

How would you describe Jesus - the person he was, what he did, and how you relate to him? Victoria Paynter conveys a very personal message.

<https://www.thefuelcast.com/library/2019-02-21-my-adonai>

### **My Adonai**

*My Adonai is a guy, in many ways much like you or I.*

*He did not die only for the whites or the males, for the ones who do not fail, for the movers and the shakers, the opportunity takers, for the ones who get all nines and leave the rest behind.*

*He did not die for only them, but also you and I so that we might survive in the end.*

*Christ's birth was not a shining affair as our school nativities would have us believe.*

*It was illegitimate, it was ugly, not a picture-perfect Christmas card of a happy family, rigged in scandal, roped with discord, the slander and shame that covered his name, his beautiful name, his ordinary name; Jesus. The Ben, Tom, Will, of his generation.*

*And he healed those in pain, not for personal gain but to reach what is 'unattainable', that to be flawed is to be human.*

*This human came down nonetheless, not only to bless but to invest in our own empowerment.*

*Not because of any personal deed, but despite our greed.*

*To call us, to summon us, to challenge us: Yahweh, you made the way, you are the way.*

*Because Christ did die for the likes of you and I. God touched the untouchable, and turned that into, '[With God's grace] I Am Able' to do whatever he may require of me.*

*We are the lepers, the beggars, the harlots and the demonised the sluts and the blemished.*

*We are the fat and the ugly, the liars and the cheats. The procrastinators, the 'failures', the mentally unstable, the disabled. We are the ones who are late eight days in a row, the ones who have forgotten their tie, the ones without our homework who are forced to lie. The ones who defy.*

*I'm not here to preach that it's all alright; some of it is fine, and some of it's not. But the truth, the unbelievable, unconceivable truth of God is that he Does. Not. Care. Those labels do not matter to him, he will ALWAYS let us in.*

*My King was perfect, but yet society claimed he was 'flawed', he was less-than, beneath, a self-confessed mad-man. And yet he overcame when he rose from the grave, and we must do the same.*

*So, I speak directly to the girls who might feel disempowered, who might feel overlooked in a crowd of bright, articulate young men, but to God you are the same as any of them. He can use you in exactly the same way, no matter what your genitals may seem to convey. And if there is room for us in the heart of God, then there must be room for us in the heart of the Church of his people. And if not, we must make room.*

*My king is one who celebrates individuality, who welcomes every nationality, so if you are a refugee, an ethnic minority.... Welcome. Welcome. Because my God's love knows no boundaries, it destroys the constructs of every society, leaving only humanity. And I am so excited to see what God will do with you and me; what God will do with us.*

*And as a school, a community, a miniature society, we must rise up above the petty differences, but relate the interlocking experiences and preferences, to set aside our selfishness, set it aside for an all-consuming recklessness, of the incarnation of God's love, to bring us together in connectedness.*

*Because that is the way that we make our school just a little bit closer to the likes of the Kingdom of God. A God who has no flaws, whose love is so broad that it welcomes us; sinners as we all are, but with the agape of God, there is nowhere that we can hide, and nothing that is too hard.*

*So yes, I believe in a God, my King, my Saviour, my everything. But yes, my Adonai is also an ordinary guy.*