

## Silence & Fury

It was that silent night  
When the stars turned their gaze to marvel at the Earth  
When the heavens gathered breathless round a lowly stable  
When a young mother wept tears of worship, falling on the baby in her arms  
And the song of the Earth arose in Bethlehem  
Soft as the tender beating of his heart  
And all was calm; all was bright

Yet could this be the same God of Abraham, the Conqueror of Israel? This baby, this fragile life?  
Is this child the one who burned his name in rapture across the gasping skies?  
Whose voice spoke the oceans into crashing rhythms  
Who crafted the mountains into guardians of the firmament  
Whose hand ignited the thirst of the deserts  
And the warring surge of the elemental hosts  
Who breathed life from dust  
Broke the oppressor's rule  
Scattered the chains of his people like sand  
And led them through the wilderness with the pillar of flame

Is this child the one whose presence billowed thunderous on Sinai's peak  
Who surrounded Job with the roaring wind  
Stood defiant in the raging furnace  
Wrote judgment against tyrants  
And blazed on the lips of the prophets  
Scorching History's pages with the fury of his might

Could this be the same God who chose to come as the vulnerable king  
Setting his throne on straw and manger  
Drawing forth the tears of shepherds  
Receiving the gifts of wandering travellers  
His fame unknown in this world

He is Jesus  
The one who thunders through the heavens yet whispers to our hearts  
Who reigns victorious yet bows to serve the broken  
He is God in the fury, God in the silence  
He holds this mystery balanced in his hands  
Holds our questions til they lose their need  
Until all we see is Him