



Our Dear Savior's Birth

Someone asked me if I was going to write a December column the other night and my answer was, "I better hurry up if I am." I'd been asking myself that all month, aware of the time slipping by, but I felt like I had nothing to say that wouldn't be trite or done a million, trillion times already.

This morning as I sat on my couch in my warm house, sipping on hot cocoa, I made a final call to myself. It was brilliantly sunny outside with frost on our rooftops and cars. As I sat there, writing in my prayer journal, I mentioned to God that I didn't think I was going to be able to come up with anything, and even worse, what if I never had anything to say again ever?

It's a strange fear I know, but when you have the compulsion to communicate, to write, that strange, otherworldly pull that compels you to sit in front of blank page and dig down deep and then wondrous things show up, it's a valid fear that it will never happen again. Oh, ye of little faith I said to myself.

I sat there and asked myself what Christmas really means to me? I have long let go of most of the cultural commercial aspect of it.

I decorate, but don't go crazy. I celebrate, but it's not overboard. Christmas used to be a yearly obligation to me, fraught with the threat of bankruptcy and obligation and the resulting stress.

And then I thought, it's Christ's birthday and that's what we do; we celebrate our friend's and family's birthdays, no matter how simply or extravagantly to remind them how much we love them and are glad they are part of our lives. We do it to celebrate and honor them.

Of course, Christ is more than friends and family. He is our savior.

Then I recalled a birthday party my mom threw for my 13th birthday that was a complete surprise to me and how excited and happy I was and how many friends and relatives were crammed into our house and how loved and cherished I felt.

In that quiet moment on my couch, Christmas was reborn in my heart once again.

It is the day of our dear Savior's birth.

Chris Macy

December 2016

cjmacy@earthlink.net



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