Still He Came

When Mary held her little baby in that Bethlehem stable, some things she knew.

She knew, for example, that He was the Son of God.

She knew too that He was going to be a king, sitting forever on the throne of His ancestor David, for the angel had told her so.

There were however, many things she did not, and could not, know.

She did not know that He would live a perfect life, completely in tune with His heavenly Father.

She could not tell that He would heal the sick and lame, and perform many miracles.

She could not have predicted that He would speak words that would change the lives of millions of people around the world in a legacy that would span thousands of years.

These things she would have been delighted to have known at His birth.

As she held her precious little king, she could not imagine that the religious leaders would conspire against Him, nor that one of His closest friends would betray Him, His life valued at a mere thirty silver pieces.

She did not know when she covered His head against the cold that one day a cruel crown of thorns would be pressed onto it, causing His blood to run down His face.

When she laid Him gently in the manger, she could not conceive that eventually a lead tipped Roman whip would strip the flesh from His back.

When He gripped her finger with His tiny hands, she had no idea that those hands would be brutally nailed to a rough splintered cross.

As He lay silently in the manger, she could not foretell His cry of anguish “My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?”

God was gracious in keeping these things beyond Mary’s knowledge.

Jesus knew them all, yet still He came.