

More Than a Baby

He was born in a stable and His mother laid him in a manger for a cradle. Angels delivered the good news of His birth to shepherds, and the heavens marked the event with a bright new star that drew Wise Men from the East to worship Him.

We celebrated the arrival of this Infant on Friday, Dec. 25 – His birthday anniversary. But the celebration should not be limited to this event in Bethlehem. He was more than a baby.



Because – as little boys do and do quickly – He began to grow. He astounded His parents with His personality and intelligence. The religious leaders of the day marveled at the depth of His understanding of scriptural matters.

A leper came to Him and begged for His help, and He put forth His hand and made the leper clean.

He rode in a boat with His friends when a great storm arose, and the waves washed over the decks, threatening to sink them all. He stood and rebuked the winds and the sea, and calm was restored.

He was more than a baby.

A man came running to Him, crying, “My daughter is dead.” He went to the place where she lay, and told the mourners she was only sleeping. They laughed Him to scorn. He took her by the hand and she arose.



He encountered a man with a withered hand. He asked him to stretch it forth, and the hand was fully restored.

A woman sought Him out to tell Him that her daughter was vexed with a devil. “Great is your faith,” He told her. “Be it as you wish.” And the daughter was made whole that hour.

He was more than a baby.

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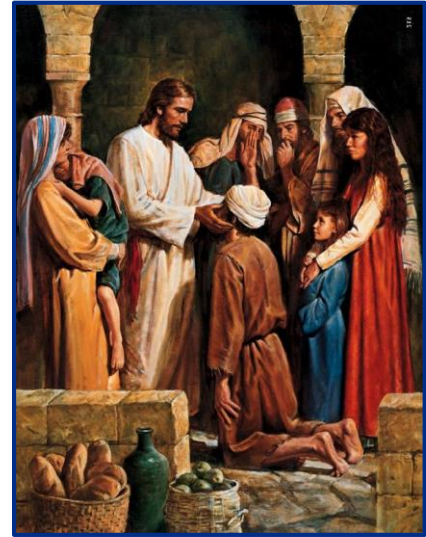
On one of His travels, two blind men by the roadside pleaded for mercy. He touched their eyes, and they received their sight.

He looked out over a city and saw its heartbreak and its misery, its hypocrisy and its unbelief. And He wept.

He took a few loaves and fishes and fed a multitude of thousands.

He was more than a baby.

He was confronted by a woman seized in the very act of adultery and asked to pronounce judgment upon her. Instead, He forgave her sin and scattered her accusers.



He looked into the confused life of a Samaritan woman, discovered her heartbreaks and offered her balm for the soul.

He walked on the surface of the sea to reach His friends when a great wind had arisen.

He was more than a baby.

A good friend died and had been in the grave four days. He called him forth, and the friend returned from the dead to the land of the living.

He endured the agony of a trial on trumped-up charges.



His back took the lashings of a cat-of-nine-tails, His tormentors spit in His face and pushed a thorny crown onto His head, breaking the skin and bringing blood. He offered no protest.

He was more than a baby.

Although weakened by the beatings and the abuse, He carried a heavy, wooden cross up a hill called Calvary through crowds of jeering, taunting countrymen.

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His hands and feet were pierced with spikes as He was hung on the cross, and the flesh was torn again as it was lifted and dropped into its hole in the ground. He did not resist His antagonists.



Shamed by hanging naked before the world, with blood trickling from His wounds, He cried out for water to cool His parched throat. The soldiers gave Him vinegar instead. He forgave them.

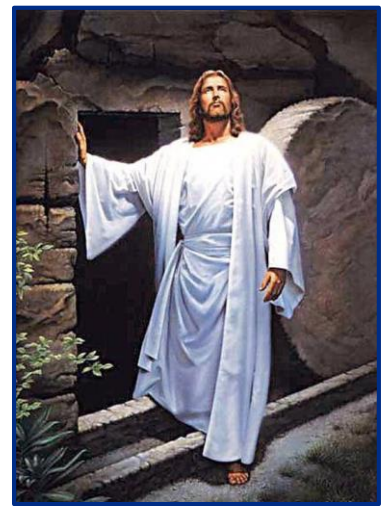
He was more than a baby.

At His death, darkness covered the earth during daylight hours, the earth trembled and the graves gave up their captives.

Three days later, He conquered the tomb and arose from the dead to live forever. And it is He Who offers eternal life to every human being.

Yes, we marked His birth Friday, but Jesus Christ was more than a baby.

He was – and is – the greatest Man Who ever lived. He was – and is – the only Son of God. He was – and is – our Savior and Lord.



Hallelujah!

– Beecher Hunter