

DWELL

There is something profoundly sacred when you live with someone. I spent some time sleeping on couches during my younger years. It was temporary, and there were those people who begrudgingly gave me one night but insisted I be gone the next morning. Talk about an awkward situation for a teenage kid. However, I remember vividly two occasions where, due to my circumstances, different Christian families sat me down and said, “We want you to come live with us.” I was beyond thankful. While it was difficult, I had a key, a bed, and a place to land at the end of the day. Learning how to live in those new circumstances with new people was challenging. I learned a lot, and I was blessed. To this day, I have nothing but gratitude for their love and sacrifice.

John 1:14

And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, and we have seen his glory, glory as of the only Son from the Father, full of grace and truth.

I often reflect on my experiences when I read about what Jesus did 2000 years ago. It wasn't that man invited Jesus to come live with us. It is more like he came and lived (settled, took up residence), or tabernacled, here because he wanted us to live with him. It was very intentional.

As Paul continued this theme in his ministry to the Christians in Ephesus, he said:

Ephesians 3:14–19

¹⁴For this reason I bow my knees before the Father, ¹⁵from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, ¹⁶that according to the riches of his glory he may grant you to be strengthened with power through his Spirit in your inner being, ¹⁷so that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith—that you, being rooted and grounded in love, ¹⁸may have strength to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, ¹⁹and to know the love of Christ that surpasses knowledge, that you may be filled with all the fullness of God.

There is a celebration happening this week. The occasion is the dwelling of God among us. Are you living with Jesus? Are you thankful for the immeasurable love of Christ?

*O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel;
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.*

Eyes up,
Ryan