

I was tucking into bed my six-year old granddaughter. We were talking about the fun things we had done that day, and she told me her face hurt from smiling so much. I put my hands on her face and said, “I love your little face.” She reached up and put her little hands on my face and said, “I love your face, too.” Then she had to go and spoil the moment and add, “Why do you have all those brown spots on your face?” I told her they were age spots, and she said, “I’ll never have those, Grandma, because I have decided I will never be old.” Well, good luck with that, kiddo!

Later that evening, I related the conversation to my daughter, and we had a good laugh. She laughed harder, because her face is so far age-spot free. Then she added, “Did you show her the scar on your forehead? I love that scar.”

What? She loved the story of me sitting on a picnic basket in the middle of the back seat of the car when a guy in a pick-up ran a red light and caused my mother to plow into him. The impact sent me flying—literally—from the back seat, over the front seat, and through the windshield of the car. (This was way, way before the invention of seat belts and car seats!) I landed on the hood, wedged into the space between the headlights and the passenger door of the truck. It took over thirty stitches at my hairline put my head back together. All my life I have been self-conscious about that scar, always wearing bangs to hide it.

I asked my daughter why she loved my scar. She said she always loved hearing me tell the story and how it impressed upon her the importance of seat belts and car seats. She also said that she was so happy I had survived that accident so I could grow up to be her mother! (Now isn’t that precious??)

Our scars may be our greatest ministry opportunity. Scars are something we can point to and say, “Look what happened to me when I did...” Scars are visible reminders of things that went wrong. Scars also remind us that although things might be different, life can go on, even when scars are always visible. Those of us with spiritual scars can say, “I know how you feel. That happened to me, too. That’s why I can tell you that it’s okay. You may have a scar on your soul, but you can survive and even thrive with that scar. I know, because I have a scar on my soul, too.”

The scars that Jesus carried on his body when he returned from the grave convinced people that He was the Risen Savior. Our scars cannot compare to Jesus’, but our scars can point others to Jesus, who points to His own scars and says, “I love you this much.”

Jesus does love us, dear readers. Scars and all.