

This is a true story.

In the beginning there were beloved children, adored by their Father. They were given the freedom to frolic and play, as long as they didn't wander out of the light. One day they noticed an expansive shadow that seemed cool and alluring. It invited them into its satisfying darkness. The deeper they wandered, the more lost they became. Thorns ripped their feet and choked the soil. They tripped over gravestones. The lost children called out for their Father, but He was far away. He was Light, and Light could not step into darkness. But the Father did not abandon His children. He called out instructions to them on how to live in the darkness. Blood sacrifices were required, but were never enough to cleanse. Never enough to bring the lost back into the light. The Father longed for his missing sons and daughters. He would do ANYTHING to live with them again. ANYTHING.

And then the purist of Lambs stepped forward, His name was LOVE. He walked head first into the darkness, lighting the way with His words from the Father, words of hope. But not all the wanderers followed the Lamb. Most were accustomed to the gloom, and had forgotten what the Father's voice sounded like. Many tried to silence LOVE, and so spilled the blood of the perfect Lamb.

Finally a sacrifice that was enough.

It was finished.

But, LOVE could not stay dead. Those who believed LOVE was the perfect Lamb were given the Father's light to speak. A lure to the lost. Words of a future...where darkness is banished...graves gone...thorns burned up. And in that future, the Father walks with His children once again in glorious light.

But for now we wait.

Let me speak of LOVE to you. His name is Jesus.

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