

**General Topics :: Your favorite Christmas memory****Your favorite Christmas memory, on: 2008/12/17 10:59**

+++ Before we begin... if you don't celebrate Christmas, that's cool. But I do ask that you let those of us who do enjoy a time of sharing our favorite Christmas memories without sparking up controversy. It's just a request, I can't force you to refrain... I'm just asking nicely. :-) +++

Now, with that out of the way... would anyone care to share their favorite Christmas memory? (I'll share when I have more time to write)

I'm sure Ginny will have a heart warming story or two!

Krispy

**Re: Your favorite Christmas memory, on: 2008/12/17 13:15**

OK... I'll get the ball rolling. I hope that perhaps if some of you don't have good Christmas memories, perhaps sharing in mine might bring some joy to your heart.

I have a lot of Christmas memories from when I was a kid. Not growing up in a serious Christian home (we considered ourselves Christians, as do most southerners... but we weren't), we did do Santa and all that stuff. It was also the one time of the year we all went to church.

But I remember going to my grandparents, one set on Christmas Eve, and the other on Christmas day. I remember my grandparents had Bing Crosby on the stereo crooning carols, presents for all of us kids, grandma's Christmas cookies, and the smell of grandpa's pipe... all of that stuff brings back warm memories for me. Especially now that all my grandparents are gone. I love to look at pictures of those Christmas's.

My all time favorite Christmas memory though is the Christmas right after I got saved. My sweet and beautiful wife and I lived within walking distance of the church we attended back then. On Christmas Eve the pastor would have the church doors unlocked and he would serve communion to anyone in the church who wanted to take communion on Christmas Eve. You just show up whenever you wanted to, and if someone else was at the altar taking communion you would just take a seat and wait your turn. Whole families would go up, couples, singles, whatever your situation.

What a love for God's people that pastor had... serving communion to us and taking that time away from his own wife and kids. But they supported him in it.

So we walked in around 9pm and I think there was maybe 2 families there. We waited and then went to the altar when it was our turn. The place was lit only by candles. I remember taking my wife's little hand in mine and kneeling at the altar with her. The pastor did the normal communion things... served the cracker, read scripture, served the juice, read scripture. And I noticed my wife crying.

See she had gotten saved before me. We both lived very sinful lives when we met. We lived together and then got married. Just after I came back from Desert Storm she got saved. She had been attending this church while I was gone. While I loved her tremendously, I ridiculed her faith and criticized the church at every change I had. But after much prayer on her part (and long suffering), and the influence and witness of several others, I finally surrendered to the Lord.

I just kinda looked at her wiping back tears. She said "This time last year I was here by myself. I prayed that this year you would be here beside me... and you are. That's the best Christmas present I could ever hope for."

That was in Knoxville, TN. We've since moved back to my hometown in North Carolina. (She is from Georgia) We house church now with other families, so we don't do the Christmas Eve communion like we used to. But we do have communion together with the kids every year, and it is a blessing to see how God has grown our little family from just her and myself (2 selfish sinful people when we met) to there being 6 of us serving Him together.

Krispy

**Re: - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2008/12/17 20:30**

Krispy, you do know how to egg one on, don't you! But before I begin, I will have to say your story is precious, like the southerners say...I love it!

Christmas has always meant a lot to me from as far back as I remember and am now 61 years old - no big feat, just a fact of life.

Come Christmas our extended families of grandparents, and all their descendants met for a meal, and gifts' exchange. There was always plenty of candy. One dessert my grandmother made that was so good was tapioca pudding. And another memory I treasure is of grandma sitting in the living room with a large dishpan with red delicious apples and peeling them for anyone who wanted a slice. As the afternoon wore on we children would go outside to play 'fox and geese' in the snow.

This is a glimpse of the precious heritage that is mine pertaining to Christmas. And so the tradition of families getting together, sharing gifts has been passed on to the succeeding generations.

Now for a real special story - I have said this before and I suppose this is what Krispy wants me to share?

