

As I reflected on joy and what it looks like in the Christian life, God really impressed me with the truth that joy is not the absence of pain but God's victory over it. The freedom that comes with celebrating the truth. This spoken word poem is a reflection of that.

If pain was pithy and tweetable,
We wouldn't need to gloss over our lives with airbrushed half truths,
To pretend that happy is a plastered smile that covers brokenness,
That pain is either everything or nothing,
That platitudes can erase the pain of a miscarriage,
Or that positivity can negate the pain of
loneliness and suffering and isolation in the darkness.

We could learn to press into what the savior unconcealed
The paradox that through blood the cross revealed -
The truth that it's not just that pain is strong
But that the joy that has come and is coming and it is stronger.

But let me take you back,
Back before
He stepped into it as if He was the one who had bit
That fruit Adam ripped, that gave birth to sin, evil, pain, and death.

Even before Christ, God was at work trying to make us right.
Levitical law was part of God's plan to correct sin flaws.
You see, jubilee isn't necessary for those who are already free
Every seven years a jubilee was decreed,
To free the slave and cancel the debt
(jubilee was just a precursor to the Emmanuel they hadn't met yet).

Old school laws point out sin flaws,
but they also show that
God has never ignored pain,
But spoken and moved.
And the arrival of Christ ultimately proved
That Christian joy is not to ignore pain,
But to worship the one who ultimately will put it to death,
Marantha and Hosanna in the same breath,
For he has come and he is coming removing every stain,

Resounding the Christian refrain:
That Christian joy is not to ignore pain,
But to worship the one who ultimately will put it to death,
Marantha and Hosanna in the same breath.

Christ did not come to make peace,
But with a sword,
To make war against sin, death, and pain.

And it is in this war that jubilee is our shout,
A battle cry into the night
That Christ has overcome,
Victory has won,
And God's will now and in the end will ever be done.

A poem for the third week of Advent 2016
by Sofia Haile for Eastbrook Church

