

# The Baby Bomb (A Baby in Every Manger)

Luke 2:1-14

Christmas Eve Service

Dec. 24, 2020

Peter Hiett

*Video and audio versions available online:*

<https://relentless-love.org/sermons/the-baby-bomb-a-baby-in-every-manger/>

*Transcript document prepared by: Heather Eades (eades.heather@gmail.com)*

*This document was prepared by Heather Eades using Peter's notes and the video version of this sermon. If you encounter any significant discrepancies or errors in this document, please let Heather know. Thank you!*

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## Message

[On screen, video clip showing: INCOMING TRANSMISSION, with static and face shouting: "Central command! Central command!" Words on screen label the black-and-white figure as "Schwarzenangel, Arnold; Major General; Judean Covert; Demon Task Force; 5<sup>th</sup> Dimensional Plane—Operation Baby Bomb." The face counts down, then appears on screen in color inside the church, running up the stairs in soldier gear.]

[Door to the sanctuary bursts open, and Peter appears on stage dressed in military gear, flexing muscles as music from George Thorogood and The Destroyers' song "Bad to the Bone" plays in background.]

"I'm good to the bone... gggg good, gggg good..."

[Peter talking in Schwarzenegger's Austrian-American accent.] Yah, that's right! Fear Not! I'm not a bad angel; I'm a good angel; but I am a warring angel. My name is Arnold Schwarzenangel—Major General in the Lord's Army. I'm here tonight to bear testimony to Christmas. I appeared to you seven years ago, and at that time, I said... *"I'll be back."*

But if you are new, you may be thinking, "I have a nativity scene at home, and I don't remember anybody in that nativity scene that looks remotely like you!" Yah...That's a problem.

But you just read about me:

**"And suddenly with the angel there was a multitude of the heavenly host."**

Yah, you think a heavenly host is like Martha Stewart with snappy ideas for Holiday entertaining. Look it up, *"heavenly host"* means *"heavenly army."*



Yah, you think an angel is a girly man with wings (there are no girly angels in your Bible.)



Why do you think we say, *"Fear not?"* How does this make sense? *"Fear not, for we are flying naked babies with wings."*



You think a “heavenly host” is a flying naked baby band: “Fear not... or we will sweetly sing to you our flying naked baby songs.”



You sing, “It came upon a midnight clear, that glorious song of old, from angels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold.” ...Yah, I did not play a harp.

This is my instrument of choice: [holds up realistic-looking toy gun] Israeli military industries, 9mm semi-automatic, Uzi sub-fire machine gun... With this instrument, I could deliver a message.

“Angel” means “messenger,” and this was the message of old: “The message declared by angels...” (Hebrews 2:2) “Every disobedience received a just retribution...”

Yah, I think this picture is good...more accurate...

[Image on screen from movie of Arnold Schwarzenegger firing machine gun]

Get the message? Actually, many times I used to manifest with one of these [Peter holds up sword.] You seem to forget that this weapon (holds up sword prop) and this weapon (holds up gun prop) deliver the same sort of message.

Actually, many times, I would manifest with neither of these weapons. And now, I will show you my favorite guns. [Peter flexes muscles.] I would manifest and paralyze God’s enemies with just the sight of my massive angel muscles.

I would say, “All you flabby, little girly- men, hear me now and believe me later. This is your brain. [Peter holds up an egg.] This is your brain on angel muscle.... [Peter crushes egg in fold of his arm.] Any questions? They would be paralyzed with fear.

Now, the last time I came to you, I demonstrated some of our military maneuvers. Remember? But your pastor informed me that I was not permitted to enter through the new roof on a rope like last time... because, I suppose, he is a girly-man.

So instead, I decided to show you a photo of my training regimen:



Yah! Impressive. You’re in shock and awe. I don’t even have to break the egg, and your mind is completely blown!





...And you are paralyzed with fear.

But now, I know that you desire more than a photograph; you would like a demonstration. So now I will attempt to lift for you this massive weight! [Peter motions to large fake barbell to side of stage.] Drumroll—

(Now I do want to say to you, at this time, I *would* now be wearing only my teeny-weeny, power-lifting, Speedo bikini...But your pastor said that this would be far too great of a temptation for the young women. And I agree—so please just know: I am wearing it now, under my pants.) This is more than any mortal man can lift; none of you girly-men could lift this. Drumroll please.

