



NightLight

A NEWSLETTER OF McLEAN MINISTRIES

"take heed....as to a light that shines in a dark place." II Peter 1:19

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Shepherds...



"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

So he had come at last, their Christ and Lord, not born a rich young prince laid in a golden cradle, but a little poor babe lying in a manger. But no rich young prince ever had such music at his birth as this poor babe had. It seemed to the happy shepherds that the very stars were singing, each star an angel of the heavenly host. As the glory of heaven streamed out to the four corners of the earth, it seemed that the light was the music and the music was the light.



"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

Peace had come down to dwell with men for ever. No matter what the suffering, the fighting, the storms, the distress, nothing now could ever take from the lovers of God the gift of peace. Men could never again doubt the good will of God towards them, for God had given his own Son to be born, to live, to die, for their salvation. God's good will was incarnate now as a little child lying in a manger.

They went in and found him wrapped in his swaddling bands, lying in the warm hay in the manger hewn out of the wall, with Mary and Joseph loving and watching him there, and the gentle beasts looking on in amazement. In the fitful lantern light they could see him like a flower in the hay, and they knelt down and worshipped and adored. *Elizabeth Goudge*



Kings...



The three kings fell down, and worshipped him, adoring him in the Eastern fashion with their foreheads touching the ground. They poured themselves out in adoration before him and all that they had and were they laid at his feet.

For the gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh symbolize the utmost that a man can give to God. The gold is our wealth: our money, our talents, our health and our strength. The frankincense is our prayer: our souls adoring God, our minds thinking about him, our hearts loving him, our wills resolved to serve him only. And the spice called myrrh, that is used in the east to embalm the bodies of the dead, is our pain: our griefs and disappointments, the aches and the illnesses of our bodies, and our death. In those three kings kneeling there we can see ourselves. They knelt there for us all. Yet though they gave, for themselves and for us, the utmost that a man can give, how little it is in comparison with God's gift to them and to us, the gift of his Son who is himself.

For God gives too to the utmost, and the greatness of God's gift, as well as the tiny content of our own, is symbolized by the gold and frankincense and myrrh. For our Lord is our King, our Priest and our Sacrifice, who rules over us, prays for us and died for us. It was the greatest King who has ever reigned, the only utterly holy Priest, the only perfect Sacrifice, whom the kings saw in that child, and when they remembered this they bowed themselves in worship all over again. *Elizabeth Goudge*



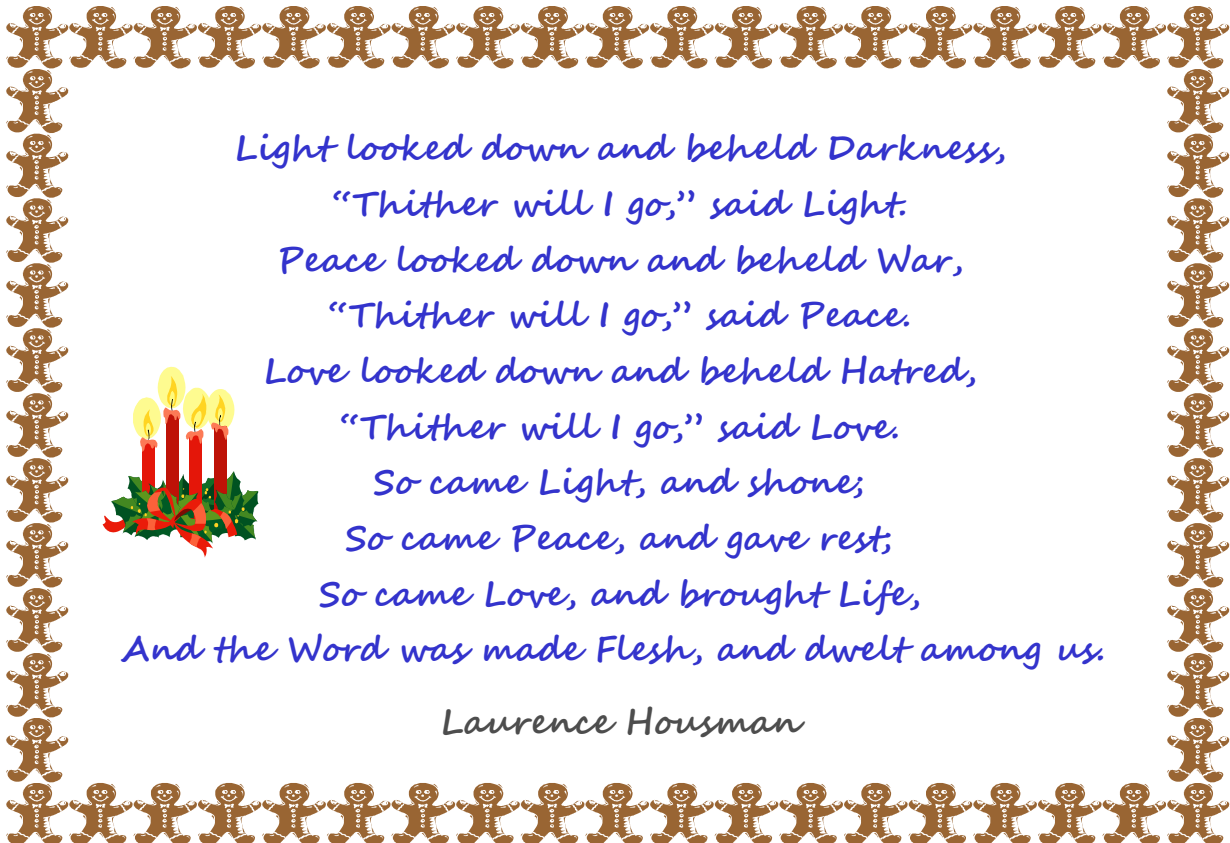


I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And in despair I bowed my head:
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

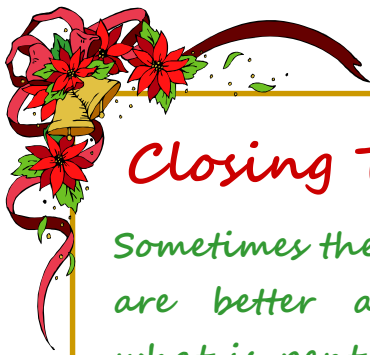
Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men."

Henry W. Longfellow



Light looked down and beheld Darkness,
"Thither will I go," said Light.
Peace looked down and beheld War,
"Thither will I go," said Peace.
Love looked down and beheld Hatred,
"Thither will I go," said Love.
So came Light, and shone;
So came Peace, and gave rest,
So came Love, and brought Life,
And the Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us.

Laurence Housman



Closing Thoughts...

Sometimes the words of others are better able to express what is pent up in our own heart. So it is this month. Come, let us join the shepherds and the kings. Come, let us behold Him. Come, let us bow down and worship Him. Even now, this very moment, come! Let us adore Him, King and God and Sacrifice, Jesus Christ our Lord!



Merry Christmas,
Clay & Mary



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