

# Sunday closest to June 29

Proper 8  
Year B  
RCL

## The Collect

Almighty God, you have built your Church upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone: Grant us so to be joined together in unity of spirit by their teaching, that we may be made a holy temple acceptable to you; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

## The First Reading

**Wisdom of Solomon 1:13-15; 2:23-24**

God did not make death, and he does not delight in the death of the living. For he created all things so that they might exist; the generative forces of the world are wholesome, and there is no destructive poison in them, and the dominion of Hades is not on earth. For righteousness is immortal. God created us for incorruption, and made us in the image of his own eternity, but through the devil's envy death entered the world, and those who belong to his company experience it.

## The Response

**Psalm 30**

- 1 I will exalt you, O LORD,  
because you have lifted me up \*  
**and have not let my enemies triumph over me.**
- 2 O LORD my God, I cried out to you, \*  
**and you restored me to health.**
- 3 You brought me up, O LORD, from the dead; \*  
**you restored my life as I was going down to the grave.**
- 4 Sing to the LORD, you servants of his; \*  
**give thanks for the remembrance of his holiness.**
- 5 For his wrath endures but the twinkling of an eye, \*  
**his favor for a lifetime.**
- 6 Weeping may spend the night, \*  
**but joy comes in the morning.**
- 7 While I felt secure, I said, "I shall never be disturbed. \*  
**You, LORD, with your favor,  
made me as strong as the mountains."**
- 8 Then you hid your face, \*  
**and I was filled with fear.**
- 9 I cried to you, O LORD; \*  
**I pleaded with the Lord, saying,**

10 "What profit is there in my blood, if I go down to the Pit? \*  
**will the dust praise you or declare your faithfulness?**

11 Hear, O LORD, and have mercy upon me; \*  
**O LORD, be my helper."**

12 You have turned my wailing into dancing; \*  
**you have put off my sack-cloth and clothed me with joy.**

13 Therefore my heart sings to you without ceasing; \*  
**O LORD my God, I will give you thanks for ever.**

## The Epistle

## 2 Corinthians 8:7-15

As you excel in everything-- in faith, in speech, in knowledge, in utmost eagerness, and in our love for you-- so we want you to excel also in this generous undertaking. I do not say this as a command, but I am testing the genuineness of your love against the earnestness of others. For you know the generous act of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, so that by his poverty you might become rich. And in this matter I am giving my advice: it is appropriate for you who began last year not only to do something but even to desire to do something-- now finish doing it, so that your eagerness may be matched by completing it according to your means. For if the eagerness is there, the gift is acceptable according to what one has-- not according to what one does not have. I do not mean that there should be relief for others and pressure on you, but it is a question of a fair balance between your present abundance and their need, so that their abundance may be for your need, in order that there may be a fair balance. As it is written, "The one who had much did not have too much, and the one who had little did not have too little."

## The Gospel

## Mark 5:21-43

When Jesus had crossed again in the boat to the other side, a great crowd gathered around him; and he was by the sea. Then one of the leaders of the synagogue named Jairus came and, when he saw him, fell at his feet and begged him repeatedly, "My little daughter is at the point of death. Come and lay your hands on her, so that she may be made well, and live." So he went with him. And a large crowd followed him and pressed in on him. Now there was a woman who had been suffering from hemorrhages for twelve years. She had endured much under many physicians, and had spent all that she had; and she was no better, but rather grew worse. She had heard about Jesus, and came up behind him in the crowd and touched his cloak, for she said, "If I but touch his clothes, I will be made well." Immediately her hemorrhage stopped; and she felt in her body that she was healed of her disease. Immediately aware that power had gone forth from him, Jesus turned about in the crowd and said, "Who touched my clothes?" And his disciples said to him, "You see the crowd pressing in on you; how can you say, 'Who touched me?'" He looked all around to see who had done it. But the woman, knowing what had happened to her, came in fear and trembling, fell down before him, and told him the whole truth. He said to her, "Daughter, your faith has made you well; go in peace, and be healed of your disease." While he was still speaking, some people came from the leader's house to say, "Your daughter is dead. Why trouble the teacher any further?" But overhearing what they said, Jesus said to the leader of the synagogue, "Do not fear, only believe." He allowed no one to follow him except Peter, James, and John, the brother of James. When they came to the house of the

