

His Birth Proved God is Safe

Written by Bill Perkins

"And she gave birth to her firstborn son;
she wrapped Him in cloths and laid Him
in a manger, because there was no room
for them in the inn."

— Luke 2:7

When Israel camped at Sinai,
the mountain shook,
wrapped in smoke,
because the LORD descended in fire.
Thunder rolled,
lightning flashed,
a trumpet blast grew louder,
and the people trembled. (Exodus 19)

You may not know this about Jesus—
that the same God who wrapped Himself
in thunder and flame at Sinai
chose to wrap Himself
in swaddling cloths at Bethlehem.

Yet on that night,
He was laid in a manger—
an Infant,
swaddled in cloth,
straw for cattle now bedded a King—
royalty resting on rags.

Consider the wonder!

This is the heart of Christmas:
God arrived
not as a conqueror to command,
but as a child to be held—
power folded into arms.

Swaddled.

Vulnerable.

Touchable.

Who could be more approachable than an Infant—
love too small to frighten,
surrendered to the care of others?

You don't need to be perfect
or worthy to be loved.

You just need to stand with open arms
to hold a newborn child.

This Christmas, consider the wonder of the last four lines.

His chosen vulnerability steadies me.
I need only stand with open arms
and receive God as an Infant—
for He became that for me.

Father, I marvel that You,
whose presence was once wrapped in thunder and flame,
chose to send Your Son swaddled in cloth
and laid in a manger—the Infant Himself.
Thank You for coming near at Christmas—
not to command, but to be held.
Teach me to trust You in Your nearness,
and to respond with affection and awe.
I pray this in the name of the King of Kings—
Jesus Christ. Amen.