



Jesus and the Wound of Pain

Matthew 27:24-26

See if you can finish this well-known phrase: “A picture paints...”

But let me ask you something: *If a picture paints a thousand words, is it possible that a word, a single word, can paint a thousand pictures?*
The Gospels answer yes.

In Matthew 27, Jesus is scourged. One word. One line. And behind it— leather cutting

through the air. Behind it— shards of bone and metal. Behind it— torn flesh and blood.

Sometimes a word is worth a thousand pictures.

Nearly one in five people live with chronic pain. Matthew gives us one word. Today we look at **Jesus and the Wound of Pain.**

Jesus is scourged. His scourging speaks to our pain. Think about it:

Jesus, the Creator, is torn by those he created.

The One who knit together the soldiers in their mothers' wombs—is ripped open by their blows.

Roman scourging was designed to bring a man near death.

Isaiah foresaw it:

“His appearance was so marred, beyond human semblance” (52:14).

Heaven's armies stand ready. Yet the Son remains silent.

Jesus is scourged. One word. A thousand pictures.

The Roman *flagrum*-a short-handled whip with multiple leather cords embedded with metal and bone-would have been used.

Jesus was likely:

- Stripped naked, intensifying the shame.
- Beaten by soldiers alternating blows.

With each strike:

- Skin split. Muscles tore. Blood flowed.
- Nerves fire relentlessly. Pain radiates.
- Standing becomes nearly impossible.

And this happens before the cross.

In our pain, none of us can say, "God doesn't know what this feels like."

In Christ, God stepped into our pain—willingly. Blow by blow.

And in Jesus, our pain is transformed as a participation in his suffering and carried through death in resurrection hope.

Our pain is no longer meaningless.
In Christ, even suffering becomes a place of
communion with Him.

“... but to the degree that you share the sufferings
of Christ, keep on rejoicing, so that at the revelation
of His glory you may also rejoice and be overjoyed”
(1 Peter 4:13).

*So, what do we do with this word — scourged?
We bring our wounds to His wounds. We stop
pretending we are strong. We stop believing our
pain means God is distant. And we trust that
Jesus, who endured suffering unto death, will
carry us through ours — into resurrection life.*