Scar and Healing

There is no healing without the wound. There is no new life without the scar. There is no Easter without Good Friday.

Bright and angry or dull and faded, the mark retells the story of wounding. Reminding us of violation, injustice, pain. Scar.

Bathing salve that eases the razor-sharp sting, the pounding ache. Calming light gently surrounding the swirling shadows of loss. Healing.

In the early dawn, I stare at the page. Cicatrizar. To heal in Spanish. How could I have missed it? The word ‘to heal’ surrounding Cicatriz, the Spanish word for scar? Healing cradling scar as if in an embrace. Healing not erasing or denying the scar, but rather enfolding it. Scar and healing intermingled. Inseparable. One.

Stretching before us is Good Friday. Entering the story yet again, we await the wounding. We listen for the thud of fist upon flesh, the sharp ring of hammer on nail. The emptiness of stunned and silent confusion. The crowded cacophony of shouts and racing hearts. Time standing still as time races by. Until we stand at the inevitable, shocking foot of his cross yet again.

Good Friday, this holy living, breathing day when he coaxes us, through his own wounds, into the wounds of others, into our own. Coaxing us into the place of scar. Of wounding. Of wound. Of the place where surely, we shall find him. He, the defender, weak, helpless one. He, the beaten, abandoned one. He, the One who bears the wounds, the scars, his own. Those of the world, our own. The One who enfolds us out in those wounded and scarred hands, the healing that shall and does enfold us, all of us, even as wounded and scarred as we are. Leading us forward into fullness of life made full because it bears scars.

The New Beginning

This time of the pandemic has seen much wounding. Much loss. It has changed us. Remaining a bit stunned, we are now emerging out of Lent daring to hope in a new dawn. My prayer, however, is that it not be the dawn of days past, but rather a new dawn and new beginning that comes with it the evening shadows of Covid-19. Creating space for this kind of new world filled with his Passion, his compassion. His healing balm that shall embrace the scar, the seed from which our new life shall emerge.

Those of us who have traveled to Guatemala, served there, been loved there, know what it is to see in their eyes the intermingling of scar and healing. The honest way in which Good Friday and Easter Sunday live and breathe through them. The scar and healing that always coaxed us, invited us, into their hearts, as we saw how closely they lived to the very heart of God. Oh, how we craved those moments.

How much we crave those moments, now, more than ever before. Because we now understand more deeply how much we need them. The moments when our Guatemalan brothers and sisters, so honestly and gently lead us toward the heart of God through the scar and healing as we can.

So as our teams, as I, return to Guatemala this Easter, I pray that it is the return to them with Good Friday resonating in our hearts, ready to meet them in the sacred place of scar and healing. So that we, with broken and vulnerable hearts, might better address to his love, receive his love.

For them, for us, for him, as together we take up his reconciling work yet again. May his Good Friday and Easter fill your hearts with his love. Now and always.

Rev. Linda L. McCarty
President & CEO

Our Volunteer Teams are returning on Guatemala on May 1, 2021.

See how they are preparing to welcome us home.

In gratitude for all the ways you have made and are making this homecoming possible.

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