

Crazy, grace-filled God moments

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Today was a series of crazy, grace-filled "God moments" so profound in their combined healing effect that I had to put my feelings to pen.

Strange God,
This God of the poor,
The downtrodden,
The bereaved
Who is unabashedly jealous for our broken company
and broken love.

Who is this God of contrasts?
Almighty.
God of the Universe.
God of my broken heart.
Mighty, miracle-slinging God.
Yet, God of the bruised head, beaten back, bleeding
body.
God, broken for me.
God, facing down demons, yet dying in darkness.
And yes, God restoring.
God resurrecting.

Amazing,
crazy grace that held onto me for my dear life when I
lived self-aware, self-assured, self- possessed.
When the glass was abundantly full,
grace held on...in spite of me.

Crazy grace, waiting until I was so, so lost... Until I
could finally be found.
Irony this, to be blind in the light
And to see in the dark.
Crazy grace...as long as life shall last, and then
forever more.

In the darkest night of seemingly endless grieving
Where the soul lives in shadow,
In this land of God-forsakenness,
God shows up in the form of the Son on the cross.

He shows up to reveal Himself, God, forsaken by God.

As the Hero dies,
It seems the only thing left to Him
is the commending of his bruised and broken spirit to
a silent God.



Amazingly,
When the deed is done
Crazy grace shows up again.
And somehow, the storm has quieted
And we feel that the angels are about to sing. **TEACH**

Author information:

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