

Are You One of the Walking Wounded in the Body of Christ?

I hear a cry from the battlefield ... another soldier down! Can you hear it? Or is your own wound screaming above your fellow soldiers for relief?

I have never experienced such a time of woundedness in the body of Christ. Many victory flags have fallen. A retired army veteran recently shared with me shocking insight about being wounded in war. He said, "It takes four or five soldiers to take care of one wounded in battle. But if a soldier is killed outright, it takes just two to put him in a body bag."

Upon hearing this, I am convinced the devil gets more warped pleasure out of us living a long-wounded life than trying to kill us.

Wounds and Tombs Go Together

I am reminded of the man who lived among the tombs who kept breaking chains that could not hold him. The word tombs originally means "remembrances or memories." His memories had come to destroy him.

I wonder what his first hurtful memory was that, little by little, started his walk toward the tombs? Was it a harsh word spoken or his imagination misreading someone's compliment? Did he over hear someone say, "He will never amount to anything?" Was he the kid with a story of abuse no one would believe? Did the enemy somehow know that this child was born with such a brilliant mind that he would change the history of his nation?

My heart goes out to this man and every depressed and tormented person chained to their past memories. When Jesus asked him his name, he said, "My name is legion." Legion means

“multitude.” Perhaps he was saying, “I have been called so many names by so many voices, I don’t know who I am. I have lost my identity.”

Jesus spoke and the chains broke and he found his identity in Christ his creator. No more chains! He was free! He wanted to follow Jesus, probably wanting to tell the world his testimony. But Jesus surprisingly told him to go home and tell what great things the Lord had done for him.

This proves the man was at one time normal and lived with a family and people in that village. In other words, go home where your rejection and wounds started and show them what has happened and love them. No more chains!

To my knowledge the man never left his home town to tell one of the greatest miracles Jesus ever performed. But his mighty deliverance carved itself into history through God’s word for generations to come to hear it. Jesus came all the way from the other side of the sea through a great storm to touch this man. And He can come to where you are today. He’ll come through hell if needs be. Bring your hurt quickly to the Lord for his healing hand to touch you.

Forgive Quickly

I will never forget my healthy brother who became sick with a terminal disease. The doctors told him they believed his disease began about three years ago. They asked him this: “Dick, was there anything that happened in your life about three years ago that seemed to knock you off your feet or overwhelm you?” My brother told me, “The doctors were right on. It was exactly three years ago a neighbor offended me and I couldn’t get over the hurt. I was right and he was wrong. I couldn’t go to sleep without thinking of that man. It got to where food didn’t taste right.”

The neighbor was unaware of the offense and kept right on living unharmed by it. My brother finally forgave that

neighbor but the lack of forgiveness had already eaten him up from the inside out. It took his life at age 39. A wound can start with a little disagreement or unkind word from someone you'd least expect. It then festers into an offense and if not dealt with, becomes a wound that brings a slow death.

Had my brother lived I think he would preach one message today. "Forgive quickly, please forgive, it's not worth it!" Don't let another wounded soldier die. {eoa}

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