



Christmas Blessings

The Light of the Christmas Star

Thanksgiving Day opens the floodgates into the annual shopping season even before the dishes are put away. So we run, run, run through internet sales, grocery stores and holiday parties timed to the relentless drumbeat of too much to do and too little time to finish.

But when the rush of the day is over and night nears, sometimes there is little left but a vague sense that something important slipped through our hands.

If we pause here and look deeply into these quiet moments, we can see the holidays as they really are; they are filled with people who are lonely, depressed and confused.

There are armies of tired shoppers among us, sorting through sales racks silently looking for the light of Christmas, knowing that their hands will be empty when they get home; there is nothing left of the light but Black Friday. They shop until they drop, but running the Christmas treadmill is useless; the light just keeps moving farther from reach.

Discouraged, they quietly slip into the ranks of people who lived through holidays so dark and difficult that when Christmas comes, they close the doors and shutter their windows, because the light hurts their eyes.

These are the people who are waiting for life's greatest gifts. Many think they don't have anything to give or even that their lives don't matter-but they are the brightest treasures of the season.



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With courage, forgiveness and the persistence to keep reaching past empty sales racks and looking beyond the artificial lights of the season it is still possible to see the light of the Christmas. His name is Jesus.

He followed us all the way from a little town called Bethlehem to illuminate the dark and lonely places Christmas is slipping through our hands.

All the silver bells of the season cannot overtake the value of His gift; no darkness or distance can extinguish His light, even depression and despair cannot diminish the power of His freely given gift.

But the eyes of this weary world are still sweeping the silence of the night sky looking for the promise of peace for a planet that never rests.

The star that rose over the birthplace of hope hasn't disappeared into the blinking lights that deck the halls of the holidays; it doesn't rise or fall or come and go with passing seasons.

The light of Christmas present is the same as Christmas past.

Even through the tumult of the times, we have not hopelessly lost our way in the blinding speed of the unimportant:

Just follow the Christmas Star.

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