

## **Expecting God in Unexpected Places (Christmas with Joseph Bar David)**

Christmas Eve

December 24, 2008

Peter Hiett

### **Song**

“Welcome to our world,” by Chris Rice

*Tears are falling hearts are breaking. How we need to hear from God  
You've been promised. We've been waiting  
Welcome holy child!  
Welcome Holy child.  
You've been promised. We've been waiting  
Welcome holy child,  
Welcome holy child.  
Hope that you don't mind our manger,  
How I wish we would have known!  
But, long awaited holy stranger,  
Make yourself at home.  
Please make yourself at home.  
Bring your peace into our violence  
Bid our hungry souls be filled!  
Word now breaking heaven's silence,  
Welcome to our world.  
Welcome to our world.  
Fragile finger sent to heal us,  
Tender brow prepared for thorn,  
Tiny heart, whose blood will save us,  
Unto us is born!  
Unto us is born.  
So wrap our injured flesh around you,  
Breathe our air and walk our sod.  
Rob our sin and make us holy,  
Perfect son of God!  
Perfect son of God,  
Welcome to our world.*

### **Message**

[Peter enters. He is wearing worn out carpenter jeans, a carpenter's belt and carrying some lumber. He stomps in swinging the board around, looking to see if he hit anybody, those near duck out of his way. Then Peter places the piece of lumber on the stage where other stuff is – like a ladder and tools, and more wood. He is grunting with the effort. He then proceeds to speak in a New York, Jewish, tough guy accent.]

Shalom. Yeah, you c'n say shalom! (Everyone says shalom back to him.) Yeah. I'm, ah, - I'm youah speakah for da evenin'.— sorry! . . . I may not be what you, ah - (clanking of a tool being put down is heard ) -expected. (gasping from all his work) Uh, eh, - I'm a

builder, (sigh) to be more precise, uh, a carpenter. I uh, had a little family business in the Jewish hick town of Nazareth. *Nobody* expected anything good to ever come, from Nazareth!

My name is, ah, Jo,- Jo Bar David. You see, ah (gulping), you would, might say, Davidson. But, ah, What's dat? In my language, *bar* means "Son of." So, ah, Jo, ah, Bar David means son of. For instance, Bar Rabbis means son of Rabbi. Ah. So, actually, the Barrabbi's kids, they lived near us. Dey just lived down the street! – Very religious! Extremely – patriotic! But, I was Jo, Bar- David. That's right! Joseph, son of David, of the house and lineage of David. Realistically though, that didn't mean a whole lot because there were a lot of Davidsons. And even though I was a... "Hey! Who's dat?" (laughter) (Then Peter shrugs and more laughter) I don't know! - I just asked, - they asked me to speak and stuff started showin' up! (waving to boards and props on stage) Okay! That's, kinda magic! Well, anyway, - there was a lot of us Davidsons, I was sayin.' – And even though I was a David son, - I didn't feel like no son of David! I ah, I felt forsaken. In fact, I, I think that we all kinda did!

You see, for three hundred years, we'd been overrun by Greeks, and then for sixty years by Roman oppressors! And we wondered: "Where was God?" I didn't see him anywhere. I figured that he was, "not - with us!" "Where was the Father of Israel?" I know it's different in your day, but in my day, if you didn't know where your father was, or who your father was, you didn't know where you was! You didn't know who you was! We had an ugly name for dat. And if dat was you, you had a chip on your shoulder, and an argument in your heart. You always had to prove somethin' or, ah justify something! I'm sayin that I felt like, and I'm sorry to use this word, but I think it's necessary! I felt like a bastard! And most everybody else did too.

More than once! Roman soldiers came into my shop screaming, "Hey Jew boy! Make a cross for a Jew!" *They* knew how to make a cross. It's just two pieces of timber. But they would yell at me, and make me do it, just to humiliate me! And so, I, I , - so I would! I'd lay out the timber and I'd put the pieces together! And while I'm doin' it, I'm just [Peter grips the tools and shakes them and puts them down as he talks.], I'm just shakin' – with anger, and - and rage, wondering if it might be somebody I know that would end up on this cross that I made!

