REACH OUT!

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 diff'rent view, - Is it gossip or really true? A man is healing everyone, Whether a parent, daughter, son.

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?!"



JESUS PROVED:

"YE ARE THE SONS (AND DAUGHTERS) OF THE LIVING GOD."

HOSEA 1:10 2ND YE

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.