Christmas always meant family get-together where gifts were shared, delicious food prepared by all the women, and lots of fun and laughter. The guys will even buy lots of fireworks and shoot them off after dark (a southern tradition, BTW). Everyone enjoyed these fireworks except Mom. But this one year, I was in no festive mood: Regina is no longer with us and I grieved, knowing it will never again happen. In fact I was depressed; I missed Gina (I used to call her Ginnyrose sometimes because her name was Regina Rose). She was a lot of fun and everyone loved her.

It was after dinner, we had all gathered around in the large living room to distribute the gifts. I was sitting on the floor next to the pile of gifts because all the seats were full and I am comfortable sitting cross legged. Gifts were passed out and opened. Then my sister Helen gave me a package wrapped in plain white, glossy paper. It looked a little odd but she gave it to me and said this is for you. All eyes were on me as I unwrapped this package. There in that box were a stack of embroidered quilt blocks, all done for me by friends and kinfolks. I looked at this stack of quilt blocks and asked "is this for me?" Helen said "yes". Wow!

(Now let me explain what this gift is: you give a person a blank fabric square and ask her to embroider something on it and then these blocks are collected and sewn together with sashing and then quilted. It is called a friendship quilt. All are original - no two alike. And they are beautiful.)

Helen told me Regina (our daughter) had started this project for our 25th wedding anniversary but never finished it because she got sick and then died on Jan. 14, 1996. So after she died her mother-in-law was going through her things and found this uncompleted project and gave it to my sister and told her to finish it. Now here we are and I have this stack of embroidered quilt blocks that I had to sew together to make a quilt.

A few days later I was going through this box of blocks, admiring each one, feeling so humbled that ALL these people took so much of their personal time to embroider a block just *for me!* And then something happened, it was so precious.. I felt a divine love come over me, it started at my head and flowed through my whole body. I felt so loved and I knew this came from God. It was an affirmation to me that even though He took our only daughter he still loved me! And I have never questioned his taking her from us since then.

Now, ain't God good?!!

Have a blessed Holy Day come December 25!

ginnyrose aka Sandra

**Re: More Memories - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2008/12/17 23:01**

Just a few more memories - nothing awesome, perhaps, but it is the small routine things that now in hindsight provides one with blessed memories.

Since I was fourteen years old, I have gone Christmas Caroling. This was always fun as a teen and I never did lose my sense of delight in participating.

In the 60s our youth group always went caroling. Since we were all farm kids, someone had a dad who owned a bob-truck. This truck bed was covered with tarp, and hay bales were placed around the perimeter of the bed. A small light was placed in the corner. It was into this truck bed we climbed and is how we were transported from place to place. It was fun, even if it was cold. Youth today would find this mode of transportation very primitive and amusing. Some of the mystique is lost in traveling in warm vehicles.

At school, there were always the Christmas programs with a lot of memorizing and this was good for us. One thing so very meaningful for this little girl was to hear the "Hallelujah Chorus" being sung by the high school choir. I fell in love with that music then and never have lost my sense of awe of its beauty.

One year I learned how to *not* give a gift. In school we would exchange names and then you would give this person a gift at the Christmas party. Well, when I was in the third grade one of the fourth grade boys got a huge pile of gaily wrapped gifts. He was so full of pleasure and delight in seeing all these gifts he fairly danced in his seat in anticipation of opening these gifts. Why, he had more than anyone - he must have been very popular! or so he felt and those of us looking on thought so. But you know what? All but one or two of these gifts were gag gifts - one had a brick, if I recall...He took this all in good humor - laughed about it, but I was shocked that anyone would be so mean. It appeared that this was planned by his fellow classmates.

Today, our church group still goes Christmas caroling - everyone who can walk goes. And we travel in *warm* vehicles. After singing, we would give them gifts of food like a fruit plate. We have in the past participated in other programs where gifts were given to inmates' children. This was halted when their response was one of disgust, rejection of gifts shared. (They were expecting expensive gifts!) Last year our church made gift bags for inmates at a state penitentiary.

