

Christmas Thoughts

Yep, it's here, in just a few days. Christmas is next week, which really means it's in five minutes, if you're an adult. If you're a kid, that means it's in 6 months.

Do you remember that feeling you had as a kid, the excitement and anticipation growing stronger each day and bringing you closer to the Big Day, when all the packages under the tree were opened? I could hardly sleep the night before, when Santa was supposed to arrive on the roof. And what if you didn't have a fireplace he could use to come down into the house? Well, he'd find another way. And did you put out cookies and milk for him?

My warm memories of Christmas included many other Christmas traditions, too. I loved the Christmas carols, which we rarely hear anymore. Maybe some churches still sing them, although most traditional hymns and carols seem to have been replaced by something called "worship music", which doesn't have the class of traditional hymns and carols. Fortunately at our little meetings, we still sing the older hymns, which are easy to sing, as opposed to that other stuff. Maybe it's a generational thing.

Central Christian Church in downtown Indianapolis, Indiana, where I lived for



seven years, held a midnight Christmas Eve candlelight service. The darkness of night, the lateness of the hour, the beauty of the hymns and the message – all contributed to that special Christmas spirit. And of course, the next morning, we could open our presents! Was that the real reason for our excitement? Certainly it was a big part of it.

Nowadays we parrot "Jesus is the Reason for the Season", as we feel superior to those who are sold out to the commercial Christmas. That's almost as bad as worship music, in my humble opinion. Humbug! Yes, on the surface it's true, but it seems so trite, almost abusive of the significance of CHRISTmas.

OK, enough of my humbug. What about the gifts? I had the great fortune, or blessing, of good parents who were thoughtful and who gave us a stable family in which to grow. We received some fun stuff and of course, some boring stuff. My Grandma Gommel, who lived in Orange (CA), always sent us pajamas, and I loved the feel of the soft, cozy flannel. She also baked us Christmas cookies that her German parents had taught her to bake, like springerles and pfeffernusse cookies. They were good because Grandma sent them, and

they were authentic German cookies.

Our high school was a fairly large, well-funded high school, with a great music department that included several performing music groups, a band and an orchestra. All were excellent quality. At Christmas time, we had a Christmas concert in our large auditorium that was well-attended and Christmasy wonderful. We began the concert with a candlelight procession down two aisles, and up to the stage, accompanied by one of my favorite carols, "O Come All Ye Faithful".

Because we were located in a prosperous suburb of Indianapolis, there were many well-off Jewish families, and guess what? Those students participated in this Christian performance, and if they declined to do so, I was unaware of it since they made no issue or complaint! Wow. How different!

In the 60 years since that time (yes, I'm that old), we have watched Christmas devolve into an orgy of Black Fridays, frenzied shopping, and desire for all sorts of STUFF. Technology is constantly and quickly advancing, so of course we must upgrade continually. What a neat excuse to indulge ourselves in new stuff. (I'm an expert at that, so I sorta know...)

Now it's not even ok to call it "Christmas", because that forbidden word, "Christ", is contained in "Christmas". This of course means "Christ"ians are forcing their religion down the throats of the unwilling. In reality, the unwilling are forcing their values of rejecting God down the throats of Christians and much of the general public.

But I digress. Back to the tradition of gift-giving. The worthiness of giving gifts depends on the spirit of the giver and the recipient, doesn't it? Are the gifts given in the spirit of generosity and concern for the well-being of the recipient? Is the recipient humbly appreciative of the gifts? Are we just satisfying the cultural expectations without thinking much about the significance?

Do we bring to mind the greatest gifts of all, God's gifts to all of us? As we celebrate this Christmas (2024), many are excitedly thanking God for His gift of release from the tyranny of the Left in a couple of months. Have you heard the huge sigh of relief throughout our land after the Nov. 5 elections? What a gift from God. Now we must humbly and thankfully receive the gift and then use it as intended – to do our part in working to turn our nation back to God.

More importantly, the greatest Christmas gift ever is God's gift of His Son Jesus the Christ, to open the door to a new life with Him for eternity. Those words are so easily dismissed as myth or fantasy, especially if we don't take God seriously. Trust me, it is no myth, but REALity!

Think about it. In the Bible (Ecclesiastes 3:11) we are told that God has set eternity in the human heart. We KNOW deep down that this life isn't all there is. We know that this life ends with physical death. We don't know specifics of what comes after that, but we know that there is an "after." (Ecclesiastes ends that verse with "yet no one can fathom what God has done from beginning to end.")

Therefore I urge you to accept the gift God is offering and turn your life over to Him. It would be the best Christmas gift you've ever been given, and make this Christmas the best Christmas ever!

