

In the beginning...

Jesus was born. Yes, this is where the greatest adventure commenced and yet the beginning can only be described as "before." Before war, before cities, before language, before thought... Jesus was there. Spirit moving over the face of the deep. Jesus began before the shout of angels outside Bethlehem's borders. But his story expanded far beyond the reaches of the solar system and galaxies we know. Jesus finds his way into the protoplasm every cell teeming of the intricacy of undiscovered life. And every prism of light whispers of something far beyond our feeble reason.

How can someone so expansive and superseding be so personal? This is the majesty of the mystery. Could He be so grand and yet lonely? Could an all-powerful God still chose to reach out to this wild, beautiful symphony of breath and blood we call mankind?

Why?

Anyone who claims to wholly answer this question is at the peril of his own foolishness. This is the mystery of the divine. It only makes sense in parables, metaphors, music and allegories. It is too royal for syllogisms, formulas, and boundaries.

Welcome to the mystery of Jesus.