

18While He was saying these things to them, a synagogue official came and bowed down before Him, and said, "My daughter has just died; but come and lay Your hand on her, and she will live." 19Jesus got up and began to follow him, and so did His disciples.

20And a woman who had been suffering from a hemorrhage for twelve years, came up behind Him and touched the fringe of His cloak; 21for she was saying to herself, "If I only touch His garment, I will get well." 22But Jesus turning and seeing her said, "Daughter, take courage; your faith has made you well." At once the woman was made well.

23When Jesus came into the official's house, and saw the flute-players and the crowd in noisy disorder, 24He said, "Leave; for the girl has not died, but is asleep." And they began laughing at Him. 25But when the crowd had been sent out, He entered and took her by the hand, and the girl got up. 26This news spread throughout all that land.

This dual story is told by all 3 of the synoptic gospel writers. Mark's version is by far the lengthiest, and Matthew's version is downright clipped it seems.

We'll stick with Matthew and perhaps someday we'll re-visit this in either Luke or Mark's account. We'll borrow from both Mark and Luke as we look at this.

I think what Matthew wants us to see is not so much the color and emotion of the people involved as their remarkable faith.

Seperate incidences from people of polar opposite social rankings. Yet all of them become equals before Jesus.

This world makes so much of social strata. Who you are. How you rank. Winners and losers. Haves and have nots. VIP's and painfully ordinary folks that aren't important.

One of the things we'll see in this passage is that none of that matters to Jesus. He's an equal access Saviour. He doesn't care if you're a

corporate vice president or a guy with dregs living in a cardboard box with your shopping cart parked beside it. Nor will it matter in eternity what your social ranking was here.

The sovereignty of God is unfolding a great drama for us here. God is in charge of the timing - the people involved are helpless and it's not unlike a similar drama later on with Lazarus and Martha and Mary.

In that one, we're let in on the timing of God. Jesus stays away, on purpose we're told, until Lazarus is 4 days in the tomb. And what does Martha say? Oh! If only you had been here. Jn. 11:21

That's what we have with Jairus, and his daughter.

Mark and Luke tell us his name. Jairus. He was the synagogue official. Some translations say leader. Not so different from what I'm engaged in doing as a pastor, however badly.

That's Jairus. He's a solid guy. Engaged in trying to help his fellow man. Everyone knows him. Many value him. He's a worthy guy. And obviously, a believer.

But as we've said, a drama is unfolding. His daughter, she's 12. That's a magic age for daughters. You can just see that first glimmer of the possibilities that life may hold for her. Practically a woman. Almost. But still a little girl. Still a child.

But something has gone wrong. Terribly wrong, and quickly. She's at death's door.

Where is Jesus? Where is Jesus? He's gone in boats to the other side of the sea. Oh no. If only He were here. If only . .

God is in charge of this drama - for His glory. A precious daughter, - the light of Jairus life - is hanging in the balance, about to pass out of this life and into the next, and Jesus is away.

We can imagine the agonizing hours, at her bedside. Please God, not

this. Not this. Where is Jesus.

Death has entered the room now. The breaths are separated and raspy. It won't be long. Anyone who has seen that - knows. Death enters the room and there's no holding him back. He waits for his victim. Those final raspy breaths. Panic. Not this! Please.

And someone says, No, Jesus is back on this side. He's by the sea. by the boats. Talking to some of John's disciples.

And Jairus bolts from the room. An impossible mission. It's 1/2 - 3/4 of a mile between him and Jesus. Death is in the room, waiting. Slow labored raspy breaths. She's barely alive.

We know this is the case because of how the spirit of God has given this account with His 3 authors.

Mark and Luke tell us she was at death's door. Luke gives us parents an extra sucker punch. He tells us she was his only child.

My eyes tear up imagining this. The horror of a hospital room. A 10 year old hanging in the balance. Memories so awful we don't visit them often. God was gracious to us, but we know something of Jairus nightmare.

18 While He was saying these things to them, a synagogue official came and bowed down before Him, and said, "My daughter has just died; but come and lay Your hand on her, and she will live."

Vs. 18 in the NKJ. "just died" HCSB "near death" we need to look at the greek. Is the HCSB stretching too far trying to harmonize the other 2 accounts?

