

A Letter on the Occasion of My Birthday. . . .

My dearest _____

Shalom. It is time I write this to you. . .

When I stepped into time from Eternity, there was no room on earth to receive me. I was born as a human baby in a stable covered with swaddling clothes.

I grew up, took up the Commission of my Father and went around proclaiming His Kingdom come and doing good.

Even then foxes had holes, birds their nests but there was no place for Me to lay My head. I sat by the well side and leaned on the wall and asked the lady for some water .

My brothers mocked Me, did not believe in Me (John 7:5)

One of My friends betrayed me, another denied me, the rest deserted Me. Again I was all alone, but My Father was with Me.

I know what it is to be cast away., I was taken outside the city to be killed as a criminal.(Hebrews 13:12) I was an outcast.

When I was dead they took my body to be laid to rest in somebody's grave.

AND THEN I CAME BACK TO LIFE. IT WAS A GLORIOUS RESURRECTION.

The veil was torn. I did not dwell in man made tabernacles anymore. Remember what dear Paul wrote, "Don't you know that you yourselves are God's temple and that God's Spirit lives in you?" (1 Corinthians 3:16)

THE DWELLING OF GOD IS WITH MEN AND HE WILL LIVE WITH THEM. THEY WILL BE HIS PEOPLE AND HE WILL BE THEIR GOD. (Revelation 21:3)

I was so eager to come and live with my people. 2009 years have passed by and I walk through the streets gaily decorated to celebrate My birthday. Big choirs are practicing to sing in perfect pitch, business is brisk. Churches have full programme. Tight schedule.

But where am I to stay? Where is the heart waiting for Me, a hearth open to receive Me? I walk through big and narrow streets, in and out of nations. I go through great and small churches, I stop by grand malls, but am still searching for a place to lay down My head. I don't feel needed in many hearts. I stand out and

watch, saddened and hurt. The hearts where I was once welcomed and loved are too busy to spare a thought for Me. And I wait...

Some know it is My birthday, some do not know but it does not matter anyway. The season is good to enjoy and that is reason enough.

And I wait and watch. Wait and watch, hoping which heart will open and say, "Come to my heart Lord Jesus, there is room in my heart for thee..."

My dear friend can you tell Me a placea heart which will receive Me once again...?

BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK ...IF ANYONE HEARS MY VOICE AND OPENS THE DOOR, I WILL COME IN TO HIM AND DINE WITH HIM AND HE WITH ME. REV 3:20.

Yours lovingly
Jesus Christ