As a church we try to spread cheer to folks in our community, especially to the old and those who are house-bound. It truly is a blessed time when we can remind our neighbors that Jesus is the reason for the season and not Santa Claus.

ginnyrose

**Re: - posted by Dawn10379 (), on: 2008/12/18 1:18**

I type this with tears rolling down my face from both of your stories. Thank you so much for sharing them! What a blessing to have such memories. =0)

None of my memories come even remotely close to either of those. I was going to say my best memories were those when my dad wasn't home and it was just my mom and myself at home decorating the tree, singing Christmas carols and me dancing around the living room with garland flowing around my neck. I didn't grow up in a Christian home and so Christmas always just meant "how many gifts will I get this year". I've only been a Christian for about 3 years and now this time of year has a totally different feel for me. Even though I cherish the dancing and singing in the living room with mom, Christmas now has meaning and comes with a hope that my life never had before.

Thank You Jesus! =0)

**Re: - posted by HeartSong, on: 2008/12/18 1:49**

As I reflected upon my memories of "Christmas" I became depressed because I could not come up with a "happy" one. My parents divorced when I was in kindergarten so all of my "Christmas" holidays were pretty much a war zone.

When I brought this before the Lord, He blessed me greatly with memories of coming unto Him. How the blueness of the sky filled my heart. Of His breath upon the grass - wave after wave rolling forth bringing great delight to my soul. Of walking along the river with my old dog while listening to His Word. Of His beautiful light shining through the trees, reflecting off of this surface, and that surface, searching for my face. Hour after hour of meditating upon Him - throwing aside anything, and everything, that got in the way. Oh yes, Christmas indelibly etched upon my heart. My blessed Saviour coming to

o wash away all of the pain and sorrow of my past, and then filling me with His Love.

Oh, the everlasting Beauty of my Lord.

**Re: - posted by Dawn10379 (), on: 2008/12/18 2:01**

Quote:  
-----Oh yes, Christmas indelibly etched upon my heart. My blessed Saviour coming to wash away all of the pain and sorrow of my past, and then filling me with His Love.

Oh, the everlasting Beauty of my Lord.  
-----

Amen! =0)

**Re: - posted by enid, on: 2008/12/18 6:35**

Like many, I was not brought up in a Christian home.

I remember being about 11 years old, and there was a good supply of alcohol in the home that Christmas.

It was the time of year when we could eat what we like without asking our parents, we could just help ourselves.

And there was alcohol there also.

I decided to try some.

I got a glass, and a bottle, poured it, and stood by the sink to drink it. I stood by the sink, because, if I didn't like it, I could just spit it out.

Well, the sink came in handy, real handy. I had only picked up a bottle of whisky, and it was the most vile thing I had ever tasted.

Needless to say, my whisky drinking days were over.

Merry Christmas!

**Re: , on: 2008/12/18 8:19**

Ginny said:

Quote:  
-----The guys will even buy lots of fireworks and shoot them off after dark (a southern tradition, BTW).  
-----

We did fireworks a couple times on Christmas Eve as a kid. I had forgotten about that!

Another southern tradition is shooting off guns at the stroke of midnight on New Years Eve. It's funny because we go out on the back deck and shoot... and the valley below sounds like a war zone! Everyone all up the valley and the hills are outside poppin' off ammunition. lol... pretty cool.

Krispy

Re: , on: 2008/12/18 8:34

Quote:

-----Needless to say, my whisky drinking days were over.  
-----

I wish I could say that my whiskey drinking days were over at 11, but unfortunately Jack Daniels become a best friend of mine for a good many years. You didnt miss anything, let me tell ya.

I am always saddened when I read of Christmas memories that were not good. I was blessed to grow up in a home that, altho not Christian, was filled with love. We had our dysfunction, be sure of that. But for the most part things were good.

This is why I started this thread. It's for some of us to reminisce (did I spell that right?), and for others who dont have good memories to share in ours. Kinda my way of inviting you into our homes and families... sharing a little Christmas cheer with you. Putting my arms around you all and giving you a big Krispy bear hug.

