What a Miracle

What a miracle happened that first Christmas night.

Jesus, God’s only begotten Son, who had been with His Father since before time began, came to earth, as a helpless baby.

He left behind His power, glory and majesty, willingly exchanging them for human frailty in a lowly Bethlehem stable.

His shining robes He gave up for swaddling bands, and the adoration of angels for the inquisitive gaze of the cattle, oxen and donkeys.

He forsook the joy, peace and sheer perfection of heaven, coming instead to a world full of sin, sickness and hate.

Jesus, the Son of God, left His Father’s side, and took on humanity, becoming the Son of His earthly mother, Mary.

All that He left behind, He did so willingly.

He came to bring His love to His own creation, which had forsaken the Creator.

He came to bring His holiness to a world spoilt by the sin of mankind.

He came to bring His light to a world darkened by that sin.

He came to show us the way to His Father, and to be that way.

He became like us, so that we could become like Him.

He knew that His life on earth would be hard, that He would be subject to Joseph and Mary, and the authorities of the day.

He knew that men would despise and reject Him

He knew, too, that His earthly life would end with the agony of a Roman cross.

He knew, too, that this was the only way that we sinners could be accepted by God, His Father, and so come back into His kingdom.

Such was His love for us that He did not consider this too high a price to pay for His sinful creation.

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