Just to get through it, I would imagine one of those Romans soldiers [Peter hammers a nail into the wood] on this cross, and [Peter continues to hammer some more] I'm pounding him into the cross! [Rapid hammering] And sometimes, I'd think of - the Messiah! – I'd think of the Messiah. That would help pull me through... the promised Messiah! [Hammering resumes.] "The anointed one," "son of David, who was prophesied to come and liberate our people from the oppressors! Maranatha! That's what we say. It meant "Come Lord!" And I knew that He would come! And so I pictured the Messiah, [Hammering resumes again] - crucifying Romans! Crucifying Roman centurians on crosses! [He hammers hard and with intensity.] He'd show 'em

what crosses was made for! [One hammer strike is heard]. Our Law says it, "Cursed is the man that hangs on a tree."

And so I pictured Romans, on da tree. I made one for ya. [Peter gasps for breath, and he lifts a large cross up, grunting and panting with the effort. He hammers it into place with one clang.] Instead of Jews, Romans, lining the streets to Jerusalem! I hated the Romans. I cursed the Romans! And I wondered, "Where's God? Where's the Messiah? Does God hate me? Do I hate me? Just a forsaken little . . . you know the word. Those were dark times. And I was in a dark place, in a very, very dark world.

But I had a light! Her name was Mary. And "There was just somethin' about Mary!" Oh, yeah...she was Babe-a-licious! Yeah, babe – a licious! –,ehhh, kinda like you! How old are you? What's your name? What's your name? Becky! Yes! She was about..How old are you? 17! Oh! She was younger than you! And cute like you! Yeah, she was somethin' else! An', we was betrothed, me and Mary. In my day, dat was like married, except that you weren't married! So, you didn't live together, you lived apart in order to prove dat you were faithful, in order to prove your fidelity. Now, I didn't need Mary to prove her fidelity to me! I mean, Mary was like, a saint. Okay? A saint! Um – Saint. Babeliscious, that was Mary. I loved! I just, loved Mary! But, her relatives, - my in-laws? Freaks! They're just freaks.

One day Mary, comes to my shop. And she tells me dat she's gonna have to - to leave! Uhh, She's all troubled, said she has to go to Judea, or somethin' like dat. And to see her , her old, barren, eccentric Aunt Elizabeth, because she's pregnant! – I laugh out loud! Mary leaves. Those 3 months were just agony! When Mary returned I was so glad to see her. . . I thought that she looked different! You know? Maybe gained a little weight, perhaps. I'm a carpenter! I'm not a gynecologist! Alright? People started talkin'. There was, - there was rumors! And so finally, I sat Mary down. I said, "Mary! Um, you gotta help me out here! Explain what's going on. The sudden, uh,- trips, the, - the rumors, -the mood changes, the, -the unexpected weight gain! And dat's when she said, the two words that changed my life forever: "I'm pregnant." And then, she just falls into my arms , weeping! I jumped up! And I mumbled, "Who?" And that's when she said it! . . . "God!"

Where do you go with dat?

NOT EXPECTING that! God! fourteen-year-old, virgin, pregnant girl from hick town Israel impregnated by God! That's not just adultery, that's blasphemy!

I was furious. I was hurt. The law prescribes stoning for sins such as these. And the law made sense to me, but I just didn't have the stomach for it. I couldn't harm Mary! And Mary had never lied to me before. But I'm sorry! The words, Messiah and bastard just don't go together! So I, uh, resolved to divorce Mary...quietly. But my heart wasn't quiet. In my heart I was screamin': "My God! Why have you forsaken me?"

I was a good Jew on the outside, you know? I would say my prayers to the Father, but in my heart, I was screamin': "My God, why have you, forsaken me?" I felt like a bastard. And when you feel like a bastard, ya kinda act like one too! I remember just cryin' out ta him: "My God why have you forsaken me?! WHY ARE YOU SO FAR, FROM ME?!" Ironical, huh? [Peter chuckles a bit] Yeah.

