HEAVEN WAITS #2: *a New Thing*

✨***Revelation 21:5, 'And the One sitting on the throne said, "Look, I am making everything new!" And then He said to me, "Write this down, for what I tell you is trustworthy and true."' (NLT)***✨

I snagged each ornament from the tree's branches, trying to ignore the sigh from my husband as the brittle needles fell to the floor. Carefully, he unwound the lights from the circumference of the beautiful blue spruce that like fragrance had once filled the room. I carefully laid Flora, our angel, to rest for another year, and began wrapping the delicate dressings for a '*merrier Christmas*' Hallmark promises, in swaddling clothes so they wouldn't break, each ornament telling a story perhaps only I remember. It was funnier welcoming Christmas and setting it up in our home than putting it away, I think every year.

I move to the Nativity, with reverence taking in the manger scene one final time before placing each piece carefully in folds of cotton. I look longingly at the languid gaze on Mary's face, the intent smile painted on Joseph's lips and the peaceful sleep of the King of the World, the infinite Infant, forever frozen in time in this rustic and serene display. But I know differently; the baby Jesus transcending time and crossing over atmospheres to arrive here to our broken world was anything but peaceful and simple and glorious.

The Son of God traded royalty in exchange for my humanity after a deepening silence from His Father, Almighty God. For four hundred years, a holy God, Creator of the Universe, had been silent. It wasn't because He didn't have anything to say. Sadly, it was because the humanity He created for fellowship and conversation no longer listened. So, for centuries, the God who had spoken worlds into existence, who spoke me into being, who dreamt you into reality, grew mute. Not a word. Not a sentence. Not a whisper. Not a promise. Not even a sigh. And then…

A cry. Isn't it something that after four hundred years of silence, the first sound a holy God made, was a cry? A cry from the infinite Infant who left His throne in glory to stretch on human skin to come live amongst mankind. The infant cry was the first sound a holy God would make after centuries of silence! And a new world, a new year, a new way of being, had begun. In that one cry.

Like that, grace was born. A paradox Himself, the Son of Man came so He could relate to you and me, to experience our everyday, to understand our every struggle. This Child, this God, would be the ransom for many, so someday we would all have the opportunity to go where Heaven waits. This Jesus, Prince of Peace, would stoop low to come to me, taking on my shackles and redeeming my shame. And in that one cry, He chose me and He chose you.

John 1:14, 'The Word became flesh and blood, and moved into the neighborhood. We saw the glory with our own eyes, the one-of-a-kind glory, like Father, like Son, generous inside and out, true from start to finish.' (MSG)