

The Early Years

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He left the splendor of heaven to come to this earth.
We rejoice because of His birth.
He was born with the animals in a stable.
Without His birth and death salvation would not be available.
He was born in the little town of Bethlehem.
His beginning was not of this realm.
But there was a reason for Him to be born.
One day, He would talk about sowing wheat and corn.
There was a wicked king that wanted Him to die.
God didn't permit it, but the king sure did try.
Wise men came and gave Him their wealth,
One day He would heal and give people back their health.
But to Egypt with Joseph and Mary He did flee, For His safety there He must be.
It would be a long way back.
With only a donkey and a few things in a pack.
I wonder about Him when He was a little boy. Did He play and have fun; did He have a toy?
Did He have plenty at age five or six,
Or was He like me, playing with rocks and sticks?
Did He have friends that with them He would play, Or did He go and talk with God and pray?
Did He know one day from sin He would set me free? Was He seeing things of God the way they would be?
In body He began to grow.
Things that would happen when He got older, did He know?
What were His thoughts at nine or ten?
Did He know one day His ministry would begin?
At age twelve He could confound the doctors of the law. Could He now see ahead, could He realize what he saw?
"I must be about My Father's business," to His parents He said.
The Scriptures concerning Him He must have read.
At age twelve could He see on a cross He would die? Could He see in someone else's tomb He would lie?
At age twelve could He see He would die for me?
Could He realize the agony He would suffer on that tree?