

Wednesday, December 16, 2020

Dear Friends and Members and Guests of Desert Hills,

It was my mother's birthday last week. She is 89. The second time I called her she was out on her three-mile walk. The first time I called I made her laugh. I called from work last Friday morning. When she answered I went into my best Happy Birthday rendition. I finished and she said, "That was very nice Martin but it's not my birthday." "What? It is too your birthday, December 12." "It is December 11 today." "It is not." Then it hit me, it was the 11<sup>th</sup>. My mother was giggling. "Martin, you may be losing it." My stepfather Gene chimed in, "You know Martin, Barnes and Nobles has some wonderful calendars you could buy." My family has had a good laugh. I tried to come up with a theological explanation or insight, but I have nothing. We just have to remember that laughter liberates.

In decorating our Christmas Tree, I came across four ornaments that need little batteries so that when you press the button a movie line is spoken, or someone sings. All the batteries were dead. They were out of these at Walgreens, Ace, and Walmart. I finally got what I needed online. I also found my family's white plastic Christmas church, but it had been packed poorly and was in pieces. (The church is easily over 60 years old.) I carefully glued it once again and sprayed the music box with WD so Silent Night could be heard. Both these events made me think on how we must preserve our traditions to keep them alive. It is why we decorate and remember, especially remember the reason for the season. The primary reason for this decorating is to remember, remember the story and the words of the angels, remember how the story has affected our lives.

We have a little over a week before Christmas Eve. Let's continue to enjoy our traditions and remembering.

Blessings,

Pastor Martin