



*The Message
of Christmas*

Just
Another
Day...

“But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.” (Galatians 4:4-5 KJV).

Crowds pour into Bethlehem, filling every inn and hotel, as the census decreed by Caesar is carried out. Still, amid such chaos, life pretty much carries on as usual in this little town. It is just like any other typical evening. Over there in the synagogue, a couple exchanges vows as they begin a new life together. Over here, a boy passes the age into manhood as his family celebrates. In the marketplace, merchants buy and sell, while shoppers fill the streets eager to spend what the Romans haven't taxed. Tucked away in a modest house, a woman prepares the evening meal, as her husband and children play together in the living room.

And over there, just outside the city on a Judean hillside, a mother groans with the pangs of childbirth. The delivery room is a stable, bathed in the glow from a strange star. The midwife is her husband. Nurses and doctors are replaced with cattle and sheep. And the crib is replaced with a feeding trough filled with hay. Surrounded by a horseshoe of farm animals and wide-eyed shepherds, God has quietly come.

“Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son,” the prophet Isaiah penned, “and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.”

Amid the chaos and uncertainty of life, with its failures and heartaches, God speaks to you today so clearly just as He did almost two thousand years ago, “Don’t worry, I’m here. Everything will be alright.”

That night when in Judean skies
The mystic star dispensed its light,
A blind man moved in his sleep,
And dreamed he had his sight.

That night shepherds heard the song
Of host angelic choiring near,
A deaf man stood in slumber still,
And dreamed that he could hear.

That night when in cattle stall
Slept Child and mother cheek to jowl,
A cripple turned his crippled limbs,
And dreamed that he was whole.

That night when to the mother’s breast
The little King was held secure,

A harlot slept a happy sleep,
And dreamed that she was pure.

That night when in the manger lay
The Son of God who came to save,
A man moved in the sleep of death,
And dreamed there was no grave.

— Author Unknown

Pray this prayer...

Dear Jesus, I know I am a sinner. I know that you died on the cross for my sins and have risen from the dead. I open my heart to receive You as my Savior and Lord. Forgive me of my sins. Change me, and make me into the kind of person You want me to be. Help me to live for You and to share Your love with others. Amen.

Simply repeating this prayer will not save you. But, if you prayed this prayer with all your heart, we want to rejoice with you! Please take a moment to e-mail us and tell us of your decision.

Contact Us

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