

When God Became Small

The Word became flesh and dwelt among us, and we have seen his glory, glory as of the only Son from the Father, full of grace and truth. (John 1:14)

When I was growing up, Christmas was one of my favorite seasons out of the entire year. I loved getting gifts on Christmas morning, enjoying the festivities of the season, and being with my family. Yet as I grew older, I was nagged by a growing sense something was missing.

In high school, I began to ask, “**What is the essence of the ‘spirit’ of Christmas?**” I wanted to capture and embody this sense of wonder and joy and faith, but what was it? I thought it is family, it is being together, it is believing in Santa Claus which embodies the “spirit” of Christmas. While these things are indeed wonderful and the story of Santa brings many memories, I needed to know a story yet more wonderful, one worthy of wonder.

Fortunately, truth is indeed stranger than fiction, and I heard a more wonderful story from one caring adult. It is a story of a small town in the Judean countryside, Bethlehem, the City of David, and what happened there. In this tiny town, a weary peasant girl – with God in her womb – was helped by her husband into a cave filled with the aroma of animals. Here, deep in the night, an infant cry startled the stillness, and in the dark, the Light of the world was born. Infinity had invaded space and eternity. God had become a baby, and behind the starry curtain of heaven, angels danced to see it.

In the pungent dampness of the cave, the loving mother laid the great Strength of the Ages in a manger. The animals, unlike the men who had no room for Him, were only too happy to share their feeding trough with God. Soon, the divine child was asleep with the first weariness he had ever known – but not the last he was to know. It was the weariness of tiny muscles and strained lungs. It was the pain and helplessness of humanity.

At this story the world shrugs and passes by with a sweet and sentimental smile. It is only their ignorance that makes it so. But this story is really one worthy of wonder, the story of the divine invasion, the story that is almost too good to be true. The True Story is the most terrible and astonishing of miracles which quite literally shattered the world. For in that tiny struggling form of a helpless child, a Vastness beyond vastness had become too small to ignore when God “pitched his tent” among mankind in a human form, all in the name of love.

What a story, what a wonder! This story must be retold from generation to generation! Thank you so much from the bottom of my heart for partnering with Deaf Teen Quest so that our leaders are empowered to retell this wonderful, wondrous Story in American Sign Language to our Deaf and Hard of Hearing youth!



Beholding the wonder together,

Bruce Persons

Acting Deaf Teen Quest Director