

Dear Open Door Family,

I have never been someone who reads poetry for pleasure, though I hope I recognize good poetry when I hear it or read it. I do know that there are times when I have read some especially good poetry that it has deeply moved me. Perhaps that is because it touches me in ways that other writing does not. So when I came across this poem about the Cross it made me think one more time about the wonder that God would send His Son to die. Irony can be like a lot like a paradox in that it is something that seems absurd or contradictory, and yet it is **TRUE**. The King of Universe being born in a stable and being laid in a manger is an incredible irony or a paradox. The Creator and sustainer of the universe being born into His creation and being killed by His own creatures seems unthinkable. This is true especially when we think of this baby being born with the specific purpose of being a sacrificial lamb. Please read this amazing poem about the cross and death of Jesus and think of the baby who came for that purpose alone. May it lead us to worship HIM.

THE IRONY OF THE CROSS

By: D. A. Carson

On that the wretched day the soldiers mocked him,
Raucous laughter in a barracks room,
Hail the King! then sneered, while spitting on him,
Brutal beatings on this day of gloom,
Though his crown was thorn, he was born a king -
Holy brilliance bathe in bleeding loss -
All the soldiers blind to this stunning theme:
Jesus reigning from a cursed cross.

Awful weakness mars the battered God-man,
Far too broken now to hoist the beam.
Soldiers strip him bare and pound the nails in,
Watch him hanging on the cruel tree.
God's own temple's down! He has been destroyed!
Death's remains are laid in rock and sod.
But the temple rises in God's wise ploy;
Our great temple is the Son of God

Here's the One who says he cares for others,
One who says he came to save the lost.
How can we believe that he saves others
When he can't get off that bloody cross?
Let him save himself! Let him come down now! -
Savage jeering at the King's disgrace.
Christ saves others as the King of grace.

Draped in darkness, utterly rejected,
Crying, Why have you forsaken me?
Jesus bears God's wrath alone, dejected -
Weeps the bitt' rest tears instead of me.
All the mockers cry, He has lost his trust!
He's defeated by hypocrisy!
But with faith's resolve, Jesus knows he must
Do God's will and swallow death for me.

(From - Scandalous: The Cross and Resurrection of Jesus by: DA Carson)