

Published based on [The Beauty of Brokenness](#)

The Beauty of Brokenness

The centerpiece of our Christian faith is the sacrifice of Christ. As he hung on the cross, he was broken. Broken for our sin. Broken in his body. What we might call a bloody mess. Yes, no matter how sanitized we would prefer to make our mind's snapshot of Christ on the cross, the reality of it is that Christ hung there broken.

A man who had never sinned received into his literal physical body all the sin of all mankind and took the penalty that such sin required. And it broke him.

His physical body was broken. Nails in his hands and feet. Long thorns thrust into his skull. His face bleeding from the places man had pulled his beard out. His back, torn into pieces from the whipping he had endured. His body crushed from falling under the weight of the cross on the way to Golgotha.

His heart was broken as he experienced separation from his Father as he lived in his present darkness. He experienced our confusion, our loneliness, our doubts, our fears.

He was broken for me. He was broken for you. That is the beauty of brokenness.

May every time we experience the reality of brokenness, whether our own brokenness or the brokenness of others, lead us to remember Christ who was broken for us all and may we live in grateful love for the One who through brokenness has become our healing and our salvation.

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