

Our Sabbath Scripture Stories



F A M I L I E S R E C L A I M I N G S U N D A Y

Read aloud: Isaiah 9:1-6
 Titus 2:11-14
Gospel: Luke 2:1-14

“Merry Christmas, Everyone!” Mom and Dad exclaimed as the children all came rushing down the stairs this sparkling morning. The excitement of the day circled the family as they gave each other hugs and joyful greetings. Today was Christmas!

Throughout the house, Mom had music playing that announced the birth of Jesus. “Joy To The World,” “Oh Come, All Ye Faithful,” and “Hark, the Herald Angels Sing” resounded with blaring trumpets and familiar lyrics. What a glorious day!

Dad took special pride in reading the Gospel for this day to his family. This Gospel of Luke is one of the best-loved passages in Scripture, and it inspires all who hear it. Dad read the passage slowly, as though he were reading it for the first time. The reading is rich with the journey of Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem, the birth of Jesus, and the host of angels announcing the Good News to the shepherds in the field. “Who doesn’t love this Gospel reading?” Dad wondered to himself as he finished.

After Mass, the rest of Christmas Day was spent celebrating. Everyone got presents! Mom got the new winter coat she wanted, Vincent got his first razor, Mary Clare received the necklace she was hoping for, Dad got three new ties, Lucy got a sweater set, Hillary got a new baby doll, Peter got some special theology books that he needed, and Baby Ben got a bathtub boat. Even Saint, the dog, got a new chewy toy shaped like a Christmas tree! Everyone seemed to be having a great day.

Towards nighttime, Dad went in to bless his children as he always did. He was surprised to find Little Hillary still sitting up in bed and moving around restlessly. She seemed saddened by something. “Why is she sad on Christmas?” Dad wondered, so he went and sat down with her on the bed to see why she was down.

“Honey, what’s the matter?” Dad asked her. “You seem to be sad about something. What can I do to help?”

“Daddy, I don’t get it,” she told her dad softly.

“Get what?” he asked her, leaning a bit closer.

“About Jesus,” she replied. “How come Jesus had to be born outside in that stable? How

come he didn't have any baby blankets? How come he had to sleep where the animals eat?"

Dad could tell that Hillary was really moved by the lowliness of the birth of the greatest King in human history. In fact, he could remember asking these same types of questions of his mom when he was little.

"Well, you see, Honey," Dad offered, "Jesus did not need to have a palace or fine clothing to come into this world."

"How come?" Hillary wondered. "We have a nice house, and we sleep in beds, and we don't wear rags for clothes. How come Jesus had to?"

Dad could sense that his daughter was struggling with this. He took her hand and said, "God did not think that it was undignified for Jesus to be born in a stable. Jesus came to live among the poor and give hope to the hopeless."

"If Jesus was born now, I could have given the blanket from my new doll to Him. He and Mary could have used my room to sleep in!"

Dad smiled. How precious are the thoughts and reasoning of a 4 year old!

"You know, Honey," Dad continued, as he bent over and tucked her into bed, "I am sure that Jesus has heard your offer, and He loves you for it! Remember that Jesus may have been born in a lowly place, but He was well taken care of by Joseph and His mother, Mary. Also, angels filled the sky! But now, we need to get some sleep."

"Good night, Daddy," little Hillary sighed as she started getting drowsy. She peacefully closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep.

Mr. Pauline stood there for a moment thinking about the wonder of the day. Christmas had indeed been born in their hearts. As he walked out and silently closed the door, he whispered, "Good night, Sweetie, and Merry Christmas! The birth of Jesus is truly an amazing, *amazing* day."

