

He, the Son of God, Became the little one

by Rick McKinney, December 2018

Before the dawn of space and time it was in the Father's heart, that He, the Son of God, would become the little one.

After eons of emerging stars, nebulae, and spinning galaxies, He, the Son of God became the little one.

After myriads of developing species and the birthing of untold offspring, He, the Son of God, became the little one.

After our first parent's mistrustful, disobedient fall and sin seemed to reign in all, He, the Son of God, became the little one.

After hundreds of years from the time of the promise given to Abraham of land and offspring, He, the Son of God, became the little one.

In the small space of land between the great Nile and Euphrates civilizations, He, the Son of God, became the little one.

In the fullness time, when the reign of Pax Romana was near its height, He, the Son of God, became the little one.

The builder of the universe was born in a stable, He, the Son of God, who became a little babe, even a single cell.

Son of Man, son of Eve, son of David, son of Mary was He, the Son of God, who became the little one.

Nursing babe with soiled clothes, stumbling toddler, and watchful carpenter's apprentice was He, the Son of God, who became the little one.

Teacher, healer, deliverer, miracle worker, and disciple maker was He, the Son of God who became the little one.

Donkey rider, table turner, foot washer, bread breaker, and new covenant maker was He, the Son of God who became the little one.

The one who offered us exquisite joy was filled with excruciating pain, He, the Son of God, who became the little one.

The one who taught of true riches was stripped of all earthly possessions, He, the Son of God, who became the little one.

The one who deserved the greatest honor was spat upon, mocked and scorned, He, the Son of God, who became the little one.

The one almighty was deprived of movement as he hung nailed to a cross, He, the Son of God, who became the little one.

The Lamb of God, given over in loving sacrifice, is He, the Son of God, who became - the little one, even the bread we eat.

O God our Father, through the Spirit, may we become little ones, like your Son.