



---

# Key Notes

---

## Touché

The testimony of the woman who touched the hem of Jesus' garment (Mark 5:24-34).

My story would not matter much  
If I had lived without His touch;  
But when He came into my town  
He turned my world all upside down.  
Nothing's ever been the same  
Since I reached out and called His Name.

If you had looked inside my soul  
You would have found a gaping hole.  
And in that pit of dark despair  
I felt I didn't have a prayer.  
My doctors tried in vain to find  
A cure to bring me peace of mind.

But when my options all were tried,  
And faith was gone and hope had died,  
I felt that I had reached my end,  
The grave would be a welcomed friend.  
"Just let me die," I weakly said,  
"Things would be best if I were dead."

And then He stepped onto my street;  
I almost thought He hoped we'd meet!  
My friends said He had power to save;  
These words brought hope and made me brave.  
I said a prayer and made a vow,  
"I'll try this Jesus... try Him now!"

I crept in silence through the crowd  
My lips were sealed, my head was bowed.  
My desperation now was such,  
Nothing mattered but the touch.  
When I made contact, then I knew  
What faith in Jesus Christ can do!

If you, dear friend, are here today  
With hopes and dreams all swept away.  
There's one more option left to try  
Reach out as He is passing by.  
Nothing really matters much  
Until you feel the Master's touch!

Pastor Stan