

Drama Ministry®

POINT. CLICK. ACTION!

ONE TOUCH

by EILEEN RIFE

GENRE: Dramatic monologue

SYNOPSIS: A woman with 12 year hemorrhage is healed by touching the tassel on Jesus' robe.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: The woman should speak thoughtfully, her face reflecting painful memories, then gradually revealing hope as she gives account.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Love, Hope, Biblical Times

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Luke 8:43-48

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Sermon Introduction

CHARACTERS: WOMAN

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Middle Eastern robe, head scarf, and sandals

SOUND: One wireless microphone

LIGHTING: Spot, if desired

SETTING: Unspecified

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ONE TOUCH *by Eileen Rife*

Lights fade up on a woman at center stage.

WOMAN: I was an outcast, shunned by society. Even my husband and family were forbidden to touch me. And because of the requirements of the Mosaic Law, I wasn't permitted to touch them either. Considered immoral, unclean, I wasn't even allowed to worship with my family and friends in the synagogue. I was stripped of all my dignity and forced into isolation. All because of a chronic hemorrhage that lasted for 12 years.

I sought every possible remedy known to the medical profession, exhausting my entire life's savings. Not only was I not cured, I actually grew worse as a result of the treatments. I was so frustrated, so discouraged. I didn't know where else to turn.

One day I was walking alone on the Galilean seashore. As I strolled along, kicking an occasional pebble or two, and feeling sorry for myself, I noticed a commotion a little further down the beach. A crazed crowd, hungry to see something or someone—I couldn't quite make it out from where I stood—pushed and shoved one another. Inching my way closer to the crowd while still maintaining some distance, I strained to see what was going on.

Suddenly a man, who I recognized as Jairus, emerged from the crowd and fell at another man's feet begging him to heal his daughter. I heard him call the man's name—Jesus. Ah, Jesus. The buzz around Capernaum was that this man was some sort of miracle-worker. But I wasn't so sure. I'd gotten my hopes up so many times in the past, yet I always ended up disappointed and disillusioned. I thought, Do miracles really happen? If so, maybe this Jesus has a miracle for me. Do I dare hope that he can help me?

Suddenly, something propelled me forward. I can't explain it, but in one desperate attempt for relief, I plunged through the crowd. Stretching out my hand, I touched the tassel swinging from Jesus' robe.

Immediately I heard Him say, "Who touched me?" His searching eyes scanned the mob. His penetrating gaze was more than I could tolerate. Trembling with fear and guilt, I fell down at Jesus' feet. Nervous, I rattled off my tale about the misery I'd endured for so many years. Whispers rumbled through the crowd. Men sneered. Women turned their backs in disgust. Children mocked, jeered. Cowering, I waited for Jesus to do the same. Perhaps even strike me for my insolence. You see, I had reached out and touched his tassel, the very symbol of purity by the Law's standards. But he didn't strike me. *(Sob)* He didn't even rebuke me. Instead, he looked straight into my pleading eyes with compassion—oh, such compassion—and said, "Daughter, your faith has made you well; go in peace."