

# Twice Owned

by Steve Higginbotham

One of the pleasant memories my wife has of her childhood is when she and her father would perform a duet together. Kim would play the piano and her father would play the fiddle. Their duets brought them a lot of joy and family fun.

However, Kim's dad suffered from the crippling effects of rheumatoid arthritis. By the age of 35, he was disabled and could no longer work. Eventually his hands became so distorted from the effects of his arthritis, playing his fiddle became impossible. So Kim's dad reluctantly sold his fiddle, and used the money to support his family.

Fast-forward twenty years. Kim's dad had passed away, and for a Christmas gift, I determined to try to locate the fiddle her dad once owned and sold. Fortunately, with a little help from Kim's sister, we were able to locate the person who purchased his fiddle, and he still had it in his possession.



The present owner of the fiddle knew that he had something of great value to me, and he asked for much more than what most people would think the fiddle was worth. But to me, I would have paid any price so that Kim could own that fiddle again.

That purchase gives me a little insight into how God must have felt when he bought us back with the blood of his Son. How much must God love us to pay such a high price to own us again?

Friends, don't ever doubt that God loves you. He paid a fantastic price so that you could be twice owned!