



UNDOING CHRISTMAS

KEY SCRIPTURES: Luke 2:8-14

Since "hate" is such a strong word, I will say that I strongly dislike taking down Christmas decorations. Sadly, it's not even because I don't want to admit that one of my favorite holidays has quickly come and gone for another year, though that is also true. It's simply because I just don't enjoy the work. It's so much more fun to put out my snowman collection and my Christmas tree and my nativities, one of which belonged to my maternal grandmother, than it is to put it all away.

It's so much more fun to "do" Christmas than to "undo" Christmas.

Undoing Christmas. Is that what happens when the living room is back to normal and the radio stations have stopped playing the twenty different versions of *Jingle Bells* and *Silent Night*? Or when folks go back to life as usual, passing others by without "Merry Christmas" greetings flowing freely from their lips anymore?

It's so difficult to know what to do with ourselves once Christmas has been undone. What do we have to look forward to? What do we say to each other? Oh, there are a few holidays sprinkled throughout the year, and we'll be wishing each other "Happy 4th of July!" before we know it. It's just not quite the same. It's just not quite as happy, or hopeful.

The world just seems a little more dim once Christmas has been undone.

Does it have to be that way? Do we have to undo Christmas?

Admittedly, I have been guilty of driving by a house that is still decorated with twinkling lights in February and silently reminding them, "Christmas is over; take down your lights." But do we really have to undo Christmas?

We all know we don't have to—and shouldn't. We all know that the light of Christ's presence does not need to dim just because the decorations have been put back in storage.

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We don't stop growing older because we've had a birthday party, and He doesn't stop being precious just because we've thrown a party for Him!

Let us never be found guilty of undoing Christmas, even after the crumpled wrapping paper has long since made its way into the trash can. Let us, instead, wake up each and every morning with "Christ was born! And He lived—and died—for me!" on our lips.

Then maybe, just maybe, I'll learn to appreciate those Christmas lights that are still lit up in June.

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