Really soon, I had a dream. Freaked me out! One of these angel things, it shows up by my bed! And it said, "Joseph Bar David, do not fear to take Mary your wife! For that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Spirit! She will bear a son, and you shall call his name, Jesus, for he himself will save his people from their sins!" And then, I remembered the prophet Isaiah, he said, "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son. And He will be called Emmanuel ." Emmanu –El, that means, "God with us!" I woke from my dream. I ran over to Mary's place. I, - I fell on my knees in front of her! I begged forgiveness! In the morning, in spite of all the ridicule, I took her back to my house, the house that I had been building for the two of us! Heh. And, don't worry! There wasn't any hanky panky Okay? 'Cause I had a feelin' God was watchin' dis one close!

The angel thing had said to me that I should name him "Jesus." That's English. *Yesus* is the Greek, *Joshua* is the Hebrew. *Yeshua*, is the Aramaic; it means "God saves." And it was a pretty common name in my day. Already in Nazareth, we had a "Jesus Barabbas," and now we had a "Jesus Bar David," or, was it Jesus Bar God!? Son of God! Emmanuel ! God with us! Messiah! - Oh! I gotta' tell ya, I would just picture Romans bowing down in front of Jesus–Bar David! My boy! The Messiah! Now, we weren't exactly sure, what all of this meant, but one thing we knew for sure, and that was that God was in it. And, if God was in it, it would be smooth sailin', from here on out: health and wealth, and gold coins, double knit polyester, the whole thing. And, above all no, crosses! - That's what I expected!

Well, Mary's time was very near when the Romans announced that they would be takin' a census! Now it didn't occur to them that they could like, mail a flyer, to you! Or that they could go, to you! No! You had to go, to them! To the town of your origin! Bethlehem of Judea, city of David, seven miles south of Jerusalem. We arrive at night, "Oh little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie. . . " "Silent night, Holy night, All is calm. . ." [Peter briefly sings] Nice songs, but that's a joke! Right? I mean, you got a Bible, read it! It was the census! Bethlehem was just goin' crazy! It was nuts! And, uh, Mary's pains were starting and like I said, "I'm a CARPENTER, I'M NOT A FREAKIN' GYNECOLOGIST!" I didn't know what to do! So we go to the Inn! The Inn is full! I say to the Innkeeper, "Hey, pal, my wife is pregnant!" The guy looks at me and says, "That's not my fault!" I was so angry, that I just fired back at him: "It ain't my fault either!" The guy just looked kinda confused. We found a stable. I made a little fire. Mary was groanin', and I'm really stressing out! I mean: Did I screw up Christmas? Did God hate me? A barn, flies, animals, Crap! – NOT what I EXPECTED!

And I couldn't get somethin' out of my mind. The angel said: "He will save his people from their sins." Why didn't the angel say, "He will save his people from other people's sins – like, Roman sins?

MARY SCREAMED! (Da baby was uh, - comin'! No time to think! Maranatha! "Come Lord!" And what a way to come! And what an introduction to female anatomy, for me! I mean, you know, any new time dad, first time dad is going to be surprised by what's goin' on there! But, keep in mind, that I had never been even introduced to the, - to the female anatomy! And in my religion, um, menstruation, body fluid, all that kind of stuff was unclean, so – Holy Mackerel!! THIS WAS NOT HOW AND WHERE I EXPECTED TO MEET, MESSIAH! . . . You know, any dad is wondering: "What's gonna come out o' there?" Let alone, if dey told ya, "It's the son of God!" I mean, would he like, glow? Would "radiant beams emanate from his, holy face with the dawn of redeeming grace?!" I didn't know.

And then, . . . I was holding him. Just a, - a breath, in a little bit o' naked flesh covered in nothin' but bruises, blood, and fluid- mucus -like spit. And you know, birth hurts! Mary was cryin', the baby was cryin'. And then I said, - "Yeshua?" And He stopped. He knew me! He knew me! I watched Mary wash that little body 'o his and then we swaddled him, in some rags that we found. Mary held him to her breast, and he suckled. Mary acted like it was the most natural thing in all the world: holding him, nursing him, suckling him, kissing HIM! I said, "Mary, do you really think that it's him? She said, "Shut up! Joe!" I said, "No seriously. Mary, I mean seriously! There's, like, some major, major theology uh, going on here!" And she said, "Shut up, Joe!" And so I did! I shut up. And I just watched and I wondered. Actually, I "wondered as I wondered!" [Laughter from listeners]

What if? What if this was God somehow wanted?  
Had God ever been, held like this?  
Was this what God dreamed of on the sixth day of creation?  
Was this what the serpent hated so very much?  
Was this what God desired so very much? A kiss, a touch – communion?

