Challenge 38 of 40

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As a lactation nurse, I get the amazing privilege of aiding in the birth and bonding of babies born every time I work. Mostly, my time is spent in the ethereal, peaceful first moments of parents with their babies. And, many days, these moments make me think of Jesus and how He came as a little Baby. And, what it would have been like to hold Him when He was so vulnerable, so small, so trusting. I want to know what it was like to breastfeed Him, to change His diapers, to potty train Him, to clean up His messes knowing all the while He was my Savior. my Messiah. my Lord.

“It was not a silent night. There was blood on the ground. You could hear a woman cry in the alleyways that night, in the streets of David's town. And the stable was not clean...” This is the beginning of my favorite Christmas song written by Andrew Peterson. One of the reasons it is my favorite is because of how un-sanitized it is. As a nurse, I was taught the importance of sanitation. The importance of hand-washing to prevent the spread of disease. The importance of putting up barriers to protect ourselves from those who may be infected with some undesirable illness.

As Christians, we tend toward a similar trend. We like things to be clean. We like to wash our hands to prevent the spread of disease in our hearts. We put up barriers to protect ourselves from getting too close to those who may be infected with some sort of undesirable sins. But, it was not a silent night. There was blood on the ground. Jesus could
have come as a full grown man. Strong and fearless. Like Adam. He could have just walked into Galilee and begun teaching. But He didn’t. He came through the pain, the pressure, the messiness and helplessness of childbirth and breastfeeding and potty training and life. So vulnerable, so trusting, so messy. And though He never sinned, He never set Himself apart from the rest of us.

Jesus touched lepers, sat with sinners, and let a prostitute wash His feet. He didn’t just come among us like when we visit a homeless shelter or an orphanage for an outreach project (though that is good to do). He went further. He became homeless. He left His Father. He embraced our journey and didn’t even resent us for it. He didn’t wash His hands of us. Instead, He took our dirt upon Himself until He could no longer bear the weight of it.

What kind of love is this?

“The stable was not clean. The cobblestones were cold...But the Baby in her womb, He was the Maker of the moon, He was the Author of the Faith, that could make the mountains move.” Out of this messiness, this unbelievable pain, does not come something clean, but SOMEONE perfect who has come to show us the way. The way to live. The way to love. The way TO BE WITH each other.

God With Us.

Recalibrate

1) What did Jesus’ method of entering the world reveal to us about His mission?

2) What are things we/you have "sanitized" that may need to be authentically dealt with?