



The Best is yet to Come



It is only fitting that I whisper this part of the story, that you have to pull your chair in a bit closer to mine to tell you what happened after all those years of quiet. So, if you will imagine with me that we are nestled beside the fire on a clear black night with stars dotting the sky above us. Imagine the cold of winter has set in. Imagine that it isn't just our bodies that are cold, but there seems to be a coldness in the world itself. Imagine, if you are able to do so, that every heart feels heavy with the unmet longing for the riches of God's glory revealed. And as we all move our circle inward just a bit, and as we sip from our cider or hot cocoa, I, the storyteller, open my mouth again.

For the fourth time, we peek again into the very presence of God. First, to find him and all the angelic hosts there. Second, to see that Jesus was there from the start. Third, to be reminded that the Spirit was no stranger to the scene. And now we peek inside like impish children peering around the corner and looking into the room where the grown-ups are talking late into the night.

God, as always, is seated on the throne. He and the Son are engaged in conversation, and the Spirit hangs there about them both, and in between them, and in them, and on them. "It's time, my son. The hour is at hand for you to redeem mankind. You must be made like them so that you can die for them. This was the purpose we set out before a single day had dawned. This was our intent from the beginning. This is our glorification. This will be sin's undoing. Death will be overthrown. Satan will be defeated. You will be clothed in flesh. You will be hated by men. They will mock you. They will malign you. And, yes, they will kill you. But so it must be done that the sins of the people can be forgiven once for all. But death is no victor over you, and you will shake it off like the tree shakes free its leaves in winter. Your sacrifice, your shed blood, your resurrection, will secure in eternal life all who believe."

And the Son was ready. He would obey the Father to the point of death, even death on a cross, and for his obedience, he would be exalted back to the highest place and given the name that is above every other name.

There was a stirring in the heavens as they readied themselves for God's redemptive work. The angels longed to understand the greatness of the plan of salvation, but they could not. God called to one of them, "Gabriel, I need you to go to Nazareth, a city in Galilee. There you will find a young virgin named Mary. Tell her that she will become pregnant by the power of the Holy Spirit and that she shall bear a son who will save his people from their sins."

Gabriel leaped to the task in a flash, and all of heaven cheered.

Jesus readied himself, and the Seraphim continued with their cries of "Holy Holy Holy is the Lord God almighty, the whole earth is filled with his glory."

The Spirit prepared to move in power, that faithful envoy would work the miracle of Jesus's birth.

The wheels were set in motion, and the lives of all mankind would never be the same. And as the plan began to unfold, the cold, dark world was made just slightly warmer as all of creation anticipated the coming of the one who had made them.

Don't worry.

The best is yet to come.