



The Best is yet to Come



Sometimes a story finds a thousand threads running together from a thousand different directions, all to collide at a singular, solitary point. We've only had the time to follow a few separate threads, and in choosing these few trails, we've left a myriad undone. But oh, how the story comes together like the final form of a painting done by a great master who, with each brushstroke and color, casts a spell of light and dark that dances across the canvas to invoke the will of the artist. Each daub of Cadmium red was done with purpose. Each thin pull of Naples yellow whispers to the viewer. Every touch of Prussian blue casts shadows and mystery.

In our story, we started with the God of heaven. But we remember that he wasn't alone. There he sat on his throne, and at his right hand sat The Son, Jesus. We remember him, though we may have lost track of him over the last few days, though we may have thought we left him behind, though we may have considered him unimportant to the tales we've told in the days between then and now. But Jesus was there at creation. Not a single thing came to being apart from the work of BOTH the Father and the Son. Not only so, but all things are held together in their existence because of the word of Christ Jesus and his power.

Oceans stay within their boundaries like punch in a bowl and never once, at least not since the flood, leaped into the sky to see why the birds liked to soar there. The sun and moon never ran off for a weekend getaway, no star flung itself from space to see how mankind walks thereon. And those meteors that set themselves ablaze as they enter our atmosphere, those that we call "shooting stars," have never once plunged themselves to the ground without Jesus directing their courses.

The beasts ambled upon the plains, across the prairies, up the hillsides, and down into the dales, without once standing up on two hooves, taking a pipe between their teeth, and reading the newspaper to see what news was happening in the cities. They didn't once don a hat, fabricate an engine, or set themselves up in houses, all while making muffins for the neighbors.

The grasses grew up rather than down, the flowers opened themselves up to the bees, the ants built great winding tunnels through the soil, the eagle screeched into the blue horizon, the doe and her speckled fawn lapped lazily at the river, the mountain goat pranced through the snow on the peaks, the lion roared so that those for miles could hear his voice, and the chipmunks and squirrels collected and stored nuts and seeds with reckless abandon. And all of these created things continued in their ways and means because Jesus the Messiah held them all together by his unending, unmistakable, unmatched power.

The universe, ever expanding in galaxy upon galaxy spiraling across the cosmos, the great herds of wildebeests running across the desert, every grain of sand, every molecule of oxygen, every drop of water in every place you could imagine, and some places you've never considered, the tiniest of sparrow, the great blue whale, and every hair on your head and mine, "made by him and for him." He, Jesus, the King of Kings, the Creator, was before all these things and all the things time would not allow me to mention. "And in him all things are held together." He "upholds the universe by the word of his power."

In the beginning, Jesus. Don't forget that. His story doesn't begin on the first page of Matthew; we don't meet him first in the manger, we aren't first impressed by him when he raises the dead, feeds the hungry, or casts out the wicked spirits. He doesn't just become famous at the cross or the empty tomb.

In the beginning, before the beginning, Jesus!

Don't worry.

The best is yet to come.