Such incredible thoughts filled my mind: If this was really God then perhaps He was not just fire and smoke, and power and might! Those things was just like his outside, the hem of his garment!

But, this was, like, his inside, from the bosom of the Father, the very heart of God! – This was what He - truly was! Had He come dressed in his Glory, Mary would've been just consumed in fire! And He would'a got no kisses . . . not like these kisses – tender, passionate, freely given. He would'a got no kisses, like these kisses, if He'd of come in His Glory! And then I thought, "Maybe, Maybe! Maybe, this is His Glory!

I watched. I wondered. I don't know how to describe it. I'd always feared God and so honored God with my lips, even if my heart was far from Him. But, for a moment, I thought: "Hey! Ya know? I like God!" Ya see, that night, God conquered my heart. He captured my heart - with naked weakness, covered in nothin' but bruises, blood and spit.

The baby was asleep now. . . I said, "Mary, Mary, Could it be Him? Could this be the incarnate essence of *Yahweh* seeking some sort of existential, communion through the kinetic, yet somewhat - and yet, ..no, ultimately kerygmatic expression of the Divine Nature Itself?" She looked at me and she said, "Shut up! Joe!. . . He's sleeping!"

So we, - we laid him in a manger, made of wood (made by a carpenter). And as we did, suddenly all these incredible thoughts just seemed to evaporate: common manger; common carpenter; common Joseph; common baby; common, unwed, teenage, peasant mother. People were walkin' by on the street outside, murmuring about the sorry sight that they saw inside. I would've too. You would've too. -You DO, cause nobody, NOBODY EXPECTS THE KING OF KINGS in a place like that!

And then a-a-ll around me, shepherds! NOT WHAT I EXPECTED! I mean maybe, I thought, maybe Herod, and the High Priest show up! You know, wanting to see the King of Kings, sayin', "Sorry we missed the message, and now it's time for you to come to the palace or somethin'." But NO! Shepherds! - Everywhere! You see, in my day, shepherds were like Jew trash. And these shepherds, they were, like, drunk: I mean bug-eyed, trembling, shaking. Talkin' on and on about angels, and visions, and a sign: "Baby wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger!" WHY, would God inform SHEPHERDS? And not, priests and kings? I mean, keep in mind those kings was pagan wizards, not kings like you'd think! Why would God not inform kings and priests, and what kind of sign is a "baby in a food trough?"

After a while, we sang to him: "Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday dear, "Ancient of Days." . . . And then Mary, she let each of those grimy shepherds, hold - God. - And he seemed to like it! I don't think God ever had a party like that before. . . No fire, no earthquake, no acts of God, no miracles from God - just God! We celebrated, just God, His mere existence: the naked heart of God and shepherds. And then I remembered...David, King David, he was a shepherd! And "the man after God's own heart."

Well, you remember the stories:

- How the prophet, Simeon grabbed him in the temple and said, "This child is set for the rise and the fall of many," and "a sword shall pierce your heart as well."
- Ah, You remember how I had a dream, another freaky dream, and we fled, ah, to Egypt.
- And then Herod, he killed all the toddlers in Bethlehem!
- And those pagan wise men, the wizards came.

•And then I had another - freaky, weird dream. And we moved back to Nazareth!

