Once upon a time, there lived a tall, large man who possessed incredible strength. Even when he was just a boy, he was regarded as a giant by his peers and was respected by farmers far and wide for his ability to do the work of a fully grown man. This reputation earned him the name Offero, which means "Bearer," for he could bear even the heaviest of loads on his broad shoulders.

But one day, Offero decided that his talents were being wasted on the farms and villages where he worked. He grew tired of his small role in a small village amongst small people. He wanted more. He wanted to see the world and put his strength to the test. He wanted to find a purpose for his unique talents, and he yearned to dedicate his life to something greater than himself. And so, to fulfill these dreams, Offero decided to seek out and serve the most powerful king in the world.

After years of traveling across entire kingdoms and empires, Offero finally happened upon a king who was more
wealthy and more powerful than any he had yet encountered. This king controlled a vast country of prosperous cities, fertile farms, and mighty armies. His treasury was overflowing with all manner of gold, silver, and precious gems. And his great intellect was only outdone by his cruel sense of justice. None dared cross this king. And because of all this, Offero thought he had finally discovered the king worthy of his service.

Seeing the great strength Offero possessed, the king readily accepted his service and quickly made him captain of his personal body-guard. And Offero felt fulfilled. He stood proud and tall amidst the glamour and prestige of the king's great court. But one day, a minstrel sang a dark song about Satan, and Offero saw the gleam of fear in his new king's eyes. At the mere mention of Satan's name, the king crossed himself and ordered the minstrel be thrown out never to return. Offero had never seen his king look so afraid, and he wondered at the power Satan must possess to strike fear into
the heart of this great king. Was it possible that Satan might be the most powerful king in the world? Offero wanted to find out.

So he left the king's service, and once again set out to find a new master. As he traveled through a great desert, he came across a dark knight in black armor whose eyes glared red in the twilight of the dying day. As night descended, Offero watched in horror as this knight opened the very gates of hell itself to allow the legions of demons and spectors and imps to ravage the world of men. His kingdom of the Underworld was far larger and more powerful than any of the kings Offero had encountered, and Offero immediately offered Satan his services.

Satan, seeing that Offero was a strong and mighty man, made him the Warlord of all Hell. And Offero felt fulfilled. He stood proud and tall amidst all the forces of evil. But one day, as he was traveling beside Satan on horseback, they happened upon a simple wooden cross standing idly on the
side of the road. Like thunder from the sky, Satan fell from his horse and fled from the sight, not daring to look back over his shoulder at that most sacred of images. Offero had never seen Satan look so afraid before, and he wondered at what power this simple cross must possess in order to strike fear into the heart of the devil himself. What was it about that cross that gave it such great power? Offero wanted to find out.

So he sought the aid of a wise hermit who told him that the cross was the sign of Christ. After hearing the story about the God-man, Offero greatly wished to find this man named Christ and serve him. The hermit instructed him to go to the river. For the river was deep and wide, and many travelers had drowned trying to cross it. And Offero was tall and strong, and if he helped those seeking a way across, Christ would be pleased and might some day reveal himself there.
And so, Offero did as the hermit had instructed. In the spring when the water was high and the current was strong, he carried travelers across. In the summer when multitudes gathered and the hours grew long, he carried travelers across. And in the midst of winter's chill, when the water grew cold and his flesh turned blue, he still carried travelers across.

Years turned into decades, and for half a century Offero waited patiently for his King to come. His once tall frame was now bent double with age. His strong arms had grown weak and his legs ached terribly. But never once did Christ come visit poor Offero. Never did his king come to accept his service. And Offero began to wonder if his entire life had not been spent laboring in vain.

Then, on mid-winter's eve, a small child came to the river. His teeth chattered together as he asked Offero for safe passage across the icy waters. Offero smiled at the lad and bent over to lift him up onto his bony back. As he had done countless times before, Offero braved the unforgiving waters
to reach the other side. But with each step he took, the child weighed more and more upon his shoulders, and the water rose higher and higher against his neck and face. White capped waves threatened to drown him under their tread, but still Offero struggled on, somehow managing to bear the child aloft above the deadly waves. Miraculously, they reached the other side unharmed, and Offero collapsed onto his knees in his exhaustion. But when he looked up to see the little child, the beauty of what he saw took his breath away. For the child was now bathed in wondrous light with a crown upon his head and a scepter in his hand, and he smiled down upon poor Offero and said, "When you carried the least of my brothers and sisters upon your strong shoulders, you carried me, Offero. For I am Jesus Christ, the King of all good men; the King whom you have faithfully served these many years. And in honor of that service, I rename you Christopher; Christ-bearer; for you now bear the light of Christ the King in your heart." (pause)
That's our King. The same King who met St. Christopher all those years ago is our King today. He's the King of righteousness. The King of Ages. The King of Heaven. The King of glory. He's the King of kings and the Lord of lords. That's our King.

There are no means of measure that can define His limitless love. He's enduringly strong. He's entirely sincere. He's eternally steadfast. He's immortally graceful. He's imperially powerful. He's impartially merciful. He's God's Son. He's the sinner's savior. He's the centerpiece of civilization. He's unparalleled. He's unprecedented. He's pre-eminent. He's the grandest idea in literature and he's the highest personality in philosophy. That's our King.

He's the miracle of the age. He's the shepherd of lost sheep. He's the healer of all wounds. He's the judge of all nations. He's the power of every sovereignty. He's the glory of the nations. He's the wellspring of all wisdom; the
doorway to deliverance; the pathway to peace; and the very road to righteousness. That's our King.

His promise is sure. His light, abundant. His goodness, limitless. His mercy, everlasting. His love never changes. His Word is enough. His grace is sufficient. His yoke is easy and His burden is light.

I wish I could describe Him to you...but He's indescribable. He's incomprehensible. He's invincible, and He's irresistible. You can't get Him out of your mind, and you can't get Him off of your hands. You can't outlive Him and you can't live without Him.

The Pharisees couldn't stand Him. Pilate found no fault in Him. Herod couldn't kill Him. Death couldn't handle Him and the grave couldn't hold him!

And that's our King! By God, that's our King!