

Bruised Reeds
(SHORT VERSION – 1 page)

Narrator:

Isaiah 46: “A bruised reed He will not break;
A smoldering candle He will not snuff out.”

We live in a world of hurting people. Bruised. Broken. Hurting. Smoldering candles of promise threatening to go out.

But the Promise of Isaiah is of a Messiah who cares for each of us. A God who knows we are hurting and touches us with His tender healing hands.

In the stories that follow, each character is touched by the Master.

Only one of them – Pilate – refused the grace offered. History tells us he died by his own hand, buried with his sins.

The rest, were, what we are: bruised reeds, smoldering candles, about to go out:

Peter, caught by his pride and his fear and his mouth.

Mary Magdalene -- beyond grief, as she saw the One who defeated her demons suffer and bleed and die. The powers of hell victorious . . . or so it seemed.

A Thief -- who had lived every day of his life for his passions and pleasures and the next drink.

Three bruised reeds. Three people for whom the candle of hope was about to go out. Until Jesus touched them with His love.

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(A Couple of Paragraphs Longer)

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Jesus touched them all. Reached out to each of them. Just as He reaches out to us.

Isaiah gave us the shadow; but these are the flesh and blood stories of The Promise fulfilled. Emmanuel. God with us.

For this is what they were: Damaged goods. Wasted lives. People without hope.

People like us.

Until Jesus reached out with His bowl of love and grace.

To wash their feet. To cleanse their wounds. To wash away the grime.

To call them back. Back to the Love; back to His Father, back to the calling of their lives.