

# Why Jesus Came

*by Andrew Mutambira*

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Of all the ways God could have saved the world, He chose the most vulnerable, the most ordinary, the most easily overlooked. A baby. Born to nobodies. In an insignificant town at the edge of empire. Why?

Because make no mistake—the manger was not Plan B. This was the plan before the foundation of the world. Before the first sin, before the first breath, before the first star ignited in the darkness, God knew. And He determined that if humanity fell, He Himself would descend to bring us back.

## The Scandal of Smallness

In the beginning, God spoke galaxies into being. His voice carved out canyons and set stars ablaze. He breathed, and life erupted in ten thousand forms. When God creates, He does it with the thunder of infinite power.

But in Bethlehem? He arrived as helpless as the thing He'd made.

Seven pounds. Twenty inches. Utterly dependent.

This is not how power acts. Egyptian pharaohs claimed divine status while still wielding absolute power. Roman emperors declared themselves gods from thrones of marble and gold. Every human conception of deity grasps upward, reaches for dominance, demands tribute. But the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—the One who drowned armies and split seas—came as an infant who couldn't lift His own head.

Why would the Author of existence make Himself subject to His own creation?

Because something had gone catastrophically wrong, and to die for us, He first had to become one of us.

## The Problem We Couldn't Solve

We were made for glory—fashioned to walk with God in gardens, to reflect His image, to partner with Him in the unfolding story of creation. But we chose the lie over the truth. We grasped at divinity on our own terms and lost our humanity in the process.

And the fracture lines ran everywhere. Brother murdered brother. Nations enslaved nations. The strong devoured the weak. We built towers to heaven and fashioned golden calves. We broke every promise, violated every trust, corrupted every good thing we touched.

We couldn't keep the law because the law couldn't change our hearts. We couldn't earn righteousness because our very nature was bent toward rebellion. Every sacrifice we offered only reminded us that death was still the price, and we had no currency but our own guilty blood.

The prophets came and called us back. We killed them.

The law came and showed us the way. We carved exceptions.

The temple came and demonstrated the cost. We made it a marketplace.

We were lost, and we didn't even know we were lost. We were drowning, calling it swimming. We were dying, calling it living.

## **The Rescue That Cost Everything**

So God came.

Not to tweak the system. Not to offer helpful suggestions. Not to show us we could do better if we really tried.

He came to *be* what we could never be and to *do* what we could never do.

Jesus came to live the life we couldn't live—to face every temptation we face and never once grasp at the forbidden fruit. To be fully human, yet without sin. To show us what we were always meant to be.

Jesus came to die the death we deserved—to stand in the gap between holy justice and rebellious humanity, to absorb the full weight of divine wrath against sin, to say "Put it on Me" when the bill for human evil came due.

Jesus came to break the power that held us captive—to walk into death's domain as the only one who didn't belong there, and to shatter it from the inside. To rise on the third day, death's own executioner, holding the keys to the grave.

And Jesus came to make us new—not just forgiven, but transformed. Not just pardoned criminals, but adopted children. Not just saved from hell, but invited into the very life of God Himself.

## **The Upside-Down Kingdom**

This is why the manger matters. This is why we gather in the cold December dark to sing of a baby born in poverty.

Because this is how God wages war against evil—not with overwhelming force but with overwhelming love. Not by asserting power but by relinquishing it. Not by demanding tribute but by paying the debt Himself.

The kingdoms of this world take. They conquer. They demand.

The Kingdom of God gives. It serves. It dies that others might live.

Jesus didn't come to show us that we're basically good people who just need a little help. He came because we're basically dead people who need resurrection.

He didn't come to improve religion. He came to end it, to tear the temple curtain in two, to make every heart a holy place where God Himself would dwell.

He didn't come to start a fan club. He came to gather an army of the redeemed who would storm the gates of hell with weapons made of mercy and banners sewn from grace.

## **The Question That Remains**

Tonight, we sing carols about a baby. But that baby grew into a man who turned water into wine, gave sight to the blind, raised the dead, and then died willingly so that death itself might die.

And on the third day, He rose.

And He is risen still.

The question is not really "Why did Jesus come?" anymore.

The question is: Now that He has come—now that the rescue has been launched, now that the door has been opened, now that death has been defeated—what will we do with Him?

Will we domesticate Him into a seasonal sentiment? Will we reduce His cosmos-shaking invasion to a pleasant tale for children?

Or will we fall on our faces before the scandalous grace of God who would become small that we might become great? Who would die that we might live? Who would descend to the depths that we might ascend to the heights?

Jesus came because we needed Him more than we needed anything else.

He came because love required it.

He came because, without Him, we had no hope at all.

And He came knowing the cost—knowing the nails, the thorns, the abandonment, the cry of dereliction on a Roman cross.

He came anyway.

That's why we sing tonight. Not because of a baby, but because of what that baby means:

*God is with us. God is for us. And God will not let us go.*

**Emmanuel.**

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*"For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life." — John 3:16*