[Peter lifts the ginormous fake barbell over his head, then places it in his teeth and spins around.]

You are utterly amazed and paralyzed with fear.

Hear me now and believe me later—I put that massive weight in my mouth to demonstrate to you that my greatest weapon is not my Israeli, military industries, 9mm semi-automatic, Uzi sub-fire machine gun, and not even my own massive angel muscles; the greatest weapon that any angel can ever wield is a Word.

Jeremiah 23:29 · “Is not my word like fire, declares the LORD, and like a hammer that breaks the rock in pieces?”

The Word of the Lord can crush a human soul, or the entire cosmos, like hammer crushes an egg. The Word of the Lord can turn a city to dust and ashes; it is the fire that obliterated Sodom. But the Word of the Lord is even more powerful than that; it can destroy all things, and then make all things new... and about 2020 years ago, I spoke it.

I opened my mouth, and it came through me like a bomb strapped to a rocket:

**“Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings (Gospel) of great joy that will be to all people.”**

...Not *some* people: “*All people.*”

It was the very last thing that I expected to say on this occasion; it was Christmas.

Now, I will put away my weapons, and I will un-manifest my massive angel muscles so that you will no longer be paralyzed with fear. But I wanted you to see: I am a warrior angel that announced the Prince of Peace.

[Peter removes the padding from his shirt, handing over his “muscles” and military “weapons” to his assistant, (daughter) who then picks up the barbell with one hands and walks back to her seat with it.]

Sometimes, we would just receive the order “*Apocalypse Now*,” which means, “*Revelation Now*” or “*Manifest Now*.” Sometimes, we got the order “*Apocalypse Now*” and also “*Terminate Now*.” —You see? I am a terminator.

This was the order we received for Sodom and Gomorrah, and even Jerusalem.

Sometimes, you will be able to see the fire. Sometimes you will not. But the fire is the very breath of God. And now I must tell you of the Breath of God—the Word of God, the Good Will of God.

You know, *logic* in a breath is a word—a word is a breath filled with meaning, *logos*. The Word of God is the Will of God—and the Will of God is always Good, for God is Good.

And now, I have to tell you something that I cannot comprehend, and barely can begin to believe, myself: The Word of God is also the Lord of Hosts, the *Commander of God’s Army*.

He is one like a Son of Man, and He is the Angel of Yahweh.  
He is called an “Angel,” but He is not like us.  
He is not only a messenger; He is the Message.  
He not only speaks words of God, He is the Word of God.

We would fight with fire, but He *is* the fire.

- He appeared to Abraham (and told him about a son).
- He wrestled with Jacob and named him Israel (Israel calls him “the angel that redeemed me.”)
- He appeared in the burning bush as a flame.
- He was in the pillar of fire and smoke, on the Mercy Seat, above the Ark.
- He appeared to Joshua and called Himself “Commander of God’s army.”
- He appeared to Gideon and ascended in fire.
- He walked in the fiery furnace with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.
- He appeared to Daniel as one “like a Son of Man” (on fire).

He is with God, and He is God, and all things were made through Him. He is the Beginning and the End, the Generation and the Termination. I was a terminator, but he is the Termination.

He led us in the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. He led us in the destruction of Jerusalem. Each time, the Heavenly host would celebrate our great victory over the powers of darkness and the fallen children of Adam. Yet each time, when we looked at our commander, we found that he would only be *weeping, weeping...* We thought, "*Why the weeping?*" ...Yet, we could not help but worship him.

He is the King Glory (and I have a photograph).



I could not help but worship him... but I did not understand him.

