

Christmas

Year B

Is 52:7-10; Heb 1:1-4; John 1:1-14

Now I am not saying this triumphantly; I am not sticking my nose up in the air, and I am not being flippant or sacrilegious, but we Christians have the best magic. Seriously. Jewish folks have Moses; manna, burning bushes, parted seas. Its impressive. Muslims have Mohammed stepping off the rock directly into to heaven from where the Dome of the Rock is in Jerusalem. That's real. That's serious. Buddhists have a great story; when the Buddha was nearing enlightenment, Mara, the head of the demon realm, tried to distract Siddhartha under his tree. He shot arrows, but as the neared, they turned into flowers falling at the Buddha's feet. That is awesome. But we Christians have for magic Life itself. Today we celebrate a specific life, the life of Jesus, as one of the ways, the most important way, we see God. The God. God Alive. God Being carried in a momma's belly, God being born, helpless in a barn, yet more powerful than kings. Christ is a particularly spectacular life, but it is all life, life in life's self that is the center of Christ consciousness. If that is not magical, then I do not know what is.

Win asked me the other day what I would be preaching on, "something light, I hope," she said. "and short." "Oh, yeah, very light, I am going to preach on the metaphysical implications of the second person of the Trinity. They'll love it, it is perfect for Christmas morning." "Hmmmmmm," she said, "and short." She always agrees with me about homiletics, so I knew I was on the right track.

"What came into being in Him was life, and the life was the light of all people. The light shines in the darkness and the darkness did not overcome it." It is life. It is light. It is the birth of a baby to adoring parents and into a community that has been waiting for him. It is life with purpose, with grace, with power. It is the life of a baby.

One of the few things I know for sure is that on the day Hannah Maeve was born, the world got better. I say that from the perspective of a father, and the father of only one

child, and a daughter at that, so.... I can't even imagine having a bunch of kids, or imagine the experience of Motherhood. Motherhood is a breathtaking accomplishment. But I know, even from the dim eyes of a mere father that the world got better as this 7 lb, 6 oz. little person entered it. And it did. As it did when each of your children and grandchildren and nephews and nieces and friends joined us here, no matter what their future was or is to be. Life is the light of creation. It is God visible to us right there in your arms; right there, right now. That is what Christmas is about. On the darkest days of the year, the winter solstice, we practice remembering the life and light of the world, and we celebrate. We celebrate well. Maybe with too many leggos and too much nog, but hey, were human, and its Christmas, so its ok.

God became flesh, and lived among us for one purpose. One single purpose. Not saving us from our sins. That is atonement theology, death for righteousness and it can lead to really bad habits. Its not that. God didn't come to ensure that we believe the "right" thing, that's silly, God doesn't care what we think or believe, God cares about who we are; God certainly didn't come to make sure pray or worship the "right" way, that's even sillier than the last one. God became a person to give us the power to become children of God. Like that baby boy born 2000 years ago whose birthday party we are celebrating right now. We are a child of God like that. Like that baby that you hold in your arms, our in your belly, or in your prayers and dreams, today. We are a child of God like that. The world got better when you arrived. That is the magic of Christ. We have always been children of God, that has got to be true, the problem is that we just do not know it. That is why He came. To remind us. To remind us that we are loved. We are. We are loved. We are alive. The light shines in the darkness and the darkness did not overcome it. Merry Christmas. Now lets hurry this up so we can go home and open our presents.
AMEN