

# The Christmas Spirit

by  
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*"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control." Galatians 5:22-23*

Once upon a Christmastime, there was a busy man. He worked and strived and stayed focused on the little Inn he ran.

His Inn was full, his time was spent, his life was set in motion. Christmas was nothing more than a sentimental notion.

Then a knock came on his door, it took him by surprise. Who would come at this late date? He couldn't yet surmise.

The glowing face smiled at him, as he asked to come inside. "My name is **L**ove, and I was sent to help your heart abide."

The man said, "No" and muttered as he quickly shut the door. "I've love enough in my life and don't need anymore!"

No sooner had he shut the door then came a second knock. "My name is **J**oy, and I was sent to bring laughter to your flock.

The man just smirked and again refused, he didn't see the need. Life is such a serious game, no place for joy indeed.

Again a knock, and though hesitant, he met a man named **P**eace, who promised to bring rest to him, his toiling yet to cease.

The man said, "No" and slammed the door, angry at the thought. He made the most of all his time, this help he needed not.

Six more knocks annoyed his life and left him feeling weary. They offered something that he lacked, but of them he was leery.

**Patience** bid him help in life to temper his demands. **Kindness** sought to teach him how to lend a helping hand.

**Goodness** saw the good in him, when none was to be found.

**Faithfulness** brought hope to him, though it simply did not resound.

**Gentleness** seemed out of place in this man's rat race. And **Self-Control** seemed way too tame for one to get first place.

The knocks soon ceased; he was relieved, but then he felt alone.

He opened the door and looked for them. "They're gone!" the man bemoaned.

The sullen man pulled the door, but something caught his sight. Outside the Inn, above the plain, there shone a brilliant light.

He went outside and saw a star, his spirits lifted high. He left the Inn and ran to see this beacon in the sky.

It guided him across the plain to a simple, quiet place. Then he saw his visitors, and, ashamed, he hung his face.

They saw the man and smiled at him; they motioned him to come. They didn't seem to care about the place which he'd come from.

They formed a line and passed along something of great worth. It seemed to be a gift beyond the treasures of this earth.

The gift was handed down the line until it reached the man. He saw it with his tearful eyes and held out his trembling hands.

It was a baby boy he saw, so perfect and so pure. For his aching, hardened heart, this baby  
seemed the cure.

He held Him and he hugged the babe; he said a solemn prayer. "Forgive me, Lord, I didn't  
know how much You really care."

The visitors gathered round the man and sang a Christmas song. The man knew that this is  
where he truly did belong.

From that day on, the man was changed, he kept an open door. The visitors moved in with  
him and taught him so much more.

Christmas was no longer just a notion of the mind. Christmas is a way of life, and all who  
seek will find.

The Christmas Spirit knocks this year; it's time to do your part. Open up and let Him in,  
forever in your heart.

Merry Christmas from Influencers