

*Christmas 2012*

*But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God*

Imagine the shed. Imagine the cold, the sense of being alone. Let's assume there were animals there. Imagine the creatures, the smells, the dung. Imagine the placenta, the umbilical cord, the blood. Since neither parent was, as far as we know, a qualified midwife, imagine the fear of getting things wrong and the baby suffering. What a mess!

Life is a mess. Relationships don't do what you expect. Things don't work out. Actions, or inactions, have consequences. Like a row of skittles where one knocks over the next, and the next, and the next .... actions and consequences repeating themselves endlessly and uncontrollably. This is the glorious mess of being alive.

If the divine was prepared to jump into this mess of humanity, then we don't need to worry about it. To begin to know the innermost part of the mess that is yourself is to begin to encounter the Lord. Relax into yourself, as you are—after all, you are made in God's image. Then you will start to see what you can be. Christ is born in you today. That's the Christmas message. We are sons and daughters of the Lord.