And all this while I just fell in love with my boy, Yeshua – “Yeshi.” But I gotta tell ya. It really kinda’ stressed me out, bein’ his dad. You know, I went to the “Great Dad’s seminar” at the local synagogue, but they didn’t have nothin’ on raising no Messiah. You should’ve seen me trying to explain to him the facts of life. Yeah, that was a joke! When he was twelve, we went to the Passover feast in Jerusalem, about a day’s journey back from Jerusalem, from the feast, we realized that Yeshua wasn’t with us! We figured that he’d been with some relatives, but he wasn’t. In other words, we lost the Messiah! That’s bad!! We lost the Messiah! So, we run back to Jerusalem and we find Him in the temple! When he sees us, he says, “Didn’t you know, that I would be in my Father’s house!?” Kinda like he wasn’t lost! We was lost, but now we was found because we was in his Father's House! You see, God was his Father! But that didn’t take anything away from me! It just added things to me.

In fact, I taught him things! God used me to teach him things. We worked in the shop together.

One day, I got a splinter in my eye—Yeshi, he runs over to help me, and in the process, he gouges my eye! I just screamed, “JESUS CHRIST!” And then I get a good look at him! And there’s a splinter, in his eye! ONLY BIGGER! I say, “Yeshi, don’t go around taking splinters out of other people’s eyes, when you got a log in your own eye!” We laughed about that one for a, - a long time! And I taught Him how to make yoke . . . for oxen. He was known for makin’ yoke so easy on the oxen, that almost any burden was light!

One day, we were working in the shop, clamping together a table, and Yeshi, he gets His finger clamped, by accident. It really hurts! You know? It’s bleeding like, crazy! And eh, I look at him and I can tell He’s about to cry. I grab him, and I look him in his face and I said, “Yeshi! Yeshi! Look at me! It’s good! Yeshi, to make anything good, you gotta put your flesh and blood into it. Yeah! That’s part of the gift! What it means to be a builder – a creator!”

See, the Father fathered the Messiah, through me, and I never expected that.

The rumors persisted. And eh, – yeah, I expected that. The other kids would tease him, especially the Barabbas kids, so religious, and so cruel. They called him “Jesus Bar-ba-who?” Son of who? Son of no one! And they called him, “Bastard.” And technically, they was right! And, I use that word, ‘cause if you’ve ever been called that word, I want

you to know that you're in good company. They called Him "Bastard!" And here's the amazing thing about Yeshua. There was no one that was ever less bastardly than him—less forsaken, than him! I mean, in him there was no fear, no doubt, no need to justify and defend, no insecurity whatsoever. And it wasn't pride! It was just the opposite! It was impossible to offend him. I mean, the other kids, they would tease him, and if He wept, He wept for them! Like they was lost, they was forsaken! They was fatherless, Like they had no father and, he did! He knew the Father, I mean The FATHER.

He was so secure in that love, He'd like, forget himself! He'd lose Himself! Lost in the wonder, of you! And you see, that kind of bothered me and Mary! 'Cause he was like a walking party! Just with His eyes, he would, like, throw a party for anybody that he met! It didn't matter who they was, where they was, where they were from. He couldn't help but, rejoice in their mere existence. Jesus was happy! – I mean blessed. When persecuted and reviled – blessed. When He mourned, - blessed. See, it wasn't like He didn't feel pain! Oh! He felt pain, more than anyone! You should'a ' seen when the dog died! I never saw such mourning! Such, such, weeping! But, in all that sorrow, underneath, there was, like, no, - no doubt! No fear! No - forsakenness!

For Yeshe, each experience, each breath, was like a cup, handed to Him by the Father. The Father that He trusted absolutely, and implicitly. So He drank the cup to its very last drop with this wild, radical abandon! NOBODY! NOBODY enjoyed their dinner as much as Yeshua! And nobody enjoyed that you enjoyed your dinner, as much as Yeshua! Nobody, enjoyed fasting as much as Yeshua! I thought that was really weird! Nobody laughed as deeply and as fully, as Yeshe! One day I find Yeshe behind the shop! He's laughing, singing, dancing! He was running around dancing, singing, laughing! I just watch him for a while, amazed! Finally, I said, "Yeshe, what are you doing?" He said, "Papa, I'm saying my prayers!" It was like His yoke was easy, not because there was no burden! It was how He bore it - in perfect faith, perfect faith in the goodness, power, and love of our Father in Heaven. You know, he looked like everyone else, but every breath was like a violent revolution against this world—against the rulers and the rules of this world.

