

Marked with a Scar

by Jackie Abbott

Everyone has a scar or two, I'm sure. Scars are a pattern to show where your life has been and what it has experienced.

Easy to earn when you're a young kiddo venturing outdoors to run a race, ride a bike, play chase, or throw a baseball. All of these activities open the possibility of a little accident leaving a little reminder for you. Some of those scars remind you not to do that again. Others are reminders that we are not immune to the unforeseen results of some of our actions.

Some of our scars are almost like "blue ribbons." They represent a victory or accomplishment in some way. My most memorable one is the scar I wear from open-heart surgery. Amazing that my problem was discovered and there was a procedure to fix it. Many surgical scars now are signs of miraculous advancements made in the field of medicine. So many cures now were completely unheard of just a few years ago. And many procedures are so much less invasive and only a small scar is left behind as a reminder.

Remember, too, those battle scars. Our nation has sent brave men and women into countries to fight and preserve our freedom. Other times they are sent to help a free people remain that way by joining in the fight against oppression. Many of these patriots of ours never return home. Some return with scars beyond anything imaginable... limbs missing, vision impaired. And then there are the torturous memories that scar them with nightmares and sadness of heart and spirit. These invisible scars are probably worse than those we can see.

But all of these scars are nothing compared to the scars inflicted on our Savior Jesus. He was whipped, beaten, crowned with thorns, stabbed by violent hands. And the public ridiculed and taunted Him and demanded His death by crucifixion. And He was innocent. All this He did for you and me. He took on all of this pain and humiliation for us. I am amazed sometimes that He found me worthy enough for the sacrifice that He made. No, I'm in no way worthy enough, but His love is greater than my worth.

The beautiful miracle of His love was and is that He takes our sins as His own so that we can someday be with Him in purity. Then only love and goodness will reign and we will be home with Him.