I did a word study and it's fascinating that all 3 authors use different words. Mark is perhaps the original or first teller. He says she is *eschatos echai*. *Eschatos* means the end. *Echai* means dangling. The greek is picturesque. She's hanging on by a thread.

Luke says she's apethnēsken. Luke is a physician and he gives us the clinical word. It means 'was dying'. She was in the final throes. She will be dead soon. She was in that process. Those final breaths.

Matthew says she's arti eteleutēsen. arti means it just occurred. Just now. And eteleutesen means dead. She's just died.

Now first of all, let me tell you that if 1st and 2nd century Christians had collaborated to write these stories like the liberal theologians tell us, they wouldn't have given us 3 different words here to try to harmonize.

One of the things that makes this book so authentic is that 3 very different personality types see this story from 3 different angles. They use different words to describe the situation.

We look at the word for daughter also.

Mark says she was thygatrion. The little daughter. He goes right for the throat for anyone who's ever enjoyed the pleasure that a little girl, a wee girl brings to a household. The delight of that company. Mark makes her precious. A little daughter.

Luke uses the same word but without the qualifier that means small, precious. thygatēr. Daughter. But then he tells us she is thygatēr monogenēs. She is his only daughter.

Both of them from their own personalities and perspectives relay the pathos of the situation. Jairus is losing the joy of his household. The light in his room is going out.

Matthew takes a 3rd approach. Totally different from Luke the physician and Mark the sympathetic.

With Luke and Mark, the story is about Jairus. With Matthew, Jairus is secondary. The story is always always about Jesus with Matthew. Jairus is just a player. A supporting actor. No endearing pronouns. My daughter - has presently died. Minutes ago.

18 While He was saying these things to them, a synagogue official came and bowed down before Him, and said, "My daughter has just died; but come and lay Your hand on her, and she will live."

Matthew actually begins his version of the story at the point where the other guy comes from Jairus house and says, it's too late. She's gone.

a synagogue official came and bowed down before Him He gets to Jesus and he hits the dirt in front of Him. Prostrate. Worship. The old authorized version translates the word as worship.

We need to re-visit that word. Worship isn't 20 minutes of singing. It isn't. Worship is when you are empty of yourself, prostrate, in the presence of one mightier than you.

You're God. I'm me. I'm on my face bowing to the ground. Unworthy. Prostrate. You can intervene. I'm helpless. It's an acknowledgement of our position before God.

In Jairus case, after a half mile run - breathless, I'm picturing this sort of like sliding into base in a baseball game.

He hits the dirt. It gets Jesus attention. The conversation with John's disciples is over. It's all Jairus now.

My precious girl - my only child, the light in the room - and the light is going out. She's almost gone. Death is in the room waiting to take her. And that was long minutes ago.

It's impossible, but come - lay your hands on her - and she will live.

That's the right approach folks. Desperate faith. Worship. Intercession. Asking God for the impossible. Believing He can DO the impossible.

See it in Vs. 19. In the NKJ and some of the other versions; the word SO. It ties Jesus actions to Jairus worship. Jesus arose. The response is instant.

The disciples of John are standing there with their mouths open - wondering at God in their midst - trying to comprehend what He just said to them - and then He's gone.

You need to see God's sovereign hand in the perfect timing in all of this! Jesus gets back from the other side of the sea. In time. But not in time. God's in control of the seconds.

Vs. 19 Jesus got up and began to follow him, and so did His disciples.

. . . and so did His disciples.

In John 17 in the high priestly prayer, Jesus says, "I've accomplished the **work** you gave me to do."

What was he talking about there? It was before the cross. He hadn't accomplished the sin bearing for anyone who will take it. What "work" did he refer to.

He's right in the middle of that effort here. "the work" And it isn't intervening in this one life. Jairus daughter may have lived to be 80 after this intervention by Jesus. But then she died. Just like everyone else.

The work He's talking about in the high priestly prayer is discipleship. He's separated 12 men out of the world and He's pouring His life into them. This time. These miracles. They're for them. And for us. Those men got it! They wrote them down. Pinch yourself, here we are in unbroken succession.

Disciples. They followed Him to Jairus house. And we'll see that of the 12, only 3 get to accompany Him into the room.

It's fascinating to me. The selection process. There's the multitude. And in that multitude there are some folks getting pretty serious about all this. Disciples in a broader sense. Then we'll see there's the 70. another group within a group. 70 that He sends out 2 by 2. Then there's the 12 chosen apostles. Then there's the innermost 3 that see this

miracle, and also the transfiguration. 3 men who will be responsible for much of our New Testament.

