



# THE WOMAN WHO TOUCHED THE HEM

Main Text: Mark 5:25–34

Supporting Texts: Matthew 9:20–22 | Luke 8:43–48



This is not a story about rules.

This is not a story about shame.

This is a story about a woman who reached and a Jesus  
who stopped.





## 1. She Learned to Live Low

For twelve years, she lived in a body that betrayed her.

Twelve years of being quietly told:

You are unclean.

You should stay back.

You don't belong in the middle of things.

So she learned to stay low.

She learned how to move through crowds without being seen.

How to keep her eyes down.

How to take up as little space as possible.

Society placed her in the dust and over time, she believed that's where she belonged.

Yet somewhere inside her, hope survived:

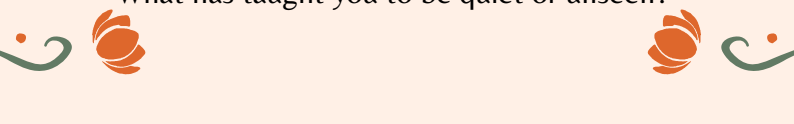
"If I can just touch Him..."

Not ask.

Not speak.

Just reach.

Reflection

- Where in life have you learned to stay low?
  - What has taught you to be quiet or unseen?
- 



## 2. Jesus Was On His Way to Someone “Important”

Jesus wasn't wandering that day.  
He was walking with purpose.

A respected man. A dying child. A crisis everyone  
agreed mattered.

Time was precious.


Eyes were watching.

And yet , from the dust, from the place women were  
taught to remain a hand reached out.

She didn't reach from confidence.


She reached from desperation.

She reached for the hem, the lowest part of Him,  
because it felt like the highest place she was allowed to  
be.

: Mark 5:21–24, 27

### Reflection

- Have you ever felt like others' needs mattered more than yours?
- Where are you reaching from right now?



### 3. Power Moved. Because Faith Reached


The moment she touched Him, her body changed.

And here is the truth we often miss:

Jesus did not choose her healing.  
She drew it.

The Bible says:  
“Power went out from Him.”

Her faith moved first.  
She was healed by her faith.  
faith that reached even while believing she didn't  
belong.

 : Mark 5:29–30

Reflection

- What does this teach us about faith?
- Where is Jesus inviting you to reach, not wait?





## 4. Jesus Stopped. Not to Shame Her, but to See Her

Jesus stopped the crowd.

Not to correct her.

Not to embarrass her.


But because hidden healing was never the end.

She came forward trembling, still low, still afraid, still in the dust.


And instead of rebuke...

He spoke one word that lifted her.

“Daughter.”

 : Mark 5:33–34

### Reflection

- What do you imagine she felt when He called her “daughter”?
  - What names have you carried that Jesus wants to replace?
- 



## 5. Daughter Is More Than a Word

This was not a soft moment.

By calling her daughter, Jesus restored:

- her dignity
- her belonging
- her place

In front of everyone.

She was no longer the unclean woman.

She was family.


And then He said:

“Your faith has made you well.”

Not my power.

Not my touch.

Your faith.

 : Mark 5:34 | Romans 8:15

Reflection

- How does this change the way you see yourself?
- What would it look like to live as a daughter, not an outsider?



## 6. What This Means for Us

Sisters, this story is ours.

Some of us are reaching from:

- exhaustion
- shame
- single motherhood
- disappointment
- feeling overlooked or forgotten
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We reach quietly.

We reach unsure.

We reach hoping no one notices.

And still...

Jesus stops.

He is never too busy.

He is never too important.

He is never rushing past your faith.

And He still calls us:

“Daughter.”



## Devotional: "If I Could Just Touch the Hem"

She does not speak.  
She does not ask.  
She does not announce herself.  
She simply reaches.

For twelve years, her body has betrayed her.  
For twelve years, hope has been postponed.  
For twelve years, she has learned how to disappear.  
And yet... something in her still believes.

Not loudly.  
Not confidently.  
But quietly enough to move her feet

.  
She does not reach for His hand.  
She does not lift her eyes to His face.  
She reaches for the lowest part of Him, the hem.  
The place closest to the dust.  
The place nobody notices.  
The place she feels she belongs.

And Jesus lets her touch Him.  
Power flows, not because He planned it,  
but because love responds to faith.  
She feels it instantly.  
Her body knows before her mind can explain it.  
The bleeding stops.  
But Jesus stops too.



And for a moment, her greatest fear becomes reality.

She is seen.  
The crowd pauses.  
The disciples are confused.  
Her heart is racing.

This is the moment shame usually takes over.  
But Jesus does not speak shame.  
He speaks family.

“Daughter.”

Not “woman.”  
Not “unclean.”  
Not “you shouldn’t have.”

Daughter.

In one word, He gives her back:

- her dignity
- her belonging
- her name

She came for healing.

She received restoration.

And maybe that's the part we miss.

Jesus could have let her walk away quietly healed.

But He wanted her to know:

You are not healed because you were sneaky.

You are healed because you are Mine.

Some of us are still reaching like her.

Not boldly.

Not publicly.

But sincerely.

Touching Jesus in whispered prayers.

In tearful moments alone.

In desperate faith that says,

“I don't need to be seen. I just need You.”

And Jesus sees you anyway.

He always has.

