

# Behold My Hands

#0135

Study Given by W. D. Frazee—October 17, 1975

We have been told that it would be well for us to spend a thoughtful period each day in contemplating the life of Christ. We are to take it point by point and let our vivid imagination grasp each scene. And as we behold the life of Jesus, what will happen? We are to be changed into the same image.

“Behold My hands” Luke 24:39.

There is more to the text, but that is all I want to look at. Very few of us try to get a whole loaf of bread in our mouths all at once. Even a slice is a bit big. We generally break off a little piece and chew on it. If we are health reformers, we will chew quite a while. What happens to that bread as we chew on it? It gets sweeter. The starch begins to be acted on by the tile and the saliva. And as the changes are made, we become conscious of these flavors, and what a joy we get. So in the spiritual.

Jesus said, “Behold My hands.” Let’s follow those hands from the manger to Calvary and beyond.

We think of the baby hands in the manger. We think of the helping hands in the home at Nazareth. We think of the toiling hands in the carpenter shop. As Jesus enters upon His ministry, we see Him in various postures using those hands.

As Christ was coming down from the mountain after that wonderful sermon of the beatitudes, a leper knelt before Him pleading for healing.

“And, behold, there came a leper and worshipped Him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. And Jesus put forth His hand, and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed” Matthew 8:2–3.

The cleansing hands of Jesus purified that body that was so torn and bruised and abused by the inroads of disease.

We see a great multitude of five thousand men besides women and children gathered by the Sea of Galilee. Christ has taught them, blessed them, and brought healing to them through the day. As the sun is nearing the western horizon, He meets the challenge of what to do to feed them. Five little loaves and two fishes were all the resources in that little group. But as that little boy shares those five barley loaves with Jesus, He takes them in His hands, and with God’s blessing, they are multiplied.

“And He commanded the multitude to sit down on the grass, and took the five loaves, and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven, He blessed, and brake, and gave the loaves to His disciples, and the disciples to the multitude” Matthew 14:19.

Commenting on this Sister White says:

“The food multiplied in His hands; and the hands of the disciples, reaching out to Christ Himself the Bread of Life, were never empty” *The Desire of Ages*, page 369.

What power. These were the hands that formed the earth, the hands of the Creator. But here in human form, He took the barley loaves and multiplied them.

“And He goeth up into a mountain, and calleth unto Him whom He would: and they came unto Him. And He ordained twelve, that they should be with Him, and that He might send them forth to preach, And to have power to heal sicknesses, and to cast out devils” Mark 3:13–15.

“He gathered the little band close about Him, and kneeling in the midst of them, and laying His hands upon their heads, He offered a prayer dedicating them to His sacred work” *The Desire of Ages*, page 296.”

Jesus had spoken to the multitudes in the synagogue, cast out the evil spirit in the demoniac, came home and found Peter’s wife’s mother sick and ministered to her. Now at the close of the Sabbath, the multitudes come in:

“Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto Him; and He laid His hands on every one of them, and healed them” Luke 4:40.

Oh, the power of divinity surging through humanity. Jesus laid His hands on everyone who was sick and healed them.

Jesus is ministering in the temple. In the early morning, the scribes and Pharisees come dragging a woman taken in adultery, accusing her and seeking to entrap Jesus into saying something they can use against Him.

“This they said, tempting Him, that they might have to accuse Him. But Jesus stooped down, and with His finger wrote on the ground, as though He heard them not. And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last: and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst” John 8:6.

They brought young children to Jesus that He might touch them. The disciples rebuked the ones that brought them, but Jesus said:

“Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them” Mark 10:14–16.

Wouldn't you be glad to have Jesus take your little ones in His arms? By His Spirit, He does that today. And thank God, to we who are older He says:

“As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you” Isaiah 66:13.

On the occasion of the last supper in the upper room at Jerusalem, the disciples are busy arguing and disputing as to who was to be greatest. They are missing the opportunity to serve. In silence, Christ arises from the table and picks up the basin and girds Himself with a towel and begins to wash the disciples' feet. The Scripture says:

“He riseth from supper, and laid aside His garments; and took a towel, and girded Himself. After that He poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded” John 13:4–5.

Think of the hands of Jesus serving Judas the traitor, serving Peter the outspoken disputer, serving John and James the turbulent sons of thunder, serving Thomas the doubter, and Philip the slow of heart. One by one, He makes the rounds serving.

“For whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth? is not he that sitteth at meat? but I am among you as he that serveth” Luke 22:27.

Those same hands that served the disciples in the upper room are soon to serve us, for the Bible says:

“Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when He cometh shall find watching: verily I say unto you, that He shall gird Himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them” Luke 12:37.

He will serve us at His table in His kingdom. Won't it be a wonderful thing to have Christ come and serve us manna and fruit from the tree of life? The serving hand of Jesus here on earth and in our eternal home.

A thousand years before the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem, David, in prophetic vision, sees the Messiah upon the cross, and he writes the words of the Savior:

“They pierced My hands and My feet” Psalm 22:16.

