

A couple of months ago during communion I accidentally ripped the seat of my pants on a podium as I stepped off the side of this platform. I knew immediately that my pants were torn, but I wasn't sure how bad – and I didn't have a good way to check them.

I decided that I would try to continue, but my friend David Elrod came to me and offered to substitute, off the bench, so to speak. Normally, he encourages my embarrassment, but this time I appreciated his gracious thought (for the good of the congregation).

The pants were badly in need of repair, but neither Soozie or I could do it. I ended up losing two pair of pants, for Soozie called me a couple of days later to tell me that she had used my torn pants to cut sling pockets for the lesson on David and Goliath, and then thrown them away. But when I got home, I found the pants I had been wearing on Sunday. I have to assume that I had another pair torn as well.

This brings to mind that we are all in need of repair in a spiritual sense. It is one thing to be heartbroken, but more importantly it is our souls that are damaged and need to be stitched back together. These rips may or may not be obvious, but God sees them all and only He can repair them. Jesus is the Great Physician, and as such He is the divine surgeon¹ that can stitch our wounded soul back together as it is torn. Think of this communion table as an operating table where we are restored with the spiritual power of His flesh and blood, and remember that His love can never be torn away or separated² from us.

1. "Silently the Divine Surgeon reached into his kit and pulled out a needle of faith and a thread of hope. In the shade of Jacob's well he stitched her wounded soul back together." Lucado, Max, God Came Near, p.58.
2. Romans 8:35-39