The beauty of it all is this... no matter what your situation was when you were a child, your life has changed since meeting Christ. Kinda like the shepherds that night. They were in the fields... tending the sheep. Today we would call them "cowboys". Imagine a group of cowboys out on a cattle drive in the old west. If you've seen "Open Range" (the best western movie in decades, in my opinion) you can get a feel for it.

Suddenly... an angelic choir appears in the sky! Imagine the dusty trail weary cowboys sitting around the campfire and being shocked by this sight above them! I can imagine a couple of them pulling out their 6-shooters. An angel comes near to them and says "Fear Not! I bring good tidings!"

Their lives were never the same. This can be said of you the day you met the Lord. They went to the stable and saw the baby King. But in your case the King came to you!

You can rejoice!

Krispy

Re: - posted by Miccah (), on: 2008/12/18 13:36

Last year... for a different reason.

Last year it was around 11:30pm at night Christmas eve. I was just sitting around and spending some time with the Lord. Everything was ready to go for tomorrow, car packed, gifts ready, food prepared to be cooked, kids and my wife all sound asleep.... All of a sudden I felt that I wanted to be with other Christians sharing in the memory of the birth of Christ and longing for singing out praises to His name.

So I got my shoes on and left with what I was wearing, jeans, hooded sweat-shirt with holes everywhere and my thermal hat (cold out).

I went driving around looking for "churches" that were open for worship. I pulled into a church that had a full parking lot, sadly knowing that most of the people who came in these cars this night would not be seen on any regular Sunday... I proceeded to enter the church.

As I entered the church, I heard the singing of Silent Night. What a wonderful sound it was. I was excited to go and sit inside with other believers that were praising the name of the Lord.

I started to walk up to the main assembly area and saw a man standing by the door (usher I am sure). I started to walk towards him and had a smile on my face because I could see that the room was packed full. I was thinking, "Please Lord, let a true awakening happen in this place tonight".

As I walked closer to the man, he began to look me up and down. He looked at my jeans and looked at my "holy" sweat-shirt. He then looked me in the eyes, and turned his back to me. I just stood there. I peeked into the room where all these people were sitting. I saw families together singing praises to the Lord. I saw people dressed up in the Christmas S

unday best...

I saw Laodicia.

I left and walked to my car thinking the whole time that if there were any true believers in there, the lukewarmness of the church swallowed them whole. I was wondering if an angel came to them looking like me, would they host him in love?

I went back to my home, came inside, and praised the Lord that I am counted worthy to be looked down upon for His name.

**Re: , on: 2008/12/18 14:08**

Not sure if I should say praise the Lord, or what?

What you say is true tho, that is the state of many churches. Praise the Lord not all of them tho. Most believers I hang out with probably wouldn't be welcome in some churches. Too poor... too many tattoos... whatever it may be.

We have to remember when we pull out our Christmas suits and dresses that the Lord of Glory was born in a barn... not a palace. The manger was nothing more than a chiseled rock in which grain and slop was poured into for animals to eat... not on a pillow top mattress. The stable smelled of donkeys, horses and cattle... not scented candles.

He made Himself lowly so that the lowly would be drawn to Him.

I've been in those situations such as you describe. I'm not a suit and tie guy unless it's for a business meeting. I find that I get rather prideful about my appearance... so I don't dress up very often. I have had people look down their noses. I feel pity for them. I feel compelled to pray for them.

But I do have one question, brother... how in the world did you get your wife and kids in bed by 11pm on Christmas Eve? We usually shuffle the kids off to bed by 10... then spend time getting things ready for the morning wake up call from the 3 & 5 yr olds. Also there is usually my wife and I... and a fireplace... and eggnog... mistletoe...etc...

Krispy

**Re: - posted by Miccah (), on: 2008/12/18 15:57**

KrispyKrittr wrote:

Quote:

-----Not sure if I should say praise the Lord, or what?

-----

I say praise the Lord in this situation because I once was among the walking-dead like I saw in this church, and I realize that I should have gone to hell. But the Lord in His mercy and grace has chosen me to call His own. I am counted worthy because of His son.

