



# THE UPSIDE DOWN KING

By Jeannine Lewis

Something was just not dinky-di in Bethlehem that night, a small town in Judea where night shone bright with light. It seemed upside-down and inside-out, much like a giggle-riddle. The prophets foretold long ago of Christ the King, a mighty prince, a warrior for the people.

The jibber-jabber of the masses in excited calls, exclaimed that He was coming to this world to save us all. But where was He, this mighty King, the saviour of the people?

A star shone bright on Bethlehem, it seemed so topsy-turvy. How can a star provide such light, it made us feel quite nervy!

But three wise Kings who long ago had heard a call from God; awaited this appointed time to hurry-scurry over, across the plains, through rivers deep and crinkle-crackle deserts. And when they reached the place well-lit by that bright shining star, they knew the stories they were told could not be fiddle-faddle.

For in this town of Bethlehem, that small place in Judea, the hurry-scurry of some creatures meant something was at hand. The gibble-gabble of a goose and crawley-mawley creatures, made way for a young lady who could no longer stand.

It seemed upside-down and inside-out, that those wise Kings had come so far, to find this smelter-shelter, warmly lit by blazing star, with creatures all a-skelter. And lying in a manger, away from any danger, they found a babe, the promised One, amidst much stinky-winky. The cry went out across the land, the King is here, so strange, bizarre, birthed in a cattle manger?

But what are we to make of this the people twiddle-twaddled? Emmanuel, the Prince of Peace, the son of God, the Lord. He wants our eyes to focus and to plan for our reward. It's upside down and inside out, a tiny baby sent by God, it must be hocus-pocus.

But that small child, he grew and grew and reached the age of wisdom. And blessed by God, his heavenly Dad, brought signs and gifts and wonders. "Could this be wizard magic?" the doubters they did say. Some thought it hanky-panky and wonky-tonky trading. He turned the temple upside down and threw over the tables. This boy born in a manger, could he really be quite crazy with this hurdy-gurdy hoopla?

Could it be right, is he the One, the prophet now unfurled? The One who came sent from above to save all of the world. "A King" they cried "should be adorned with riches, jewels and crowns". But on his head all that was found, sharp thorns all twisted brown.

So higgledy and upside down and inside out all over. So harum-scarum and hodge-podge, it really can't be kosher. This story sent from long ago, a babe so lovey-dovey, should rise and grow to be a King, but not wear blinky-bling? No honky-tonk, no swanky-wank, just plain old hessian britches.

How could this be, it's upside down and inside out all over? No palace, riches, gems and feasts, but miracles and healing. Yes this great King was sent to us to challenge all our thinking. He spoke in tongues and parables and changed hearts with love and feeling.

In hairy-scary times of fear he gives joy and hope and love. He promises much more than this, the King sent from above. There is no hocus-pocus, no hanky-panky magic, no mumble-jumble jokesters, no hodgy-podgy dodge.

And in this helter-skelter world where life can go skew-whiff, our God, our Lord and mighty King will never let us go. The One who gives us reason, in this we can be sure, was sent to us the right way up as promises foretold, not upside down, not inside out, His story now we know!

For life with Him is evermore, we really can't ignore, our hope in Him, our mighty King, so grand and will not bore. A tale we never tire of, a tale that's never cold, a tale we tell each Christmas to people young and old.