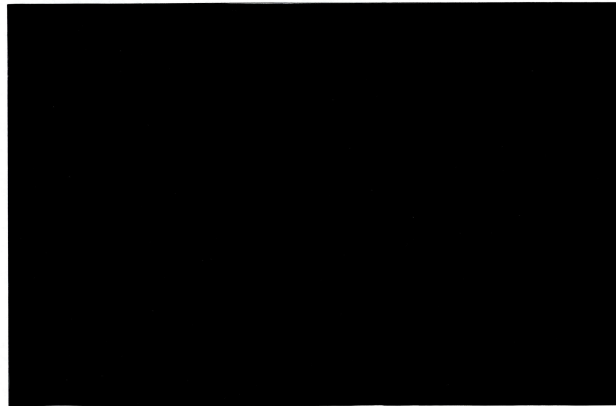
I did not understand why he would not terminate you. I could not understand why he cared for you. Just his voice, and that would do it! (I had so much animosity for you...little bubbles of darkness.) ...I could not see what he saw in you.

He cared for you, but he could not even appear to you. Evil is devoured by just the manifestation of his presence. His glory would utterly destroy the little bubble of darkness that you are. If he said, "Hear me now," you could not believe him later, for just his voice would crush the dark little bubble that is you. Then he would only weep...yah...and we could not stop his weeping.

But now, I must begin to tell you about Christmas. *Christmas* means "Christ mass" from Latin; it means Christ's mission: Christmas is The Lord of Hosts' invasion. At last, he would conquer your planet. I will show you now, and you will believe me later.



This is a photograph of your planet...yah? (The starry host and your planet) see it? Let's zoom in:



See it? Black...zoom in:

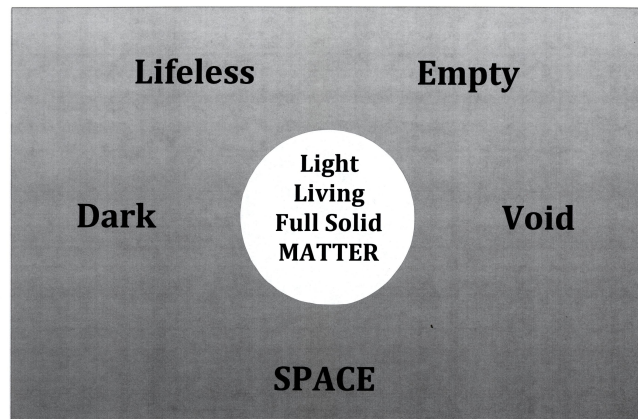




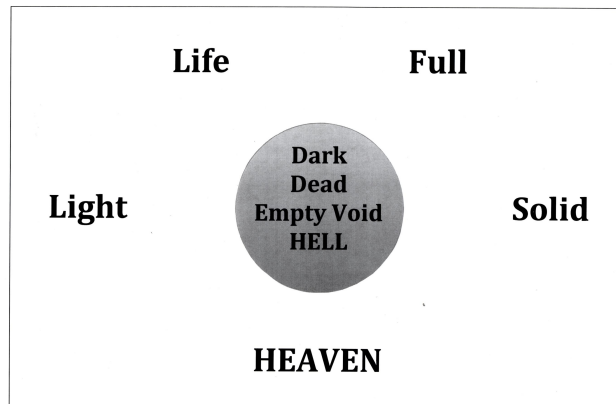
See it? A little ball. Let's zoom in...



See it? Yah, this is what we were invading. Hear me now, believe me later.



You think outer space is "empty" and "void." And you think your world is "full" and "solid"...you call it "matter." But even your scientists tell you: *"Matter does not really matter, and full is empty and empty is full."* (We did not need the Large Hadron Collider in Switzerland to tell us these things.)



See, maybe what you call "empty" is *full* and *solid*, and *living*, and *light* like Heaven. And your world is dark, dead, empty, and void like Hell.

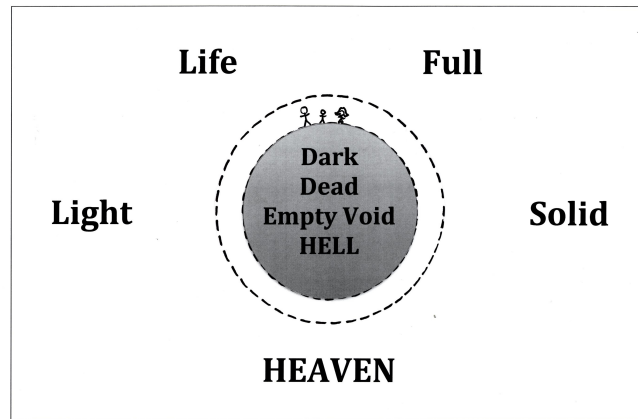
You say, "We went to space and didn't see God...We dug a hole and didn't see the devil."  
Yah, but maybe you don't see so good...

