

A Gift

Sunday Morning, December 21, 2014

Thesis:

God Calls, Blesses and Exalts the Overlooked
With the Loving Gift of His Son!

Introduction:

Throughout time new royalty, monarchs, and emperors births have been announced to other royal members, world leaders, court officials, aristocracy and famous people. Yet, the King of kings was announced to just the opposite. God sent His messengers to announce His Son's birth to the lowly.

I. A Gift to the Shepherds? (Luke 2: 9 – 20)

9 And behold, an angel of the Lord stood before them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were greatly afraid.

10 Then the angel said to them, "Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which will be to all people.

11 For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord.

12 And this will be the sign to you: You will find a Babe wrapped in swaddling cloths, lying in a manger."

13 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying:

14 "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men!" *(More of passage on next page)*

15 So it was, when the angels had gone away from them into heaven, that the shepherds said to one another,

"Let us now go to Bethlehem and see this thing that has come to pass, which the Lord has made known to us."

16 And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger.

17 Now when they had seen Him, they made widely known the saying which was told them concerning this Child.

18 And all those who heard it marveled at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

19 But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.

20 Then the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told them.

Vs 17b -

Marveled - "and see this thing that has come to pass."

Moved - "let us go to Bethlehem."

Messenger - "Made widely known."

II. A Gift to the Lowly? (Luke 2: 10 – 11)

10 Then the angel said to them, "Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which will be to all people.

11 For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord.

*Social Outcasts, Untrusted,
Religiously Unclean, Un-Acceptable*

Now listen again to the words: “An angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the LORD shone around them, and they were terrified. But he angel said to them, “Don’t be afraid. I bring you good news (not bad news, not judgment, not condemnation) of great joy (not news of fear or intimidation, or sarcasm) that will be for all the people (even you, no special treatment with God). Today in the town of David (a shepherd once just like you) a Savior has been born to you (to us? God has given something to us?); he is messiah, the Lord.

III. A Gift That Works Through The Lowly **(I Corinthians 1: 20 – 21)**

20 Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this age? Has not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?

21 For since, in the wisdom of God, the world through wisdom did not know God, it pleased God through the foolishness of the message preached to save those who believe.

(I Corinthians 1: 26 – 29)

26 For you see your calling, brethren, that not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called.

27 But God has chosen the foolish things of the world to put to shame the wise, and God has chosen the weak things of the world to put to shame the things which are mighty;

28 and the base things of the world and the things which are despised God has chosen, & the things which are not, to bring to nothing the things that are,
29 that no flesh should glory in His presence.

I want to read to you a story of a woman who was shamed and brought closer to God by someone the world would over look.

“We were the only family with children in the restaurant. I sat Erik in a high chair and noticed everyone was quietly eating and talking. Suddenly, Erik squealed with glee and said “Hi There.” He wiggled and giggled with merriment at a man with a tattered rag of a coat, dirty, greasy, and worn. His pants were baggy, with a zipper at half mast and his toes poked of would-be shoes. His shirt was dirty and his hair was uncombed and unwashed. His whiskers were not quite a beard and varicose charted a complex map across his nose.

We were too far to smell him, but I’m sure he smelled. His hands waved at my baby “Hi there, baby; hi there, big boy. I see ya, buster,” the man said to Erik. My husband and I didn’t know what to do. Erik continued to laugh and answer, “Hi, Hi There.”

Our meal finally came, and the drunken geezer began shouting across the room “Do you know patty cake? Do you know peek-a-boo? Hey look, he knows peek-a-boo.” No one thought the old man was cute. My husband and I were embarrassed. Erik, on the other hand was running through his repertoire of tricks all of which were admired by the bum.

We finally got through the meal. My husband went to pay, Erik and I headed for the door. The old man was poised between me and the door. I uttered a prayer “Lord just let me out of here before he speaks to me or Erik.”

As I drew close the man, I turned my back trying to side-step him and avoid any air he might be breathing. As I did Erik leaned over my arm, reaching with both arms in a baby's 'pick-me-up' position.

Before I could stop him, Erik had propelled himself from my arms to the man's. Erik in an act of total trust, love and submission laid his tiny head upon the man's ragged shoulder. The man's eyes closed and I saw tears hover beneath his lashes. His aged hands, full of grime, pain, and hard labor gently, so gently, cradled my baby's bottom and stroked his back.

The old man rocked and cradled Erik in his arms for a moment and then his eyes opened and set squarely on mine. He said in a firm, commanding voice, "You take care of this baby." Somehow I managed "I will" from a throat that contained a stone. I received my baby and the man said "God bless you ma'am you've given me my Christmas gift."

I ran to the car. My husband wondered why I was crying and saying "My God, my God, forgive me."

The ragged old man, unwittingly had reminded me "To enter the Kingdom of God we must become as little children."

Conclusion:

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