

That tiny Savior, Jesus of eternity, had stepped down into the temporary. He became a servant to God Most High. He was born to die. His death would overthrow the enemy, that dragon of old, and would break, once for all, the power of sin.

It's the reason for which he came. He walked among the very creation he intended to save. He walked upon dusty streets, green hillsides, and water waves of a storm-tossed sea. He touched the leper. He embraced the sinner. He lavished love on those who were otherwise unloved. He healed the sick. He opened the eyes of the blind. He loosed the tongue of the mute. He unstopped the ears of the deaf. He made strong the lame legs. He brought life to the bodies of the dead. He multiplied the bread and fed the multitudes. He commanded the evil spirits, and they obeyed. And for all these things he did, the best was yet to come.

He commanded attention. The crowds loved him. The Pharisees hated him.

Those who hated him were of their father, the Devil. The Devil was a murderous scoundrel from the beginning, and his followers were of his likeness. They plotted. With evil in their hearts, they arrested and abused the Son of God. They mocked him and spat upon him as they shoved a crown of thorns into his brow. They ridiculed him as they nailed him, naked, to the cross. They spewed venomous words at him as he hung there and suffocated in his own blood. And for all the wickedness that unfolded at the cross, the best was yet to come.

He gave up his spirit. His breath departed. He hung, lifeless, on the blood-soaked implement of his death. For a moment, Satan must have thought again he had won. For a moment, he must have presumed victory was his.

Day one, and the Savior was buried.

Day two, and the Savior was sealed behind heavy stone. And lest we think we have lost our hero, I'll remind you, the best is yet to come.

Day three, and the Savior erupted from the tomb with power and life and the shaking of the earth.

The Devil hastened to the shadows to throw his fiery darts from his hiding spot. He knew his time was almost up. The final grains of sand were tumbling through the glass.

Christ ascended back to the Father. His death and his resurrection secured life for all who would BELIEVE; for all who would surrender themselves to him as Lord.

And the church was born. The assembly of believers grew and spread across every corner of the globe. And a thousand years have passed, and then a thousand more. And here we are, walking by the grace he supplies, by the Spirit who guides us, being transformed from day to day more into the likeness of Jesus.

Every now and again, we turn our eyes to the clouds, knowing that he who ascended to the right hand of the Father will one day make his triumphant return. He will come, clothed in white with the hosts of heaven at his heels. The trumpet will sound, the archangel will let out his cry, the dead in Christ will be raised, and those of us who remain alive at his return will be joined with him forever in his Kingdom.

We turn our eyes to the clouds, blinking at the sun shining its way through, and we walk boldly into this world, opposing the enemy that Christ opposed, walking free from the sin that once enslaved us, and filled with the hope of every redeemed one that THE BEST IS YET TO COME!

THE END.



# The Best is yet to Come