Have you ever seen Truth? Have you ever seen Love? *Nothing* is more real than Love...  
God is Love... And his Word is Truth.

Your entire world is a dark, little bubble, floating in an ocean of Light. And God is Light.

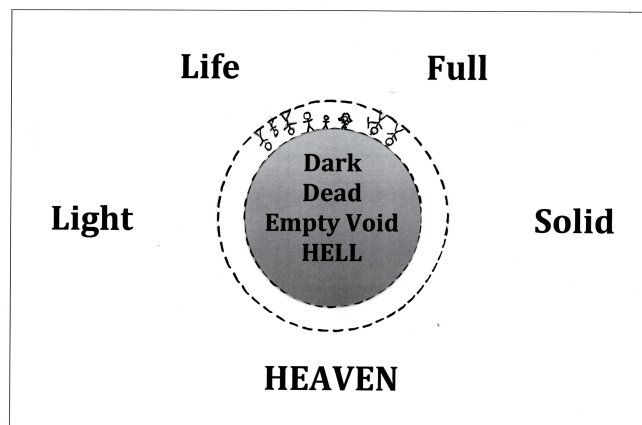
You live on the skin of the bubble between Light and dark, Life and death, full and empty, Being and non-being, Heaven and hell.

Yah. You stand on your world this way...



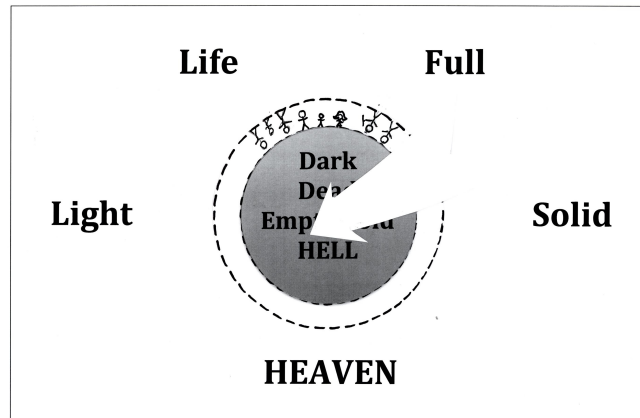
...Because you think it is solid.

We stand on *our world* this way...



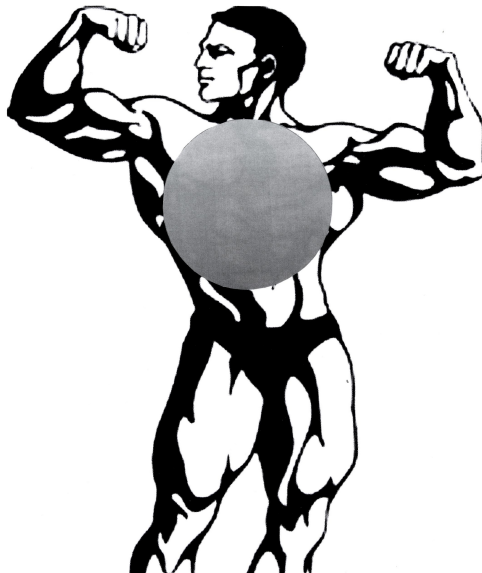
...Because it is solid. ...You are upside down.

We had made various forays into your world, but *Christ-mass* was the full-scale invasion of the little, dark bubble by the Lord of Hosts and his entire kingdom.



I was certain that we would conquer your bubble, burst your bubble, and your bubble would be no more... for how could the King of Glory fit into your dark, little bubble of a world and not burst it wide open?

You know this picture? Kind of reminds me of this picture:



—Spectacular on the outside, but not so spectacular on the inside.

At Christmas, we would attack your world and crush your little souls... at least according to my calculations...

