



Scars

Accidents happen. People get distracted and goof. Mistakes bog down our progress. None of us is perfect. Your author is no exception. Believe me, as today this lady celebrates her eighty-ninth birthday, she has a litany of errors and bumps.

The day had been interesting, including a flight to our next camp using two small, 6-8 passenger planes. Our African travelers were preparing to exit the three level, open-air safari vehicles for our next jungle adventure, this time in Botswana Okavango Delta.

Then it happened. As I'm climbing out of the upper row, my right foot fails to find the step. My leg slides against the metal. Instant pain. I squeal, but proceed down to the ground and move forward. The day is lovely, but as night comes, I prepare for bed.

As I reach to remove my sock, it seems to be stuck. My mind thinks probably I got some sticky sap on my leg that day and move to remove my slacks. Strange! They too are stuck, and then I feel blood dripping down my leg. I have just pulled the scab off of an injury apparently incurred earlier in the day, but ignored by me, as no real pain existed. My friend finds a clean wash cloth which she folds and we fasten to my leg with two rubber bands, hoping that will hold until the next day when we can see what magic our guide can produce.

The next morning, Fortune, our guide, surveys the damage and disappears. Shortly he returns with a bucket of hot water and cleans the wound and applies some orange type of disinfectant. (See photo) A fellow traveler hands him a gigantic bandaid she had and life continues. Arriving home in the states about four days later, I find our local urgent care where a medical doctor reviews the wound, applies some "stuff" and gives me a prescription for an antibiotic. Off I go to unpack.

The pills have been taken and two months later only a small scab, about the size of a quarter, remains. BUT! Yes, But. I believe there will be a significant, but small reminder of my moment of pain in Africa, a scar. My anatomy has several of those markings, one going back about 83 years. Each time I view my left knee I am reminded of the time I rolled over on the bed at my grandparents home in Washington state. A pair of toe nail scissors with a funny, bent point, found my knee, and blood rushed forth. A bit of help from a family nurse, and all was well. Eventually just a scar and a memory.

Each of my scars, however, is naught, when we remember our Savior and his scars. The pain He endured as He hung from the cross, makes my slipping off the vehicle's stair a '*nothing*'. A one inch mark remaining from the scissors is as minor as a bug bite when compared with the scars on the hands of Jesus where the nails punctured the flesh and his side where the sword entered. Let your mind drift for just a moment. What if you had been hanging on a cross of wood, with only nails basically preventing you from falling to the ground? The pain would be excruciating. The scars gigantic.

Then think of the Master. He died, was buried and took those scars to the grave. But that is not the end. After He exited the grave, apostle John related in John 20:19b-20, "Jesus came and stood among them (the disciples) and said, 'Peace be with you!' He showed them his hands and side. The disciples were overjoyed when they saw the Lord." Those scars helped identify him to His followers. Scars never fade, even as tiny as where the scissor point entered my flesh.

What do those scars symbolize? My scars remind me of a bit of pain. His scars remind us that we've been redeemed. "But he was pierced for our transgressions, he was crushed for our iniquities; the punishment that brought us PEACE was on him, and by his wounds we are healed." (Isaiah 53:5).

Until I was actually writing this piece, I had never imagined a value of my scars. Then, a thought entered my head. My scars are a way for me to remember His scars and the sacrifice He made for my salvation. I have at least seven scars on my body. Some are small, but at least three are several inches long. Perhaps each day I should view one of the seven, and thus remember His death and His scars that resulted when He suffered on my behalf.

Do You have one or more scars which might help you remember His special love for you?

