

The Wednesday Word, April 9, 2025: Saved by Grace in Christ

D.G. Barnhouse tells the following story:

Many years ago there was a gospel minister named Harry Morehouse who was walking along the street in a poor part of an American city when he witnessed a minor tragedy. A small boy, who could not have been more than five or six came out of a store with a pitcher of milk in his hands. The little fellow was making his way carefully along the street when he slipped and fell, the pitcher broke, and the milk spilled all over the sidewalk. He let out a wail, and Morehouse rushed to see if the boy was hurt. There was no physical damage, but the child would not be consoled, crying out over and over, "My mama'll whip me! My mama'll whip me."

Mr. Morehouse said to him, "Maybe the pitcher is not broken in too many pieces; let us see if we can put it together again." The boy stopped crying at once, as he had no doubt before seen bits of crockery glued together to remake a broken plate or cup. He watched as Mr. Morehouse placed the base of the pitcher on the sidewalk and started building up the pieces. There were one or two failures, and the pieces fell apart. At each failure the boy started crying again but was silenced by the big preacher who was helping him so much. Finally, the entire pitcher was reconstructed from the broken pieces, and it stood there in perfect shape on the sidewalk. The little fellow was given the handle, and he poked it toward the place where it belonged, and, of course, knocked the whole thing apart once more. This time there was no stopping his tears, and it was then that Mr. Morehouse gathered the boy in his arms and walked down the street with him to a nearby crockery store. He entered with the lad and bought a new pitcher. Then he went back to the milk store, had the pitcher washed and filled with milk. Carrying the boy on one arm and the pitcher of milk in the other hand, he followed the boy's instructions until they arrived at his home. Very gently he deposited the lad on his front steps, carefully put the pitcher in his hands and then said to him, "Now will your mama whip you?" A smile broke on the boy's streaked face, and he answered, "Aw, no sir! 'cause it's a lot better pitcher than we had before."

The story may be very simple, but it represents faintly what the Lord Jesus Christ did for us. We had dropped the pitchers of our lives, and its milk was spilled beyond regathering. We may have spent much time in trying to patch the pieces together again, but God assured us that we were broken beyond repair. (*Romans 3:23*). It was when we were thus, broken and hopeless, (*Isaiah 6:5*) in the despair of our lost soul and our crashed hopes that the Lord Jesus intervened to save us. (*see Hebrews 2:14-18*). He may have watched our efforts at patching for a while, until we could come to the place where we believed beyond question that it is impossible for us to repair our lives in a way that would ever satisfy the holiness of the Heavenly Father. It was when we were at our lowest that Jesus carried us in His arms, purchased our salvation and gave us a new life. Our salvation came about, not because there was so much good in us, but because there was so much grace in Him. It was not because there was righteousness in our hearts, but because there was grace in His.

And that's the Gospel Truth!