You have a dark, little bubble world and dark, little bubble souls, filled with nothingness and bad will. Your soul is like that egg that I crushed with my massive angel muscles.

I have already told you: I did not understand what he sees in you...and now I do...





Yah? Hear me now, and believe me later.

It was about zero, as you calculate. We had been involved in heavy combat with the fallen angelic powers of the kings of the East (specifically Orient R...the “Wee Kings” of Orient R). For 1,500 years, we had fought to establish a perimeter for the impending and apocalyptic invasion...code name: “Christmas.”

Perimeter established, we were called into formation, hovering in stealth-mode over the plains of the Judean quadrant. It was then that we anticipated the arrival of the King of Glory, The Lord of Hosts. We were pumped! The air was clear; no fallen angel demons would dare approach now.

Below, I saw nothing but some shepherders, and I could sense their little, dark bubble hearts. Just then, through High-Frequency Angel Telepathy I received the order: “Apocalypse Now—manifest now.”

So, I did... [Peter waves arms wildly overhead, making noises to show his materialization] One of the sheep herders wet himself. His name was Larry—Larry the Sheep Guy. He was “sore afraid” (That’s one step past “really afraid”—so afraid that you’re sore.)

The Glory of the Lord shone round about me...And I knew: “The Lord of Hosts, Word of God, is coming.”

And then he came... through me... like a bomb strapped to a rocket! I opened my mouth and could not believe what came out:

**“Fear not, for behold, I bring you good news of great joy that will be for all the people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. <sup>12</sup> And this will be a sign for you: you will find a baby wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.”<sup>i</sup>**

....That confused me.

But I didn't have time to think, for suddenly, with me and all around me, the whole multitude of the heavenly host manifested. We were flexing our angel muscles, praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest!" (Our praise to God was consuming fire.

I thought, "Here we go!" as I anticipated the next order... "Terminate now!")

But just then, instead of "Terminate now," came the Word of God again... And not just through me, but through all of us in unison, like a bomb strapped to a rocket:

"Peace on earth; good will toward men!"<sup>ii</sup>

... Even more confusing! Especially for a Terminator.

And then, through High Frequency Angel Telepathy, we all received our next order:

"Stand down. Stand down. Stand down!"

We all went back into stealth hover mode. Predictably, the shepherders were like little quivering mounds of Jell-O, paralyzed with fear. They did not understand. ....And I did not understand.

So, in that moment, I began an analysis of what had just occurred: The Word through me was something about a baby... But why would we spend all this time to assemble the greatest military invasion force that planet earth had ever seen, establish a perimeter, and drop off a baby? ...Nobody is afraid of a baby.

I thought *hmmm...maybe the baby is rigged...some sort of a Baby Bomb?*

And then, I thought: *Where is the Angel of Yahweh—Commander of God's army, the Lord of Hosts, the King of Glory?* I had seen the *glory* of the Lord...but not *the Lord*. I had *spoken* the word of God, but where is the Word of God now?

Then the words: *Lord, Messiah, Savior, Bethlehem, manger*—they all came back. Immediately, I began to move toward Bethlehem along with all the Heavenly Host. There were not only sheep-herders there that night; all the Lord's army went into stealth-hover mode directly over a dark, little stable at the edge of Bethlehem.

And then I saw a girl, and she was not empty; she was full. (I could perceive that her inside was bigger than all of the outside.) And then it hit me: *"What had he seen in you?"*



Himself! Yah?

*Good God, I thought. He has descended into the belly of the beast! How can this be?*

And then, she gave birth to him–The Lord of Hosts! Yah...amazing! He came out small and weak and kind of flabby.



He had no massive angel muscles, and yet...hear me now...it was him! I recognized *the weeping*; He was *weeping*, crying like a baby. Then, this *fraulein*, she picked him up and held him to her heart. The Lord of Hosts suckled at her bosom... and he stopped weeping! (...like he was home!)

All of the heavenly host could not keep him from weeping, but she did.

And then the sheep-herders, with their dark, little bubble hearts, arrived. And when they saw him, they were not paralyzed in fear; they began to smile and frolic about. They picked him up and were not devoured by the eternal and consuming fire.

