As we near the Christmas season, there is so much to be grateful for! Freedom in Christ, life and breath, our family, especially our newest addition, little Great Granddaughter Ramona, who was born September 20! We are grateful to God for our ministry and the privilege to help others experience freedom in Christ. Everything we have is a gift from our gracious heavenly Father and these gifts are those which we can share with the needy. Which leads me to share a beautiful story that will warm your hearts. I recently read a Christmas story about an old man named George, a filling station owner, who had lost his wife, and also the Christmas spirit. That Christmas Eve a homeless stranger came into his station and he fed him, then a man with a wife about to give birth in a broken-down car arrived and George gave them his old truck. Then, he cared for the wounds of a policeman who had been shot and cared for the all the losses and emptiness in the heart of the young man who shot him and tried to rob George. That night God showed him that he was still being used by the Lord to share the love of Christ even if he didn't realize it. Here is an excerpt: George turned around to find that the stranger had returned. "Where'd you come from? I thought you left?" "I have been here. I have always been here," said the stranger. "You say you don't celebrate Christmas. Why?" George said, "Well, after my wife passed away, I just couldn't see what all the bother was. Puttin' up a tree and all seemed a waste of a good pine tree. Bakin' cookies like I used to with Martha just wasn't the same by myself and besides I was getting a little chubby." The stranger put his hand on George's shoulder. "But you do celebrate the holiday, George. You gave me food and drink and warmed me when I was cold and hungry. The woman with child will bear a son and he will become a great doctor. The policeman you helped will go on to save 19 people from being killed by terrorists. The young man who tried to rob you will become a rich man and share his wealth with many people. That is the spirit of the season and you keep it as good as any man." George was taken aback by all this stranger had said. "And how do you know all this?" asked the old man. "Trust me, George. I have the inside track on this sort of thing. And when your days are done you will be with Martha again." The stranger moved toward the door. "If you will excuse me, George, I have to go now. I have to go home where there is a big celebration planned." George watched as the man's old leather jacket and his torn pants turned into a white robe. A golden light began to fill the room. "You see, George, it's My birthday. Merry Christmas." Author Unknown (read the full story) https://www.heavensinspirations.com/the-filling-station.html

An English Bishop wrote this: "Every Christmas we tell again the story of God, who loves our world so much that he chooses to come among us – not because he is obliged to, not because we have asked him to, but simply out of grace. We always begin with grace, and we always come back to grace, shown in the sign of Emmanuel, God with us in Jesus Christ, born as a baby among us." I love the translation of John's Gospel which says, 'The Word became flesh and blood, and moved into the neighborhood'. Wherever you are, whatever your story, God knows you by name and loves you, and Jesus Christ is present to be encountered in the places where you are. This Christmas may each of us be open to the hope and love and life of Jesus Christ in all the different places of our lives. God with us.

Thank you for your support of this ministry, we appreciate each of you!

Wayne and Jeanine Allen

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