



December 2019

Dear friend of mine,

When the President visits a foreign country, he is greeted by dignitaries and marching bands. When Christ came to Earth, He was greeted by farm animals in a shed.

He, the King of the Universe, chose to be born of a peasant girl, without doctors and nurses. There was no pain medication. It seems that only Mary and Joseph were there to meet Him, a helpless baby crying for milk.

He came on a rescue mission from His Father's house, so far away. Yet His lowly birth, that many celebrate at Christmas, was only the start of a 35 year sojourn that ended on a Roman cross. Not really ended, of course, there was an earth shaking resurrection.

How can I, in a crazy world, have unspeakable joy? It's easy and it's hard. It's easy because it is free. It's hard because there are so many distractions.

His birth, and all that subsequently flowed from the Bethlehem manger, is the news that I am unspeakably loved and incredibly important. It is the message that my redemption has been accomplished.

*“The people who walked in darkness have seen a great light... For to us a Child is born, Unto us a Son is given... And His name will be called, ‘Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.’”
Isaiah 9:2,6*

The Christ story is true. We are loved. We are never alone, never forgotten. At the end of our road is a bright shining light.

May you and loved ones be blessed at this Christmas.

With love and best wishes,

Jed Carter