Some time later, kings from the East arrived...yah, kings from the East. (I think you still have problems with kings from the East, and all your weapons do you no good...yah? Perhaps you need different weapons?)

It was kings from the East that had led Israel into captivity. But now, the Lord of Hosts had led the kings of the East into captivity. He did not conquer them with guns, tanks, Uzis, and swords; he used baby power.

He conquered the kings of the East... without speaking a word. He is the Word, and this is what he means:

*"Believe me now, and then you can hear me later."*

*"Trust me now, and then you will want to follow me later."*

*"Love me now, and then you will want to obey me later."*

That's the way it works with babies: They are so small, and weak, and flabby, and you think, *"Who is afraid of a baby?"*

So... you pick one up and make space for the baby in your dark, little bubble heart. Then the baby grows on you. And before you know it... you are paying for all of the expenses of this baby, and even willing to die for it, if need be.

But if a grown man came up to you in the park, and he said to you, "Here me now; you must pay for all my expenses and be willing to die for me if need be," you would be intimidated and angry. And you would not love him, nor let him into your dark little bubble heart.

For over a thousand years, God had been saying, "Hear me now. Love me with all your heart." And no one did; at least not until "the fraulein" at the manger picked him up and held him to her bosom.

The Lord of Hosts had conquered her heart, her mind, her soul, her strength.  
The Lord of Hosts had made himself into a Baby Bomb.

In the 8th century BC, the king of Syria came against the king of Judah. Isaiah the prophet said to the king, "Do not fear... Behold a fraulein shall conceive and bear a son..."

I thought, *They don't need a baby...they need an army!*

*"...And you shall call his name 'Immanuel, God with us.'"*

And now I understood: God had turned himself into a Baby Bomb.

In Revelation 12, you can read the Christmas story: The Universe is at war. The dragon and his angels against the Heavenly Host, and in the middle...a woman has a baby—the Baby Bomb.

You may be thinking: *"Yah, that's amazing how you invaded planet earth and dropped off a baby; but it sounds kind of hard on the baby."*

Yah...baby bombs are dangerous for babies.



You know, we watched him; we guarded the perimeter as he grew up among you. The Lord of Hosts had been emptied of his great power.  
And yet, emptied of his great power, I began to see his true glory... and an even greater power than power.

It was never more brilliant than the day the men of your dark bubble world nailed the King of Glory to their tree in the garden on Mt. Calvary. I was commander of one of the twelve legions of angels, hovering in stealth-mode directly over the tree where the King of Glory was being crucified.

As they pounded the nails, we heard nothing from Central Command but, "Stand down, stand down, stand down."

I watched him cry, "Father, forgive them." And then, to my horror, I watched darkness envelop everything, including the King of Glory. It swallowed him... or he swallowed it... I'm not sure.

He cried out, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" The sky was black. The earth began to shake... I thought, "*Good God! He has descended into the belly of the beast, the belly of Hell itself...!*"

And then I heard the order: "Terminate now."

...But the order wasn't spoken to us—the Heavenly Host. The Prince of darkness issued the order to his legions, as they enveloped the Lord of Hosts with evil. But God the Father issued the same order to God the Son, as the Lord of Hosts cried out, "*Into your hands I commit my Spirit.*"

And then I watched:

- **The Light** *terminate* the darkness.
- **The Way** *terminate* confusion.
- **The Truth** *terminate* the lie.
- **The Life** *terminate* death.
- I watched **The Word** of God *terminate* chaos.
- I watched **The Lord of Hosts**, *terminate* termination...all termination: The End.

Literally, everything happened at once; He is the Beginning and the End, and the Way from the beginning to the end. He is the Word of God by whom space and time are spoken into existence.

I saw the tree in the garden of Eden, the tree in the garden on Calvary, and the tree in the garden of the New Jerusalem—all in one moment, in one place. I saw blood running down the tree, with the life in the blood, and the blood was fire, and the blood and the fire flowed into the deepest recesses of the earth.

