

“Voices of Advent: The Woman with the Issue of Blood”

Hope

by
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What For the woman with the issue of blood, the advent of Jesus transformed her life of loneliness and shame into a life with living hope. This modern-day monologue can be performed or read in-person or online.

Part of the Voices of Advent series, the script will help your congregation reimagine a famous passage of the Bible and experience the miracle of Christmas with renewed wonder.

Themes: Advent, Christmas, Hope, Miracles, Monologue, Forgiveness, Grace, Healing, Hope, Reader's Theatre

Who 1 female actor, late 30s or older

When The present moment

Costumes and Props The actor can wear casual clothing. If you want to suggest the first century, the actor can be dressed in a long robe and wear a headscarf.

Why Luke 8:40-48; Leviticus 15:25-27

How Think of this character as a deep-sea diver, comfortable in the darkness and aware of wonders most will never see.

Time Approximately 4 minutes

Lights up, the Actor addresses the audience.

Have you ever been sick?

That's a silly question. Of course you have! You're a person, in a body, in this world with its troubles and viruses and disease.

Most of us, thank God, live in pretty good health. We go about so many of our days not even thinking about our bodies. But the moment we fall ill—perhaps with a cold, or maybe you throw out your back or break a bone—it's all you can think about. Pain. Discomfort. Your limitations.

You're suddenly aware of the gift of good health when it's gone. You kick yourself for not being more grateful when you're well. You realize you lived a miracle of happiness and wellness every day until the sickness started.

But have you ever been sick for an entire year? For 5 years? How about a decade living with an ailment? It almost destroyed me.

Financially I bled my family dry. And to add insult to injury, the care I received wasn't even very good. We spent all we had on doctors.

How can you get good medical attention when the doctors themselves are afraid to touch you?

And then the mind starts to play games. "What if this is the new normal? What if this sickness never goes away? Did I do something wrong? Did I do something to deserve this?"

And then the most terrifying question of them all: "Is God punishing me because he's displeased with me?"

It was that question, that terrible, honest question that I lived with for the better part of a decade.

And believe me, I wasn't just beating myself up. The law told me I was unclean. Moses wrote about my condition like this:

When a woman's discharge of blood flows many days...all the days of her discharge...she is unclean. Any bed she lies on. Any furniture she sits on will be unclean.

Imagine! Not being able to hold your spouse's hand. To greet a friend in the street. To sit down and share a meal. Imagine not being able to touch the face of the child you love.

And if your child does touch you? If in a moment of joy or pain your spouse reaches out to touch your hand? If in a moment of forgetfulness,

a friend greets you and sits down on the same bench you're sitting on, then they too become unclean. And must wash. *Everything*. And isolate. Until evening.

I couldn't buy food in the markets. Prepare a meal for the family. Everything I did and anyone or anything I touched was tainted.

My life, my very presence, was a burden to everyone I knew. At first. Then it was a terrible, shameful reminder of sin.

For 12 years!

Then came Jesus. Into the world. Into *my* world on *my* city street.

Oh, I'd heard of him. Of his humble birth. Of the miracles he performed. The blind could see. The lame could walk. The deaf could hear and demons raged out of bodies and into the abyss at his command!

I heard that he taught with authority. Loved little children. Was born of a virgin, in a manger of all places. He shamed the wisdom and pride of the Pharisees with simple, powerful words.

He was the Messiah, sent by God, just as the prophets promised, to set us free from the oppression of our enemies.

I heard the stories about Jesus and sat in awe. Alone. In my dark room. Hidden from the world in my wretchedness.

And then he walked down my street.

Christmas for many has become this beautiful but strange celebration that so often overlooks the simple and shocking human story of Jesus' advent into the world.

There we were: Humanity. Alone. Lost. Without hope. Desperate. Forgotten. Powerless to help ourselves but so in need of help. Unclean and unable to make ourselves clean. So in need of God's touch.

And suddenly, there he was! Among us. God's answer to all our pain. The great healer. Our redeemer.

On my street. And so I ran to him. And I reached out my hand.

My friends. Oh, my friends. In a single moment as I reached in faith to touch the hem of his garment, Jesus healed me.

I was so afraid to be in that crowd. That my touch might make everyone in the crowd unclean. Make Jesus himself unclean. Then I was in the

midst of the crowd, within reach. Breaking the law to be set free from its impossible demands.

My uncleanness was erased. Right there. For all to see.

If you are doing a candlelight service, this is the moment to light the candle.

On my first Christmas, when Jesus walked onto my street and entered my circumstances, he transformed my darkness and pain in a *moment*. He brought all my hope to life!

Sisters. Brothers. Jesus came into the world to help you in your pain and helplessness. This Christmas may you see that he is present in your life and body to bring you living hope.

Lights out.