

My Gift to You!

A week from today, we will be celebrating Christmas. As the day approaches, we can't help but think of those who are no longer with us. And, as we get older, more and more of our loved ones have gone to be with our Lord in heaven. They are sitting at God's table celebrating Jesus' birthday with him. What a glorious celebration that must be!

In the meantime, as we gather around our own tables, we must remember that our celebration is not about the ham and mashed potatoes, the cards and gifts, the Christmas lights and carols. We celebrate the coming of Christ. We celebrate that with His coming, His life, His death and His resurrection, we are given the path to reunite with those who have gone on before. We are given an opportunity to spend eternity with the ones we miss so much now. We have salvation! That is what we need to celebrate!

Christmas always brings to mind my mom. She's been gone for 25 Christmases. Mom's kitchen table is where we ate many a Christmas dinner. It is in her memory that I share a poem I wrote for my little brother who was in the Army and then edited to past tense for my mom's funeral. This is my Christmas gift to you!

May the peace of our Lord be with you this Christmas season,



Cindy Lee Nonnemacher
Author

"MOM'S KITCHEN TABLE"

There was a place where all would sit,
To laugh and talk, to eat a bit.
When we were small, we'd sit with crayons,
Coloring bright pictures of polk-a-dot lions.
Then as we grew, our friends would join in,
Discussing love and life, the wages of sin.
When away from home, it was great to go back,
To a place where love never ran slack.
With cup in hand, getting word in when able,
There was nothing like sitting 'round Mom's kitchen table.

Re-Written 3/12/95 from the original, which was written for Burt, my baby brother, when he was in the Army a few years before.