You know? This world runs on fear and, anxiety, and forsakenness! And Yeshua had none of that in Him!

So, either...

- A. You surrendered to Him, and His walking party or
- B. You wanted to kill Him. - For bein' the world's biggest insult to everything that you have and everything that you are.

You know? Yeshua, never judged a soul! And yet His very existence was the judgment of this whole world! Just like old Simeon said, "He is set for the rise and the fall of many." "A sign that the thoughts of many hearts might be, - revealed."

What you think, of Jesus Bar David is your judgment.



Jesus Barabbas lead a revolution – It was what I expected. I used to have his heart. I understood his heart. He played by the rules of this world, and so he set out to crucify all of his enemies! He could not conceive, of someone that would want to set out to be, crucified by all of his enemies. In the end, and terrified by Yeshua's freedom, Pilate, (the Governor), he gave my people a choice. He said, "Who would you have me release for you? Jesus Barabbas or Jesus Messiah?" In other words, "What kind o' Jesus do you want? What kind of, salvation do you want?" Liberation from a few Romans for a few years? Or liberation from your sins, and your forsakenness, and your darkness? But you see, we kinda' like our darkness - our hatred. We think it defines us. I understand that.

My people. . . they chanted for Jesus-Barabbas. And the Father handed Yeshua a cup. And he drank it to the last drop. It was a yoke (a crossbeam), fit for Him, from the foundation of the world.

I wasn't around then. But I saw it! I wasn't in your world then, but I saw it! I can't explain how exactly, but it's like the prophet said, "And every eye will look on the one whom they have pierced."

They nailed Yeshe to a cross, my cross. I don't know if it was a cross I made, and yet it was my cross! As he was hanging there, and the sky grew black, he lifted his head and he cried, "MY GOD! MY GOD! WHY HAVE YOU, FORSAKEN ME?" - THAT'S MY LINE! – That's my curse! Yeshe, was cursed, for me! And FROM THAT PLACE, HE SPOKE, TO HIS FATHER - FOR ME! His Father and my father! He entered my fear, my sorrow, my sin, my own little hell! I NEVER EXPECTED GOD, in Mary. And I NEVER EXPECTED GOD IN A – FOOD TROUGH – IN BETHLEHEM! AND I SURE NEVER EXPECTED GOD, ON A CROSS! AND I SURE AS HELL NEVER EXPECTED GOD TO SHOW UP IN HELL! IN PARTICULAR, MY HELL! My - forsakenness! My sin! My anger! But, that day – Good Friday – it was Christmas, in hell.

Yeshe cried, "Father forgive them!" And then, "It is finished." And "into your hands I commit my spirit." The earth shook. Yeshua died. Tombs were opened! And A GOD FORSAKEN ROMAN fell, on his Knees before Yeshua! [Peter starts to weep] But, not how I expected! Not in terror! – But in admiration, in awe, he said, "Surely, this man was the Son of God!" You see, he was not forsaken! He had become a son of God too. Aw –haw –oh! I EXPECTED GOD TO CONQUER ROME! BUT NOT LIKE THAT! Not with Christmas...in a Roman!

Yeshua was hanging there, naked as the day he was born. Naked weakness covered in nothing but bruises, blood, and spit! And then I saw the women. The sword had pierced Mary's heart. But now there were several Marys! They ran up to the cross, as soon as they could! They's kissin' his feet! They took His body down. They washed it! They held it! They kissed it! And I thought to myself, "Hey! This is, - this reminds me

of, something!" And then I remembered that night in Bethlehem, when God conquered me, with naked weakness covered in nothin' but bruises, blood and spit!

You see, Yeshua was born into this world, in Bethlehem, and he was born out of this world, at Jerusalem! At the cross you was watching a birth, from inside the womb that is this dark world! YESHUA, was THE FIRST BORN, OUT OF OUR WORLD! That's what your Bible says! Firstborn of all creation! In forty days, He sent His Spirit into Romans, Jews, all the nations of the world! There, at Pentecost, he sent His Spirit, that we would be born of His Spirit, born from above, born into His creation, his New creation!

