



## An Unexpected Miracle

By: Mark Kruger

I love the song *Light of the World* by Lauren Daigle. I invite you to listen to it before you read this meditation. The song begins and ends with this beautiful stanza:

*The world waits for a miracle*

*The heart longs for a little bit of hope*

*Oh come, oh come, Emmanuel*

I didn't know I needed a miracle in my twenties. When my wife Ann told me we were going to have a child, I expected to feel excited. I knew in my head that everything was about to change – but nothing changed in me. As a dutiful husband, I paid extra attention to my wife. I went to Lamaze classes. I participated in the shopping and preparation. I announced the news with the expected fanfare to friends and family. But inside, I thought I might be broken. I had put little thought into what it means to be a father. I had little experience with children and wasn't that fond of them. When others talked of children and parenthood I just felt... blank.

On the day of the event, I was in the room when my daughter Jasmine said hello to the world for the first time. The staff quickly took care of her and did all the things needed to clean and comfort a newborn. Then, they handed her to me and, without warning, a miracle occurred.

Whatever was broken in me snapped together. I held a helpless little body that God had designed and knit together. Hey had placed her in my hands as a part of me. I stood, rooted to the spot, slack-jawed, and awestruck. Something dormant came to life in my heart. I knew at that moment that I would do anything for her – that I would put my own needs aside to care for and love this tiny little miracle.

Luke wrote of the birth of Jesus:

*And while they were there, the time came for her baby to be born. She gave birth to her firstborn son. She wrapped him snugly in strips of cloth and laid him in a manger because there was no lodging available for them. Luke 2:6-7*

The second verse of *Light of the World* begins:

*The drought breaks with the tears of a mother*

*A baby's cry is the sound of love*

*Come down, come down, Emmanuel*

I'm filled with wonder when I consider God's choice of an infant as the Word made flesh. Consider Mary and Joseph gazing at His face for the first time. Did they feel that same instant welding of their hearts to love? Did Joseph know with certainty that he would do anything to protect and love this tiny child?

**Jesus was love come to earth – how appropriate it was in the form of a baby. Babies and love go together.** Conceived in love, brought forth in joy and anticipation, a son or a daughter changes the heart of a parent forever. And so Isaiah prophesied:

*Unto us a child is born, to us a son is given. Isaiah 9:6*

We are not the parents of the Christ child, but *He was given to us!* And when we hold Him our brokenness is mended.

*Father, as we gaze into the face of that child, reveal to us your love. Take what has been broken by sin and selfishness and snap it back into place. Thank you for the overwhelming love you shared with us in the form of a baby. Amen.*