

March 22, 2025: (originally prepared by Judy Knaupp for March 15, 2022)



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*Isaiah 69:20 Reproaches have broken my heart, so that I am in despair.
I looked for pity, but there was none, and for comforters, but I found none.*

Read this again.

Reproach hath broken my heart;
and I am full of heaviness;
and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none;
and for comforters, but I found none.

Since having received this assignment, I have read this verse over and over again. Please, read it again.

Scorn has broken my heart
and has left me helpless;
I looked for sympathy, but there was none,
for comforters, but I found none.

Who is speaking? It is Jesus! God's only son, who stooped down, leaving his heavenly glory, willingly taking on flesh and dwelling among us. Why did he do this? Because humanity was lost, dead in trespasses and sins, facing eternal death and the wrath of a holy God. We had no hope. But Jesus was willing to come, live a life of man to save us from that wrath. He became a man of flesh and blood, complete with emotions and feelings just like every one of us.

As his mission was close to completion this is how he felt. His heart was broken. He was broken. He looked for help but no one was there to help him. He was broken by the weight of the sin of the people he came to save. Isaiah 53:3 tells us that He was despised and rejected by men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. As we take a few moments to meditate on today's verse we can feel at least to some extent the loneliness and despair. Here we get a glimpse of his emotional state.

Reproach or scorn is defined as the feeling or belief that someone is worthless or despicable. It is an expression of disapproval or disappointment. My Lord? My Savior? Worthless? Despicable? This is how my Savior was treated. This is what he felt! Each step of the road to the cross he was met with scorn. The Sanhedrin scornfully told him to prophesy. Pilate scornfully called him the King of the Jews. Hanging on the cross the onlookers scornfully called on him to save himself. But wait... He truly could do and was all the things. He was not only the prophet

but also the fulfillment of hundreds of years of prophesy. He was the King of Kings. He was the Savior of the world! Yet he stayed quiet. Enduring the pain of rejection... alone.

At that time, while faced with such scorn from those that hated him, he looked for comfort. Where were his closest friends with whom he had spent the last three years? They fell asleep in his hour of need and deserted him when he was taken away for trial. Where were his siblings? His earthly family? Where were the hundreds who were taught? fed? healed? There was not one to stand with him. Would I have?

Think of it. He stooped to save man yet there was NO man who stood by him. Imagine being truly righteous and receiving only scorn and contempt. How loud we would be touting our own righteousness, yet Jesus bore it silently and alone. The weight of the scorn broke his heart and even with a broken heart no one had pity on him or showed him comfort.

Overshadowing the scorn and abandonment by man was the abandonment by his heavenly father. From the time of the incarnation, he had left his heavenly glory but throughout the gospels we are often reminded that he, although he was man, walking on this earth, communed with his father. Now, rejected by all men, he was also rejected by his father. No heavenly pity or comfort was offered. Holy God could not even look at the one who hung on that cross.

Jesus endured this for me.

Bearing shame and scoffing rude
In my place condemned he stood
Sealed my pardon with his blood
Hallelujah! What a Savior.