

Advent Readings Day 1

In the beginning, God. He is without days or genealogy. He is eternal and full of power and glory. In him and through him, all things are upheld. Those who have caught glimpses of his glory would describe him as coming with thunder. His voice resounds like an army in battle, a multitude of trumpets, and at his word, the trees twist themselves in half and throw themselves to the ground. His face is like looking at the fullness of the sun on a clear day. He surrounds himself with rainbows and covers himself with clouds of deep darkness. The mountains tremble beneath his feet and melt like wax before him. He knows each star by name and has numbered every hair upon your head.

A flitting sparrow can not fall to the ground in death outside his purview. The flowers of the field are clothed in splendor at the goodness of his hands. Lightning reports to him and splits the sky at his direction. The rain rushes to the earth at his command. The seas are hemmed in by his shores, and the waves are quieted at his utterance. No lion can devour prey without God having declared it to be so. He is the Lord God, merciful and gracious, slow to anger and abounding in steadfast love and faithfulness. His eyes are on the ends of the earth, and in him, we live and move and have our being. No army can stand against him. No wise man can shame him.

Should we see how he suspends the earth on nothing, and should we understand how he wraps the rain in his clouds, we would only have seen the fringes of his ways, the bare whisper of his nature. None of us could begin to know or understand the thunder of his power. This is God, the Almighty, King of Kings, Lord of Lords. This is the story of his redemption and the testimony of his love.