

WHEN WE NEED HELP THE MOST

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One of the leaders of the synagogue named Jairus came and, when he saw Jesus, 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 Jesus went with him. Mark 5:22-24

Hatred toward Jesus was already growing in the hearts of the Pharisees and, up until today, Jairus may have been one of those who were ready to persecute Jesus. Being "ruler of the synagogue" was a big deal: he was the synagogue administrator, head of staff, president of the board of elders, a high-ranking Pharisee, and one of the most important men in the community. Scripture gives us no reason to believe that Jairus thought Jesus was anything but a heretic, an enemy of the traditional Jewish faith, and a growing challenge to the Pharisees' power. Until ... Jairus' daughter got sick.

Jairus didn't run to the synagogue and ask for his daughter to be put on the prayer list. He forgot all about Jesus the radical, Jesus the troublemaker, Jesus the threat to the existing system of power. He ran as fast as he could to the man he'd heard was all those things, yes, but also ... the one who was casting out demons, healing the sick and paralyzed, restoring the man with the withered hand. Rules, regulations, traditions, power, community respect – NOTHING mattered anymore. Jairus' little daughter was at the point of death. And Jairus ran to Jesus.

When he got there, this leader of the synagogue fell on his knees in front of the Galilean troublemaker, and begged. His prejudices, his dignity, his life of prestige and power were all forgotten. He needed Jesus.

This moment will look different in each of our lives. We may be driven to Jesus in desperate fear for our life or the life of someone we love. We may be out of money, and see no hope for our future. We may feel so alone and lonely that we cry out to Jesus just in case he really cares, as we'd heard he might. It could simply be that in whatever the situation is, we've done all that's humanly possible and we're out of options. We run to Jesus.

Yes, it's humbling. Of course it is; that's a GOOD thing. And yes, it's hard to ask for help and admit our own helplessness. We hate that. But when we're in trouble that big ... NOTHING else matters anymore. We need Jesus.

And we find him: loving, compassionate, filled with peace and the power and desire to help. Jairus' daughter received physical healing. Jairus, I suspect, received spiritual and emotional healing. When we need him, Jesus is always there, and we are safe, no matter what.