

Wonder

by Tanner Olson

Hope from the heavens
Wonder fills the world
Glory in the highest is now beside us
And I can't help but wonder ... why?
Why would you leave home?
Why step down from your throne?
Why leave where you reign to take on our sin and
stain?
Humble beauty appears
To meet our wonder and fears
A promise from long before
You were sent to restore
And our groaning questions were given an answer
To worship and adore
Everything changed when Immanuel arrived.
Heaven has come and I no longer need to wonder
why
You met our shame with a grace that will forever
reign
You took on the world's pain
Broke every chain for our gain
You entered strife
So we could have everlasting life
Love has arrived
and no longer do I need to wonder why.

A Christmas Poem

by Tanner Olson. | writtentospeak.com

Long before Mary heard, "Do not be afraid,"
and the angels heard on high,
Before the three came to see the Newborn King,
and before John spoke of One greater than he,
We were told of His coming.
Before that Bethlehem night
and the blind were given sight.
Before a disciple's deception,
And His gracious death and glorious resurrection,
We waited for the day.
By faith, we sat and prayed for the reveal
of the One to whom we'd kneel.
A promise written by the Prophets' hands long before we could
understand the Almighty's infinite plan.
Anticipation grew with our groaning, voices stretched louder,
we longed for His first hour.
And then, one day in a manger surrounded by danger
a Holy Nativity scene, the Incarnation of our King,
Fulfillment of a promise, sent from Heaven to earth, a virgin's birth,
Our cry answered by an Infant, Holy and Divine.
The Promised One had finally arrived.
The One who was spoken of
was spoken into the world to speak into the world.
A world in need of Savior.
And the Promised One had finally come.
Before He scorned the cross,
He laid in a trough, a plate for a bed,
no comfort for a King,
Royalty without a ring,
Christ was born with a price on His head.
Here laid God expressed in humble flesh,
A man sent die a criminal's death,
to raise with victorious breath.
We waited for His coming and now He is here.
The One who shines light on our darkest fears.
The Suffering Servant come to save;
to endure our sin and the darkness of a grave.
Who will strangle the stain of shame clean so we can be free.
Who will take on the sting of death to give us eternal breath.
Christ our King,
Human and Holy,
Peace on Earth, the true Christmas story,
To Him, Immanuel, be the glory.