

# Desperate

By Doug Irving & Gary Randolph



## Theme and Purpose

The parallels are startling - two people desperate for God's touch - desperate for a healing that was not just physical but went to the core of their being. Jesus took the time to reach out to each of them and calmed the storms of their lives.

Perhaps the most important and most startling lesson we can learn from the life of Jesus is that God loves not just humanity but individuals. I am just one person among six billion living on a planet that is itself just an insignificant speck among the vastness of space. Yet He knows my name.

Jesus cared about teaching the crowd, but he also cared about these two people. He cared about their physical healing, but also about their spiritual and emotional healing. He called them to not just seek the gift from his hand but to seek his face and know his love.

<b>Cast list</b>	Woman - dressed in Bible times costume Jairus - dressed in Bible times priest costume
<b>Approximate Running Time</b>	6 minutes
<b>Scene Description</b>	None
<b>Prop List</b>	None
<b>Other Production Notes</b>	These are dueling monologues. Each character is telling his or her own story to the audience, not in relationship to the other. Each line should begin just short of talking over the other character's prior line.
<b>Related Scriptures</b>	Psalm 8:4; Psalm 42:1-2; Matthew 9:18-26; Mark 5:21-43; Luke 8:40-56
<b>Song Suggestions</b>	Breathe; All the Way to Kingdom Come (Rich Mullins); Nothing is Beyond You (Rich Mullins); He Knows My Name

*The dramatists stand facing the audience as a reader's theater.*

**Woman:**

Twelve years. For twelve years my life had been cursed. I was still a young woman when I was struck with this illness. I had had prospects - hope. I would marry, have children and watch them grow up. Instead I watched my body wither, my youth fade. And year after year for twelve years I grew worse.

**Jairus:**

Twelve years. For twelve years my life had been blessed. I remember the first day I held her in my arms, so tiny and fragile. She was the delight of my life. Every evening when I walked through the door she greeted me with a squeal of, "Abba." She took ill and quickly grew worse. I feared she would die at just twelve years.

**Woman:**

This disease made me unclean - unfit to worship, unfit to be with people. I spent my days alone.

**Jairus:**

I prayed and prayed for my little girl. Was God even hearing me? I led the synagogue. Yet now, in my time of need, it seemed that God had left me alone.

**Woman:**

I heard of this teacher - this healer. They said he cured the lame.

**Jairus:**

They said he cast out demons.

**Woman:**

He restored sight. He calmed storms with a single word.

**Jairus:**

Could he quiet the storm raging in my heart?

**Woman:**

Could he restore hope to my life?

**Jairus:**

I didn't know. But I knew that this day, the teacher was near.

**Woman:**

Others knew of my disease. If they recognized me, they would condemn me for venturing out in public unclean. But I had to try. I wrapped my head and face. I averted my eyes. I slipped out my door and through the streets as quietly as I could.

**Jairus:**

I came and fell at his feet. I begged him to hurry.

**Woman:**

The Messiah they called him. If he was, then healing would be even in his clothes, and all I needed was to just touch the hem. But when I saw the multitude of people shoulder to shoulder I nearly turned around and ran home. He was talking with the synagogue leader. Then I saw the two of them begin moving through the people.

*The dramatists pick up the pace of their narratives.*

**Jairus:**

Quickly I began leading him through the crowd to my home. People were jostling us on every side. Everyone wanted something - a word, a touch, a favor.

**Woman:**

I pushed through the crowd, trying to find the way to bring me into his path. Others were also moving to follow him. I feared I would get swept along in their wake and miss him. I shoved past several people, knowing I was making each one unclean as I touched them. I prayed an anxious prayer for forgiveness. But would this man of God forgive me for what I was about to do?

**Jairus:**

I could just make out the edge of the crowd. Soon we would be able to quicken our pace and get home.

**Woman:**

He was just outside my reach. I stretched out my arm and lunged between two people. My fingertips brushed his cloak - a touch I knew would make this Holy man unclean. But in an instant I knew I was healed, liberated, alive.

**Jairus:**

Suddenly out of the corner of my eye I saw the healer stop in his tracks. My heart sank. We had no time.

**Woman:**

I had no place to hide. My heart sank.

**Jairus:**

He asked, "Who touched me?" A disciple said, "Master, everyone did. There are people all around."

**Woman:**

I saw him turn around and heard him say, "No, I felt power go forth." I felt a thousand eyes on me as he retraced his steps.

**Jairus:**

My daughter was dying even as he stood there. Why wouldn't he just turn around and continue on with me?

**Woman:**

He would find me out, take away my healing, disgrace me here in front of everyone. Why wouldn't he just turn around and continue on his way? (*Woman slows her pace*) Staring at the ground, I confessed what I had done. He reached down and took my hand, pulled me to my feet, and raised my face. He said, "Daughter, your faith has restored you, made you whole. Go in peace, and be free from your suffering." I knew then that those words were an even greater blessing than my healing. What I had sought to steal, he gave freely and with honor. Not my disgrace, but his grace.

**Jairus:**

I was watching him speak to that poor woman when I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was a servant, and I read the meaning in his eyes before he ever spoke the words. "Don't bother the teacher any more." I felt my knees start to buckle, but the teacher himself was suddenly there with his arm around me and a gentle word, "Just believe." I could believe. It was my daughter's death that I couldn't accept, couldn't comprehend.

**Woman:**

My joy swept me back to my home - bright and alive.

**Jairus:**

We swept on to my home, now dark with grief. People were already beginning to mourn. They laughed when the teacher told them the girl was just asleep. But I clung to him and followed him into her room. And then... It was a miracle. It was a miracle for me.

**Woman:**

A miracle for me. Healed.

**Jairus:**

Alive.

**Woman:**

Whole.

**Jairus:**

Joy. Twelve years. Now many more to come. I was desperate, and he walked with me.

**Woman:**

I was desperate, and he turned to make me whole.

*Fade to black*

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