

# *One Touch.*

by Elia Brown

**12** years without knowing. She knew something was wrong, that something was off.

But what was it?

That was the question she sought to answer. But the people who should've known... had no clue and the religion she relied on... had rejected her. Still, she abided in them, she put her faith in them, she searched desperately for a solution as the hope in her spirit slowly diminished.

Putting everything she had into curing the evidently incurable; solving the allegedly unsolvable.

The more she expended trying to get better, the worse her situation got. Digging her deeper and deeper into a vast cave of loneliness, rejection, isolation, and empty promises.

She was bleeding out, longing for a change. Longing for a connection. Longing for a life.

Did anyone care?

Did anyone see her?

Did anyone hear her?

The chase to reclaim her life became endless and exhausting, still, she ran. Even when the darkness surrounded her on all sides, suffocating her; she ran. Pace after pace with her arms in front of her and hands wide open, grasping for anything in her reach, but the tighter she grasped, the more hope seemed to slip between her fingers like sand.

## *One Touch*

Still, her heart tugged for her to keep holding on.

Until one day she saw a glimpse of light in the distance. She never took her eyes off the glowing illumination in front of her. Running faster and faster, each step became more confident. No longer aimlessly stumbling and grasping for hope, she ran with hope hidden in her heart.

If she could just touch a corner of the light...

Was she crazy for believing this was the answer?

Was this what she had been searching for?

Would this too slip away?

This was her last hope.

With one last effort, she'd done it.

One touch.

In that one desperate touch, she realized there was only one cure for the incurable. One solution to the unsolvable. That one touch had unraveled 12 years of tangled untamed emotion caused by endless destructive attacks to her body and spirit.

That one touch was the water that refreshed her after 12 years of running.

The darkness that once suffocated her cowered away and her life immediately lit up. The darkness seemed to be a distant memory and breath finally filled her body.

“Who touched my robe?”

Reality quickly set in.

She looked at the ordinary hem she had just barely glazed.

How did He know?

She panicked.

She wanted to fade into the crowd surrounding her, but He was intent on finding her.

She heard others insisting that it could've been anyone, but He was searching for her.

She couldn't hide.

## *One Touch*

So she fell and confessed.

Was He angry? What would He do?

Was she so unworthy and unclean that there was no saving her?

Who was He?

“Daughter, your faith has made you well. Go in peace. Your suffering is over.”

He was Father.

The crowd faded away and it was just Him and her.

He cared.

He saw her.

He heard her.

For the first time in years, she felt a connection.

No longer was she lonely. No longer was she rejected. No longer did she need to put her faith in empty promises. No longer did she need to run.

She could rest.

She could rest knowing she was as she should be. She could rest knowing she was accepted.

This wasn't religion, this was a relationship. He knew her and was proud to know her. He acknowledged her suffering and reassured her that it was over. He was the light at the end of the tunnel. The light that now lived within her.

The years of not knowing were over because she knew Him. Her spirit finally healed—with one touch.