

The Lord Of Christmas

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By : 199429

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The Lord of Christmas

By Faisal Fransu

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Louisa sat with her parents on a Tim Horton's table. This took place two days before Christmas. She was drinking coffee. Yes, it's very strange for a twelve-year old girl to love coffee very much.

“Are you coming with us?” asked her mother. They were going shopping in that same mall.

“No. I don't feel like walking,” replied the little girl. “You and dad can go shop while I stay here and enjoy my coffee.”

So Mr. and Mrs. May left Louisa with her coffee and went to do their Christmas shopping. The idea of leaving their twelve-year old daughter all by herself may seem strange to some, however, the May family did not worry about anything, because they were living in Canada, one of the safest countries in the whole world.

Louisa May was in grade seven. She was the most beautiful girl in her class. She was loved and respected by everyone, because she did the same to them.

Like most Canadian girls, Louisa was very excited for Christmas. She loved to receive gifts. Her parents bought her everything she asked for. They also bought her what she did not ask for, because she deserved it all, as she was obedient to them.

As Louisa was enjoying her coffee, a man who looked in his thirties came and sat across from her. He had a long beard which made Louisa to think that he was from the Middle East.

“What if he's dangerous?” she thought.

But at that same moment, the man smiled at her. He had a very sweet smile that touched her heart. “He might not be dangerous after all,” she changed her mind.

“Hi, Louisa,” said the stranger.

Louisa was surprised that he knew her name. But she tried not to show it. So she replied, “Hi, sir” in a quiet and shy tone.

“Well my name is Yeshua,” he said, reaching to her.

“Nice to meet you, sir,” responded the little girl as they shook hands.

“So are you excited for Christmas?” the stranger asked, trying to let the conversation going.

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“Yes I am,” she smiled. “We only get Christmas once a year, you know.”

After a little pause, Louisa asked, “So where do you live, if you don’t mind me asking?”

“Oh not at all!” Yeshua smiled. “Well I was born in Bethlehem, but I was raised up in Nazareth.”

“Oh really?” Louisa became excited. “That sounds like Jesus. You know, he was born in Bethlehem and was raised up in Nazareth.”

“You know your Bible very well,” he chuckled.

“But where do you live in Canada?” she asked again.

“I actually don’t live in Canada,” was the answer. “But I come here every Christmas and Easter to visit children like you.”

“What do you mean you visit children like me?” Louisa became interested. “You’re not Santa. Are you?”

“I’m not Santa, but I stay wherever I’m welcomed for few days.”

“So you travel from house to house?” she asked amusingly. “And do you sleep with those people?”

“Correct,” Yeshua answered.

“And what do you do with those children?” was her question.

“I teach them the truth about God and the Bible,” he told her.

After a little while, he asked, “Wouldn’t it be interesting if Jesus would visit you one Christmas?”

“Of course,” Louisa smiled. “But it’s impossible.”

After several moments of silence, Louisa asked, “Would you like to spend a few days of Christmas with us?”

“I would love to, but do you want me to stay?” Yeshua asked.

“I think it would be great if you stay with us,” was her honest reply. “I’m sure I’ll enjoy your company.”

“Will your parents like it if I stay in your house though?” he asked.

“I’m not sure,” was Louisa’s answer. “But I don’t think that they’ll refuse a good person like you, especially if you tell them that you have no where to stay.”

About an hour later, Louisa’s parents came to take her home. But when they saw a man talking to her, they were shocked.

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“My name is Yeshua,” said the man as he introduced himself to Mr. May. “And nice to meet you!”

Now the man excused himself and left them together. This gave Louisa an opportunity to tell her parents about her new friend. Finally she asked, “So will you let him stay with us for a couple of days?”

“Sure, if you don’t think he’s dangerous,” replied her father.

“I think he’s too far from being a dangerous person,” added Mrs. May. “He has a peculiar smile that touched my heart.”

So when the new friend had returned to them, Mr. May gave him the good news, “You can stay with us as much as you would like, sir.”

“We thank you for choosing to celebrate Christmas with us, sir,” added Louisa’s mother.

Then they got into Mr. May’s car and drove to their house. Louisa was very happy to have this friend stay with them for Christmas. She had a strange joy because of him that she had never felt before.

When they had reached their house, Louisa took the new visitor to the dining room. Her parents excused themselves and went to work in another part of the house. This left Yeshua and the little girl together.

“Do you read the Bible, Louisa?” asked Yeshua.

“No, I don’t, sir,” she told him.

“And why not?” he asked gently.

“Well, I don’t want to be rude or anything, but I think the Bible is boring,” she replied rather hesitantly. “Except for some parts.”

