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## An angel's story max lucado pdf

Spiritual beings populate the stories of Scripture. Angels sing. Demons are infected. Heavenly hosts fight... Ignore the armies of God and Satan and ignore the heart of Scripture. Ever since the snake tempted Eve in Eden, we've known there's more to this world than the eye can see. In this classic Christmas short story, bestselling author Max Lucado imagines the spiritual conflict that surrounded the coming of Christ. I'm sure it was a lot. If Satan could put Christ in the cradle, there would be no Christ on the cross. Travel back in time to your very own throne with God... and they bear witness firsthand of the glory, the miracle, and the battle which took place on the first Christmas. Spiritual beings populate the stories of Scripture. Angels sing. Demons are infected. Heavenly hosts fight... Ignore the armies of God and Satan and ignore the heart of Scripture. Ever since the snake tempted Eve in Eden, we've known there's more to this world than the eye can see. In this classic Christmas short story, bestselling author Max Lucado imagines the spiritual conflict that surrounded the coming of Christ. I'm sure it was a lot. If Satan could put Christ in the cradle, there would be no Christ on the cross. Travel back in time to your very own throne with God... and witness firsthand the glory, wonder, and battle that took place in the very first Christmas. E-book bonus content: An Angel's Story! Gabriel. My king's voice stirred my heart. I left my seat at the entrance and entered the throne room. To the left was the table on which the Book of Life sat. Before me was the throne of Almighty God. I entered the circle of incessant light, put my wings in front of me to cover my face, and knelt before him. Yes, sir? You served the kingdom well. You're a noble messenger. You never backed down from duty. You never marked me eagerly. I bowed my head, basking in words. Whatever you ask, I will do it a thousand times, my king, I promised. That's it, I have no doubt, dear messenger. His voice took on a solemnity I'd never heard before. But your biggest job is ahead of you. Behold. I raised my eyes to see a necklace—a transparent vial on a gold chain—hanging from His outstretched hand. My father spoke candidly: Although it is empty, this vial will soon contain my greatest gift. ... Handed me the necklace, he explained: This vial will contain the essence of myself; a seed that should be placed in the womb of a young girl. Her name is Mary. He lives among my chosen people. The Fruit of the Seed is the Son of God. Take it to him. But how will I know him? I asked. Don't worry, it's going to be okay. You will. I couldn't comprehend God's plan, but my understanding was irrelevant. Az It was. I put my head down, and he spread the chain around me. Chain. Neck. Surprisingly, the vial was no longer empty. It shone in light. Jesus Christ. Tell him to call my Son Jesus. The Father whispered to me. I heard him like he was on my side. Go, Gabriel, go tell Mary. I was flying on a wave of worship, this time alone. I circled through the clouds and the ground. Below me was the town where Mary was born. The Father was right; I knew him in an instant. His heart had no shadow. His soul was as pure as any I've ever seen. I understand the final descent. Mary, I'm sorry. I kept my voice down so he wouldn't scare me. He turned around, but he didn't see anything. Then I realized I was invisible to him. I waved to my wings in front of my body and embodied myself. He covered his face at the Light and shrank into the door's defenses. Don't worry, I urged you. As soon as I spoke, he looked up at the sky. I was amazed again. I praised my Father for His wisdom. His heart is so flawless, so willing. Greetings. God be with you. His eyes dilated and he turned around like he wanted to run. Mary, there's nothing to be afraid of. You found the favor with God. You're going to get pregnant and give birth to a son, and you're going to call His name Jesus. It's going to be great. They're going to call him the Tallest Son. The Lord God gives him the throne of his father, David; He will rule the house of The House of The House of The House of 3000, never, never, in His kingdom. Although he was watching, he was puzzled. But how? I never slept with a man. Before I spoke, I looked up to heaven. The Father stood and gave me his blessing. I continued: The Holy Ghost will come upon you, the Supreme Power hovers over you; therefore, the child you give birth to will be called Holy, the Son of God. See, nothing is impossible with God. Mary looked at me, then up in the sky. He looked into the blue for a long time, so long that I looked up. Have you seen the angels? Has heaven opened up? I don't know. But I do know that when I looked back at him, he smiled. Yes, now I see everything: I am the Lord's maid, ready to serve. Be with me, as you say. As she spoke, a light appeared in her womb. The king went there and reached for the book. He turned to Lucifer and commanded, Come on, Cheater, read the name of the man who will call you bluff. Read the name of the man who storms the gates. Satan slowly stood up to the