

The Miracle Touch of Jesus

By
Rev. H. P. Robinson

“Behold my hands . . .” (Luke 24:39)

Soon after the resurrection, Jesus appeared to his disciples and to dispel every doubt of his resurrection from the dead, he said, “Behold my hands and feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have.” Those hands could not be mistaken. There were none like them. Those were the hands that had reached down into a world lost and perishing, away from God. With those hands he reached upward to God and drew man and God together.

The hand is a very significant part of the body. It is with the hands that we perform the desires of our heart. Much reference is made to the hands of God in working out redemption’s plan. During the plagues of Egypt when Moses surpassed the tricks of the magicians, they said that this was the hand of God. With his hand God wrote the law in stone. We see the hand of God in many ways throughout human history directing and working out his plan for the world.

We often express our highest emotions with gestures of the hand. There is power and influence by the touch of a hand. A touch of the hand can lift a load, dry away tears, turn night into day, even change the course of a life. The touch of the hand of a friend or loved one in a discouraging hour means much. The most transforming touch is from a mother’s hand upon her child. The touch of her hand can drive away pain, soothe the troubled mind, and work wonders in the life of those whom she loves.

But there is no hand quite like the touch of Jesus. No hand can impart peace, comfort, and joy like the hand of Jesus.

His touch gives life. He touched the funeral bier and raised the widow's son.
His touch is cleansing. He touched the leper and made him clean.
His touch is cooling. He touched Peter's mother-in-law and cooled her fever.
His touch is healing. He touched the eyes of the blind man and made him see.
His touch is consoling. He touched his disciples and calmed their fears.
His touch is caring. He touched the blind men at Jericho and healed them.
His touch is powerful. He touched the world through his suffering and death on
the cross. He bore our grief. He bore our sins. And through his resurrection, he conquered
death and the grave, that if he lives, we, too, may live.

There are days so dark that I seek in vain
For the face of my friend divine
But though darkness hides, he is there to guide
By the touch of his hand on mine.

There are times when tired of the toilsome road
That for ways of the world I pine
But he draws me back to the upward track
By the touch of his hand on mine.

In the last sad hour as I stand alone
Where the powers of death combine
While the dark waves roll, He will guide my soul
By the touch of his hand on mine.