leader of the synagogue, he saw a commotion, people weeping and wailing loudly. When he had entered, he said to them, “Why do you make a commotion and weep? The child is not dead but sleeping.” And they laughed at him. Then he put them all outside, and took the child’s father and mother and those who were with him, and went in where the child was. He took her by the hand and said to her, “Talitha cum,” which means, “Little girl, get up!” And immediately the girl got up and began to walk about (she was twelve years of age). At this they were overcome with amazement. He strictly ordered them that no one should know this, and told them to give her something to eat.

The Gospel of the Lord.

## **SERMON**

Our story this morning begins with two daughters. One, a dying little girl with a powerful father. The other, a poor, sick woman whose illness has isolated her from society. And between both is Jesus. Jesus the healer. Jesus the giver of life.

Jesus and his disciples have just recrossed the Sea of Galilee. They are met by Jairus, a leader of the local synagogue, who when he sees Jesus, falls to his feet and begs Jesus to heal his daughter. “*Come and lay your hands on her, so that she may be made well, and live.*”

As Jesus and his disciples make their way to Jairus's house, a woman who has been bleeding for twelve years comes up behind Jesus, stretches her hand and touches his cloak. *"If I but touch his clothes, I will be made well."*

Immediately her bleeding stops, and she knows that she is healed. At that same moment, Jesus recognizes that power has gone out of his body, and he insists on finding out why. *"Who touched my clothes?"*

Imagine Jesus, being surrounded by a crowd of people and he stops, doesn't move, looks around, and starts searching. Even his disciples are confused, *"You see the crowd pressing in on you; how can you say, 'Who touched me?'"*

I imagine that time stood still as Jesus searches for an answer. But time was also standing still for Jairus. He was just a father whose daughter is seriously ill. A father who tried every medical and spiritual possibility available to save his child.

A father who probably begged and pleaded with anyone who could help him. A father who had the money, influence and time to find some kind of answer to his daughter's illness. But all to no avail. But now Jairus has another chance. He meets Jesus and is bringing him home so he can save his daughter.

And if we were Jairus, hurrying home with Jesus, and all of a sudden Jesus is stopping in the middle of the road asking, "*Who touched my clothes?*" wouldn't we have been frustrated? But all he does is wait.

When my youngest daughter Hillary was six months old, she had a high fever of 106 degrees, and despite everything we tried, the fever would not go down. It's after midnight and I'm desperately calling her pediatrician. He heard the panic in my voice and tells us to go the emergency room and he will meet us there. He gives us the best-case scenario and he gives us the worst-case scenario, but he needs a sample of her spinal fluid, just to be sure. I remember seeing her tiny little body being prepped for the test just as the door was closing.

I felt helpless, desperate, and scared. Like Jairus, I would have done anything to make her better. Like Jairus, I had to trust, and I had to wait.

Even when Jesus does not make sense. Even when Jairus receives word that his child is dead. Jesus and Jairus continue on, and Jairus' faith is strengthened.

The faith to keep walking in the valley of death, simply because Jesus tells him to. The faith that endures past the worst news a parent can hear. The faith that resists mocking, disbelieving laughter against Jesus.

The faith that believes these amazing, incredible words from God, "*The child is not dead but sleeping.*" And so, Jesus reminds us, "*Do not fear, only believe.*" And this faith, trust, and belief has been living in the other daughter of this story.

According to Mark, this daughter has been bleeding for twelve years. Her condition makes her unclean, she cannot enter the synagogue, which is the heart and soul of her religious community. She cannot touch or be touched by anyone without making them unclean also.

And by the time she approaches Jesus, she has spent all the money that she has, given up everything that she owns, went to every doctor that she could find, and her bleeding has only become worse. Her very body is the source of isolation and disgrace. She is an outcast. An embarrassment. Alone.

