

PRAYER | JOSEPH'S PRAYER 2019

Sleep, tiny babe, infant God, little-one. Rest while you can; for all of creation anxiously awaits the fulfillment of your coming. Bask in this moment of silence; for soon our world will awaken you to its need of a Savior. Rest in your manger; your cradle of innocence as tonight's angelic symphony will soon be silenced by humanity's cry.

Sweet, swaddled, little babe... snuggle while you can, for soon you will see the stark reality of this hurting world. It will be your light that will pierce the darkness. It will be your fingers that will touch rottenness flesh. It will be your hand that will brush the fevered brow and wipe tears from your mother's face.

Your palace will be a carpenter's shop and you will know splinters, as you will know thorns. I cannot protect you in this journey, for you were destined to become as us. You will feel the pain of bruises and jeers of rejection... yet you will rise from the dust to answer humanity's call.

So, rest those tiny feet that once walked golden streets... for one day, they will travel down dusty paths, walk across cool water, and drag to Golgotha's hillside with blood-crusting soles. They will go where humanity refuses to go.

Silence these tiny lips, these lips that pout and suckle for nourishment, for one day they will command the possessed to be freed, the lame to walk and the blind to see. These lips are those that whispered and stars were formed, planets were created and life was breathed.

Close your eyes, little one; for once you see what we have become, you will have to stay; you will have to heal us, redeem us, and make a way for us to come. Rest, tiny king, for soon you will hear the heavens rumble; you will know the soldiers whip, Gethsemane's torment, and the cross of agony.

Quiet, my little son, for soon your mother's heart will be pierced; the stable beams will become your cross, these swaddling clothes ~ your burial cloth, and millions will take up their cross to follow you.

Oh infant God, Yeshua... Your journey has been heralded by angels; Your toddling feet will become strong with purpose and I... I will only be your earthly father. I will never lay claim to your lineage. They will never call you Joseph's son. You have journeyed across the universe to step into our world and life will never be the same. You were born for a purpose; you were born to save this dying world and when you have saved them, find me. Save me also.