He opened my eyes Christmas eve night. If I choose to shut them, I shut them on Him, and Him alone. I praise the Lord that He would reveal Himself to me in such a small, yet so large way. That He loves His children enough to share with them the good and the not so good. In all things praise the Lord.

### **Psalm 150 (NKJV)**

1 Praise the LORD!

Praise God in His sanctuary;

**General Topics :: Your favorite Christmas memory**

Praise Him in His mighty firmament!

2 Praise Him for His mighty acts;  
Praise Him according to His excellent greatness!

3 Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet;

Praise Him with the lute and harp!

4 Praise Him with the timbrel and dance;

Praise Him with stringed instruments and flutes!

5 Praise Him with loud cymbals;

Praise Him with clashing cymbals!

6 Let everything that has breath praise the LORD.

Praise the LORD!

Quote:  
-----But I do have one question, brother... how in the world did you get your wife and kids in bed by 11pm on Christmas Eve? We usually shuffle the kids off to bed by 10... then spend time getting things ready for the morning wake up call from the 3 & 5 yr olds. Also there is usually my wife and I... and a fireplace... and eggnog... mistletoe...etc...  
-----

We have the kids well trained. My wife has me well trained ;-)

Seriously though. Between the driving to and from different grandparents homes on Christmas day, the amount of time cooking AND eating, getting the young kids to nap (or preparing for a day without naps for the kids:-?) opening presents, calming the kids down after a long day with in the car and at families homes, getting everything organized at the end of the night, oh...did I say eating?...

This all tends to put my wife to bed very early.

Krispy  
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**Re: , on: 2008/12/18 16:32**

Amen bro... good word.

My wife knocks herself out with the cooking etc too. She loves it. But we've both learned to pull back a little and make time for just the two of us. Used to be that our "romance time" on Christmas Eve came at about 2am after finishing wrapping, and church and everything else. This year we're done with everything pertaining to gifts (a silver lining to the recession!).

That's why I was wondering how you managed to get alone time at 11pm! There were a couple years where we were just getting rolling at 11pm! lol... all part of having kids.

This year tho... the plan is to go Caroling with the some friends after dinner, then come back home and do communion and devotions... get the kids off to bed by 10. Get everything downstairs and ready for morning by 11. And then snuggle my "angel" up next to me on the couch soon after. A little Bing Crosby, a warm fire. I'll take romance over gift wrapping any day!

Ahhh... gotta love it.

Krispy

**Re: - posted by Miccah (), on: 2008/12/18 16:49**

KrispyKrittr wrote:

Quote:

-----I'll take romance over gift wrapping any day!

-----

You will NEVER hear me disagree on that point :-)

**Re: - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2008/12/18 22:29**

Quote:

-----You will NEVER hear me disagree on that point

-----

LOL! that is one reason a man needs a wife!

ginnyrose

**Re: , on: 2008/12/19 7:42**

Quote:

-----LOL! that is one reason a man needs a wife!

-----

Amen sister! People know which gifts I wrapped and which gifts my wife wrapped... lol. Her's are beautiful, the paper is cut perfectly, bows and ribbons in just the right way. It actually makes you not want to ruin it by tearing it open.

The gifts I wrap look like I wrapped them in the garage and used duct tape, a blow torch, Gorilla Glue and bailing twine.

My wife is my perfect compliment in so many ways. Everyone adores her... and tolerates me. lol

Krispy

**Re: - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2008/12/19 9:20**

Quote:

-----The gifts I wrap look like I wrapped them in the garage and used duct tape, a blow torch, Gorilla Glue and bailing twine.

-----

Ah, the imagery that comes to my mind....I can see it! and yes, please *allow* ;-) your wife to wrap those gifts! LOL

Seriously, I was thinking about this overnight and want to share it here, so get on your hiking boots - we're off on a rabbit trail!

I just love it when married men express publicly their appreciation and love for their wives. A good example is what has been posted on this thread. It makes other females feel secure, like our trust in males to lead is justified, be it church, community or the government. And when husbands mistreat their wives for any reason, it destroys trust among morally, upright females for males.