We're here this morning studying these things because of Matthew. But his account is briefer than the one written by Mark, who was voice and pen for who? Peter. And Luke got his stuff from Mark. Mostly.

These 3 are entrusted with transmission. Getting the story, intact, to us. And one day Satan comes along and says "Foul". 3's still too many. Unfair advantage. And Herod murders James the brother of John.

You read John's books, and you can't help but wonder what we would have gotten from James. What would his books have been like. That book titled James in your new testament was written by James the half brother of Jesus. Not James 'son of thunder', John's brother. He was taken out.

We think of 3 men in this inner circle, the most intimate with Jesus. We would say, 3's not enough. These men are indispensable. But God takes one of them away, and then there's 2. That's how God rolls. So different from us. Charles DeGaulle said, "The graveyards are full of indispensable men".

And so, this moveable feast is moving. The entire mob is in tow. Everybody wants to see what will happen. Many of them I'm sure know and love Jairus. The drama is on the move. Up the slope to Jairus house. Quickly!

But Sovereign God has another scene in this play. Poor Jairus. Just as Jesus is moving out at as quick a pace towards the goal that was possible . . remember, Jesus was as far on the one side of this mob as He can get.

He was standing next to the water. Mob control. At least they're limited to 180 degrees. The water is a barrier on one side. Now Jesus and Jairus have to make their way as quickly as humanly possible through the midst of what, 5000 people?

So Jesus is on the MOVE. And the mob is making a hole. It sort of

looks like a human version of the red sea. Opening up a path through the middle of a sea of people. Something like that. Something like pandemonium too, as we shall see.

Vss. 20 And a woman who had been suffering from a hemorrhage for twelve years, came up behind Him and touched the fringe of His cloak; 21 for she was saying to herself, "If I only touch His garment, I will get well."

Here we stop for a minute and chuckle at our 2 other accounts. Mark says she had spent all her money on doctors and was worse than when she started. Mark throws the rotten thieving doctors under the bus.

Oops. Luke is a physician. Luke doesn't see it quite the same way. Luke says no one could help her. She was beyond help.

In any case, she had suffered greatly with this problem of a flow of blood. The Jews are squeamish about blood. Lots of laws concerning blood and un-cleanness, and this woman was affected by all of that.

She basically had been unclean continuously for 12 years. That means she's basically in the same world as lepers. Whoever she touches is also unclean according to the law.

She would have been to us like someone who has AIDS. Right or wrong, we hold folks at arms length. She was ostracized from society. Likely her marriage was over. Her family separated. Her children if she had them not with her. This was a heartbreaking problem.

And she's on a mission. She believes if she can just touch one of the little hangy down tassly things on Jesus robe, she'll be healed.

No one needs to know her secret. No one needs to know she's even there. This'll be quietly done and only one person will be affected. Her. That's her plan, and she's in position, He's coming right past her and she folds in right behind Him and touches . . . Him.

Matthew doesn't stop to tell us, but both Mark and Luke tell us, she

knew instantly. Her plan had worked. She could feel herself healed. What a moment! Her plan had worked! Except . . . Jesus skids to a stop.

Again, we have to rely on Mark or Luke. Jesus skids to a stop. This must have had poor Jairus in fits. His worst nightmare, just multiplied. He's got Jesus moving toward the problem, and now this!

Jesus skids to a stop and says "Who touched me!"

Luke 8: 43 - 48 says; And a woman who had a hemorrhage for twelve years, and could not be healed by anyone, 44came up behind Him and touched the fringe of His cloak, and immediately her hemorrhage stopped. 45And Jesus said, "Who is the one who touched Me?" And while they were all denying it, Peter said, "Master, the people are crowding and pressing in on You." 46But Jesus said, "Someone did touch Me, for I was aware that power had gone out of Me." 47When the woman saw that she had not escaped notice, she came trembling and fell down before Him, and declared in the presence of all the people the reason why she had touched Him, and how she had been immediately healed. 48And He said to her, "Daughter, your faith has made you well; go in peace

Jesus stops and says who touched my garments, and the disciples are like, are you nuts? Everyone touched your garments. Come on! Jairus is apoplectic, his little daughter who the whole town knows and loves is almost dead, probably dead, and you stop the whole deal and ask dumb questions??

