WALK THIS WAY #2: *What Story Will Your Scars Tell?*

John 20:27a, 'Then He said to Thomas, "Reach here with your finger, and see My hands; and put out your hand and place it in My side."' (AMP)

She began to turn her head away. She swallowed the tears threatening to spill off her eyelashes, forcing herself to face her daughter. Up and down the length of her daughter's thin arms and across the contours of her stomach were angry red cuts, many raw and inflamed, slashes screaming words her little girl could never utter. She crumbled as her baby girl curled into a ball, clearly trying to hide every wound, each scar. She had bore this precious girl from her very soul. Her little girl had steeped inside of her, marinated in all the love she hadn't yet known she had to give away; she grew her from regions inside of herself she hadn't known existed. Now, the same little girl had slaughtered herself, scribbled all the anger she felt across her skin; was doing her best to hide it from the person who gave her life. "Baby," she began, her words choked with emotion, "It's going to be ok. Come here," she murmured as she pulled her close, breathing strength into her hair. "One of these days, your scars are going to tell a beautiful story, and you will help someone else who needs hope, and that hope is going to come from you."

I don't know what scars you might be hiding beneath your sleeves or that the Lord is carefully cultivating in the interior of your soul, but your scars whether visible or hidden, are going to tell a story. You are the co-author of that story and you get to decide if your scars will tell a story of redemption, or a story that ends suddenly in defeat.

It seems right now, more than any other time I have known, there is a palpable despair that is snuffing out the lives of so many loved ones of my friends, and even people I know who are dying. And ultimately, I believe it comes from an unfinished, untold story that is ending prematurely and without a written word from the very Author of our lives. So many are caught in a web of depression and anxiety, spun even more tangled from the effects of medications, drugs and alcohol, and the story their scars are screaming about ends way too soon, violently and tragically and without victory or hope. Their loved ones and families gather in agony around a black hole of hurt and 'only if's' and 'what could have been's' and unanswered questions of 'why', while the burden of loss and guilt wraps their shoulders like a shawl. This isn't in any way fair, but this is the way this story ends, and the tragedy of this story is the pain that lingers because no questions ever get answered.

There is another outcome, however, to our stories, that come from scars that were once raw and bleeding. The co-author who writes this story with you is Jesus, and He is so compassionate about helping you take those scars and use them for someone else's good and for His glory. He summons us to walk His way so our story doesn't have to end with a bang and where the lights go out. Your story, your life—no matter how tragic it has been, no matter how raw and painful are your scars or poor your choices have been, no matter—your story can have a beautiful ending, and those scars can help someone else be redeemed, be rescued, be recovered, be restored. So, how about it? Let Jesus write your Redemption Story and then wonder at the worth in your wounds.

The girl here in the first paragraph? She has a sweet family today; daughters of her own. And the scars written on her body like a telegraph have helped more girls than can be numbered. You never know who might just survive life hearing how you survived also. We never walk alone.