

# Dec 8. A Holy Night.

One of my favourite Christmas Carols is “Oh Holy Night”. I’ve heard it sung by a trained singer, with the backing of a huge choir and accompanied by the most amazing orchestra. I’ve heard it sung by pop stars, by primary school children, by us at Hebron and I would sing along in my kitchen or car with it too.

But what all these occasions have in common is that it never fails to move me. I can feel the tears at the back of my eyes and the lump in my throat. It gets me every time.

As I was walking Glen this morning in the rain the words came to me again. I couldn’t get passed the first line. “Oh Holy Night.” I stopped to think about it.

It was a night that would never be repeated again. It was a night in which God showed that He So loved the world. It was the night when God’s redemption plan was seen. It was a HOLY night. A holy night when The Son of God humbled himself, becoming a small and tiny baby. A night when The great Creator of the world, the Sustainer of all things, the One who holds the oceans in His hand appeared to the world. It was a Holy night. It was a night that changed all things.

It was a night which allows us to have that thrill of Hope. It was a night that allows us to rejoice through our weariness because there will be a glorious and new day.

As we sing these words and other carols may we truly think about the words. May we fall on our knees and give Him the worship He deserves. It was indeed a Holy night.