

The Pursuit Of God

And a certain woman, which had an issue of blood twelve years, and had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, when she heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched His garment (Mark 5:25-27).

When Jesus walked this earth, He didn't go around healing at will. He never performed a miracle just to demonstrate who He was. He only acted on the faith of those who pursued Him.

Jesus was on His way to heal the daughter of Jairus. As always, the multitudes thronged Him. It was almost impossible to get near Jesus. His popularity had spread far and wide.

Here was a certain woman who suffered for twelve long years, with an issue of blood. She had spent all she had on doctors, trying desperately to find a cure for her illness. Instead of getting better, she grew worse.

Her illness had brought her to poverty. It seemed like all hope of being healed was gone. There was not a doctor around who could help her. She drank the cup of suffering for twelve long years.

One day, she came in contact with a physician, who would put an end to her suffering. She was to come in contact with Dr. Jesus.

Seeing the crowd throng Jesus that day, was enough to discourage her. There was no way a frail woman like her could get to Dr. Jesus.

Her faith increased just looking at Him.

She was tired of suffering.

She was tired of the misery of sin.

It was her day, it was now or never.

Jesus and the crowd had already passed her by, yet she did not give up hope. Jesus never even looked her way.

She was determined to get to Dr. Jesus one way or another.

She did not stand in front of Jesus to get His attention.
She did not cry out to Him like the blind man.
She kept pursuing Him.
She just pressed her way into the crowd from behind.

“If I could only get close enough to touch the hem of His garment, that’s good enough for me.”

With the last remaining strength in her body, she gave one last desperate plunge with her body into the crowd. As she began to stumble and fall to the ground, her arm extended outward, and her fingers just gently brushed the hem of Christ’s garment.

Immediately, she felt the healing power of God, as it flowed in her body, she was healed.

Jesus immediately stopped, turned around, and said, “Who touched me?”

The disciples said, “Lord, can’t you see the crowd thronging you, and you ask who touched me?”

Jesus had felt the hand of faith. It was a different touch than the touch of the crowd. Jesus turned to see the one who had touched Him by faith.

The woman came trembling at the feet of Jesus, and made her confession, it was she who had touched Him.

Dr. Jesus told the woman, “Thy faith hath made thee whole, go in peace, and be healed of thy plague.”

Jesus didn’t say, “My garments hath made thee whole.”

Jesus didn’t say, “My disciples hath made thee whole.”

Jesus said, “Thy faith hath made thee whole.”

What a great deliverance by Dr. Jesus.

She got what she wanted.

Had she not pressed her way into the crowd, she would have remained ill the rest of her life.

Child of God, what do you need from Jesus today?

Would you like to touch Him with your need?

Would you like deliverance in your body and soul?

Pursue after Him, reach out and touch Him by the hand of faith.

Jesus can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

The Scripture in Luke 16:16 says, that we are to press our way into the Kingdom of God. We can't stand back and expect the touch of God.

We must pursue Him.

We must press our way.

We must touch Him.

The Apostle Paul said in Philippians 3:13-14, he reached forth and pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Anything worth having, is worth pressing for.

We need to pursue after God today.

We need to pursue after His Word.

We need to pursue after His mercy.

We need to pursue after His Spirit.

I read a story a few years ago, about two cave explorers who were trapped, and tried to dig their way out to safety. All they had between them, was one pick.

For three days, each took his turn in picking against the dirt and rock. It was hard and tiresome.

After three days of picking, one man gave up, he could go any further, he was worn out and exhausted. Falling to the ground, he lay there and died.

The other man was saddened. He was determined to get out alive somehow. He didn't want to give up. Picking up the pick, he hit the dirt and rock again. Immediately, a hole was opened, and he broke through to safety.

Just one more stroke, just one more try, and the dead man would have lived. So close to safety, yet so far away. He died within three inches of safety.

Some people today, give up on God and die within three feet of safety. They die, in view of home.

I'm going to press my way today.
I'm going to pursue after God.
I'm going to strive,
I'm going to kick.
I'm going to scream.
I'm going to make that last mile home.
I am pursuing the Word of God.
I am pursuing the Holy Spirit.
I am pursuing the gates of glory.

Come on friend, pursue with me today, don't give up the race. Reach out and press your way into the Kingdom of God.

Don't be a dead man.
Don't be a dead woman.
Give it all you got.
Live for Jesus Christ today.