haunches. Like a cautious wolf, he walked wide towards the table until he stood in front of the volume and read the word Immanuel? -muttered to himself, and then spoke in disbelief. God to us? It was the first time the hooded head had turned straight towards the Father's face. No, no, no, no, even you wouldn't do that. Even you wouldn't go that far. You never believed me, Satan. But Immanuel? The plan is bizarre! You don't know what it's like on Earth! You don't know how dark I've done. It stinks. Evil. This... It's mine, proclaimed the king. And I'm going to get back what's mine. I'm going to turn it into meat. I'll feel what my creatures feel. I'm going to see what they see. But what about their crime? I'm going to pardon you. What about their deaths? I'm giving birth. Satan stood speechless. God said, I love my children. Love doesn't take away the freedom of a loved one. But love takes away fear. And Immanuel leaves behind a tribe of fearless children. They won't be afraid of you or your hell. Satan withdrew from the idea. His retort was childish. They will, too! I'll take away all sins. I'll take death. Without sin or death, you have no power. In circles, Satan walked around, clenched and cleaned his cunning fingers. When he finally stopped, he asked me a question that even I was thinking about. Why? Why would you do that? The Father's voice was deep and soft. Because I love them. We were a wreath of light around the stable, a diamond necklace around the structure. All angels were called from their post to the coming, even Michael. No one doubted that God, but did not know how he could fulfill his promise. I've warned the water! There's no need to shout, Joseph, I can hear you. Mary would have heard Joseph whisper. The stable was even smaller than Joseph had imagined, but the innkeeper was right - he was clean. I started evacuating the sheep and cows, but Michael stopped me. The Father wants all creation to witness the moment. Mary cried out and held Joseph's arm with one hand and a feeding gun with the other. The abdominal puncture lifted his back and leaned forward. Is it time? Joseph asked. The she shot back a glance and she was the answer. Within moments, the expected was born. I had the privilege of being close to the couple, just one step behind Michael. We both looked into the baby's wrinkled face. Joseph placed hay in a feeding gun and gave Jesus his first bed. All of God was in the baby. The light surrounded his face and beamed out of His tiny hands. The glory I witnessed in his throne room has now broken through his skin. I felt like we had to sing, but I didn't know what. We didn't have a song. We didn't have a poem. We've never seen the sight of God in a baby. When God made a star, our words screamed. When he delivered his servants, our tongue flew with praise. Before his throne, our songs never ended. But what do you sing to God in a feeding gun? At that moment, a wonderful thing happened. As we looked at baby Jesus, the darkness rose. Not the darkness of the night, but the darkness of the mystery. The enlightenment of heaven has swallowed them up. Our minds were full of truth we didn't know before. For the first time, we learned of the Father's plan to save those who bear His name. These excerpted from: AN ANGEL'S STORY © Thomas Nelson Publishers, 2002, 2004 Max Lucado Max Lucado, a tiny book titled Angel's Story, describes the vision of the cosmic war that is likely to be around On Christmas Day and the event that we celebrate with gifts and singing and candlelight. Legions of angels protect the vial that Gabriel brings to The Gabriel. Swords brandished and lies revealed as Sophio and Aegus and Paragon battle not only demons, but Lucifer himself as they protect Mary and her baby on their way to Bethlehem. It's a wonderful and vivid telling of Christma Max Lucado, a small book titled Angel's Story, describing the vision of the cosmic war that is likely to be around Christmas Day and the event that we celebrate with gifts and singings and candlelight. Legions of angels protect the vial that Gabriel brings to The Gabriel. Swords brandished and lies revealed as Sophio and Aegus and Paragon battle not only demons, but Lucifer himself as they protect Mary and her baby on their way to Bethlehem. It's a wonderful and vivid telling of the Christmas story from a perspective I've never thought about before. Last year we started a new Christmas tradition. We've always enjoyed special Christmas readings in the month of December during family devotion, but it usually consisted of poems. A few years ago, however, we discovered the angel's story. Now, the week before Christmas, we read one chapter every night - just one chapter, despite the children begging. Fast and easy to read - the whole book is only about 70 pages - and doesn't keep the kids late. This tradition has become our favorite, creating the voice on Christmas Day, drawing our hearts to the person we celebrate with reverence, reverence, and goose-bumps. Above all, I pray that my children will learn this lesson: I could not comprehend God's plan, but my understanding was irrelevant. My obedience was. (p. 17) More... More

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