

# Emmanu-El God With Us

They met Him  
in places odd  
at unexpected times—  
in the morning coolness of a perfect garden,  
at an altar built by brothers,  
in the building of an ark,  
beneath a tree by Abraham's tent,  
in Big-Time angel wrestling,  
in the voice of an ass,  
in a burning bush,  
from a witch at Endor,  
in a midnight cry to a sleeping child, while  
tending sheep,  
in a battle with Goliath,  
in Mt. Carmel's fiery rain  
in the silence of a desert cave,  
behind the sarcophagus of good King  
Uzziah, in a lion's den,  
pinching fruit in an orchard,  
in the belly of a great fish,  
from a death-defying queen,  
in the midst of a flaming furnace,  
in a miry prison pit,  
in the lowly stable,  
beside the Sea of Galilee,  
in Gethsemane's midnight darkness,  
on a wooden cross,  
at the mouth of an empty tomb,  
on the dusty road to Emmaus,  
in tongues of fire,  
on Damascus' desert road,  
in lonely exile on Patmos.  
For me, it was in FoodMaxx.

