

# Minister's Short Story.

## "Give me a Break!"- a short story



I sat in front of the fire and stared up at the mantelpiece. On the top of it, at either side, were two rather expensive looking Chinese vases. Beautiful, classic lines. Fabulous, bold colours. Covered in picture stories that probably ended "happily ever after." I thought, "Some people are like that. Clear. Confident. Bold. Interesting. Everything turning out well in the end."

I couldn't have felt more different about myself. My life was in rather a mess – as though it had tumbled off its stand and smashed into pieces. Spoilt. Shattered. A confusion of fragments telling a sad and broken tale.

I felt useless and in pieces, with ugly bits of me sharply exposed. Perhaps I should be swept up and put away in the dustbin.

The two vases on the mantelpiece held my attention for some reason. I leaned forward and picked one up. It was as perfect as the day it had been made – not just on the outside but also on the inside with its beautiful, translucent glaze. I felt the vase's perfection – it showed me up and I wished I was like that.

I put the vase back on the shelf and took down the second one. It was identical on its story-telling outside but then I noticed on the inside the unmistakable evidence of its careful repair – tiny hidden blobs of glue, a network of fine veins where the broken edges had been painstakingly matched together and glued. I felt the vase's friendship – it too had been broken at some stage but had been put back together again and restored to its place on the mantelpiece. It too had a broken story and I wondered who it was who had the skill and cared enough to repair it so expertly and restore it to its original splendour. The remarkable thing was that the hidden network of joins gave it an additional story, an unexpected interest and a new beauty - especially when I held it up to the light. The careful network of joins shone through the translucent porcelain like blood vessels and seemed to bring life.

Then I began to understand that because God made me in the first place, he cares enough to restore me if I get broken. And when he does, new life begins to flow and I become even more special to him – and he to me.

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*Jesus, our 'wounded healer', carefully and painstakingly gathers up all the broken pieces of our lives, into himself. Why does he bother? Simply because he loves what he has made. He not only restores our worth but also adds to it immeasurably by the process of our being broken and then restored.*

*With my love and prayers*

**Di**

20<sup>th</sup> June