

Getting Into the Right Hands

"Into Thy hands I commit my spirit"
Luke 23:46 (KJV)

Having had several surgeries with several surgeons I admit to having a fascination with their hands. Odd, isn't it?

I like to see a surgeon with hands that seem very deft and quick in motion. I know that all the education and experience of the doctor will be expressed in those hands as they work effectively on my medical issue.

Jesus is at the very end of His public ministry and had already spent several hours on the cross experiencing the hell His people deserved. Now it was finished and He could physically die and be buried to rise the third day according to the will of His Father in heaven.

Jesus placed Himself back into the loving sphere of His heavenly Father as He completed His mission. He had been in the hands of the Jewish leaders and then the Romans for hours. The Jews stated He was a blasphemer worthy of death. The Romans through their governor Pilate pronounced Him "Not guilty" five times.

Then both parties agreed to have Jesus crucified.

Such was the legal system of

the day. It was rough justice—if it could be called "justice" at all. All through the two sets of trials Jesus did not raise His voice in protest with one solitary exception (John 18:23).

Now that the crowds had done all they could to mock and torment Him, and now that He had endured God's wrath for sin, Jesus knew the suffering was finished and sought the safety and love of being in His Father's hands once again.

How important it is to be sure of whose hands we are in, in our times of grief and suffering.

A story I love to tell is of a Welsh preacher in the late 1920's who was visiting the state of Michigan on a speaking tour. He was lent a model T Ford to drive himself to where a very large audience was waiting to hear him speak. Unhappily the car let him down and all he could do was steer it to the side of the road and hope some motorist would take pity on him.

Finally a man stopped and asked if he could help. He got the medical doctor turned preacher to describe the symptoms of the car as it spluttered

to the side of the road. Nodding his head the good Samaritan assured the preacher the car would be fixed in no time. Sure enough the man was as good as his word. He soon flipped the crank at the front of the car and the engine purred to life.

The preacher shook his new friend's hand and told him his name and asked the mechanic what his name was. The man stood tall and proud and said, "My name, sir, is Henry T. Ford." In the hands of its creator the car could not fail to have its mechanical problem solved and run as it should.

If our lives are going to get back on track and be what they should be then we must get into the hands of our Maker. Have you come to your Creator and humbly submitted your concerns to Him? Whose hands are you in? Your own or your Maker's?

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