

December 25, 2022

## Christmas Boots

[Luke 2:15-20](#)

*“Let us go now to Bethlehem and see this thing that has taken place, which the Lord has made known to us.”<sup>16</sup> So they went with haste and found Mary and Joseph and the child lying in the manger.*

I love Christmas. Notwithstanding the argument that the holiday has become very commercialized, I love Christmas. I love the smells and the sounds and the food and the crisp air and well, I love Christmas. Believe it or not, I DO like shopping for gifts. I enjoy the challenge of selecting just the right present for just the right person, and I enjoy the happiness shown when the fruit of that research is unwrapped.

To say that our family had a Christmas tradition may be a misnomer. Raised as an Army brat, we traveled. As the high school years came along, the Army days had ended and things may have taken on somewhat of a pattern. As if it were a tradition, the question is asked of us and by us, “What do you want for Christmas?” We are almost petitioning for a list.

We sometimes treat Christmas as a catalog ordering event. “Dear God, thank you for your Son, I would like more hours in the day, more money, less hassle, nicer co-workers, a new car, season football tickets, maybe a boat and, well, that’ll do for now. And, by the way, could we get some world peace and a slow down on that global warming thing?” As a kid, I was always asked. I never had a desire along the order of “If I don’t get a blue bike I w-i-l-l j-u-s-t d-i-e!!!” I don’t remember everything I ever got, but I do remember NEVER being disappointed or unhappy on Christmas.

I have a special memory of our Christmas living in Germany when, on my list, I wanted a pair of cowboy boots. Christmas morning dawned and in a gleeful shredding of pretty paper, all of the presents were opened.... no boots. I remember that there were no boots, and I remember being a little deflated. When the dust settled, and we caught our collective breath, Mom pulled on the cord controlling the window drapes. There in the corner(s) of the window sill..... cowboy boots. A pair for me, and a pair for my brother Rob. Joy unspeakable!

Isn’t God that way with us? He fulfills our needs and even provides to us what we think we want. We are happy and about to move on with the day and suddenly he draws back the curtains on the window to the stable and reveals what we most desire – His Son.

***Prayer:** Lord, slow us down. May we take in all that you have given us this day...and always. When we least expect it, you reveal what truly matters. Amen*

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