When I heard that our Rep in Washington, Chip Pickering, is divorcing his wife, I got so very upset! So upset I think he o



ught to be strung up by his toes and left there until the buzzards come home. You see, I have met Chip, we had our picture taken with him; we have visited with him. He spoke at a CPC banquet. He was a fine, upright man - or so we thought. He projected himself as a Christian (foremost), a loving father (now of five boys!!), and husband and an ardent pro-lifer and pro-family man. Now he steps out on his wife and divorces her! Man, I am so upset...and he knows better. In his youth he served as a missionary to Hungry...See what I mean? This makes me MAD! And I feel so sorry for his wife, so sorry it just about makes me cry.

OK, enough of my rant...get the point? OK, you guys, go love your wives and make sure everyone knows it! best Christmas gift you can give to your community - wherever that may be, here on SI or in your physical community.

God bless ya,

ginnyrose

**Re: , on: 2008/12/19 9:46**

Thats an interesting insight, Ginny. I didn't realize that how I treat my wife effects other women as well.

It's easy to treat her well tho. She's a peach. (A Georgia peach to be exact!)

Krispy

**Re: , on: 2008/12/19 10:07**

By the way... I dont want to make my wife out to be perfect. She isnt. Her one flaw is that she is partial to the Atlanta Falcons.

Pray for her.

Krispy  
;-)

**Re: Your favorite Christmas memory - posted by LoveGodsWay2, on: 2008/12/19 10:34**

One of my past memories of Christmas is this:

When my wife & I got married, I couldn't afford a diamond ring. I got her a gold band.

Well a few years later, I was able to get her a small diamond ring for Christmas. So I put it into a balloon. I blew up the balloon and wrapped it up for her. So on Christmas morning, she opens up her balloon, thinking it was an odd gift. Shortly later, I told her she needed to shake the balloon. She then realized something was in it, her ring.

I also have a great wife. She loves the Lord and she is fun to be with.

Concerning this current Christmas, our budget is much, much smaller than prior years. So we have something here in NE Ohio called "freecycle." There are several websites for this.

Anyway, you can get good things that other people don't want anymore, who live in your area. Well we have been getting Christmas gifts for our kids. And our kids know this. But what is really neat, now our kids & my wife are giving some of their things/toys to others who have needs, so that they can be given away for Christmas. Today, someone picked up some Legos that my kids don't play with anymore.

But this I say: He who sows sparingly will also reap sparingly, and he who sows bountifully will also reap bountifully. 2 Cor. 9:6

Now godliness with contentment is great gain. 1 Tim 6:6

MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE!!!

**General Topics :: Your favorite Christmas memory**

**Re: , on: 2008/12/19 10:50**

Quote:  
-----Anyway, you can get good things that other people don't want it anymore, who live in your area. Well we have been getting Christmas gifts for our kids. And our kids know this. But what is really neat, now our kids & my wife are giving some of their things/toys to others who have needs, so that they can be given away for Christmas. Today, someone picking up some Legos that my kids don't play with anymore.  
-----

That's really cool. We have a large network of homeschoolers who do similar things. Also... **yardsales!** My wife picks up things at yardsales all year and put them away for Christmas.

We're big time yardsalers. Most of my tools have come from yardsales, estate sales and flea markets. Best thing I ever got at a yard sale was a leaf blower for \$5. We live way back in the woods so I am constantly having to clean out the gutters. Used to do it by hand... now I just walk along the edge of the roof and blow them out. Takes about 10 minutes instead of 2 hours. Best \$5 I ever spent.

Love the story about the ring... very cool and clever!

Krispy

**Re: - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2008/12/19 15:35**

Quote:  
-----By the way... I don't want to make my wife out to be perfect. She isn't. Her one flaw is that she is partial to the Atlanta Falcons.  
-----

I don't think I will pray that she will change her mind about the Atlanta Falcons. That is your problem!! lol On the other hand, how can a woman *like* football? or even enjoy watching a game? Oh, sigh, I know I am likely only one of maybe a dozen females on . my boys think I am dumb, crazy, stupid or something weird. Anyhow, I enjoy life anyways!

