

January 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2021

Jeremiah 31: 7-14; Psalm 147: 21-20; Ephesians 1: 3-14;

John 1: [1-9] 10-18

Christmas 2, b

If a docent in a museum, came to a picture of Jesus, what would he or she say, other than something about the artist. Obviously, the docent would give Jesus' nativity story, which over the last few weeks we have relived many times over. The docent could say that many believe that the conception of Jesus was miraculous, that a Spirit impregnated Mary. The docent could talk about Jesus' parents and how they were faithful Jews and were faithful in taking Jesus to the synagogue and Temple as he was growing up. The docent could talk about Jesus' disciples and how they were regular people from the surrounding area where he grew up and how they all admired him and what he taught. The docent could talk about how the religious leaders as well as the Roman rulers were threatened by Jesus because he had such a large following that met with him frequently on hillsides and in the plain where he would teach and preach. The docent could even talk about Jesus being arrested and crucified so publicly and then buried and entombed after he died. The docent then could even tell the museum visitors that it is believed by his followers that after three days

in the tomb that Jesus rose from the dead and within a few more days, he actually ascended into heaven --as his disciples watched.

So, what is missing from our docent's explanation? --The Jesus you and I know.

If I asked you today, to describe Jesus, I would suspect that the majority of you would shout out, "He's my Savior"! I think first and foremost we see Jesus as our Savior, our Savior from ourselves and our sinful deeds and thoughts. Jesus took the cross for us. He died for us. He rose from the dead for us and is waiting for us to join him. That's how we would describe Jesus.

As you might remember, the choir sang a cantata last year and it was reposted on Facebook and You tube this year during Christmas week. The cantata describes Jesus as you and I would describe him, beginning with the very first words, "Emmanuel, His name is called Emmanuel, God with us, revealed in us. His name is called Emmanuel." The entire cantata, as it says of itself, is "A celebration of Heaven's Child". It is not a story about Jesus was. It is a shout out of who Jesus is, word after word after word: Master, Redeemer, Savior of the World. Wonderful, Counselor, Bright Morning Star. Lily of the Valley, Provider and Friend. He was yesterday. He'll be tomorrow. Jehovah, Messiah,

Mighty God and King. Bread of Life, Light in darkness, Door of Heaven, Fountain of Living Water.

Yet, after all those elegant descriptive titles, the anthem ends so poignantly, “But the angel called Him Jesus”. --And I have to tell you, when we sing that simple sentence, I usually sing with a few tears in my eyes. Yet, isn't this where we are, most of the time? How many times do we reach out to Jesus, --call out to Jesus? We thank Jesus. We ask Jesus for help. We ask Jesus for comfort. We ask Jesus for companionship. Jesus is a Mighty King and Mighty God, but for us, Jesus is our Savior and our companion, --who never leaves us.

How many times have I heard someone who is terminally ill and dying not only cry out for their mother, but almost in the same breath cry for Jesus, “I'm ready for Jesus to come and take me,” they say.

This is our Jesus, Bright Morning Star. He was yesterday. He'll be tomorrow. He is the Light in the darkness.

Amen,

Pastor Scales