Darkness No More

In the fullness of time, The Word Eternal chose to part,
Descending to earth with a servant's heart.
From the highest of glory, Heaven's home,
Where angels bowed before His throne.

God the Son, Creator of all,
Answers the tragedy of the Fall.
Veiling His majesty and might,
Stepping into our sin, in the darkness of night.

The ancient Promise, long foretold,
Of hope to pierce the darkness' cold.
Now, "the time came," born of virgin, flesh and bone,
Emmanuel, to make us His own.

The Ancient of Days, now clothed in human frame,
God's perfect image now bears our shame.

The Infinite, not choosing to stay confined in Heaven's space,
Providing His Light, came and gives the Gift of Grace.

No palace or temple halls received His cry,
A manger and cloths cradled and wrapped God Most High.
The King of kings born in the lowest of estates,
Here to bear sin's cursed fate.

The shepherds heard the angels sing,
Their song declared Jesus, the newborn King.
"Glory to God in the highest...!" Peace, a welcoming sound,
We were once lost in darkness, but now, in the Light, we are found.

Through Bethlehem's small, humble door, Christ, born to save and to restore. Sin's darkness shudders at His claim, The serpent's head crushed; his doom preordained.

Jesus, "The One who lights the darkness," we rejoice,
In Him alone, we praise with our voice.
"Love Incarnate, Love Divine,"
"The Light of the world," in Jesus, salvation we find.

Merry Christmas