

DGM – Short Talk Series # 12 – A Christmas Message 2008

Brethren, Ladies and gentlemen there are so many stories I could tell you about Christmas and me but most of them are a little melancholy so I chose one that I hope will bring a little cheer.

I grew up, the only boy in a family of five children. My parents were not dirt poor but poor enough to cherish the help we got from aunts and uncles especially from our favourite Uncle Cliff and Aunt Martha, my father's brother and his wife in New York. They sent the occasional package but every Christmas he sent my dad a Money Order for \$500.00 by registered mail. This particular Christmas, sure that the money would come, my mom borrowed a substantial part of it from her sister to buy new shoes and dresses for my sisters to wear to church on Christmas morning. Each day in Christmas week anxiety overcame us as the Postman came with many post cards but no notice from the Post Office that the letter had arrived. I fretted that this year we would not have the money to buy the small gifts at Christmas market on King Street in down town Kingston. On Christmas morning as we went off to church there was not a happy face in the group but we endured the service, the singing of the Christmas Corals, and the hugs and hand shakes afterwards. Everyone but us seemed happier than ever; baby Jesus was among every family but ours. After church we hurried home to find Mummy at the gate, a big smile on her face. I forgot to tell you that she had not accompanied us; I think she was too worried about how she was going to repay the debt she owed her sister.

"The letter and a package came from Uncle Cliff", she said merrily, "a friend of his dropped it off after you all left for church. I could barely contain myself not to open it. Hurry, go change your clothes so Daddy can read the letter while we open the box together."

"Dear Rudolph", the letter began, "I am sorry that this letter will not reach you before Christmas day, but I must wish you all a Merry Christmas and hope that you are all well. This year I decided that I would send some toys and a few things Martha picked out for the children." He ended by saying, ***"I so long to see you all but I hope that I will be able to come home next Christmas. Again, I hope you have a Merry Christmas and that next year will be just a bit happier than the last."***

There was no mention of the money. Mummy's jaw dropped, and she began to cry. Dad hugged her and whispered something in her ear. The girls were busy claiming items with their names attached and I barely noticed the smart sneakers that were mine, feeling pain for my mom.

“Look mummy” Cutie blurted out, ***“This pretty purse has your name on it. Can I have it?”***

Without answering my mom took the purse and opened it and out fell seven crisp one hundred dollar notes.

“What did I tell you”, Daddy all but shouted, ***“God will always be there for his children. Thank you Jesus.”*** They hugged and she cried again before digging into the box of goodies.

My heart almost burst with happiness, I ran next door, and without wrapping it, gave one of my new shirts to my best friend Robert.

This was the merriest Christmas I have ever spent with my family for that day I learned the true joy of sharing.

***There’s so much love in this our world
So much that we can willingly share
Yet many will have no Christmas cheer
As good for them just never will unfold***

***Stark reminders that Christmas time is here
The red of the poinsettia and white eucalyptus
Shall awaken the good felling within us
That God has blessed us with the ability to share***

***So please open your heart to all you see
To the needy little girl and the hungry little boy
Help them with your gifts to share some joy
For Christmas is a time when all should merry be.***

As you celebrate today I hope you will open your heart to all the needy people that surround you. Share something with them, however small, to brighten their Christmas day.

I hope you all have a wonderful Christmas and a New Year, just one bit happier than the last.

Lloyd R. Moore
District Grand Master.
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