

Not long ago, my artistic friend had a crippling issue in her lower back. For weeks, she was not able to sit or stand on her own. She lay in bed, not being able to perform the creative work that she so loved to do. She was a frustrated artist – a confined creator. It was hard for her to endure and hard for me to watch.

This gives me some insight into when Christ took the form of man and came to this earth. He was severely limited in His capability to perform creative activity – this after being intimately involved with the creation of the universe itself. Think about how deeply He must have felt this confinement.

He was constrained even more when he was bound physically to the cross. The only creative work He could do there was to bear our punishment and ultimately break the bonds of death for the salvation of mankind. Which, of course, is the greatest creative act of all.

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