

Love.
Love.
L.O.V.E.
That four letter word
That's done a number on me.
I'm not the person I used to be
Because Christ's love has set me free.
Previously –
I was doing it on my own
So certain I'd succeed.
Convinced I could do all things,
But forgetting through Christ who strengthens me.
If there's one thing that I've realized –
It's that though broken I may be –
If we had Christ all of our pieces
He will create beauty.
Like that Japanese pottery – with gold as the glue
He takes all of our brokenness, and artisans something new.
Always more beautiful and true.
We are loved exactly how we are – but we NEED Christ's added value
Now you –
May have been unaware of how this message will change you
But when the reality hits your heart
The truth will really amaze you – If I may take a moment and explain it to you?
We were dead in our trespasses.
Living in sin – but God loved us enough to bring us back to him.
Now I'm sure you understand, but let me put it to you plainly
To save us from our sinful selves – Christ took the form of the baby.
Crazy (To fathom)
That God could love us so
Radically –
So emphatically –
Our savior took on human form by entering the world so –
un-dramatically
Why?
Because love doesn't boast
He needed no fanfare or some big show
He did it so we could be adoptees instead of enemies
And share the good news so that others know.
Now – you get it I'm sure,
But let me explain it once more –
Love. Love. L.O.V.E.
It's the message repeated in 1st John, Romans, and John 3:16
Now – I'm sure you've been loved before – like conditionally
But I've realized that's no longer enough for me
I'm gonna live for the love that died for me
And I've love for you to join me
My brothers and sisters in this world of smashed up pottery
We can no longer worship the God we love only privately or quietly
I'm gonna tell the world what love has done in me
And I know that there are those that think differently
And there are some days where we sit silently –
Feeling useless, smashed up, or unworthy
But just remember the Savior – born in a manger – that went to the cross on Calvary
So that you could live eternally –
'Cause – that's good enough for me.
I used to be a bunch of smashed up pottery
But now Christ is the glue that binds me
I don't deserve the way he loves me
Or the way he re-made me
All I know is I'll forever praise the God that saved you and me
Out of
Love.
Love.
L.O.V.E.

A poem for the fourth week of Advent 2016
by Jessica Curlett for Eastbrook Church

