

He Has Come
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It was a cold December afternoon. Rain mixed with snow splashed against the windshield. All day Jerry and Jim had been delivering Christmas boxes to families, many of which would receive nothing else that year for Christmas. Only one box remained, and the weather was getting worse. The address on the card meant a long drive beyond the city limit. "What do you think?" Jim asked. Jerry knew what Jim was thinking. Why drive way out in the country when they could give this last box to someone closer and soon be home? It was a tempting thought. Jim, however, answered his own question, "Well, let's give it a try. If we can't find the place, we can always come back and give the box to someone else."

The rain was pouring down when they reached the address on the card. The old framed farm house had once been an elegant place, but now the farm was gone and the house deteriorated. They huffed and puffed, slipped and slid as they carried the box up the damp red clay hill. Climbing up the farm house steps, they glimpsed the face of a small boy at the window, who announced their arrival with shouts of excitement, "They're here, Grandma, they're here!" The door opened and an elderly woman with grey hair pulled back in a bun greeted them. She was drying her hands with a dishtowel and explained to them that she and her grandson were all that was left of her family. The father and mother had divorced and gone their separate ways, leaving the little boy for Grandma to raise.

"I told you, they would come," a child's voice said from behind her. A little boy with black hair and bright dark eyes rushed to the box and began pulling at the goodies inside. She continued, "I'm so glad you came. He was up early this morning looking for you. He sat by that window all day. I wasn't sure you would come and tried to prepare him in case of disappointment. But he just said, 'Don't worry, Grandma, I know they will come.'"
In a sense, the little boy was speaking for all Christianity. A thankful people, more than one billion of us around the world, pause for a few moments at Christmastime and proclaim, "We knew He would come."

The prophet Isaiah, speaking on behalf of God, promised it over two thousand years ago, "For to us a Child is born, to us a Son is given, and the government will be on His shoulders. And He will be called Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace." And He has come, just as promised.