“Well you can think whatever you like,” the man told her. “But have you read it in the right way?”

“And what is the right way, sir?” she asked interestedly. She had always thought that the Bible was boring. So she stopped worrying about it. Her priest never encouraged her to read it either. So she had nobody to help her understand the Bible.

The man looked at her and explained, “The Bible is a spiritual book. It was written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. So in order for you to understand the Bible, you must have the Holy Spirit.”

“Well what is the importance of reading the Bible?” she asked, finding the subject very interesting.

“Well the Bible is the only word of God,” replied Yeshua, happy that she was enjoying the conversation. “It’s the only book that can lead you to God. So if anyone teaches what is contrary to the Bible, that person is not a true Christian. You cannot be a Christian if you don’t read or study the Bible. Not only that, but the Bible is a spiritual food for every true believer.”

“So you don’t think that I’m a Christian, then?” Louisa asked shockingly.

“Well I’m only telling you the truth,” was his answer. “The truth hurts, you know.”

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“So if I am not a Christian, then I am not going to Heaven?” Louisa wanted to know.

Yeshua looked at her and said, “The Bible is the only book that tells you the truth about Heaven and how to get there. So if you don’t read or study the Bible, how do you expect to get to Heaven?”

“But I go to church every Sunday,” Louisa objected. “I say my prayers every day. And I don’t try to hurt anyone. And you don’t think that I will go to Heaven?”

“Salvation is not by your good works,” Yeshua told her. “Salvation is by trusting in the Grace of God. Because you are not perfect, you cannot go to Heaven by your good works. Therefore God himself has provided a free way to Heaven, Grace. Open your heart to me and you will go to Heaven.”

“But how can you lead me to Heaven if you are not Jesus?” she asked wonderingly.

“I am Jesus,” he smiled.

“Come on, sir,” she laughed. “Your name is Yeshua not Jesus.”

“But Yeshua in Hebrew means Jesus,” he told her, still smiling.

“So your name is Jesus?” she asked interestedly.

“I am he,” said Yeshua in a serious tone.

“But how can you be the real Jesus?” she asked, confused. “You don’t look like Jesus.”

“Have you ever seen Jesus face to face?” he enquired.

“Of course not,” she smiled. “No one has seen Jesus.”

“Then how do you know that I don’t look like Jesus?” was his question.

“I don’t know,” she says Louisa. “It’s very hard to believe that you are actually Jesus. And why would Jesus want to visit me anyways?”

“Because I love you,” he smiled. “I created you. And I want you to be saved.”

At this, Louisa started crying, for she was touched by his words.

“You are now celebrating Christmas, which is my birthday,” continued Jesus. “I came down from Heaven to take all your sins upon myself. So now, all you have to do is open your heart to me, and your name will be written in the book of life. That will be the best Christmas gift that you’ve ever received.”

The little girl cried even harder. She could feel his love all around her. She was touched by his pleading.

“Can you show me a miracle so I can believe?” she asked after she had calmed down.

Jesus explained, “When I came to this world 2000 years ago, I performed lots of miracles. But how many people believed because of the miracles? Very few. So you don’t need a miracle to convince you, but you need faith!”

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Next they had lunch in the kitchen. Mrs. May was a great cook. Mr. May also helped her.

“Hope you’ll like our food, sir,” Mrs. May said to Yeshua. “I know it’s different from the Israeli food.”

“I know what your favourite food is!” stated Louisa excitedly. “It’s fish!” Then she whispered in his ear, “Because you used to eat fish with your disciples.”

“Actually, my favourite food is to do the will of the one who sent me,” he said in a clear voice.

“Isn’t that a quote from Jesus?” asked Mrs. May.

“Yes it is,” he smiled. “But it should also be the model for every Christian.”

Mr. May was a very quiet man. That’s why he never talked unless spoken to.

As they were leaving the kitchen, Louisa asked Jesus, “Do you like our Christmas tree, sir?”

“It’s very beautiful,” he replied. Then he looked at her and asked in a serious tone, “Do you love me more than the Christmas tree, Louisa?”

She thought for a moment. Then she said rather hesitantly, “Well if you’re really Jesus, then yes I do love you more than that Christmas tree.”

“So what is your profession, Mr. May?” Jesus asked Louisa’s father.

“I’m a doctor,” replied Mr. May. “I know it’s a boring job, but I like it.”

“I’m a doctor, too,” smiled Jesus.

“Where do you work, sir?” asked Louisa’s mother.

“I work everywhere,” was his explanation. “I heal people from their spiritual diseases.”

“What do you mean?” she asked, confused.

“I am the great doctor,” he said in a serious tone. “I heal people from the disease of sin.”

