

“And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed... (some things never change) And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth, (doubtless grumbling about the unplanned expense and loss of work time and danger to his pregnant fiancée) into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; because he was of the house and lineage of David: to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, (who was probably about the age of some of your students) being great with child. (and uncomfortable and cranky and scared to be away from her Mommy or anyone else she knew who could help deliver her first baby) And so it was that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son (with her fiancée patting her hand and wiping her brow and wishing he could do more) and wrapped him in swaddling clothes (while trying her best to remember her Mommy's instructions about caring for a baby) and laid him in a manger; (that Joseph had fussed over as the one thing he could do to help his young wife) because there was not room for them in the inn.”

Luke 2: 1-7
KJV

The lyrics of a song by Nicole Nordeman remind me to peel away the layers of gloss and tradition. And look at Jesus' coming and birth as the incredible, gritty, amazing, uncomfortable, earth-shattering and REAL event that it is.

"Cause you believe a baby came, not in paintings or in plays
But every minute, every hour, every day
To be real...

More than a memory
More than a story
Real"

Credits: The Good Lord Himself

Binder tab: December

School size: All