



# By HIS WOUNDS we have been *Healed*



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**W**hen we look at the cross in our churches, we see the wounds of Jesus. We often hear that those wounds “heal us,” but it can be hard to understand what that really means in our daily lives. Sometimes, God has to show us.

### **A Lesson from Ten Years Ago**

About ten years ago, I was on vacation at my home in Kerala. One morning, after breakfast, a man came by with a small pulling cart. He was a scrap collector, looking for old plastic or metal.

My mother had some things set aside in the storeroom, so I went out to show him. He weighed everything and told me the price was ₹130. Even though I had a good job and we were living comfortably, I suddenly forgot my current life. I started bargaining with him, just like I used to do when I was a child. I told him it was too low and asked for more. He quietly gave me another ₹50 and started to leave.

When I went inside and told my wife, she didn't praise my bargaining. Instead, she looked at me and said something that pierced my heart: “Rogy, that was wrong. We have more than enough, but that small amount of money is his whole life today.” Suddenly, I felt terrible. I realized I was wrong. I ran out to the road as fast as I could and called him back.

### **An Unexpected Sight**

When he came back to the house, I handed him ₹500. As soon as the money touched his hand, he

started to cry. I told him, “Please don't cry,” and asked him what was wrong. Without saying a word, he lifted his shirt.

I was shocked. A large part of his stomach was an open, raw wound with clotted blood. I asked him why he wasn't in the hospital. He told me he had gone before, but he needed surgery that he couldn't afford. So, he just kept working, pulling that heavy cart every day just to get enough money to eat.

### **What Those Wounds Taught Me**

I couldn't sleep for three or four days after that. All I could think about was that man's wound. And then, I thought of Jesus. If it hurt me this much to see a stranger's wound, imagine how much Jesus loved us to take all those wounds on His own body for our sake. He didn't turn away from the pain; He walked right into it because He loved us.

That day, I learned that we should never let our “status” make us blind to the suffering of others. When we see a wound in our neighbor, we are seeing the same pain that Jesus carried. We are reminded that He is not far away; He is right there in the struggle with us. As we look at the cross this week, let's remember that Jesus took every pain and every scar upon Himself so that we could find peace. We don't have to be perfect or hide our own brokenness, because His are the wounds that heal us. God bless us all! ■