

A Christmas Story

BIG MOOSE COMMUNITY CHAPEL ❄️ 2019

When I was a child, and even a teen-ager, I looked forward each year to going out with my father a few weeks before Christmas to cut our Christmas tree and bring it home on top of our car. I did this with my wife before children. When our two sons were old enough, I went out with them to do the same—for one year. The second year they both announced that they didn't want to go out with me to cut down the Christmas tree—anymore. Part of the reason may have been that in the north country of upstate New York it regularly got below zero even in December.



I was crushed. How could two sons of mine not want to go out with me to cut down the Christmas tree? It was in our family blood, was it not? Perhaps the fault was with their mother with her timid English blood rather than the sturdy Irish blood of my ancestry. Whatever, I had to get over myself. It took a few years.

Subsequently, I discovered that I was allergic to the mold spores kicked out by the tree in the house once it began to dry out. Next degrading step—an artificial tree. What a bitter pill to swallow for a few more years.

Now none of this matters a bit. I remember fondly my outings with my father, but I am glad of the ease of extracting from the basement the perfectly formed small artificial tree and placing it on the covered round card table, complete with its prewired lights.

The joy of Christmas is not in things staying the same, but in sharing the joy of Christmas with a world that is hungry for peace and joy.

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