

How a Nobody Became a Somebody

by Samuel Logan Brengle

Real faith in Jesus and vital union with Him will always make an interesting somebody out of a dull nobody.

Scripture: Matthew 7:7, Matthew 9:20-22, Mark 5:25-34, Luke 8:26-56, John 14:13-14, Philippians 4:19, Hebrews 11:6, James 4:8

Topics: "Faith", "Transformation"

Description

Samuel Logan Brengle shares the transformative story of a woman who, after suffering for twelve years, becomes a 'somebody' through her faith in Jesus. Despite being a 'nobody' in the eyes of the crowd, her determination to touch Jesus' garment leads to her healing and recognition. Brengle emphasizes that true faith and a personal connection with Jesus can elevate anyone from obscurity to significance. The sermon illustrates how both the healed woman and Jairus' daughter became central figures through their encounters with Christ, highlighting the power of faith and perseverance. Ultimately, Brengle encourages listeners to press on in their pursuit of Jesus, regardless of obstacles.

Transcript

It is one of the shortest, simplest stories ever heard, and yet one of the sweetest and most wonderful, as told by Luke.

Jesus had been across the little sea and had cast a legion of devils out of a poor fellow. The devils, by His permission, went into a big herd of swine, and the swine rushed off down a precipice and drowned themselves in the sea. They preferred death to devils. Wise pigs!

The men who fed the pigs fled to the city and told what had been done. Then the people came out to Jesus, and found the man out of whom the devils had been cast, 'sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind'; but, and this seems passing strange, 'they were afraid.' Then the people poured in from all the country round about, and 'besought Him to depart from them; for they were taken with great fear.'

Jesus did not insist on His right to stay among them, but gently and quietly withdrew, leaving the new convert to evangelize all that country.

When Jesus returned to His own side of the sea, He found the people all waiting for Him, and they 'gladly received Him.'

In the crowd was the ruler of the synagogue, Jairus, who 'fell down at Jesus' feet, and besought Him that He would come into his house: for he had one only daughter, about twelve years of age, and she lay dying.' Jesus went, but 'as He went the people thronged Him.' It was a crowd bursting with curiosity, wondering what He would do next, and determined not to miss the sight. Jairus was an important person, and that added to the interest.

But in the town was a poor, pale-faced, hollow-cheeked, ill-clad woman, who had been sick with an issue of blood for twelve years. The people, no doubt, had grown very tired of seeing her shambling along week after week to see the doctors, upon whom she had spent all her living in a vain twelve years' search and struggle for health. She was just a 'nobody' -- everybody was tired of the sight of her, and here into the throng she came with her bloodless face and tired eyes and shuffling feet and threadbare, faded clothes. The crowd jostled her, crushed her, trampled upon her slow, heavy feet, blocked her way; but she had a purpose. She was inspired by a new hope. If she could only reach Jesus, and touch but the hem of His garment, she was sure her long struggle for health would be ended. And so, dodging, ducking under arms, edging her way through the jam of the great, moving crowd, she at last got close to Him, and, stretching forth a wasted, bony hand, she touched his travel-stained, rough, workman's robe, and -- Oh, something happened! Instantly a thrill of health shot through her, and she was well!

And something had happened to Jesus! The crowd had been pressing upon and jostling Him, but that touch of His garment had thrilled through His rough robe, and He said, 'Who touched Me?' They all denied, and then Peter spoke up: 'Master, the multitude throng Thee and press Thee, and sayest Thou, Who touched Me? The multitude had touched Him, but one timid touch was different from all the rest. Jesus said: 'Somebody hath touched Me; for I perceive that virtue is gone out of Me.'

Ah! The nobody had suddenly become 'somebody.' And somebody she was in very truth from that day forth. 'And when the woman saw that she was not hid, she came trembling, and falling down before Him she declared unto Him before all the people for what cause she had touched Him, and how she was healed immediately.'

All eyes were turned upon her now. Jairus, the important ruler, was just one of the crowd. Other people were all 'nobodies.' No one in all that throng had eyes for anybody else than just that shrinking, trembling woman, and Jesus.

And then the sweetest words she ever heard dropped from His dear lips: 'Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole: go in peace.' And in peace she went.

I venture to think that from that hour she was by far the most interesting woman in all that town. The people would talk about her they would seek her out, and when she walked the street the children would stop their playing, the women their knitting and gossip, and the men their traffic, to look at her and watch her as far as their eyes could follow her.

Oh, she was now 'somebody' eclipsing everybody else in that old town. No, not everybody! There was a twelve-year-old girl who was most interesting and much talked about, too -- Jairus' daughter. Jesus was on the way to heal her when this woman stopped the procession, and during the delay the little girl died.

Some one came and told Jairus, saying: 'Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.' But when Jesus heard it, He answered: 'Fear not: believe only, and she shall be made whole.' And He went and raised her from the dead.

Now I am sure that while that woman was the most talked about and most interesting woman in the town, that girl was the most interesting child. Those were the two 'somebodies ' of that whole country round about, and the secret was that they had come into touch with Jesus. Real faith in Jesus, vital union with Him, will always make an interesting somebody out of a dull nobody.

The child couldn't go to Jesus; she was dead; so He went to her. But the woman had to go to Jesus, and this was not easy. The crowd was in the way, and possibly some of them purposely blocked her way. Others may have sneered at her; and asked her what was her haste, and what she meant by edging in front of folks who had as much right on the street as she. But she shut her ears, or heard as one who was deaf; she kept her own secrets and pressed on as best she could till she touched Him, and that touch gave her all her heart's desire and rewarded all her effort.

So, to-day, people who go to Jesus do not always find it easy. Other people get in the way. Sometimes they stoutly oppose; sometimes they sneer and ridicule. Cares and fears and doubts throng and press around the seeker; darkness of mind and soul obscures the way. But there is nothing else to do except to press on, right on and on; and the one who presses on and on will find Him, reach Him, touch Him, and will get all his heart's desire and be rewarded above all he asks or thinks.

It is true! I know it is, for I myself so sought and found Him, and was satisfied, and He satisfies me still. He is a wonderful Saviour! Hallelujah for ever and ever! Amen

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