

A Page of His Words I Doff My Hat To The King

EMMANUEL



It's Christmas morning. The world slows. Beneath the tinsel and gifts lies a truth so profound it halts the heavens. The King has come, wrapped not in robes but in rags. And here I stand, humbled, hat on the floor, before the manger of my Savior.



A THRONE OF STRAW AND GLORY

A King born in a barn? It defies logic. But then, God doesn't follow scripts. He chooses a manger over a throne. The King of kings, not in silk but in swaddling cloth. Not with guards but with animals. It defies reason. Yet, this is God's way. Why? To meet you where you are. "Though he was rich, yet for your sake he became poor" (2 Corinthians 8:9). In that cradle lies more than a baby. It holds redemption. It holds hope. His first throne was straw, His audience, shepherds. And yet, heaven erupted in praise.

God didn't wait for a palace. He entered your story, mess and all. He stooped low to lift you high. The King is here. Do Him homage. Kneel at the manger. Marvel at the humility of heaven.

GREATNESS LIES IN HUMBLE PLACES

Earth's kings chase thrones. Christ chose a manger. His birth speaks a truth: greatness bows low to lift others. "He made himself nothing, taking the form of a servant" (Philippians 2:7). The stable wasn't a mistake; it was a statement. God descended so you could ascend. The King of heaven entered your world, not with fanfare, but with humility. Have you knelt before this King? Not before riches, but before love? His cradle calls you. Lay down your pride. Bow your heart. Surrender isn't weakness; it's strength found in grace.

This manger whispers, "Come close." Christ's humility is your invitation to trust. The King who stooped low invites you to rise with Him. Will you answer? Will you bow?.

THE NEWBORN KING ASKS FOR YOUR HEART

What can you give a King? Not gold or myrrh. Not incense or treasures. He wants your heart. "Offer your bodies as a living sacrifice" (Romans 12:1). The wise men brought gifts, but devotion matters more. The manger isn't decoration; it's an invitation. Come near. Come empty, yet willing. Bring open hands and a surrendered heart. The King who gave all asks for all. Lay your life before Him. He doesn't demand riches. He desires trust. He asks not for precision but for presence.

The One born in straw calls you by name. Will you kneel before the cradle? Will you bow before the cross? Doff your hat. Honor the King. Give Him your everything. For He gave Himself for you.

BOTTOM LINE

And so, I bow. Not to royalty draped in splendor, but to a Savior swaddled in love. His first throne was a manger. His mission, my redemption. This Christmas, I doff my hat. Not in tradition, but in awe. For unto us, a King is born (Isaiah 9:6).

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— Rev. Fr. Ken Nkadi, OP

