

“The Voice” by Marcus DePeal

Before a sunrise or a sunset
Before the brightest light or the darkest depth
Before you or I ever took a breath..
There was a voice

And hovering over the waters this voice began to speak
Words so powerful they crafted the moon and the stars
With breath so potent it turned dust to a beating heart
It was art class for the Creator
As every word that He spoke was another brushstroke on this canvas of creation

What this voice had spoken was perfect
God walking with man
A masterpiece that any gallery would pay to display but one day

A simple piece of fruit caused the shepherd’s sheep to be separated and confused
And chaos ensued
But the voice still pursued

It spoke through a small plant to an ill-equipped man
He said I’ll give you what you need and put a staff in His hand
And told him to walk right up to the ruler of the land and say “let my people go”

The author of this story wasn’t putting down the pen
And again, and again, and again he reached out
But He wasn’t in the earthquake or fire, no, rarely did He shout —
This voice was close

So close in fact you could hear His cry coming from the stable
So close it became a young man crafting chairs and tables
So close it began to sound like a prophet the Sanhedrin couldn’t label

This voice wasn’t just close —
No
He was here
Immanuel
God with us

You see this voice belongs to the one who carefully crafted you and knows you by name
To the one who reaches out His hand to save us when we’re sinking in our own shame

To the one who could whisper a single word that would cause you to cover your face

And at the same time melt off every last one of your chains
The one who can sleep soundly in the middle of a lake without being afraid
Despite the rushing of the wind and the crashing of the waves
Because he knows the moment he opens His mouth the raging waters must obey

Only this voice can turn a mess into a mural of grace
Only this voice can declare that our sins are erased
Only this voice can claim that He is the only way
And only this voice can tell me that I am forgiven
Because only this voice breathed what seemed to be His last right after He said

It is finished

The voice that thundered in the very beginning now whispers in our ear
My brother
My sister
You know you have nothing to fear

He laughs in the face of what scares us to death
And as he laughs life rides the waves of His breath
To enter our souls and bring rest as He says
This too shall pass

He speaks calm over the chaos
He speaks clarity over the confusion
He speaks truth over the trial
So may the Spirit of our Savior bring you peace
It's your birthright as the Father's child