Linda Gommel

Mary, Did You Know?

Songwriters:
Mark Lowry,
Buddy Greene.



Mary, did you know that your baby boy
Would one day walk on water?
Mary, did you know that your baby boy
Would save our sons and daughters?
Did you know that your baby boy
Has come to make you new?
This child that you delivered,
will soon deliver you

Mary, did you know that your baby boy
Will give sight to a blind man?
Mary, did you know that your baby boy
Will calm the storm with his hand?

Did you know that your baby boy
Has walked where angels trod?
When you kiss your little baby
You kiss the face of God

Mary, did you know?
Mary, did you know?

Mary, did you know? Did you know?
Mary, did you know? Mary, did you know?
Mary, did you know? Mary, did you know?
Mary, did you know? Mary, did you know?

The blind will see, the deaf will hear
The dead will live again
The lame will leap, the dumb will speak
The praises of the Lamb

Mary, did you know that your baby boy
Is Lord of all creation?

Mary, did you know that your baby boy
Would one day rule the nations?
Did you know that your baby boy
Is heaven's perfect Lamb?
That sleeping child you're holding
is the great, I Am

Mary, did you know? (Mary, did you know?)
Mary, did you know? (Mary, did you know?)
Mary, did you know? Oh

On The Lighter Side of Serious Stuff . . . from the Web



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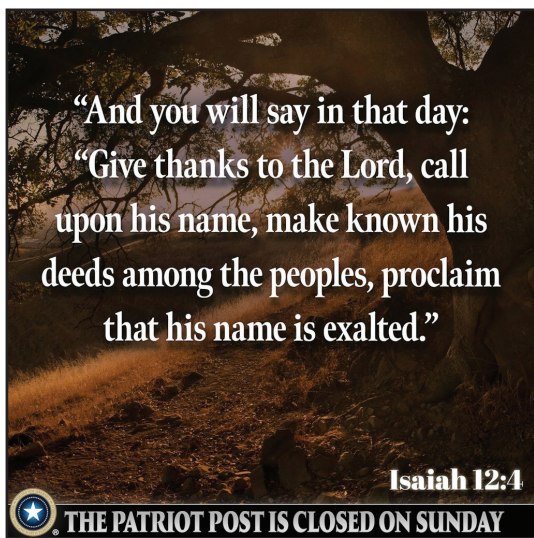
**Back then dads
had 3-4 kids.**

**Now kids have
3-4 dads.**

**Climate change
is crazy!**



PATRIOTPOST.US: THE BEST HUMOR, MEMES, & CARTOONS



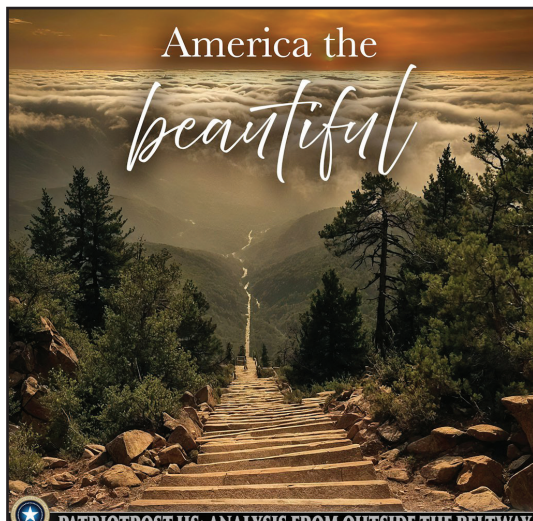
THE PATRIOT POST IS CLOSED ON SUNDAY

**Let's all do the Hokey
Pokey January 20th**

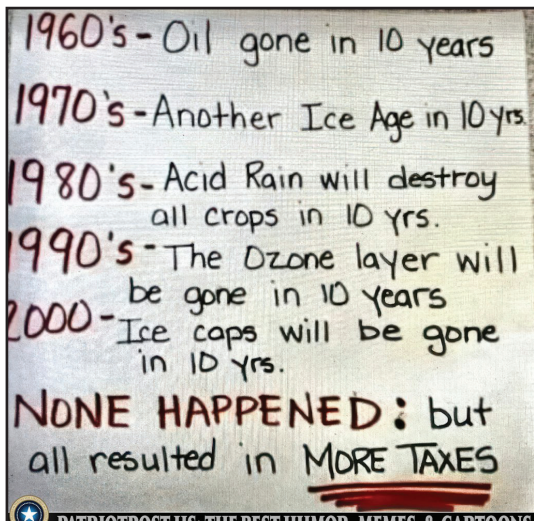
**Put the Right ones in
and take the Left ones
out**

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