Think about this. How we see the problem and define the solution for God. Here's my problem and here's what You need to do about it God. Just follow my plan.

But He never does. He follows His plan. He works on His time, not yours. And sometimes we get angry with God. "This could have been so simple, if you'd just listened to me! If you'd just done it my way!

We can see an inch in front of our nose. God can see everything in the

entire universe.

Jesus skids to a stop and I'm sure Jairus is beside himself, and the apostle are like, Come on! And Jesus says, no, we're going to proceed with My plan on My time schedule.

Krystin Getty has a new song. The Perfect Wisdom of our God. And one of the lines brought tears to my eyes when I first heard it. *And teach me humbly to receive The sun and rain of your sovereignty.* The wisdom of our God. We think it's a train wreck. Jesus says no. Wait.

This unworthy daughter is just as important to Me as worthy Jairus. He needs to stop and change superstitious faith in an object into real faith in a person. The tassel didn't heal you. The power went forth from a person. That's how God rolls. And His sovereignty is perfect!

Learn to love the sunshine, and the rain. God is good to us. Always. Jairus was having a tougher time with that concept than we probably will ever have. Maybe not. Trust that God is good when His plan skids wildly out of your control and everything looks like it's lost.

Did you notice in Marks account WHY Jesus stopped dead. He perceived that power had gone forth. He felt the power go out of Him to heal this woman.

Here's a thought to ponder. If He could feel that, perceptibly, for one woman, what did it feel like when all the sins of all the people past present and future came down on Him on calvary.

He can feel one woman. One insignificant woman. Lower caste. Unremarkable. Ostracized. Less than nobody. We can just barely imagine that. He felt the power leave Him. What was calvary like. Just my sin alone would be a sucker punch. God unloaded everybody's on Him.

He bore the sin of the whole world.

Back to our drama. She knows she's got to come clean. Her worst

nightmare now. She was unpopular before. Now she's caused this procession to the worthy man's house to save the life of the worthy daughter, to stall.

Mk. 5:33 But the woman fearing and trembling, aware of what had happened to her, came and fell down before Him and told Him the whole truth

And that's where Matthew picks the story up. *22 But Jesus turning and seeing her said, "Daughter, take courage; your faith has made you well." At once the woman was made well*

Two daughters. One worthy, one unworthy. One respected, one ostracized. One loved, one despised. One cherished, one forgotten. Jesus loves them both.

It's sort of pathetic to me that in this world's rush to jettison the judeo christian ethic, the very people who claim they want equality for women, are trashing the very person who brought that equality to its pinnacle.

You can check your history books from tribes in caves to Edwardian England and everywhere in between, and the treatment of women follows the society's acceptance or rejection of this book.

We're well on the way down the other side of that pinnacle. Women will be slaves when christianity is replaced with secularism and Islam. This is the only book that loves . . . women.

Again, Mark tells us the words were not out of Jesus' mouth to the cast off woman when news comes from Jairus' house. Death has won this round. The girl is gone. Why trouble the 'teacher' any more about it.

We can imagine poor Jairus. The crushing grief. Death is so final to us. Irreversible. I'm sure Jairus is thinking exactly that. It's too late. Like water over a waterfall. How can you get it back. It's gone.

And Jesus looks at Jairus and says, Don't you leave me now! You stay

right here with me and believe.

49While He was still speaking, someone came from the house of the synagogue official, saying, "Your daughter has died; do not trouble the Teacher anymore." 50But when Jesus heard this, He answered him, "Do not be afraid any longer; only believe, and she will be made well."

Lk. 8:49 - 50

These aren't ignorant people. They know what death looks like. No pulse. No breath. No color. No warmth. Death.

Jairus, she's gone. Leave the teacher go his way and you need to deal with reality.

But Jesus says, let the horror go, the fear, believe in Me, and she's going to be OK.

23When Jesus came into the official's house, and saw the flute-players and the crowd in noisy disorder, 24He said, "Leave; for the girl has not died, but is asleep." And they began laughing at Him.

God's perspective of death is different from ours. None of us will die, ultimately. We'll be somewhere for eternity. From God's point of view, she's just sleeping.

The jewish funeral has begun. Wailing. Noise. Flute players. Whether good or bad, effective or ineffective, their traditions to begin this greiving process involved chaos. Wailing. Weeping. Loud noise. Flutes. Appropriate and predictable. Funeral in progress.