At Calvary, they stretched Jesus upon the cross and drove the spikes through His hands and feet, and hung Him up between the heavens and the earth to die.

Zechariah saw Him in vision and saw bright beams coming out of His hands and side through the eternal ages. Those scars will always be the sign of His redeeming love.

Following His death, we see Jesus in Joseph’s tomb with His hands folded upon His breast. Joseph and Nicodemus, rich men, had come in the hour of need and made arrangements for the burial of Jesus.

“Gently and reverently they removed with their own hands the body of Jesus from the cross. Their tears of sympathy fell fast as they looked upon His bruised and lacerated form. Joseph owned a new tomb, hewn in a rock. This he was reserving for himself; but it was near Calvary, and he now prepared it for Jesus. The body, together with the spices brought by Nicodemus, was carefully wrapped in a linen sheet, and the Redeemer was borne to the tomb. There the three disciples straightened the mangled limbs, and folded the bruised hands upon the pulseless breast.”

“The friendly hands of Jesus of Nazareth, that never refused to touch with healing the loathsome leper, were folded on His breast” *The Desire of Ages*, pages 774, 776.

Yes, Christ was asleep. He had met the great enemy of death. He had given His life that you and I might live. But thank God, death couldn’t hold Him. Early in the morning of the first day of the week, the mighty angel came down the skies and rolled the stone away. He cried to that Sleeper, “Son of God, come forth. Thy Father calls Thee.” Jesus came forth saying:

“I am the resurrection, and the life” John 11:25.

John and Peter, having heard the announcement that Christ had risen, came to investigate. John saw where Christ had lain the carefully folded grave clothes. Christ had put everything in order before He left that tomb.

Later that day, Jesus met with His disciples. At first, they could not believe that He had risen.

“And He said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself: handle Me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have. And when

He had thus spoken, He shewed them His hands and His feet” Luke 24:38–40.

What joy filled their hearts as they were sure that it was indeed Christ. But one man wasn’t there. For a whole week, he waited in doubt.

“And after eight days again His disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. Then saith He to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into My side: and be not faithless, but believing. And Thomas answered and said unto Him, My LORD and my God” John 20:26–28.

Forty days after the resurrection was ascension day. Jesus led His disciples to the Mount of Olives and lifted up His hands and blessed them.

“And He led them out as far as to Bethany, and He lifted up His hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven” Luke 24:50–51.

With His hands stretched out in blessing, Jesus was slowly taken from among them. The last glimpse of the Savior was those hands reaching out in blessing as He bids them farewell.

The angels who lingered behind gave them the promise:

“This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven” Acts 1:11.

One of those apostles who saw Jesus leave in vision sees Him coming with the reaping sickle:

“And I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of man, having on His head a golden crown, and in His hand a sharp sickle. And another angel came out of the temple, crying with a loud voice to Him that sat on the cloud, Thrust in thy sickle, and reap: for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe” Revelation 14:14–16.

What a reunion. Thank God for the reaping hands, the gathering hands of Jesus.

We have looked at the ministry of those hands here on earth. We have looked into the future and saw His reaping hands. But let’s see Him as He is now. Here is one of the most precious texts on the hands of Jesus:

“Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands;  
thy walls are continually before Me” Isaiah 49:16.

My name is written on the palms of Jesus’ hands. Commenting on this text, Sister White writes:

“Christ ascended to heaven, and He is today presenting our needs to the Father. ‘I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands.’ He says” Isaiah 49:16.

It cost something to engrave them there. It cost untold agony” *Testimonies for the Church, Volume 9*, page 189.

Arise my soul, arise, shake off thy guilty fears,  
The bleeding Sacrifice in my behalf appears.  
Before the throne the Savior stands,  
My name is written on His hands.

Now the beautiful promise. This ought to inspire with hope the weakest child of God. This should fill our souls with confidence as we hear Jesus assuring us of His holding hands, His keeping power:

“My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand” John 10:27–28.

Thank God, we are safe. Not because we hold Him, but because He holds us. No man, Jesus’ says, is able to pluck you out of His hands. The hands that are always ministering, always blessing, always serving.

So we have looked at those hands from the manger to Calvary and beyond. We have seen the baby hands in Bethlehem, the helping hands in Nazareth in the home, those toiling hands in the carpenter shop. We have seen those cleansing hands as He touches the lepers, those multiplying hands as He takes the bread and feeds five thousand. We see the ordaining hands as He sets His apostles apart, the healing hands as He lays them upon the multitude and heals everyone. We see the convicting hands as He writes the sins of the Pharisees in the sand, the blessing hands as He takes the little children in His arms.

We see the pierced hands as He is nailed to the cross, the folded hands as He lies in Joseph’s tomb, and the careful hands as on the morning of the resurrection He arranges the grave clothes before He leaves. We see the convincing hands as He spreads out His arms to His disciples and shows them His hands and feet, still bearing the marks of Calvary. We see the farewell hands as He stretches out His hands in blessing as He leaves the Mount of Olives.

We see the reaping hands as He comes with the sickle. And the prayer of the church is, “Even so, come, Lord Jesus.”

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