The prophets, they said that one day, God will fill, -ALL THINGS! You see, it started that night, in Bethlehem! It ends at a new heaven, and new earth. Like the angel said, "Good news, of great tidings, that will be to all the people."

## **Communion**

Just before Jesus died, He took bread, and He broke it saying, "This is my body which is given to you take, eat." And in the same way, He took a cup. And he said, "This is my blood of the covenant, poured out for many, for the forgiveness of sins. Drink of it, all of you."

If, you refuse the One that fills all things, (the Builder), you are choosing nowhere, and nothing—death and darkness, and hell. However, if you surrender yourself, and receive Him (only takes a mustard seed, of faith.) Just say "Hey! If you're there, come on in. You surrender yourself and you receive him, He's born in you! And you receive, all things with Him!

And one day, like me, I think you will say:

I never expected, - GOD . . IN A FOOD TROUGH, IN BETHLEHEM!

I NEVER EXPECTED GOD . . . in a TEENAGE, VIRGIN, PEASANT GIRL!

I NEVER, EXPECTED GOD . . . ON A CROSS!

And I SURE NEVER EXPECTED GOD, . . . IN HELL!, . . . ESPECIALLY, MY HELL.!

AND I NEVER EXPECTED GOD. . . IN A ROMAN, OR AN ARAB TERRORIST, OR MY WORST ENEMY!

And I SURE NEVER EXPECTED GOD,. . . TO FILL ALL THINGS!

I SURE NEVER EXPECTED THAT- EVERYTHING, . . . WOULD BE, MERRY CHRISTMAS!

And most of all,

I never, ever, ever expected God . . . in me.

Understand? YOU are NOT a bastard! YOU are NOT forsaken! YESHUA is the HEART of the BUILDER, our FATHER, and He is building YOU, with His own flesh and blood!

Pray with the pastor, would ya?

[Peter is now out of his character of Joseph and prays]

## **Prayer**

Let's pray. Pray this if you can, if you agree with me, you can just pray it silently in your heart: Father, in the name of Jesus, I surrender myself, to you. Save me. Be born in me. In Jesus' name, Amen.

If you pray that prayer, we invite you to come forward, tear off a piece of the bread, and dip it in the cup. The darker cups are wine. The lighter cups are juice.

If you don't want communion, we still invite you to come forward. You can just hold up your hand, like this, to the communion servers and say, "No thanks." But we hope that you would still grab a candle, and light a candle, go back to your seat, and sing Christmas carols, worship songs, with us.

But, Body, crushed, bruised, blood, and (Peter Kisses his hand and holds it up) spit, the heart of God in you. Christmas! Merry Christmas.

## **Worship**

### **O little town of Bethlehem!**

O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie.  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep, the silent stars go by.  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth – the everlasting light.  
The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary, and gathered all above,  
while mortals sleep the angels keep, their watch of wondering love.  
Oh morning stars do gather, Oh preach the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God above, and peace to men on earth!

How silently, how silently the wondrous gift is giv'n  
So God imparts to human hearts the blessings of his hand  
No ear may hear his coming, but in this world of sin,  
Where each soul will receive him still  
The dear Christ enter in!  
Oh, holy child of Bethlelehem, descend on us we pray  
Cast down our sin and enter in, be born in us today  
We hear the Christmas angel, the great glad tidings tell  
Oh come with us, abide with us,  
Emmanuel.

### **Silent Night**

Silent night, Holy night  
All is calm all is bright  
Round yon virgin, mother and child  
Holy infant so tender and mild  
Sleep in heavenly peace.  
Sleep in heavenly peace.

### **Benediction**

"And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth. And we have beheld his glory, glory as of the only son from the Father." Believe the gospel .  
In Jesus' name, Merry Christmas!

*Disclaimer: This document is a draft and has not been edited by the author. Therefore, there may be discrepancies. Some discrepancies may be minor; some may have to do with theology. When in doubt, please refer to the audio version of the sermon on this website and don't be shy about informing us of errors.*