



Sensitive Hearts

Nancy L Harry

www.nancyharry.com

I often told my children to pick up their shoes and put them away, hoping one day it would become a good habit. One day I tripped over a pair of my own shoes and broke a toe. My children never let me live it down. Even now that they are grown, they will sometimes bring it up. For some reason they found the incident very funny. My throbbing, hurting toe did not find it so amusing. The slightest bump, even the slightest touch to that toe would cause pain to go racing through my body causing yelps of pain. It was not a happy toe. When it had healed, a bump or touch would practically go unnoticed.

Our heart reacts the same way. When we see in others the slightest tendency towards a way of acting or a characteristic that led to hurt before, we may begin to think that this person also would hurt, offend or try to control too. And our sensitive hearts begin to holler, “Be careful. Watch out.” And that may be a good thing. It becomes a thermometer to protect us. On the other hand, when the hurt heart goes unchecked and unhealed, it soon leads to unstoppable, unrestrained complaints, condemning, prejudices, anger...sometimes even against God. What has caused your sensitive areas, your sore spots?

The Lord once said to me to tell his people:

“I love you so much. Because you suffer, does not mean I don’t love you. When a parent watches his child trip and fall, it doesn’t mean it was the parent’s fault. Or that he doesn’t love the child, because he didn’t save him from tripping and falling. But you say to me, I guess God doesn’t love me because He left me trip and fall and I got hurt. A loving parent will encourage the fallen child to get up and will tell him, he’ll be ok. If it is needed, he’ll dress and bandage the wound, and it heals. And so, just as a loving parent, I encourage you to learn from those events that take place in your life. Come to me and let me hold you and bandage your wound. For have I not said, I bind up the wounds of the brokenhearted?”

It’s time to give hurts and the pain that linger in our hearts to the Lord. Let’s take the offenses that still fester and the insults that still smart to the One that says let me carry the burden for you. Surrender them all to the Lord, because he cares. He can handle them all. His heart is not too small or his arms too short that he can’t carry them for us. Accept his love and his help. Surrender to wisdom and not to pride.

Yield those open wounds, and the wounds still festering and hiding under scabs, to your Lord. Let Jesus release in you the ability to forgive, to draw out the infection and pain. Let him sooth you with his healing balm of love. It’s time to yield and surrender, because it’s true—he came to heal the brokenhearted.