

Sermon ~ Sunday, February 26, 2023, by Pastor Dwight Benoit

Text: Luke 8: 43-48

Title: How Desperate are You?

Desperate, adj., no ground for hope; in *despair* (desperation) that prompts reckless actions or violence in the face of defeat or frustrations; at the end of your rope.

Most **CHRIST**ians (if they would be honest) find **PRAYER**, a hard task! Most would **PRAY** more, or more sincerely, or less selfishly, if, they say, “I only know *“how?”*”  
But **PRAYER** is not so hard, if we only knew *“why”* we **PRAY**?

When we are brought to desperate moments, **GOD** is saying, “You are **praying** for one thing, that is in your level of understanding, **BUT I AM** about to release something greater in your life, something *prophetic* that will not only affect you now **BUT** will go out and affect your generation and those to come.”

Desperate moments’ drive up the intensity of our pursuits, the intensity of our **PRAYERS** and grows our **FAITH in GOD** and *expectancy* from **GOD**! Why? **GOD** wants to bring something out of us we never dreamed possible! Desperate moments cause us to *depend* on **GOD** and to draw near to **HIM**!

See from the *text*, **GOD (JESUS)** looks on Desperate People!

This *Woman* with an issue of blood was desperate. She was bleeding, which according to **JEWISH** Law meant that she was *unclean*. Year after year she had dealt with shame and rejection because of her condition. She was *labeled, shunned, staired* upon by the community. She had no business being in a crowd. **BUT** she was so desperate after 12 years of hemorrhaging that she had enough, pressed through the crowd, touched the hem of **JESUS’** garment, and was healed. Because of *the low placed* she had been *reduced* to; she developed a strong desire to remain in that place on longer. She got desperate and made a move that placed her at the feet of **JESUS**.

How Desperate are You?

Someone here this morning is among our **LORD’S** *hidden* ones; you have *secret sorrows*. Like this *Woman*, your *words* are few and you are good at hiding your *shamefacedness*. You feel *guilty* and know you are by Law. You *look clean* but underneath you are *filthy*. Everywhere you sit, all who touch it, share in your defilement. You are made to feel an *outcast*, lonely in heart, and live a life of being undercover. **BUT** this *Woman*, few in words, got and “immediate cure,” an “wayside miracle.”

For **JESUS, The SAVIOR**, was on **HIS** way to *Jairus* house to heal his daughter, and this *Woman* finds out that “**HIS GRACE** is *truly Sufficient* (II Corinthians 12: 9); that *our LORD’S Cup of Gracious Power* is *full—full* to the brim—and as **HE** goes... just one drop of **HIS GRACE** can “intentionally” not “accidentally” fall on you and your desperation!

I **pray** today, in *my* feebleness to declare this **GOSPEL**, bring you to shout with me, for these Desperate times, and, what also, what we must do!

Note, What She Done!

Literally, dying for 12 long years. What had she been doing?

She resolved not to die, if a cure could be had! She knew that this dis-ease she had could take her, on any given day—bring her to the grave... **BUT** she said within herself, “I’ll give it my *best fight*.” “If there is a possibility of *removing* this *plague* it shall be *removed*. Let it cost me what it may of *pain* or *payment*.” “If a *cure* could be had, I’m going to have!”

Sound like my *cry* when I was sick of *sin*... I acknowledged, “I am a *sinner*, but if my *soul* could be *saved*, I want *Salvation*! I remember acknowledging I’m *guilty*, **BUT** if *guilt* can be washed away, Wash me in **The Blood of The LAMB**! I admitted I had a *stubborn-head* and a *hard-heart*; **BUT** if a heart of stone can be turned into a heart of flesh, I cried, **LORD** have Mercy, feeling I would never rest until this **GRACIOUS Work** is wrought in me!

Note, this Woman Sought Healing! Don’t fool yourself, if Healing/Miracles be wrought, You must seek it! [Some folks, like *sickness*, *suffering* and baring *shame*!] The record declares, “Seek ye **The LORD** while **HE** may be found; call ye upon **HIM** while **HE** is near.” (Isaiah 55: 6, 7) If you are desperate, and feel you *must* be healed, and can’t put off another Day... If beneath the firmament of Heaven there is Healing for a sin-sick soul, “seek it till you find it!”

Notice this Woman adopted the likeliest means she could think of. Physicians...men, set apart on *purpose* to deal with human illnesses... so she went to the Physicians. She did what seemed most likely to succeed. She went to ‘Gentlemen’, who were supposed to understand the Science of Medicine... She went to those who had Diplomas... We cannot blame her for looking to Men of *Light* and *Leading*—they hear of *New Discoveries*... We cannot blame the Woman, she was anxious for healing, she went to those first who were thought to know most... Sick people are so eager to recover that they readily take the bait which is offered them by brazen impudence. **BUT** only to discover—there is no balm in Gilead; there is no physician there; if there had been, the hurt of the daughter of **MY** people had long ago been healed. (Jeremiah 8: 22)

Note, this Woman spent all her Money! She tried many and even opposite remedies. *One Doctor* said, “You had better go to... she just grew worse. *Another Physician* said, “You were wrongly treated, “Go to...” Yet she went from “vanity to vanity” finding both useless. *An Eminent Practitioner* assured her, that she needed an *Internal remedy*, and he alone can give it to her. It didn’t help. *She went to another*, who said, its an *External application* that should be tried...I read where Isaiah lump of figs, worked on Hezekiah. [I’m through...]

VAIN ARE ALL THINGS SAVE **JESUS our LORD!**

She spent everything, but only grew worse!

Note, What This Woman Did At last. Weaker and weaker had she become... Her purse became lighter and lighter... She hears of **JESUS of Nazareth**, a man sent of **GOD WHO** is healing sick folk of all sorts. She hears attentively; she puts the stories together that she hears; she believes them... She says to herself, “there is yet another opportunity for me. I will get in the crowd, and if I can only touch the bit of blue which **HE** wears as the border of **HIS garment**, I shall be made whole.”

**How Desperate are You?**