Jesus walks in the house and says, this is out of order. Please leave. The girl hasn't died. She's just sleeping.

Death is a different kettle of tea - if you're God. No one else in the universe could walk in that room and say those words, and win that argument.

That girls dead! There won't be any scratch marks on the inside of her

coffin. She's gray and cold and rigor mortis is already setting in. And someone enters the room and says, take your noise and commotion and get out. She's asleep.

And they began laughing at Him. Does that make your skin crawl? Make the hair on your neck bristle a bit like when you're way in the wrong place in an electric storm. Laughing at God, who spoke the universe into existence.

The village idiot just showed up and pronounced that this girls just taking a snooze. *And they began laughing at Him.*

These same folks who are laughing at God had seen him heal 100's, maybe thousands before this day. In Matthew 11 Jesus has something to say about these folks who have laughed at Him;

Mt. 11:23 - 24 *“And you, Capernaum, will not be exalted to heaven, will you? You will descend to Hades; for if the miracles had occurred in Sodom which occurred in you, it would have remained to this day. 24 “Nevertheless I say to you that it will be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for you.”*

They laughed at Him. Oh my.

Now is where, again, as I've said before, I hope there are some instant replays of these events in heaven. Mark says He put them out. *But putting them all out,* and Matthew says;

25But when the crowd had been sent out,

Ever wonder about what the fury of Jesus might look like. It wasn't a long argument. Like the sellers in the temple. Jesus seems to have His way. He cleared these folks out. OUT! Get out.

And then, I can't resist reading Marks account. Mark 5:40 - 43
But putting them all out, He took along the child's father and mother and His own companions, and entered the room where the child was. 41Taking the child by the hand, He said to her, “Talitha kum!” (which

translated means, "Little girl, I say to you, get up!"). 42Immediately the girl got up and began to walk, for she was twelve years old. And immediately they were completely astounded. 43And He gave them strict orders that no one should know about this, and He said that something should be given her to eat.

Talitha kum. Hey, sweet girl, get up. Time to get up. Or if you're a Doc Martin fan; wakey wakey It was said softly just like any dad would say to a beloved daughter. *42Immediately the girl got up and began to walk, for she was twelve years old*

Mom and Dad are sort of weirded out. Is this a ghost walking. A resurrection body? They knew she was not sleeping, like we sleep. They act like they're seeing a ghost.

And Jesus says, give her something to eat. She's a normal 12 year old. That's what they do. Eat. She's not a ghost. Make her some pancakes.

43And He gave them strict orders that no one should know about this

Right, Jesus. How's that gonna work out. You threw everybody out. They all knew she was dead dead. And now she's having pancakes and syrup. And no one is supposed to find out? Really?

This not telling anyone is what I'm good at. Don't tell anyone! OK.

Except, after He rose from the dead, He changed this rule. You go tell everyone! Oh. I'm Not so good at that.

He entered and took her by the hand, and the girl got up. 26This news spread throughout all that land.

Why does he tell them to keep silent?

The miracles were necessary so that the new covenant in His blood would be based in belief supported by works that only God can accomplish. There is precedent for that all the other times God was revealing new truth in the old testament. The law and the prophets came

with miracles.

Revelation, if it is from God, is always accompanied by miracles. Sorry, Joseph Smith. You didn't make any blind people have sight. You didn't raise any 12 year olds from the dead. Too bad for Joseph. She's almost old enough to marry. Give her another year and a half. Joseph didn't do verifiable miracles. His book is garbage. The miracles are unique to the time and purposes of Jesus, the Lamb of God.

But the miracles that attest to something new, are finite. This girl will live a normal life, and then she'll die. The blind guys who receive sight will some day close those eyes in death. The miracles serve a purpose, they attest to the one doing them, but they are finite. They aren't what the story is about. They're just supporting actors.

Taking our sin upon Himself and giving us eternal life, that's infinite.

Jesus came to die for sins, not fix every problem in this life. The enormous crowds that followed Him from place to place had no interest in their own need for forgiveness. They wanted to see a show. He tells them, don't tell anyone. This isn't what it's about.

After the resurrection we're told to go tell everyone. Believe in Jesus for forgiveness of sins. He died on the cross for us. He bore our sins away. Tell that.