With Christmas just in our rear view mirrors, it is good to reflect on the real reason for Christmas. As a child, the days before Christmas caused great excitement and anticipation as we brothers and sisters began to see Christmas gifts pile up under the Christmas tree. My parents bellowing voices from the other room to “stay away from that tree” did little to discourage a curious mind asking “What am I getting for Christmas?”. As I “snuck” a peek and shook some gift wrapped boxes, my only thought was that “Christmas was about me!”.

Oh, I knew the story of Jesus’ birth at Bethlehem, but Christmas was (and must be) about me, right? After all…..did I get the biggest present, did I get the prettiest present, and above all……did I get the most presents?!

Paul says in 1 Corinthians 13:11 When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put childish ways behind me.

I remember one year as a young child, I asked my parents for a car racing set for Christmas. You know the one. It had multiple racing configurations, but the most common one was a figure 8 with little track grooves for the 5 inch racing cars to track in, driven by a powerful electric controller that you and your buddy operated as the “race car drivers”. I knew that gift had to be the biggest and prettiest gift under the tree……with my name on it!

See, Christmas was about me. Right?!

1 Corinthians 13:11 When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put childish ways behind me.

But, when I opened the gift, what was revealed to me was a terrible disappointment. Not at all what I expected. I got this little cheap plastic race set that had tiny 1/2 inch cars that vibrated uncontrolled through narrow 1/2 inch channels of the track by some mysterious hidden vibrating motor. Not at all what I wanted! Such a disappointment, I thought. After all……Christmas is about me, right?! My mother saw the disappointment on my face and took me aside. She very lovingly and quietly apologized for not getting me exactly what I wanted, but said it was a difficult (financial) year for our family. That didn’t satisfy me as I tried to appreciate and enjoy that little plastic car racing set. I never did, and it quickly became another toy gathering dust in the recesses of my closet.
1 Corinthians 13:11 When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put childish ways behind me.

As the years went by, many times I reflected on that little car racing set and by God’s grace, began to realize more and more that “Christmas was about me”, just not in the way that I had thought or wanted. As I recently provided Christmas gifts to my twin 7 year old grandsons, I left them with the reminder that Christmas is about how God gave us His Son, Jesus, who gave us the greatest gift of all…..to come to earth out of love for us and offer His life as a gift to me, so that I could join Him in heaven one day. So, Jesus’ birth and Christmas was about me! Christmas is also about others who would grow in their faith to realize that Christmas is about them too. It is about eternal happiness and joy of a secured life in heaven with Jesus, family, friends, and other believers. Let us rejoice together in the Lord knowing that Christmas is about us as we are faithful to know Jesus as our Lord and Savior!

Christmas (Jesus birth) was, and is, about me! And it is about you too!

Submitted by the Bethany Elders