

Message from Pastor Scottie December 2012: He's Coming!

He's coming! "Who's coming?" Jesus. "What?" You know, Jesus. First trip came at Christmas as the babe of Bethleham and now he is coming for a second time to close the curtains on this earthly life and begin the new reign in heaven. "Oh, yeath. Well, Pastor, between you and me, let's push this agenda to February. I'm busy. It's that season again." You mean the chaotic commercial Christmas or the Christ coming? "Look, do you know how much time and money I have spent already getting ready for this Christmas? Loads. I would appreciate it if Jesus could be more considerate and reschedule. I want to see Jesus too, BUT...". You remind me of what Mark Twain once said, 'Everyone wants to see Jesus, but no one wants to see him too soon.'

"Don't get me wrong Pastor. I want to see Jesus as much as you do, BUT I have so much invested in this Christmas celebration. There's cards, caroling, cookies, Kris Kringle to name a few. Besides, I have so much I would like to do with my life. I need more time. This surprise business of not knowing the time or the hour when God returns doesn't look like devine planning to me." God's time and plans do seem strange sometimes, BUT it has it's own rhythm and success story. "Sure. Got it. The cross and tomb story Crib to cross to Pentecost. I got it, But I like running my own schedule and planning my own life." That is a problem. How can you take advantage of Black Friday sales to get a leg up on the neighbors when the Lord might come back too soon and blow your plan. "You do understand then Pastor. It's timing and control, you know. And who ought to know what's best for me than me?"

Then why not cancel Jesus' coming altogether? I mean, if you have it all toether then who needs him? "Well pastor, I don't really have it all together. That's the problem. I keep thinking if I have more time and control of things and people somehow it will all come together the way I think it ought to, but every year I get frustrated. It never works out perfectly. I try hard. I want to do the right thing by my family and God. I want to shout Good News. I want to celebrate, BUT it slips through my hands. Honestly, the season stresses me out." Perhaps there is a different way to approach this December drag. "What do you mean? I've tried them all and I have receipts and lost hair to prove it."

Let go and let God run the party. "You got me. What do you mean?" Well, It's his birthday. It's his return party for us. Let him get the mojo rolling and we join in on the fun? "Come again?" When a baby is born in your family everyone drops what they are doing and goes with the flow of what that baby does and needs. It's inconvenient at first, but it doesn't matter because the joy of this new member overcomes the changes, the stress, the need to control. The baby sets the schedule and activity. "Love overrides all." Yeath. There still is a lot to be done, but the preparations don't become the end. The joy of holding that baby and what that means for you and everyone else drives the days and decisions on what to spend and where to spend your time, money, and sanity. "It sure would be easier and more fun than this race to 31 December." The best part of it, is this baby loved so much that in his death and resurrection the ultimate party (second coming) is possible and will be forever fun for all who join in the celebration without trying so hard to make it work. Why try so hard to do what someone has already completed the work on? Enjoy the season with a reason that saves us from this crashing commercialized crisis every year. It's cheaper too. "Alright. I'll give it a chance. It's got to better than burnt cookies, battery-operated toys, and the scheduling game." Oh, it's a lot better. Merry Christmas, Lutheran Church of Our Savior.

Pastor Scottie