



In the Bleak Midwinter

The first stanza of this hymn is a cold description of the nativity story. The picture lacks warmth or life. Rivers are frozen over, earth is stuck in place. The glimmer of any hope seems far removed.

There are seasons of life much like this first stanza. You know the seasons when life seems to be frozen without much movement forward. The seasons when life is bleak and that which causes the bleakness (snow) continually falls, surrounds, and stifles hope.

Fortunately, there is a second stanza that reveals there is more to the story. In the second stanza, the incarnation passage gives us a fleeting glimpse of an anticipated second advent. It was and is in the midst of bleakness and hopelessness that Jesus arrives.

Go to the stable in your mind. Think of the variety of sounds, smells, and emotions that were taking place in the stable. The angels surely caused some excitement, but in the stable on that night a simple and timeless joy was shared by Mary, Joseph, and some animals.

There was not a crowded waiting room when Jesus was born. Only His mom and dad were there to worship Him, pledging their hearts and lives. Our king, rather than pronouncing great decrees, cried.

There is no gift great than your heart. There is no hope greater than this: when things get bleak, Jesus arrives.

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