

Are You Embarrassed When Someone Talks About the Blood of Christ?

As a teenager, it never failed. Whenever I brought a friend to church the preacher would start talking about “The Blood of Christ.”

“How gross! Can’t he find something else to talk about? Talk on Heaven or even Hell. But don’t get off on the Blood Tangent! You embarrass me and my friends!”

I knew better. I had accepted Christ as my personal savior. I understood the purpose of Christ shedding His blood on the cross for my sins. I was embarrassed and guilt ridden because I was embarrassed. But, I just couldn’t help it.

Then one day I heard my pastor tell this story. Ever since, the blood of Jesus Christ has been very precious to me. I want to share this simple story with you.

**After reading this pamphlet,
you will never be embarrassed again.**

**The Precious Blood of Christ will take on new meaning and strengthen your daily walk
with the Savior.**

The young teenager bought a beautiful scarf and matching gloves for her mother. Much thought had gone into the purchase. She had to find just the right ones. She often bought scarves and gloves for her very special mother. Later, the teenager would learn that her mother was more precious than her daughter could ever imagine.

The mother always thanked the daughter for her thoughtfulness. The scarves and gloves were always beautiful, and often expensive.

When her mother would forget to wear the gloves and scarf in public, the teenager would become extremely upset with her mother. The real reason the scarves were purchased was that the teenager was embarrassed by her mother’s scars. Her neck and hands were severely scarred and blemished. They were so scarred and gross, people would gasp at the sight.

“I know you can’t help it, Mother, but you are embarrassing me in front of my friends.” Mother would quickly comply whenever she was told after forgetting.

But one evening when her prom date arrived at the home, her mother forgot to put on her scarf and gloves before answering the door. The young lady was incredibly embarrassed. The young man had gasped. The date was incredibly tense because neither would discuss what they had seen. The young man did not call back.

Later, the teenager confronted her mother. “How could you do this to me. I’ve tried to help. I spent my hard earned money buying you scarves so no one would see your ugly neck and hands. Why can’t you remember?”

The mother was tearful and decided to tell her daughter what happened to her neck and arms.

“When you were just a baby, we were so happy. Your Father and I had prayed so long for a special baby to be born. You were perfectly formed and absolutely beautiful. We were so blessed.” The daughter could see the joy in her mother’s eyes. Despite the severe scarring on her neck and hair line, Mom’s eyes were expressive and lovely to behold. She always loved her mother’s eyes.

Her mother continued, “Then, late one wintry morning, we were sleeping in on a Saturday. The cold front had dumped a foot of snow just before Christmas. We didn’t have central heating. The space heaters were turned up high because of the draftiness of our old house.”

“We could hear you crying in your room. We felt bad that morning because we had slept in and you were hungry. Just then your cries turn to screams. The bathroom and hall way between our rooms were engulfed in flames.”

“Your father threw me the bed blanket and told me to wet it in the kitchen sink. I quickly soaked the blanket. Luckily I had put off washing the dishes the night before and the sink was full of water. I never leave the dishes over-night. I still don’t know why I did that night.”

Her mother continued, “I ran through the living room. Your bedroom was in flames. The covers on your baby bed were starting to burn. I prayed that I wasn’t too late.”

“I wrapped you, my precious baby, in that wet blanket. I prayed as I picked you up, ‘God please let her be ok.’ As I turned to go back through the living room, it was engulfed in flames. But it was the only way out.”

“I ran through the flames with you wrapped in the wet blanket. I can still feel the heat as my eyes started burning. I buried my face against your blanket and ran for the door.”

“I can still smell my burning hair. I remember the intense pain as the skin fell from my arms and then, nothing. I woke up in the hospital. All I could say, ‘My Baby. Where’s my Baby?’ I refused to be comforted until they brought you to me.”

“As they brought you in, I made them uncover you so I could see for myself that you were OK. I thanked my God that you were still perfect and beautiful.”

“They found your father’s body next to your baby bed. He had run through the flames in the hallway. He was burned beyond recognition. We had to have a closed casket service. I was unable to attend his funeral.”

The young teenager, in tears, stopped her mother. “I never want to see you wear a scarf or gloves again! You have the most beautiful hands and face in the world. I never want a scarf or glove to hide your beauty again.”

Whenever the mother would be seen in public, with her daughter, when someone would gasp at the sight of her arms and neck, the daughter would quickly step in and say, “Let me tell you about my mother’s beautiful scars!” Then she would tell the person about what her mother had done for her and how the scars were a permanent reminder of her sacrificial love for her daughter.

The scars and shed blood of Jesus Christ are just as precious to me as the mother’s scars were to the daughter.

Jesus voluntarily gave himself for me. If I had been the only one on Earth, He still would have done it for me. There is no greater love than this.

And Jesus knew what was going to happen to him. He knew he was going to be the sacrifice for my sins. The baby in the manger was God. The Baby came to die for our sins. That was why He came to Earth.

My sins to God are just as ugly as the mother’s scars had been to the daughter. God will not look upon them. That was why He came to Earth as Jesus Christ to be a sacrifice for my sins and yours. The Blood of Jesus cleanses us from our sins, and makes us acceptable to God.

“In the Beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God”
...John 1:1 “And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us.” John 1:14

There are over 300 prophecies in the Bible that predict Jesus was Who He Says He Is. Jesus is the Great I AM. He is the only one in history who could have fulfilled these prophecies about who He is and why he came to suffer and die for our friends.

Christ paid an incredible price for my sins. And there is no forgiveness of sins without the shedding of blood. Christ was the last sacrifice that was needed.

The Blood of Jesus Christ is most precious to me. It cleanses me from sin. I am made righteous and able to stand in front of the Father because Christ shed his blood and paid the penalty for me. He died in my place. I will praise Him forever.

The Blood of Jesus Christ is incredibly offensive to someone who does not understand. They do not understand because they do not understand the Old Testament and the New Testament and how they relate to each other.

The Blood of Christ is the Only Way for us to get into Heaven. There is no other way.

Jesus said: “I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No one comes to the Father but by Me.”

Before calling me, I want you to read [The Dumbest thing You Can Do.](#)

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