

441 The Divine Baby of Bethlehem
that came from the womb of time + are
None of the days gone forever into the tomb
of Time ~~had or held~~ more glorious opportunities
and more responsibilities than do these days
in which you and I are privileged to live.
In this 20th century powerful tendencies
accumulating through the centuries came
to a sudden head.

And when they did so,
they toppled over old thrones,
swept away ancient dynasties,
burst through venerable creeds,
snapped the rusty chains of tradition,
smashed powerful institutions,
and uprooted ~~deeply~~-entrenched falsehoods.

So we Christians are left to face and
to deal with a head-dizzy, body-weary,
heart-sick, and soul-famished world.

We acknowledge that today we are face to face
with many subtle antagonisms
and with many treacherous flatteries
that come but to steal and to kill

and to destroy.

I Deep in the hearts of men is still the
searching cry, "Show us the Father,
and we shall be satisfied."

There is only one place --

or rather ONE PERSON --

where we can find the Father;

and that is in and through Jesus Christ.

II He is God manifest in the flesh.

"In the beginning was the Word,

and the Word was with God,

and the Word was God."

"In the beginning!"

Those words teach His eternity.

"And the Word was with God!"

Those words teach His equality.

"And the Word was God!"

Those words teach His Deity.

"The same was in the beginning with God!"

Those words teach His pre-existence.

10.1.14
"And the Word was made flesh,
and dwelt among us".

This pre-existent Christ Jesus was NOT flesh
back yonder when the morning stars serenaded
the advent of our infant earth as it lay,
"wrapped in swaddling clothes of light,"
in the arms of the great Jehovah.

He was not flesh back in creation days
when there was the gathering together of
the waters called the seas, for
"the world was made by him."

He was not flesh when the first ray of light
shown,
when the first bird sang,

when the first flower bloomed,
"For by him were all things created,
that are in heaven,
and that are in earth...
and he is before all things
and by him all things stick together."

BUT "He was MADE flesh" --
and every nerve was divine handwriting,
every bone was divinely sculptured,
every muscle was a pulley divinely swung!

As Milton puts it:
"That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
wherewith He went at heaven's high council table
To sit the midst of Tribal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of clay!"

"Lord, show us the Father."

"Don't you realize that you who have seen
me have seen the Father?"

This is a continuation of the Christmas
message.

His birth into our world by a virgin was
a translation at the same time as it was
an incarnation.

It was a transfer of His person from a
previous condition of existence to this
earthly one.

Before incarnation Jesus was God's instrument
in creation.

During incarnation Jesus was God's instrument
in redemption.

His supernatural birth is the Alpha
of our Christian faith.

Let that be accepted and the whole alphabet
follows as a matter of course.

Deny it and, like a planet that leaves its orbit,
there is no telling where unbelief will
carry you.

"The Word became flesh and dwelt among us."

But He was not originally a human being,
but the Divine One!

He was the Mighty God,
the Inhabitor of Eternity,
the Creator made of the creature woman.

He was so human that He became tired;

He was so divine that He said,

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are
heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

He was so human that He became hungry;

He was so divine that He took five loaves
and two fish and fed thousands.

He was so human that He became thirsty;

He was so divine that He said to the woman at
the well, "Whosoever drinketh of the water
that I shall give him shall never thirst;
but the water that I shall give him shall be
in him a well of water springing up into
everlasting life."

He was so human that He had to sleep;

He was so divine that He arose from sleep
and stilled the raging tempest.

He was so human He was "tempted in all points
like as we are";

He was so divine that he asked,

"Who convinces me of sin?"

He was so human He wept;

He was so divine that He stood at the grave
where He wept and raised the dead brother
and gave him back to the empty arms
and aching hearts of the sisters.

Why is it that after these many centuries
we still know so little of him?

Can't we yet understand that

He clothed Himself in our dust

that we might sit on His throne?

He "emptied Himself of the glory He had

with the Father before the world was"

that we might be "filled with all the

fullness of God."

Why can't we understand that

wherever Jesus walked,

whether in dusty highway, by Galilee's shores,

up mountain slopes or on city pavements,

His were the footprints of God.

"God manifest in the flesh."

When He spoke,

whether in teachings as "one who had authority

and not as the scribes"

or in wooing love that drew sinners to Him,

or in rebuke, or in flaming and righteous wrath

when His every sentence was a flash and

flare of verbal lightning,

His was the voice of God.

When His hand touched the loathsome leper

or blind eyes or deaf ear-drums

or crippled limbs

or the brow hot with fever fires

or the hand cold with the ice of death,

the touch of His hand was THE TOUCH OF GOD,

for "God was in Christ."

He is indeed "Wonderful Counsellor,

THE MIGHTY GOD, THE EVERLASTING FATHER,

the Prince of Peace."

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