I saw him deliver up his Spirit, and I saw that Spirit descending upon a pile of dust named "Adam" in the Garden of Eden, and descending into dust in the womb of the virgin, and into the dust that is his Bride, the church, on Pentecost. And in that same moment, I saw him filling all things... just like your Bible tells you.

Ephesians 4:10 · "He who descended is the one who also ascended far above the heavens that He might fill all things."

I thought “*Good God! The Lord of Hosts is, himself, the Baby Bomb that annihilates all desecration with creation...*”

And then I heard him cry out, “It is finished...”

And then I was back, 33 AD; his Body hung lifeless on the tree...but at the base of the tree: a Roman Beast—the one who nailed him to that tree—he knelt and cried out saying, “Surely this man was the son of God.”

I looked again and realized that this man was a Son of God and speaking the Word of God. He was like a manger, and in the manger was a baby—the Lord of Hosts. And then, I remembered what he had said, “I’ll be back.” Yah! ...in a really, really big way!

Did you know that your dark, little bubble soul is actually an egg? It’s not meant to be crushed by massive angel muscles, but it was meant to be fertilized with the Life of God, the Word of God, the Eternal Seed. Yah, I know what he sees in you: Himself.



Yah, and now I know what is “the Just Retribution”—*He* is the Just Retribution.

“Every disobedience will receive a just retribution,” literally translated,  
“Every disobedience will receive a righteous reward—a reward of righteousness.”

That means, every *bad will* will receive God’s *Good Will*...that’s called His Judgment.

It’s not just: “Peace on earth, good will toward men” but literally translated, “Peace on earth, good will *in* men.”

God’s Good Will destroys your bad will, and he himself becomes your own free will.

God is creating in you...Good Will.

- Justice is God’s will in place of your bad will. Yah?
- Justice is God’s Grace where there was only sin. Yah?

- Justice is God's Righteousness in you; The Lord of Host is your Righteousness.
- Love in you is the Spirit of God in you—The Baby Bomb.

From that day forward, I began to comprehend what I think has always been true—There is a baby in every stinky manger, a seed in every pot of dirt, the breath of God in every earthen vessel; Jesus is waiting in every dark corner of your soul.

"God is with us," *Immanuel*...That's his name.

But you need to pick him up and let him grow on you and fill all the empty places in you. You need to let God's Will become your will... because God's Will is Eternal Life.

And now... I know... you are afraid to die... It's 2020, and everybody is dying. But what if you discovered that you're already dead and have not yet started to live? What if the day you die to this world is the day you're born into another?

A baby must expire one world to be *inspired* in the next. *Travail* squeezes the amniotic fluid from a baby's lungs, so that the baby might breathe the free air.

I reminded you that "a word is logic in a breath." And you see, God's Word is the Logic in Breathing. And you are all being prepared right now to breathe the very Breath of God. The Spirit of God. You have a word for that—and the word is Love. Love is breathing; Love is losing your life—that was never actually "your life" in the first place—Love is *losing* your life, your breath... and then *finding it*.

Love is breathing the Spirit of God.

*"Into your hands I commit my spirit"* [Peter exhales].

*"And from your hands, I receive your spirit"* [Peter inhales. Exhales, inhales, etc...]

That's Life. Eternal Life. Don't be afraid to die; for with the fear of death, the evil one keeps you from being born.

"God is love, and he who loves is born of God and knows God." When you love, you begin to live, even before your body dies. The Baby Bomb is a Love Bomb, and Love in you is the Life of God in you.

Nothing, nothing, nothing, else matters. Matter does not matter; but Love matters. Wherever there is Love, there is Christmas... Christ Mission... the Baby Bomb.

Perhaps you were in awe of my massive angel muscles. But hear me now: I am in awe of *you*.

Perhaps you thought that I came here tonight to "pump [clap] you up." But I came because you "pump [clap] me up."

The Bible says that, "angels long to look into your salvation." You see? We like to watch it happen over and over again. Christmas—Christ mass—Christ's mission.

We like to watch the Lord of Host conquer your soul. You have no idea how much he loves you.

In a moment, your pastor will come, and we will go into stealth-hover mode, directly over this table.

What is this? This is: “Peace on Earth; Good will to men... and women... and children...and all creation.”

