

The Christmas Clutter

Street lights lite up the icy windows that stood opposite their pillows. Down the hall Nat King Cole sang softly where two parents were creasing and wrapping and stacking the presents for Christmas morn. The children tossed and turned with thoughts of stuffed stockings and towering presents hiding their toys.

An unseen and all-knowing being in red they knew was coming who brings tidings of joy to good little boys and girls.

“How does he visit us all in one night?” they thought to themselves. Confused, but assured that things were alright. Their minds filled with questions, “How does he fit through the chimney so tight?”. But, they knew he was coming.

Soon enough their little eyes closed in sleep with deep thoughts of the man from above. The lights turned out and the streets dimmed and all was quiet and still—

A clamor of footsteps and a knock on the door broke the calm of that past Christmas morn. They hurried and leapt and pounced for their presents all heaped in a jumble. They tumbled together as they tore open the presents. Shreds tossed about, all over the couch. The clutter of Christmas mounted.

The clutter of paper and clutter of boxes and clutter of socks the children had not wanted. The clutter of songs and overplayed tunes. The clutter of dishes and of candy wrappings too.

The clutter continued throughout that whole day til’ the children were tuckered and lazy. But, they could find no rest until the clutter was cleared. So, they gathered together to clear away the mess that Christmas had left in its wake. They cleared the clutter of the boxes and paper, the dishes and wrappings and the socks they hated. All in a day’s work and now it was over.

As they climbed in their beds they thought how happy they had become by the man in red’s love.

Yet, one thing was missing that day, dear reader: the unseen and all-knowing Creator. The God-man who suffered with red-stains of love, who brought them good tidings from heaven above. The all-knowing Savior who died for their sins and carried their sorrows—who made them partakers in Him.

Enjoy the gifts and the music and the tall-tales, but keep Jesus square and center. For Christmas is filled with so many things that take away our gaze from Him. From the God who loves us and gave us His Son, who calls us to glory and make us his sons. May we clear away the clutter on Christmas this year and point our families to Jesus, our Savior and our Lord so dear.

Sincerely,

Pastor Tom