Twitter Thread by Gunner Gundersen



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Our inflated bios, our curated images, our growth addictions, our me-ministries, our carnal networking, our jealous hearts, our talent-idolatry, our unsubtle platform-building, our fear of going unnoticed, our internal scoffing at small things—what have we become?

Why don't we notice anymore? Why don't we care? Do we think Jesus isn't serious? Do we think he's not really coming back? Do we think we won't stand before him?

Do we even stop and think at all anymore, or do we just do what others seem to be doing?

"There is a way that appears to be right, but in the end it leads to death" (Proverbs 14:12).

There are some things that Jesus says that are mysterious. These are not in that category: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven" (Matt 5:3). "Those who exalt themselves will be humbled, and those who humble themselves will be exalted" (Matt 23:12).

It's Christmastime. We talk about the manger—dirty! Bethlehem—small! Shepherds—dingy! Mary—disrespected! "No crib for a bed," we sing. "Mild he lays his glory by," we sing. God the Son—blindingly humble! But do we realize this story is the "master story" of the Christian life?

The incarnation of Jesus cannot be replicated. But it must be imitated, in each of us, and in all of us together. His humility, his descent, his service, his radical lowliness. It's all meant to be a living story pulsing through his church.

The worst judgment of all is when God gives us what we want. It's the worst because as we're undergoing divine discipline, released to chase and catch our passions, we feel like we're succeeding, building, gaining, running free.

But succeeding at building our own "mini-kingdoms" is a colossal failure in the eyes of our humble Savior—a sand castle, a stringless kite, plastic coins, barns full of human praise the night before we stand before the great King (Luke 12:16–21).

"Therefore let everyone who is godly offer prayer to you at a time when you may be found; surely in the rush of great waters, they shall not reach him" (Psalm 32:6). Lord, have mercy.