

That first star

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I hoped and then I wished and then I prayed. And there was a prayer that remained unanswered for me. Some would say it is a little prayer but little prayers like little ants carry big, big burdens. And sometimes I pray so hard that my head hurts and I lie there in bed weeping silently. Because I have a wish. Now you who read these words read them carefully please. Because I'm only a little ant. And little ants don't make big paces. Though only make a tiny splash and the littlest splash doesn't make big waves. But I have a prayer for Christmas Day. And Christmas day is the day when Kris Kringle rises up on his sleigh and brings you all the little wishes you've made. But people laugh and say there is no Kris Kringle Joel and there is no Santa. There is a commercial Santa and there is a parent or two who loves you and a family that loves you. And yes they give gifts to men or little splashers like me. But I have a dream and that dream is of heaven. But what would it be like, if my wish were simple enough that God heard.

Sometimes dreams do come true. And sometimes there are prayers small enough to get through. And sometimes there are Gods big enough to send an answer back through. For I am a child still in my heart and I have a wish for Christmas. Maybe its a prayer for the light of Christmas's first star to shine again. Or maybe there is a prayer that Jesus, King of all Kings, and Lord of all Lords will return again. Not at Easter. Not at July. But at Christmas Day 2006.

Some of you call it the Rapture. Some of you call it the Second Coming. Some call it a long held wish for some. But I want to say that is my little prayer for Christmas this year. That on that day there will come a knock on my door. And standing there will be Jesus. I don't know if I'll cry or faint or weep. But I want to see my Lord. I pray for such things because I've been in a war. And this war isn't like the little wars of Sickness and Disease. Or pain and suffering. Or over riches and poverty. I've fought those wars and won. I went on to fight against Satan and thousands of assassins. I went on to fight against Time and against Death. I fought against family and against the law. I fought against all the things in all the worlds that I didn't wish to fight. And I wept and as I write these tears fall. And its hard for me not to cry

because I've fought to hear my Lords voice. Those of you who cannot hear God speak don't know what you are missing. I had God there and Sin came and took him away from me and I cry day after day after day "Lord, please...." And I cry and I weep for my Lord. And you might laugh and say "He hasn't forsaken you. He's still there."

And I know it. I know it with all my heart. That's why I pray my little prayers like the little ant that could. But this morning I wanted to write this wish down so you could read it because I know there are others like me who want to see Jesus come home. And like others you are tired and weary and wore out and maybe even a little angry because they are trying to take Jesus out of Christmas. Trying to water down its meaning. I collect Christmas records and I pray that I will always have them. I dream of living near Christmas Michigan and I dream of having an island and calling it Christmas and filling it with fine craftsmen who will provide places for orphans to visit. A world of safety and excitement and joy.

But most of all, I, a little child grown up, have a wish upon a star. And I pray "God, would you send Jesus home for Christmas." And it is a prayer I ask for this year. And if my prayer can be answered and if it can be given then I know that God will answer that prayer. So people, don't laugh at my prayer. I've been in hell, I've been to the abyss and I've been under every attack you can imagine and learned the secrets of knowledge. But those things mean little to me now because I've learned there is a God who loves me. And a God who watches over me even when heaven is silent. And I am praying for one thing now. That if it be possible that a new star will shine this Christmas. And Jesus will come home on Christmas day.

And I pray that you will not reject him as Herod and others did. But speak to God, as do I. And ask him to send Jesus this Christmas that our families and our homes would be healed. I need that more than life itself. And I need Jesus to bring Freedom to our home and family so that there is life and there are gifts beneath the tree and there are lights and angels singing and Hope that rises from the ashes. Please people. Pray this prayer. And the Son of God, Jesus Christ will come back to a world that awaits His return.