

# Broken

by R. Lance Snipes



“Unfortunately, it will cost more to repair than it’s worth.” I heard those words last summer when I took my dead lawn mower to the shop. The grease covered mechanic said, “You might as well get rid of it and put the money for the repair into a new machine.”

Two years earlier, the problem was my fried computer. The tattooed tech pulled no punches. “My advice? Don’t invest in a losing proposition. No offense, but this CPU is antiquated and worthless. Frankly, you should trash this piece of junk and buy a new laptop.”

Back in 2000, the issue was my wrecked car. “As much as I would like to take your money, repairing this bucket of bolts would not make sense,” the owner of the fledgling body shop said. “Seriously, it’s not worth my time or your cash. If I were you, I’d scrap this jalopy and purchase a new model.”

Twenty five years ago, both the dilemma and the stakes loomed phenomenally higher. With much trepidation, I carried my old, broken down soul to the very Son of God—the One who designed and created it in perfection. However, over the years, I severely abused it and ripped it apart until it was a worthless hunk of junk! Would Jesus repair the soul I had destroyed or was it too far gone for Him to fix? With frightening and serious doubts, I placed my lifeless soul in his hands.

To make matters worse, Satan only added to my fears. Sounding quite pragmatic, my accuser told Jesus, “Pardon me for being blunt, but You and I both know that this soul is a useless piece of garbage. He’s not worth the investment You would have to make to repair his decimated life! Why waste Your time? Just get rid of him and find a new soul that’s more worthy of Your effort—one who might be of

some practical value to You! In fact, why don't You let me take care of this one?"

For once, Satan spoke the truth! The value of my dead soul was less than zero. Jesus had no sound, logical rationale to repair it! Instead, the Lord had every reason to throw out the soul I had ruined and acquire a new one. Who could argue against such justified actions? Certainly not me! Nonetheless--and most thankfully--Jesus threw out Satan's case against me when He said, "While the cost was My Life, I gladly gave it to restore this soul! I believe he was much more than worth it."

Unwilling to admit defeat, Satan's temper flared as he demanded, "How could you utter such ridiculous words? Why would You even think about reviving this ruined mess of a man? Tell me, what makes You believe this broken wretch of a soul could be worth Your suffering and sacrifice?"

Peaceful and smiling, Jesus answered, "Because I cherish each soul I created, and I don't want to throw out even one of them and procure new ones! Therefore, I will restore his soul, as though it has never been broken and in need of repair! I will make him new!"

I know my soul was not worth fixing, much less being remade! Jesus should have tossed me into Satan's eternally burning trash pile. Not one ounce of virtue or usefulness remained in the soul I destroyed! That being said and true, the Savior found value where there was none. He saw the potential of what His compassion, mercy, and grace could do in a piece of good-for-nothing junk like me!

In short, Jesus loved me without condition--despite my worthlessness and despite His agony!

While Satan continues to taunt me about my insignificance, the One who regards me as priceless also defends me from the devil's attacks. Our Redeemer rebukes the enemy as He proclaims, "I created him for a purpose and I revived his soul for the same reason--so that he and I can be one!"

Indeed, Jesus saves and stands for, by, and with all broken souls who come to Him for restoration. Our worth is not determined by anyone--not even ourselves--but only by our Savior alone! How do I know this? He laid down His life to resurrect each of our dead souls to prove it!