I am glad Christy is not perfect....actually I do not care for perfect people so that means I think she would be an interesting lady to meet! Take good care of her so she can love you to death!!;-)

ginnyrose

**Your favorite Christmas memory - posted by crsschk (), on: 2008/12/22 9:39**

So many past mentions here not sure how to go about this. For myself and the rather long drawn out conversion, the lines blur greatly and not easily divided into 'before and after', though after coming to grips and coming to terms looking back really is very sweet and precious now.

My folks did a wonderful Christmas - It started very early, likely just before Thanksgiving. Christmas music was always on, piping out at just the perfect background volume from one of those old furniture pieces that surrounded a record player and radio combination - as big as a dresser. It was an atmosphere absolutely. I love my folks so very much. My Ma is no longer on this sad planet but looking back - Joy - Love - Great givers of heart and on Christmas ... A big deal. A big production. My Pa with his old fashioned 8mm camera, the big flood lights - the thrills and chills of the 3 of us up all the night before whispering, daring each other to wake them up probably close to 4am - "You kids go back to bed!" - The three of us sitting up on the stair landing which by design kept just about everything just out of eye sight, inching a little closer - no one wanting to ruin whatever surprises might be set-out - A bike, something to big to wrap.

As many are already aware, was raised Catholic and I am thankful for that. I can hear the audible gasps but it's not what it seems. My Ma taught what they called Catechism when we were young. We did the Advent candle thing. We alternated between the three of us just who got to put the baby Jesus into the manger on Christmas eve. My parents

were also kind enough to switch from going on Christmas day to church to Christmas Eve -Antsy, over excited and sugar laden kids who just wanted to get through the thing on Christmas day was better met with on the eve. Looking back I appreciate it more now and recall the sobriety at least in my thoughts of what this all meant even if I harbored a certain resentment that the church was overloaded by 'those people who only show up twice a year'.

Things are not always so simple, so cut and dried. I realize all the matters and issues, the theology and associated problems - To a kid, who knows nothing of all these things, you come up through what you do, you catch those things that are not always spoken, 'caught rather than taught'.

Maybe this should be put up at the start as something of a disclaimer but I will borrow it from Philologos as it speaks better than I could:

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Hi Markso

your quote:I must confess brothers and sisters that this is a topic I struggle with. I can find no scriptural support for celebrating the birth of our Lord. (If I am wrong, please advise).

I often share your feelings and have often asked the Lord to do something to clear out the rubbish so that the gospel could be preached without all the historical baggage and new-age syncretistic nonsense. The answer I get in my heart is that it has always been like this. Christianity was always in the marketplace (not the study) competing with other so-called solutions. In the era of the New Testament we have evidence of gnostic attempts to take over the gospel (Colossians), Judaistic preversions of the truth (Galatians), false brethren sneaking in unseen trying to enslave the Christians (Galatians), the beginnings of decadence in church life (3John)... Why doesn't God just silence all this false witness?

Time and again God takes me to this astonishing statement of Paul, and like the disciples I plead 'Lord, increase my faith'..

Php 1:15-18 Some indeed preach Christ from envy and rivalry, but others from good will. The latter do it out of love, knowing that I am put here for the defense of the gospel; the former proclaim Christ out of partisanship, not sincerely but thinking to afflict me in my imprisonment. What then? Only that in every way, whether in pretense or in truth, Christ is proclaimed; and in that I rejoice.

What kind of perverted witness could have come from people who only preached Christ so that they could get Paul into more trouble? Paul's statement sounds very much like 'any publicity is good publicity'. I'm sure Paul is right and my reactions are defensive, so I continue to pray.. Lord, increase my faith.

There is another statement that challenges my view of how things 'ought to be'. It is the comment of the leader of the town council in Ephesus For ye have brought hither these men, which are neither robbers of churches, nor yet blasphemers of your goddess. Paul spent more than 2 years in Ephesus and the local 'mayor' says 'they have not blasphemed your goddess'. This can only mean that Paul and the early Christians were not preaching 'against idolatry' but were preaching 'for Christ'. Of course, they were 'against idolatry' but they did not publically attack it they 'preached Christ'. Since I saw this a few years ago, my street preaching has not been 'against' the rubbish and the error but has been a witness to Christ which, after all, is part of the reason as to why the Spirit came (Acts 1:8).

