

~ RADIANT REFLECTIONS ~

"FOR HE HAS CLOTHED ME WITH GARMENTS OF SALVATION AND ARRAYED ME IN A ROBE OF HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS" ISAIAH 61:10

Scars ~

A stigma, blemish, or mark caused by injury, wounds or distress.

We all bear scars we have obtained as we journey through life. Some are obvious, loud, and impossible to hide. Others are slight, quietly concealed, and unknown to those around us.

Some of us are more comfortable bearing our

scars, while others are very skilled at concealing the marks life has left us with. If we aren't careful we can often find that we've taken refuge behind a false sense of

security — called shame.

Shame is similar to a piece of deceptive clothing; handed down to us from one generation to the next. It has been around since the beginning of time. It comes in all shapes and sizes and knows no cultural boundaries. We accept it without question and wear it sometimes for a lifetime. We are told it fits us and we become very comfortable in it.

The book of Genesis tells how Adam and Eve reacted when they were aware of their nakedness - they were ashamed. Their first reaction was to find a cover to hide behind. Gen. 3:7

We may have been told we need to wear our coat of shame - because this is who we are. Maybe we have dictated this message to ourselves. Perhaps the world points to this clothing and demands we keep it on.

"Character cannot be developed in ease and quiet. Only through experience of trial and suffering can the soul be strengthened, ambition inspired, and success achieved."
- Helen Keller

Whatever the reason, we become all too comfortable in it. Wherever it has come from, and no matter the size, or the length of time

we have worn it - it is not ours.

Contrary to what we have been told - it does not look good on us. It was not intended for us.

Our scars tell our story. A story the world is waiting to hear!

Jesus was not ashamed of His scars — He wore them with perfect humility and strength. Jesus isn't ashamed of His scars and He is not ashamed of ours.



PRAY FOR ASIA

BIBI Asia Bibi, is a Pakistani woman from the village of Ittanwali. She was arrested by police on Friday, June 19, 2009. Seventeen months after Asia's arrest, she was convicted of violating subsection C of Pakistan's 295 blasphemy law - blasphemy against the prophet Muhammad - and was sentenced to death. No Christian in Pakistan has ever been executed under the blasphemy law, but in several cases, extremists have murdered Christians after their release from prison. Asia's conviction and death sentence have brought international attention to the country's blasphemy laws. Christians have called for Asia's release and for a repeal of the laws, while extremists in Pakistan continue to demand that she be executed. **You can write a letter of encouragement to Asia Bibi at – www.prisoneralert.com.**

The sun shone brightly in the morning sky gently warming the desert floor beneath. Pleasant sounds and sights of vibrant life blanketed the surroundings and the sky above. A tranquil and inviting peace permeated all of creation. It was in this place, and at this time, that the King had chosen to walk. The gentle ocean breeze blew just enough to brush the hem of his garment across his ankles.

With each step dust and sand lightly covered the straps of his sandals. His stride was strong, steady, and purposed.

Silence filled the air as every living thing watched and waited with great expectation. The King's eyes filled with a reflection of His love. Acceptance and confident contentment shaped his smile. He had come to this place, at this time, to retrieve His work of art — a masterpiece handcrafted by the Master Potter.



He knew precisely where to retrieve what He had come for. He slowed His step and gently bent down to look upon it. There, buried beneath the dirt and sand, lay a vase almost completely covered.

Others had walked the same path and passed this piece of clay many times before — yet never truly saw it. Some had unknowingly walked across the top of it. This earthen vessel had withstood the scorching temperatures of summer, and the bitter cold of winter. There were times when it was deemed flawed, of little use, and eventually discarded. None of this deterred the King from seeking His vessel of honor.

He knelt down and carefully unearthed this beautiful piece He had created with His very breath. Carefully He brushed the dirt that life had left behind from the object of His desire. His eyes filled with joy and extravagant love as He gazed upon the vase now held in His hands. He understood that the gradual shape of His masterpiece had happened over time, so subtly at times that the vase hadn't fully understood the depths of its current state — but the Master did. That is why He came.

He had not only come to retrieve her — but to restore her. He wasn't ashamed of her brokenness or frightened by her rough edges. He had set His love upon His beloved

creation long before that moment.

Now His love began a work of complete restoration. He began to repair her brokenness, smooth the rough spots, fill in the cracks, and restore her luster. He had not created her to be hidden beneath the dust of life, or fragile from the storms she had endured. To the contrary, His intention was to clothe her in extravagant love, and put her on display for all creation to see.

"Now listen, daughter, don't miss a word; forget your country, put your home behind you. Be here — the King is wild for you. Since He's your Lord, adore Him. Psalm 45:10-11 the Message

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