



A Better Story

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Sarah Lord

Over the years, our perspective of what Christmas is constantly changes. As a child we tend to focus on Santa Claus and presents.

One Christmas, when I was nine, I looked under the tree for days, expecting to see a few wrapped packages from Mom and Dad – there was nothing the size or shape of what I basically wanted. However, I did see an envelope addressed to me. Although my folks and I always opened one gift on Christmas Eve, they wanted me to wait until morning to open the envelope, which was nestled in the branches of the tree.

My curiosity intensified and I hardly slept a wink. Come Christmas morning, I couldn't wait to tear open the envelope. Inside the beautiful card was a typed letter from a horse named Chubby. As it turned out, "she" was now my new companion. I was her new "master" and we would meet and get acquainted later in the day after Christmas breakfast and Church.

I still smile and get goose bumps thinking about that glorious Christmas and the wonderful memories Chubby and I made over the next years.

Many decades have passed since then, but Christmas is still the most important time of the year for me.

I have raised children and seen my two grandsons become happy-going adults. I barely ride horses anymore and yet my heart is so full.

I am blessed with a Church, Pastor, and Church family that bring me such constant grace. We rejoice over our love for Jesus, and for His resurrection after His death. He died for us to wash away our sins and secure a place in Heaven for eternity. His Word to me, this is a much bigger and better story.