

Condemned unclean these many years,
No hope of healing, just of tears.
Physicians tried but can't replace
The emptiness of "helpless case".

But I've just heard a different view, -
Is it gossip or really true?
A man is healing everyone,
Whether a parent, daughter, son.

JESUS IS PROVING:

**"YE ARE THE SONS
OF THE LIVING
GOD."**

HOSEA 1:10 2ND YE

The question is can he heal me,
Infirm these years for all to see?
The habit of illness hard to shake:
The thought of healing makes me quake!

I ask around. He's coming here!
This Jesus, this amazing seer.
A man runs shouting "Look at me!
I was born lame and now I'm free!"

Another shout and further joy;
A mother hugs her little boy.
The crowd it gathers steadily.
This man approaches, will pass me!

I see Love in his eyes, incredible light,
The look of assurance and infinite might.
The crowds throng him closely, just how to get near,
Don't want him to see me, I feel awesome fear.

The sounds of rejoicing resound with a din.
I move among people that clamour for him.
The love that just shines from this wonderful man
Gives me a confidence that nothing else can.

I know it sounds silly, but I know this much,
All that is needed is the gentlest touch!
I get nearer and nearer, just one person behind,
My heart skips a beat as I reach out my hand!

"Who touched me?!"

Mocking his question, each in turn,
Disciples they have much to learn,
For I feel deep salvation pure,
The love of Christ has been my cure.

But now, in full health, I'm not hid,
And I must do as Jesus bid.
In wondrous fear I must answer his call,
From standing, I kneel, testify all!

He speaks again, with strength of Soul,



**"Daughter thy faith hath made thee whole;
Go in peace."** that's what Jesus said.
I'm now so free from my sick bed!

Oh how to share with each of you
The meaning of just what is true:
**We all can banish every doubt,
By simply this: just reaching out.**

Reach out!