And this woman, knowing that she is rejected by society, approaches Jesus in desperation. She's breaking her quarantine! She knows she should not be outside with the crowd in her condition. She knows she's not supposed to be near anyone, close enough to breathe on them, let alone touch them!

She knows that even her fingertip touching Jesus' cloak will defile him.

But in hopelessness and despair she reaches out and touches his cloak.

And Jesus knows. He insists that this terrified woman come forward and tell her story. Her "whole truth."

Jesus knows that she has spent twelve years living with other people's prejudices and judgments. She has been shamed. She needs someone to finally listen. To understand. To bless her in front of the entire community.

And this is why Jesus, even when he is on his way to heal a sick child, stops to restore a broken woman to dignity and humanity. He shows us that her experience is no less important than a child of a synagogue leader.



He doesn't let her crawl away into oblivion. He invites her to find a voice, speak about her story and speak about God. *“Daughter, your faith has made you well; go in peace and be healed of your disease.”*

Two daughters. Two women and a father who push through barriers to reach Jesus. In Jairus's story, Jesus demands that we not see death where he sees life. In the story of the bleeding woman, Jesus restores a lost child to God.

These two encounters with Jesus couldn't be more different. The rich and powerful versus the poor and powerless. The father who asks for healing, the woman who takes healing without asking. A girl who is touched by Jesus and raised from the dead and a woman who touches Jesus who is healed and alive. Yes, these stories are very different, but they are the same love story.

It's the story of Jesus who answers the cry of a desperate father, who visits a sick child, who risks defilement to touch the unclean and the broken, who listens for as long as it takes. It's a story of hope and courage and healing. Because in every moment of life there is the chance for all of us to touch Jesus' cloak of mercy, forgiveness, gratitude, prayer, compassion and generosity.

Our daughter eventually recovered from the high fever with no medical treatment but with God's love and our faith that she would be healed.

So, on those days when you feel tired and overwhelmed, reach out and touch the cloak of Jesus and let it infuse you with his life, his love, and his power.

Touch and be healed. Touch and go in peace.

E pule kākou, let us pray.

Dear Jesus, Divine Physician and Healer of the sick, we turn to you in time of illness. O dearest comforter of the troubled, alleviate our worry and sorrow with your gentle love, and grant us the grace and strength to accept this burden. We place our worries in your hands.

Amen.

**SAID PRAYERS:**

We pray for safe travels for Val Okihara.

We pray for newly elected Presiding Bishop Sean Rowe.

**SAID ANNOUNCEMENTS:**

The Rt. Rev. Sean Rowe, bishop of the Episcopal Dioceses of Northwestern Pennsylvania and Western New York, was elected and confirmed as the 28th presiding bishop and primate of The Episcopal Church on June 26 for a nine-year term beginning Nov. 1.

At the General Convention it was resolved that the commemoration of Lili‘uokalani of Hawai‘i be authorized for trial use for the triennium 2024-2027 with January 29 being used as the date she was sworn in as Queen. This process started at our Hawai‘i Diocese convention in 2014 and introduced at the General Convention in 2015.

Hapi coats are on sale right after the service in the pavilion, see Faith. Just \$30 and monies go to JCON to support seminarians of Japanese ancestry.

~ Japanese clergy are very under-represented in the larger Episcopal Church. There is only one Bishop, Diana Akiyama. Of the five historical Japanese Episcopal churches across the nation, I’m the only one with Japanese ancestry. In Hawaii Andrew Arakawa is a chaplain at Iolani School, Moki Hino is at Good Shepherd on Maui, and Jennifer Masada on the Big Island.

~ Building up Japanese clergy is a goal and we supported Kenji Kuramitsu, who will be preaching next week. He’s very personable and you’ll enjoy listening to him, rather than me!

Plant share is this coming Saturday, 10-11am. Bring a plant, take a plant, everything is free! It was a hit last year with many community members participating and getting to know we are a church in Palolo Valley.

We have new chairs in the back, donated by my mom, thank you!