.'

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Today's reflection is by Megan Arnold

The Bible is full of parables.. But today's passage seems so clear: "daughter, your faith has made you well." A terribly sick woman believes Jesus can heal her; and he does.

Yet, I know this isn't always the case. Maybe it's not even usually the case. When my mom died from cancer four and a half years ago, at age 70, I can tell you there were a lot of us asking God to make her well.

With the doctors perplexed by her unusual case, it was clear that only God had the power to heal her. I guess that's always true, sometimes it's just easier to see it.

Her health took a sharp turn for the worse on January 1st and by mid August, she was gone.

Over those nine months, I tried to remind myself that we often don't understand God's answers to our prayers. I started thinking if she could just be at peace with what was happening, maybe that would be enough. And that's where my prayers turned - asking for peace, calm, acceptance.

But ultimately, that didn't seem to happen either.

And after she died, I felt a distance from God. Not anger, not disbelief, just... distance. And stories like today's - of a woman's faith making her well, of Jesus so clearly answering her call for help - became ... painful.

I suppose all of that is a long way of saying that reflecting on this passage hasn't been easy. In reading and re-reading the passage, I was struck by Jesus saying: 'Someone touched me; for I noticed that power had gone out from me.' In the hordes of people surrounding Jesus - my mind immediately pictures the Halloween parade in the Village with fewer police barriers - a seemingly invisible woman touched the end of his robe. And he FELT that. He felt it. A part of him went out to her. He knew he had healed her. She was a hidden face in the crowd, but she was not invisible to Jesus.

So I don't understand why we lost my mom so early. I doubt I ever will. But I do know that loss and all of its consequences have left me in need of healing. So, I plan to hold fast to my faith and continue to ask Jesus for what I need. Because as this passage has reminded me, none of us are invisible to God.

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Megan Arnold lives around the corner from Holy Apostles with her family and recently started attending the church. When she's not working as a video journalist she loves spending time outside with her husband Jacob and daughters Olivia and Riley.

