

The Word became flesh and made his dwelling among us...

It's a story from long ago. In fact, it starts at the very beginning. In the beginning was the Word. The Word was with God and the Word was God. Those words are from the book of John. John got to spend 3 years with the timeless Word. Listening to his stories, seeing his love for people, knowing the deep peace of seeing God's presence - his plan - right in front of his eyes.

He did not come with trumpets, or ceremony, or attendants. He came through a woman, like we all did. He was born to a carpenter and his wife-to-be. He wasn't born in a pristine hospital birthing center, or even a clean home... he was born in a barn, since no one had room for The Word, the King. His first bed was an animal's feedbox. Some straw for a pillow. His first worshippers were his mom and dad, and a probably a few animals.

God came to live with us. God came in the person of his son. And though we rejected him - much like the familiar story of the innkeeper with no room - those who would believe, they will be come children of God.

God Came

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