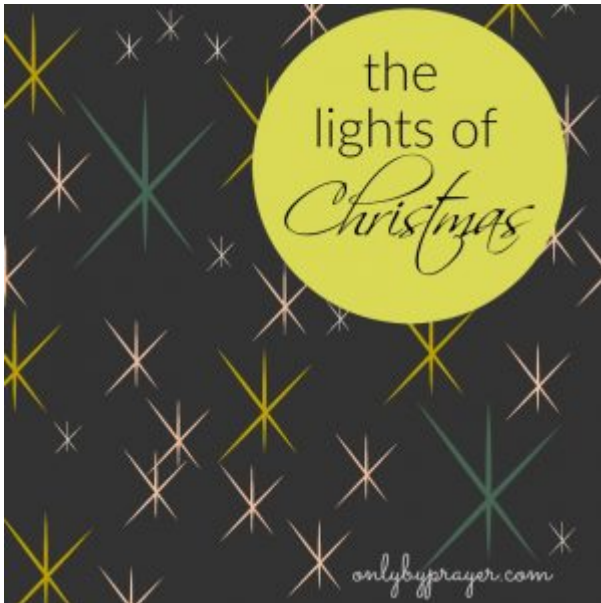


The Lights of Christmas



The Lights of Christmas

In the dusk of a December evening, my car crunches down the icy roads. I look forward to this every year. I used to drive with two excited kids in the car. Munching cookies. Caroling our hearts out. A Christmas tradition long kept. Now my sons are grown and gone so I keep the faith by myself. Still excited. Still blessed by the lights of Christmas.

15 "The land of Zebulun and the land of Naphtali, the way of the sea, beyond the Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles—16 the people dwelling in darkness have seen a great light, and for those dwelling in the region and shadow of death, on them a light has dawned." 17 From that time Jesus began to preach, saying, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Matthew 4:15-17

It's like a treasure hunt.

Who still believes? Who still keeps the light of Christmas burning in their heart, twinkling on the eaves and door frames of their houses? Sparkling displays of an inner faith of the Immanuel King, born in a manger in the dark of a winter eve.

Dark streets offer no hope.

No lights. No love. No life. Where is Jesus in this darkness? Those who have no Christmas lights of their own can only see from afar the lights of their neighbors. Reflected glory. Borrowed joy. Maybe Christmas lights burning strong, true and beautiful will cause others to ask, wonder, reflect and accept.

Light your candles. Trim your trees. Maybe the people asking *why the lights?* will then ask *why the cross?*

"4 In him was life, and the life was the light of men. 5 The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it." 1 John 1:4-5

Merry Cross-mas.

Merry Christmas.

Mary Kane

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