

Time would fail us to rehash the story of Abraham and Isaac, or to revisit the story of Moses. The ram in the bushes saved Isaac from death, and Jesus saves us from the penalty for our sin. Moses rescued the people of God from judgment and slavery in Egypt, and Jesus rescues us from the judgment of God while simultaneously setting us free from the power of sin. Eternal life for ALL who believe.

I told you at the start that villains would plot, and so they have. I told you that miracles would be done, and we've scarcely scratched the surface. I told you that love and hate would be on display, and God has lavished his love on a world that has hated him. I told you slaves would be set free, and they were by the very hand of God. But we are running out of days, and we still have to talk of heroes being born, enemy armies falling at the hands of a single warrior, the dead being brought back to life, and even a dragon being slain.

Satan was there in the garden plotting, and 1656 years passed. The flood ravaged the earth, and about four hundred years flew by. The ram in the thicket saved the life of the child, and another six centuries are leaped in a single bound. Moses led and ruled the people of God, and then another thousand years fell away, filled by prophets, poets, and kings, all looking into the distant future with the expectation of the coming Savior. Longing for the birth of a hero.

If we can, for just a moment, go back to the throne room of God, and find ourselves once again in his presence, we will remember that sitting there was the Father and the Son. But they weren't the only ones. With the Father and the Son was the Holy Spirit. He was there in the very beginning as well. He had hovered over the waters of the earth when it was still dark and chaotic and without form and covered in emptiness. The Holy Spirit was there the entire time, but more of a teacher in responsibility than a creator.

The Holy Spirit was the one who spoke to Moses, "Write it all down. Tell the story of the God of heaven. Speak of his creative power. Tell of his holiness. Recount his judgments. Shout of his mercies. Tell the people what has come and regale them with what will be. Set the play. Name the actors. Tell of that vile liar, Satan. Hint at the coming Redeemer so that when Jesus appears, they will know him." And so Moses wrote.

But he wasn't the only one. Every prophet, every poet, every king who ever wrote about the coming Messiah did so at the whisper of the Holy Spirit. No man ever recorded a single line of what we call Scripture without the Holy Spirit first putting it in the mind. For every true thing that can be known about God is revealed only by the power of the Spirit, that tireless teacher.

No mathematician can calculate God, no historian can uncover the foundations of his kingdom, no scientist can fabricate him in a lab. Only the Spirit, our Helper, can cause our hearts to know what is true about God the Father and Jesus, his Son.

And so, carried along by the Holy Spirit, they too wrote. They foretold of his birth in a little town called Bethlehem. They spoke of those who would try to murder him as an infant. They talked about the life he would lead. They told of how deeply he would be hated. They wrote of his power and miracles. They recorded for future generations his betrayal and subsequent murder. They penned verses about his resurrection and even foresaw his eventual return in power as the rightful King of all creation.

They stood on the streets and shouted in the town squares. They stood before emperors and paupers. They told all who would listen that the Hero was on his way.

And then nothing. Or at least very little. For nearly four hundred years, there was silence from the God of heaven. The people waited and wept and longed and rebelled and cried out for the making new of all things.

And some forgot. Many forgot. Many got so tired of waiting, so weary in their sorrows, that the silence overwhelmed them. Hopelessness set in. People turned their eyes to heaven with clenched fists. They cursed the God they had once worshipped.

And in some forgotten corner, the Devil once again thought he had won.

But don't worry.

The best is yet to come.



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