The Baby Bomb.

*[Peter holds up finger to lips in hush.] “Shhhh.”*

*[Peter changes out of character.]*

## Communion

And so the Lord of Hosts, Commander of God’s Army, the Word of God in Flesh, took bread and broke it saying, “This is my body given to you. Take and eat. Do this in remembrance of me.” And in the same way he took the cup, and having given thanks he said, “This cup is the covenant in my blood, drink of it all of you, for the forgiveness of sins, and do it in remembrance of me.”

It’s rather shocking, isn’t it? When you see it. This world is so full of pain, and then on top of that, throughout the Old Testament and through this year, God commands sacrifice...I mean, we’ve all sacrificed. But then to discover that he only has all of us experience sacrifice so that we would come to understand *his* sacrifice... that’s shocking.

That right now, he is creating you with his own body and blood. He’s creating you and redeeming you, and sanctifying you; he’s building you with his own body and blood.

There is one thing that is particularly painful for a father—that’s when his children doubt his love. And do you understand what the Father is saying to you? He’s saying: “This is how much I love you. With absolutely everything that I have and absolutely everything that I am. That’s my Judgment. This is my Judgment.”

So, to come to this table is to surrender your judgment, (which you know, if you’re like me, it’s all about yourself), and to receive His Judgment. This is the Judgment of Relentless Love. Furious, relentless love.

*Pray with me...*

Lord God, ...I kind of don’t love Love... I kind of don’t love you... I confess my judgment to you; I’m mad at you. And God, I receive your judgment given to me—that you give everything to me...that you delight in me...that you’re preparing me for your Presence...to breathe your Spirit in your Kingdom. Thank you, Lord God, for wrapping yourself in flesh, becoming a baby, living among us, suffering and dying, and giving us your very Spirit. Good Will in place of our bad will. Thank you for creating us, Lord God, in your image. Amen.

## Benediction

So, Lord God, we do pray that every heart would prepare room for you. That every bad will would be overwhelmed by your Good Will, by your Grace. And that, Lord God, we would get to see it—I think that’s what you want for us: That we would get to see you make all things new...with a baby. Thank you, Lord God, for you are Good. In Jesus’s name we pray, Amen.



[The church body then lights one another's candles, with Peter closing with passage from John 1.]

**In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. <sup>2</sup> He was in the beginning with God. <sup>3</sup> All things were made through him, and without him was not any thing made that was made. <sup>4</sup> In him was life,<sup>[i]</sup> and the life was the light of men. <sup>5</sup> The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it.**

**<sup>6</sup> There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. <sup>7</sup> He came as a witness, to bear witness about the light, that all might believe through him. <sup>8</sup> He was not the light, but came to bear witness about the light.**

**<sup>9</sup> The true light, which gives light to everyone, was coming into the world. <sup>10</sup> He was in the world, and the world was made through him, yet the world did not know him. <sup>11</sup> He came to his own,<sup>[ii]</sup> and his own people<sup>[i]</sup> did not receive him. <sup>12</sup> But to all who did receive him, who believed in his name, he gave the right to become children of God, <sup>13</sup> who were born, not of blood nor of the will of the flesh nor of the will of man, but of God.**

**<sup>14</sup> And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us...**

[All sing by candlelight "Silent Night."]

So fear not. For behold, I bring you good news—the word in Greek is "Gospel." "I bring you news of Gospel that will be to all people. For unto you, is born this day in the City of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord. And so, peace on earth. Good Will. Amen. In Jesus's name, may you believe the Gospel.

In other words, Merry Christmas.

## Endnotes

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<sup>i</sup> ESV

<sup>ii</sup> NKJV. There is a disagreement in ancient manuscripts over the word translated "good-will." In some manuscripts, it's in the genitive case and in others, the dative case, which is the difference between "to men of good will" and "good will to men." Whichever manuscript is most accurate, the thrust of the entire New Testament is that the gift of peace was not simply for men that already had a good will (for these men don't exist and if they did, they'd already have peace in their hearts), but that the gift of peace was for "all people" (v.10) who don't already have "good will," but receive "good will," and thereby peace, through the redemptive work of Christ.