

Just to touch you and be healed!

Let us remember that we are in the holy presence of God.

Pray: I thank you for your faithfulness and love, • you stretch out your hand and save me.

Listen: with the ear of your heart and hear the voice of God.

Gospel Matthew 9:18-26

While he was saying these things to them, an official came forward, knelt down beside him and said, "My daughter has just died. Out come lay your hand on her and she will live." Jesus rose and followed and so did his disciples. A woman suffering hemorrhage for twelve years came up behind him and touched the tassel on his cloak. She said to herself, "I only I can touch the cloak, I shall be cured." Jesus turned around and saw her and said, "Courage, daughter! Your faith has save you. And from that hour the woman was cured. When Jesus arrived at the official's house and saw the flute players and the crowd who were making a commotion, he said, "Go away! The girl is not dead but sleeping. And they ridiculed him. When the crowd was put out, he came and took her by the hand and the little girl arose. And news of this spread throughout the land.

Sing: ` We Remember'

We remember how you loved us to your death, and still we celebrate for you are with us here. And we believe that we will see you when you come in your glory, Lord. We remember, we celebrate, we believe.

Vs. 1

Here a million wounded souls are yearning just to touch you and be healed. Gather all your people and hold them to your heart.

Vs. 3

Christ, the Father's great "Amen" to all the hopes and dreams of every heart. Peace beyond all telling, and freedom from all fear.

Vs. 4

See the Face of Christ revealed in every person standing by your side. Gift to one another and temples of your love.

De La Salle

My God, having asked for peace with you, allow me to request it also with my neighbor; for I will not feel at ease with you unless I am united in love with (others); yet I cannot possess this union except through gentleness and patience. Grant me, I beg of you, these two virtues and to speak and act only in a very

affable manner with everybody, to support with patience and out of love of you, the offenses, insults, and affronts which may be addressed to me, not to harm anyone, not to be offended by anything.

The more ardently you apply yourselves to prayer for the good of the souls entrusted to you, the more God will help you find the skill to touch their hearts.

Today's Voice

Russian poet, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, recalls the power of one small touch he witnessed in 1944 when his mother took him to witness a procession of 20,000 German prisoners of war being marched across Red Square. "The pavements swarmed with onlookers, cordoned off by soldiers and police. The crowd was mostly Russian women with hands roughened by hard work, lips untouched by lipstick, and with thin hunched shoulders which had borne half of the burden of the war. Every one of them must have had father, or husband, brother, or son killed by the Germans. They gazed with hatred in the direction from which the column was to appear. At last we saw it. Generals marched at the head, their whole demeanor meant to show superiority over their plebeian victors. "They smell of perfume, the bastards," someone in the crowd said with hatred. The women were clenching their fists. Soldiers and policeman had all they could do to hold them back. Then, they saw the German soldiers-thin, unshaven, wearing dirty bloodstained bandages, hobbling on crutches or leaning on the shoulders of their comrades; walking with eyes down cast. The street became dead silent-the only sound was the shuffling of boots, the thumping of crutches. An elderly woman in broken-down boots pushed herself forward and touched a policeman's shoulder, saying, "Let me through." There must have been something about her which made him step aside. She went up to the parade column, took from her coat a crust of bread and putting a hand on one of the wounded soldiers, pushed it into his pocket. Then, women from every side were running toward the soldiers, pushing into their hands bread, cigarettes, whatever they had. The soldiers were no longer enemies. They were people. One woman's courage to touch resulted in a flood of loving gestures moving across Red Square. Eyes were open to see suffering German boys rather than murderous Nazi soldiers. Compassion opened the way to actions of healing and forgiveness.

R: I was hungry for a generous word and you smiled and talked warmly.

I was hungry for genuine understanding, and you heard beyond my words.

L: I was thirsty for life and vitality, and you helped me to grow.

I was thirsty for encouragement, and you affirmed me and built me up.

R: I felt lonely, and you blessed me with your presence.

I was a stranger to care and appreciation, but you treated me with courtesy and respect.

L: I felt diminished and vulnerable, but you restored my confidence and faith.

I felt overburdened, but you lifted me up and helped me carry my cross.

Reflect

Lord Jesus, please help me be aware of those who need my touch.

Who do I need to reconcile with?

Who is hurting in my midst?

Who have I neglected?

Give me the wisdom to know what is needed and how to give it. Open any eyes.

Take away my fear of being misunderstood or rejected. And most of all Lord, open my heart.

Pray

Lord Jesus, we ask you to bring your healing touch to those whom we know to be sick, afraid or worried. Bring them your peace and healing. Lord Jesus, we ask you to touch _____ and bring healing.

For whom and for what else do we pray?

The Lord's Prayer

St. John Baptist de La Salle, pray for us. Live Jesus in our hearts, forever!