

Hem Of His Garment

One Sunday the lectionary reading was the story of the hemorrhaging woman and the healing of Jairus' daughter. The following week I asked around at my minister's group how others had handled the story and was met with some odd looks. No one had preached on the story of the hemorrhaging woman, no one had even considered that they might and looked rather horrified when I said I had. Actually I have a whole series of reflections on this one story and really think it is about time that we break the taboos that mean we cannot speak of menstruation, which affects at least half of us directly and the other half of us indirectly, in church.

This particular reflection on the story celebrates a woman's courage for daring to reach out and touch the hem of Jesus' garment and claim/demand her own healing and challenges us to reach out and claim our own healing. There may not be many sermons preached on this theme but Faithless included a song Hem of His Garment on their album Sunday 8pm, which adds another dimension to, and inspired this reflection, the words of which I have included here.

Maxi Jazz: *...wish he was a man*

Pauline: *Oh I wish I could be touched by the hem of his garment*

Maxi Jazz: *...in a dream...*

Pauline: *To be proud has never been so mean, so hard, so strange, so cruel*

Oh I wish I could be touched by the hem of his garment

Mmmmm, I've come a long way (5x)

Touch the hem of his garment

Dagger should be the tool of a clump.

I'm a fool, you see

Maxi Jazz: *it's not...*

Pauline: *Why should such violence, such pain hang between you and me*

When love should be a queen on her throne looking after her own

I wish I could be touched by the hem of his garment

Two chairs, this table, one leg, in this house

Seriously, I think we could be,

Feel we could be, touched by the hem of his garment

Pauline: *Mmmmm, I've come a long way (5x)*

Touch the hem of his garment

When love should be a queen
on her throne
looking after her own

We fill the world with violence
with pain
hatred between us

When love should be a queen
on her throne
looking after her own

I wish I could be touched by the hem of his garment
I wish I could be touched by the hem of his garment

When love should be a queen
on her throne
looking after here own

We sit at home wishing
Two chairs, one table, one leg
We sit at home wishing

I wish I could be touched by the hem of his garment
I wish I could be touched by the hem of his garment

What are you waiting for?
The table is laid
The feast is set.

What are you waiting for?
The harvest is ripe
The grain is full.

What are you waiting for?
The power, the touch, the love
are all waiting for you.

Take
Eat

This is my body

Reach out
Touch

Reach out
Take

Reach out
Eat

For in the breaking
there is mending
In the pain
there is healing
In the killing
there is life

Reach out
touch the hem of his garment

[Share bread]

Here is wine
here is healing
here forgiveness

Here is wine
here is wholeness
here is love

Take
Drink

So much blood
Too much blood
Too much bloodshed

Here is wine
here is life
here celebration

For in the sharing
there is oneness
In the defenceless
there is power
In the hated
there is love

Reach out
touch the hem of his garment

[Share wine]

And he will know
And he will care

For touch is not distant
impersonal
remote

Touched by the hem of his garment
Touched by love

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