“That sounds like God,” commented Louisa’s father.

“I am God,” Jesus told them. “I am the alpha and the omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end. I am Jesus Christ!”

At this, Mr. and Mrs. May were stunned. But Louisa was normal, because he had previously told her that he was Jesus.

Mr. May thought, “This man is a lunatic.”

As if he could read his thoughts, Jesus said to him, “I am not a lunatic. I am the way, the truth and the life. No one comes to the father, except through me.”

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“ Show us one of your miracles if you are truly the Christ,” said Mrs. May after a little while.

“ I did lots of miracles in Israel,” replied Jesus. “ But how many people believed in me because of the miracles? Very few. You don’t need miracles, you need faith!” And the conversation was ended.

Mr. May had to leave the house on an urgent call. But before he left the house, he said to his wife, “ If this man does anything weird, call the police.”

“ I don’t think that he is a lunatic,” she surprised her husband.

“ So you think that he is Jesus?” he asked scornfully.

“ Well I don’t know,” she hesitated. “ But I don’t think that he is crazy.”

When Louisa’s father was gone, she asked Jesus, “ So what do you think of Christmas, sir?”

“ Christmas is not being celebrated properly,” he began. “ All people think about is Santa Claus, Christmas trees and other material things. But this is not the true meaning of Christmas. The true meaning of Christmas is celebrating the gift of salvation. I came to save the whole world from their sins. So Christmas without me is not Christmas.”

On the morning of December 25, Louisa got out of bed and went to the dining room to watch her favourite show on the television.

But something caught her eye. There were three bags sitting on the table. Each bag had the name of a family member written on it. So Louisa opened the one that had her name. It contained several books, a little cross and a Christmas card. The books were: the Bible in simple English, the Pilgrim’s Progress, a commentary on the whole Bible and others. The Christmas card contained only Bible verses. It was signed, “ Jesus Christ.”

When her parents came to the dining room, Louisa told them about the bags. So they opened theirs, which contained the same items.

When Yeshua had come into the dining room, Mrs. May said to him, “ Sir, do you know where these bags came from? They can’t be from you, because when you came to our house, you didn’t have anything with you.”

“ You asked me to do a miracle, and there it is,” he smiled.

“ That’s impossible!” disagreed Mr. May.

“ Nothing is impossible with God,” Jesus told him.

“ I don’t want lunatics in my house!” yelled Mr. May. “ Please leave at once!”

So Yeshua started preparing to leave. But Louisa and her mother didn’t want him to.

“ Please don’t leave!” they both cried.

“ But Mr. May wants me to leave,” Yeshua told them in a sad tone.

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“Please don’t leave us!” cried Louisa as she put her arms around him.

He was touched by her tears and the tears of her mother. So he decided to stay for their sake.

Mr. May didn’t say anything, because his daughter and wife wanted Yeshua to stay.

Then Yeshua and Louisa were left alone in the dining room. Louisa went and kneeled before him and started crying.

“Please forgive me, O Lord Jesus,” she prayed. “I believe that you are the Lord Jesus, and you have come to visit me, a sinner.”

Jesus was touched by her honest prayer. So he picked her up and set her on his lap. She put her arms around him and wept even harder.

“Don’t cry, daughter,” the Lord told her. “Your sins are forgiven.”

“So what should I do now that I’ve opened my heart to you, Lord?” Louisa asked after a little while.

“There are two things that you should do every day,” the Lord began. “Firstly, you must pray. I’m not talking about the prayers that you’ve memorized. Pray just like you’re talking to me right now. Pray that you may do the will of my father every day. Secondly, you must try to read the Bible every day. The Bible is your daily spiritual food. When you pray, also ask that you understand what you are reading. If you do these things, you will be one of my best followers. After a little while, praying and reading the Bible daily will not be a duty any more, because you’ll enjoy doing them. They’ll become a normal part of your daily life.”

Then Mr. and Mrs. May came into the dining room. Mrs. May was happy that Jesus did not leave them. Mr. May, however, didn’t look happy at all.

Suddenly, strange men appeared out of nowhere. They were praising God. The room was filled with their supernatural light. They praised God, saying, “Glory to God in the highest, and

on earth peace, good will toward men.”

Suddenly, the angels disappeared and Jesus with them. At this, Mr. and Mrs. May and Louisa fell down on their faces and worshiped the Lord. They marveled at what they had just witnessed.

“Please Lord forgive my iniquity!” cried Mr. May.

“The person who came to us was truly the Lord Jesus,” he added.

Louisa said that this was her best Christmas. She had seen the Lord of Christmas. She and the rest of her family opened their hearts to the Lord. She even started witnessing to her friends and teachers at school.

The end.

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