

Christmas As A Baptist Young Person

Reflecting back on Christmas past, I am reminded of the excitement that always filled the air in our small church. We would gather for a workday, which really turned out to be a day of cookies and hot chocolate more than anything. Some work did happen, but don't get me wrong, we really did not consider it work; it was our Christmas tree ministry. Now, looking back I realize that we never attended a workshop, or seminar on the subject, and DVDs had not been invented at that time. No study course books existed to guide our labor so, basically, we were on our own.

During the time we had together, usually on the Saturday following Thanksgiving, fun things happened to all of us. When the cookies came out of the gas oven down in the basement of First Baptist Church, we stopped the process of work and put on our faces of anticipation. Grown men would always manage to elbow their way to the cookies, while they were hot. It was a joyous and simple process. The Ladies of the church would not only bake cookies, but somehow manage to always have homemade soups and pies for our lunch. Forgive me for spending so much time on the topic of food, but it was and still remains a major component of my life. The work was challenging yet fun, the fellowship was sweet, but the cookies and pies, now they were always divine. Don't act like you don't know what I'm talking about...

Following the lunch, we would begin the arduous task of unboxing all of the decorations that had been donated over the years. We had difficulty stringing the bubble lights, making hangers for the ornaments out of paper clips that we "borrowed" from the desk of our Church Secretary. No one got injured, except for the indigestion from having too many cookies.

The day ended every year as we managed to delicately place the plastic star on the very peak of the Christmas tree. The sound of men and women, boys and girls laughing, and singing Christmas carols jolts my memory with nothing except fond thoughts of how sweet Christian fellowship is meant to be. I witnessed it firsthand. I miss it.

So, here is my sincere and heartfelt offer. If you need help decorating a tree for your church this year, then I'm your man. I will bring my own ladder, a tenor voice and of course, my appetite for chocolate and Christmas cookies. The pleasure of helping decorate your tree at your church will be all mine, but I promise to cherish the activity for years to come. Who knows, someday I may write an article about the experience of spending time with you and your members during this wonderful and most exciting time of the year. Give me a call, I'm all in.

GOD bless You, and Merry/Blessed Christmas.

Please pray for our beloved Paluxy Baptist Association

Boots Hubbard