

Throughout his ministry, Jesus often healed others with the touch of his hands. He took the hand of a small child and raised her from the dead. While others were outside mourning, and scoffing at the idea that he could help her, he restored the life of that little girl to her desperate mother and father. (Luke 8:40-56)

With his hands, he broke the bread that fed the five thousand, satiating their hunger with a pittance of available resources. He gave sight to a blind man by wiping his eyes with mud..

He recognized when others touched him, “Who touched me?”, because he felt power transfer to the hurting person. To be touched by Jesus was to be restored to a whole person, inside and out.

We think of Jesus’ hands being pierced by the nails, and cringe at the thought of the pain as his body’s weight pulled at the nails which held him to the cross. Yet, he even reached out to heal the ear of one of the soldiers who had come to take him captive and lead him to that very cross.

How coincidental that the very position of his hands in his death, are the position we most often think of him: spreading his hands out to the masses, beckoning each and every one of us to come to him to receive forgiveness and healing. Even today, he is still making the request: “Come to me, all you who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” (Mt. 11:28)