

# ***REFLECTIONS***

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**The moon will shine like the sun, and the sunlight will be seven times brighter, like the light of seven full days, when the Lord binds up the bruises of his people and heals the wounds he inflicted.**

*Isaiah 30:26*

## **Wounds of Life**

David rose and began to move toward the podium in front of him. The gathering of men he would speak to was familiar for he had addressed these same men only one year earlier. He stood before them then as a vibrant and fit 40 year old veteran of the Iraq War. But now as he approached the podium his right arm hung limply at his side, and with each step of his left foot, his right leg dragged heavily behind. Much had happened since he last told his story. David needed to finish it now by sharing the wound of life that had changed everything.

The men who sat before him had come from far and wide. Some had traveled half way across the land; some came from not so far away. But no matter the distance traveled everyone came with a story. That is the reason they *all* came. There were stories of separations not reconciled, of bitterness not forgiven, of loss unrecovered, and of wounds unattended. Some carried feelings of grief and some bore shame. Each one came with a story just their own and a need for it to be attended. David was not the only one; they all had come in search of someone who would listen, who would understand, who needed to hear. And while all of the stories were different, they had a common foundation—a wound of life lay unattended.

David stood before the men speaking with a voice sometimes quivering from tears held back. He told the story of how a stroke had struck down a man that the fire of warfare could not. He described how his life had changed and what the future might hold. He applauded his Lord for the love that he was receiving; and he committed his life to whatever call the Lord might deliver. He *was* a soldier after all.

Closure is such an important part of our lives. There is something within us that seeks completion. And while we may know the burdens we bear in our lives, we do not always know where to relieve them. So wounds go unattended—unattended at least until we find that God will hear our cries; that He will provide others who will listen, who will understand, and who need to hear. The wounds of life may never cease to be, but the love of God shines like the sun through those He sends to listen. And our souls are healed.

*“You are the light of the world,”*

*Richard* +

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