

Let Him Speak

“Everywhere one looks, it’s chaos! Those in authority are corrupt and use their power to abuse and manipulate. The cities are filled with decadence, darkness, void of morality, and crime is rampant all around! The government is relentless in its demands for more taxes, sapping more and more of our rights with every passing day. It seems like our nation is under a relentless onslaught from within and without. And when we go to the houses of worship – we witness the hypocrisies of religious leaders demanding obedience and giving, yet they themselves are corrupt, power-hungry, politically-driven pawns, preaching what people want to hear, pandering to masses, and politicking – not preaching the Word!”

The mood was heavy as all considered the words of their brother. Their heads hung in despair as they stared into the dying embers of the fire that seemed so much like the dying hope within. How they desired to hold out, but all around was darkness and chaos. They all feared for the future - for their children. It was twilight and so well this characterized their demeanor. The silence spoke volumes of the despair enshrouding them.

Suddenly, the skies broke forth with brilliant light, accompanied by the thunderous chorus of thousands upon thousands of voices lifting up in perfect passion-driven harmony – words of praise for the Lord of the heavens!

Immediately the shepherds launched to their feet, gaping in disbelief at the awesomeness all around - the skies opened to unveil the splendor of the heaven of heavens. Then came the bold, powerful voice of confidence as the messenger declared the birth of the Anointed One - the Word made flesh.

Ages had rolled by since the Holy One had demonstrated such splendor at His appearing. The angelic host reflected back to that brief moment, the first time they witnessed as the Spirit of God breathed upon the waters, replacing chaos and darkness – the Word immediately transforming nothingness into the majesty-revealing universe.

The angelic host now looked down upon the downtrodden, hopeless creation, which had seen all hope sapped out of their being by the relentless onslaught of sin – yet immediately as the babe in Bethlehem breathed its first breath and let out his first cry – the appearance of the Word began its work!

Born under the subjection to the laws of His own creation – days passed as He moved closer to his intention to breathe life – life worth living - into man. Finally, at the age of thirty, on the day appointed before the foundations of the earth, He stood among men and was allowed to speak. He declared,

The Spirit of the Lord *is* upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

The fullness of time had come – God sending forth his Word – and wherever He journeyed, everything changed.

The waves foamed out their relentless onslaught on the little craft. Never before had any of the crew faced such fear and hopelessness. Though several once considered themselves well acquainted with maneuvering upon the waters – now all were void of self-confidence. With each wind-driven wave, water poured into the craft – relentlessly all hope drained from their being. Cries and prayers from the depth within were beaten back by the crashing thunders all around. Then in desperation, they turned to the sleeping man in the bottom of the boat.

“Master, don’t you care if we perish?!”

He then yielded to their petitioning inquiry. He rose from his slumber, stood confidently with hands arisen to the sky – crying, “Peace! Be still!”

The hurricane-force winds immediately dissipated to a perfect calm – and the waves smoothed to glass – as a thunderous crash faded across the horizon, replaced by an eerie silence.

Rather than falling at the feet of the master and lifting up His name in praise, the men scrambled to the distant part of the ship out of fear of the man whose voice commanded the elements!

“What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the waves obey his voice?”

With each difficulty, trial, valley, and storm – they were learning what manner of man he was – he was the Word made flesh and was dwelling among them.

It’s Christmas morning, and all around are warm fires, family gatherings, and holiday cheer. The cyclical coming and going of the holidays also serve as a relentless storm of memories, an onslaught of thoughts vividly replaying broken dreams.

Crushed hopes as waves of despair fill the hearts of many. Another drink, more mind-numbing drugs, a 24/7 bombardment of media distractions – taking you away from the dark, heavy depression awaiting when you come crashing back down into your own personal reality, filled with chaos and hopelessness.

Yet, if you’ll turn away from all that’s you, and turn to the one awaiting your cry – let Him speak. On this special day, you’ll see a light appearing in the midst of the darkness and a voice bellowing out from horizon to horizon:

Come unto me, all *ye* that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Let His Word awaken the seed of hope in your heart, let His voice move upon the troubled waters of your innermost being– the time has come. Let Him speak.

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