



Links Players

The Glorified Christ

I turned and saw a golden menorah with seven branches, and in its center, the Son of Man— robed in splendor, a golden sash across His chest, hair white as a blizzard, eyes pouring fire, feet like bronze drawn from a furnace. His voice thundered. In His right hand, seven stars. From His mouth, a sharp and living sword. His face blazed like the sun at full strength.

I saw Him—and fell at His feet as though dead. Then His right hand touched me. He lifted me up. His voice steadied me. —Revelation 1:12–17

At some point, most of us brush against greatness—a PGA legend, a world-class leader, someone whose presence rearranges the room. And when it happens, something stirs within us. We grow self-conscious. Measured. Unsure whether to stay and risk exposure or retreat before we are revealed.

Greatness exposes us—not because it intends to, but because it reveals the distance between who we are and who we imagine ourselves to be. Yet even the most commanding human presence is only a passing shadow soon to be forgotten.

Every encounter with even a fragment of Jesus' glory left people undone—on the ground. Fear, conviction, and awe stripped away all pretense. The distance between the glorified Christ and humanity is not one of degree, but of kind. No human greatness prepares us for that moment.

If you were to encounter the living, glorified Christ now—not the veiled Jesus of Galilean roads, but the risen Lord in His fullness—you would be undone. Words would fail. Self-confidence would collapse. Posturing would vanish. You would not need to ask what He thinks of you. The truth about Him—and the truth about you—would overwhelm you at once.

Here is the crisis we rarely name: How does anyone go to the source of life when standing before Him feels like death?

No illustration resolves this tension, but *The Chronicles of Narnia* presses it upon the imagination. The Christ-figure is not tame or harmless, but Aslan, a great Lion. The most fearsome creature in the animal kingdom, capable of devouring and destroying—and yet, he does not. He loves. He rescues.

The king of beasts walks with terrified little girls, befriends trembling fawns, and forgives traitorous boys.

And finally, the great Lion bares his neck, offering his life to save Narnia itself:

“Then Aslan allowed himself to be muzzled... lying bound and helpless on the Stone Table... The Lion made no movement. There was no struggle... He bared his neck.”

Without a word of defense, Jesus—the Christ of glory—was bound and pierced for the people of our world. The Lion became the Lamb.

And for those who call Him Lord, He will one day welcome them into His presence. For as fearsome as His glory is, His love is greater still. The great Lion will walk again with little girls and boys—not as prey, but as heirs—sharing His glory, calling them sons and daughters.

Feel the touch of His right hand. Hear His calming voice. Be reassured. You have nothing to fear.

Prayer: Have mercy on me, O God, according to your unfailing love; according to your great compassion blot out my transgressions. Wash away all my iniquity and cleanse me from my sin. (Psalm 51:1-2)

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