

The Angels Called It Good News

By Larry Libby



There came a time - at the best time, the right time - when the mighty Son of God turned His back on all the beauty and happiness of His forever home. And somehow - no one knows just how - He stepped out of Heaven and entered Earth as a baby.

It must have seemed a long way between Heaven and Earth.

It must have been sad to leave such a glorious home.

It must have made the angels wide-eyed and solemn to see the King they love and serve say good-bye and take that long step over the edge of Heaven

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through black space to the little blue-and-brown planet where you and I live. Did the angels know that the man Jesus would have to die? Did they know that when He grew up His strong, gentle hands would be nailed to a cross of wood? Did they know their King would give up His life for all the wrong, hateful things you and I have done?

Did they know those things?

I think they probably did.

But it wasn't long before they got to come to Earth, too. Late on a sleepy, star-sprinkled night, those angels peeled back the sky just like you would tear open a sparkling Christmas present. Then, with light and joy pouring out of Heaven like water through a broken dam, they began to shout and sing the message that baby Jesus had been born.

The world had a Savior!

The angels called it "Good News," and it was.

It still is ... and I bet it always will be.



Daily Gifts

by Charles R. Swindoll



It's not too early to give some things away this Christmas. Not just on Christmas Day, but during all the days leading up to December 25. We could call these daily gifts "our Christmas projects." Maybe one per day from now 'til then. Here are a few suggestions.

Mend a quarrel.

Seek out a forgotten friend.

Dismiss suspicion.

Write a long overdue love note.

Hug someone tightly and whisper, "I love you."

Forgive an enemy.

Be gentle and patient with an angry person.

Express appreciation.

Gladden the heart of a child.

Find the time to keep a promise.

Release a grudge. Listen.

Speak kindly to a stranger.

Enter into another's sorrow.

Smile. Laugh a little. Laugh a little more.

Take a walk with a friend.

Lessen your demands on others.

Apologize if you were wrong.

Turn off the television and talk.

Do the dishes for the family.

Pray for someone.

Fix breakfast on Saturday morning.

Give a soft answer even if you feel strongly.

Encourage an older person.

Give someone praise.

Offer to baby-sit for a weary mother.

Let's make Christmas one long extended gift of ourselves to others. Unselfishly. Without announcement. Or obligation. Or reservation. Or hypocrisy.

This is Christmas, isn't it?

Baaah-bul?

One Christmas eve, I stopped in a small Southern town on my way to visit a cousin. I needed some air in my tires, but when I explained this to the service station owner, he couldn't understand a word I was saying. So I wrote him a

note. "Oh," he exclaimed, "You all wah-ahnt aaah in your tahaahs!"

I stayed overnight at a motel but before I went to bed, I wandered over to the Baptist church for the annual Christmas pageant. It was produced with great skill, and talent. But one

small thing bothered me. The Three Wise Men were wearing firemen's helmets. Totally unable to come up with a reason or explanation, I left. At a shop on the edge of town, I asked the lady behind the counter about the helmets. She said, "Don't y'all evah read the Baaah-bul?"

I assured her that I did, but simply couldn't recall anything about firemen in the Bible.

She said, "That just shows how ignorant y'all are. Ever'body knows it says in the Bahbul, 'The three wise men came from afaaahr!'"

(hmmmm...)