

Fully human, and fully God. Why would Jesus choose to experience life? Death is one thing, but life is completely different. We are human and we live because we have emotions, and that alone is overwhelming. Anger, delight, sorrow, loneliness, fear, affection, awe--each one is it's own adventure; each one is both good and bad. And each one is so incredibly human as well.

Feeling emotions helps me to feel alive. I love stories because they make the rest of the world seem alive, too. Alive, human, and relatable. For me, so much of the beauty of this world is in its brokenness. Not necessarily the brokenness itself, but the way that people experience pain, anger, loneliness, and confusion. We all share those feelings from time to time, and by sharing it, we forms bonds with one another. When a poet or a singer or an artist expresses their sorrow, I can connect with them, with someone I've never met before. We are agreeing that the world is not how it's supposed to be; that there is sin running around and ruining everything, messing up the perfection.

So, a couple of years ago, when a friend asked if I thought there would be poetry in heaven, I sat for a couple of minutes before replying: "I hope so. But, how can there be poetry when there isn't any pain?"

It's hard for me to imagine a world where people don't connect with one another through their emotions. God knows that--he's the one who gave us the capacity to share what we feel. I wonder if that's why Jesus *lived* for those thirty-three years. Christ saw death, and he wept. He saw injustice, and he flipped over tables. He felt rejection, and he cried out. He was sad, angry, lonely, and scared, and sometimes he was ridiculously happy, calm, and deeply loved. Why would he chose to experience all of that? He could've done something else--He is God, after all. But *I* would feel disconnected if He hadn't lived. I would feel disconnected if he had done something else. It was for my benefit, our benefit. Not so that He might be able to connect to us, but so that we might feel a connection with Him. Because,

I worship the Creator of the universe.
And I bow before the King of the angels.
I revere the Judge of all creation.
And I respect the Master of time.

But I love the God who knows how deep a pit loneliness is and how fear freezes the blood.

And I adore the God who tastes anger like bile in his throat and feels sorrow like a weight.

I rejoice with the God who knows that laughter feels like champagne and hurts in all the right spots.

And I am devoted to the God who screams out joy and sings love.