([https://www.sermonindex.net/modules/newbb/viewtopic.php?topic\\_id835&forum36&start10&viewmodeflat&order0](https://www.sermonindex.net/modules/newbb/viewtopic.php?topic_id835&forum36&start10&viewmodeflat&order0)) christmas and the christian

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Note this is a 5 year post, we do go through this exercise every year. But reading this again, that passage, the last one .. really is a challenge isn't it?

One of the other points of great controversy around here has to do with the 'unsaved' singing\preforming 'our' music\hymns and so forth. So I put this forward carefully and with respect to those opinions. It has been posted here by myself numerous times over the years and just recently by one of our brothers - *O Holy Nite*

For me, for one who has practically quit listening to almost all forms of music due to my past, due to my soulish traits, due to something that I cannot put into proper words just why ... It goes far beyond sentiment for me, there is just something incredibly powerful about this hymn/song. One of my fond memories was in the rather poor theological churches I once attended, (WOF) yet on Christmas eve they always passed out the candles and sang this song. One year it was a very young child, about 10 or 11 years old who sang his heart out ... *Fall on your knees* and I did.

I am impressed that my local 'secular' radio station that turns their programming over to all Christmas music for the season has the verve to actually play the full version and I await with some anticipation that it might come on during the short commute to work. Yesterday, partaking in that pagan revelry known as Christmas shopping, it came on.

*Praise His Holy Name*

After all these years, I never really knew just who it was that sang it with such ... *force*, with those breaks and pace, timing.

This morning I went about searching;

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v7Jr-2eyRtV4>) Celine Dion-Oh Holy night

The cadence, the expulsion at;

*Christ is the Lord!*

*Then ever, ever praise we,*

She apparently inserts some variation towards the end and there are a variety of versions out there;

([http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/O\\_Holy\\_Night](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/O_Holy_Night)) O Holy Night

What am I trying to say? I guess I am trying to just be forthcoming and honest about it all. To come full circle, not everything is as it seems, not so easily cut and dried - That you never know just what might grab hold of a soul and draw them out, make them gaze in wonder - Even that Tozer like comment about amateurs in the church performing when they have no talent whatsoever - And yet a child can still bring one to his knees.

*With all our hearts we praise His holy name.*

Re: , on: 2008/12/22 16:03

Quote:  
-----I don't think I will pray that she will change her mind about the Atlanta Falcons. That is your problem!! lol On the other hand, how can a woman like football? or even enjoy watching a game? Oh, sigh, I know I am likely only one of maybe a dozen females on here, my boys think I am dumb, crazy, stupid or something weird. Anyhow, I enjoy life anyways!  
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Ginnyrose,

When you grow up with older brothers like I did you learn to enjoy things like football. I grew up on football and nascar in GA. Bill Elliot, or as he is known back home "Awesome Bill From Dawsonville" (in GA) is actually kin to my daddy. He is a race car driver for those who have no idea what I am talking about.

So I grew up around sports. And now I have a house full of athletes. Stinky socks & sneakers, smelly pads. You get used to it. I gave up a long time ago trying to get them to leave the toilet seat down.

If I didn't love football I would be a lonely gal from August until Thanksgiving time. Hubby and our two oldest are at the field every evening until 9pm or so. Saturdays are spent at the field. Why be miserable? Might as well decide early on to I

ove it.

But I do all this while keeping my femininity very much intact. Why do you think we have 4 children? ;-) I am a southern belle at heart. I have my time with my girlfriends, and the gals in our church. I am a woman of many talents! LOL

Mrs. Krispy

**Re: Your favorite Christmas memory, on: 2008/12/22 16:20**

crsschk,

What you wrote was lovely. You have a gift of written expression.

Merry Christmas to you too.

Mrs. Krispy