



The Gift

A Tiny Christmas Tale

by
David Martin
www.jesuschrist.co.uk

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Creator worked intimately preparing His Gift, poring over every detail.

“It will be perfect!” he delighted, as he carefully completed the finishing touches.



He was to send the Gift at an appointed time. It is just what they need, he said to his Messenger.

Joyfully, the Gift was wrapped, and Messenger made his way to the fortunate recipients of such an offering.



Creator was happy.

He knew that no life would remain unchanged once the Gift was received.

He knew it so deeply, and was pleased to part with so precious a Gift only because the joy of seeing others receive it would far outweigh the terrible pain of letting it go.

Messenger arrived right on time, and the Gift was delivered safely. Many rejoiced over the Gift, but then something very strange began to take place.

“We don’t want any Gift from Creator!” protested one.

“We have all we need already!” cried another arrogantly.



Messenger stood by, tears rolling down his cheeks, as he witnessed the mob tearing the Gift to pieces.

They beat it, tore it, stomped on it, and discarded it as someone might throw away a piece of trash.

How could anyone recognise the perfect Gift that had left Creator's hands now?

Soon, the crowds dispersed
and Messenger gathered
the pieces of the Gift
together.

He placed them carefully in
His arms, next to his heart,
and carried them back to
the workshop.

Creator, the deep
compassion in his eyes
plumbing the depths of
sorrow, gently took the
Gift, sat down, and began
again to piece it together.

Messenger looked on,
helping as he always did.



Slowly the Gift began to take on a form that surpassed even its original perfect state. For three days and three nights he worked tirelessly until all was complete.

“It is Finished!” He exclaimed, his eyes glowing with Fatherly pride.

“Take the Gift again” he told Messenger, “Surely this time they will receive it!”

The glowing package was burning with light as Messenger carried it to the very same Receivers who had days before rejected Creator’s Gift.

Wrapped inside was a
mystery - the Promise of
joy, abundance, wholeness
and healing.

Hidden behind its bows
and packaging, a Promise
of life everlasting.



Messenger placed the package carefully on the doorstep (or the inbox) of the first house he came to and knocked on the door. He left the package there for Receiver and carried on His way.

He did the same thing for the second house, and the third and the fourth.

Soon the doorsteps of
each and every house were
adorned with the sparkling
Gift.

All that remained was for
Receiver to open the door
and accept Creator's Gift.



Once again, Creator waited eagerly for a response to his great Gift of Love.

“Keep knocking!” he told Messenger, who knows who will be next to enjoy my precious Gift this Christmas time?

The end

A very wonderful
Christmas to you all.

May *His Presence* be the
best presents you receive
this holiday season.

Pass it on and send to a
friend...

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