

Meditation ... Christmas Day

December 25, 2011

“Picking up the pieces ...”

It’s interesting, even spiritual ... walking into the church early Christmas morning ... after all the services that were here last night ---- Christmas Eve.

The church looks kind-of like a train hit it.

Pieces of candles all over the floor ... poinsettia leaves on the carpet ... day-old bulletins on the chairs.

So ----- knowing a few of you would be here for worship in a while ... I spent some time

“picking up the pieces.”

In life ... isn’t this what we do. We live ... we do our best ... and often ---- we need to “pick up the pieces.”

I’m vacuuming the carpet ... and Jan walks in.

I’ve known Jan and her family for over 30 years. One of her sons has been battling cancer for 10 years.

It’s Christmas morning.

She needs to talk.

She’s trying to “keep it together” ... in a way ----- SHE IS PICKING UP THE PIECES.

So is Char Hill ... her sister died yesterday.

So is a young man ... who grew up here ... and is being forced to step-down as a head coach.

So is Frank Kuzel ... the ultimate Bears fan ... who will spend most of Christmas Day in a re-hab center.

So is Bill Marciniak ... whose brother is critically ill at Christ Hospital.

Two families who have lost adult sons in the past month.

Losing your job ... losing your house ...

YES: LIFE IS ABOUT TRYING *to pick up the pieces.*

Santa Claus dropped by our house last night.

He’s been dropping by since our adult children were little kids.

Quinton is now in 5th grade ... a lot of his school-mates are trying to convince him “there is no Santa Claus.”

QUINTON REFUSES NOT TO BELIEVE.

He shows Santa his airplanes ... goes on the computer to print pictures of the “stuff” he wants.

Jude and I look at each other ----- “tomorrow morning will be interesting.”

Then my niece sits on his lap ... she is 22. She is nervous about graduating from college and trying to find a job. Santa talks to her like a wise ol’ grandpa ... giving her comfort and hope.

Yes ---- life is often about “picking up the pieces.”

I guess ----- when we continue to believe in Santa Claus ... when we refuse to let the “magic” slip away ... when the Christ-child becomes more than just a story ... but rather a road-map of love-and-forgiveness-and-acceptance-and hope ...

then we can muster up the strength and courage to pick-up the pieces of our life ... and are reminded:

each piece is part of who we are ...

each piece is sacred in its own way ...

and ----- we don’t pick-up these pieces alone.

The Christ-child walks with us.

And we walk with each other.

Don Borling

All Saints Lutheran Church ... Christmas Day ... 2011