

# UNFINISHED

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ROMANS 5:2

Every year as I prepare music for Advent and the Christmas season, I'm faced with my absolute unworthiness of his birth in my heart. The carols of Christmas tell of his purity, perfection, holiness, and power, but my feeble attempts to "prepare him room" look more often like the filthy stable than the beautiful reception he deserves. Each season is a struggle to wrap my mind and heart around my deficiency and his supremacy.

When Christ came, he came as perfection. He did not, however, come in perfection. He came as the holy God of Creation, but was born through a sinful woman. He came from the glory of heaven to be born in a dirty stable meant for livestock. He came as the ultimate Savior to redeem a marred and fractured people. In that moment, his absolute perfection met us in our irreparable brokenness. But that wasn't the end of his story.

Christ's journey continued through his sinless life, his undeserving death, and his everlasting resurrection. It's an act of grace and love so deep and powerful that it will continue to shape countless lives for all eternity. The human race will never and can never be the same again.

Yet here we are today, surrounded by darkness and struggling to keep our own sin in check. Though his light and love shine deeply within us, we often find ourselves wrestling with pride, jealousy, shame, lust, and hopelessness. We have a profound and irreversible gift in his salvation, yet it seems we are far from running the race with perseverance (Hebrews 12:1). But it isn't the end of our story.

Just as Christ's birth was a prelude to the great Christ-song that he continues to compose, this earthly life is merely the overture of what's to come—a life void of fear, pain, and sin; an eternity overflowing with love, peace, and joy. I will continue to fail and come up short, just as I have since birth. I will continue to prepare a muck-filled stable for him in my heart regardless of how hard I try to keep it clean. But my weakness and sin are not the final word. The dissonant melody that I have composed in my brokenness is not the concluding movement to the symphony. God alone is crafting the postlude. And it is glorious.

This Advent, let's join together in embracing all that our holy and humble Savior has in store for us. Despite the imperfect and dirty room we have prepared for him, let's lean into his birth in us and follow him on this great and mysterious journey.

*Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Risen with healing in wings.  
Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die;  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.  
Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn King!"*

## PRAYER

*Perfect Father, you are the Desire of Nations and our heart's longing. Though we are incapable of fully loving and worshipping you in the way that you deserve, please continue to grow what you have birthed in us. Help us to understand you in new ways this Advent season as we bring our muddied and imperfect gifts of worship before the manger. We commit to love you now and always, our Prince of Peace. Amen.*



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